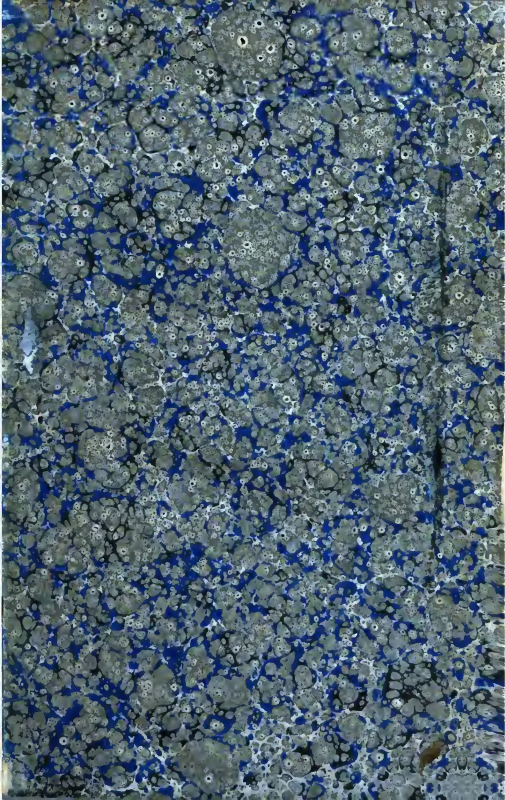








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JOHN WILKINS ESQ. F.R.S.

Author of the Works of the Rev. John Wilkins

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THE
WORKS
OF
JONATHAN SWIFT,

D.D., AND DEAN OF SAINT PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

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Kia WALTER SCOTT.

VOLUME I.



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ADVERTISEMENT.

It is remarkable that the most celebrated writer of his day, during the brilliant Augustan epoch of English literature flourished under the reign of a queen, and that in the reign of a queen his works, after the lapse of a century, again appear in a cheap and popular form. To the system of publication which prevailed in his own times Swift was mainly indebted for the wide-spread reputation he acquired, by the diffusion of his writings through the greatest variety of channels, till by means of cheap and multiplied editions his masterly productions became as familiar to the readers of humble station as of high, and to those of other countries as of his own.

It was the great author's uniform object—alike agreeable to his literary ambition and to his high and liberal spirit—to give his works to the public upon as low terms as by mechanic art they could be prepared; and with this view he declined to make them a source of profit, to employ means to protect them as copyright, and more particularly to embody them in large and high-priced editions, accessible indeed to the few, but a book sealed and a fountain of knowledge shut up from the rest of mankind. The repeated restrictions placed upon the cheap knowledge system, after the accession of the Whigs to power in Swift's own times, were denounced by him with the spirit of a sage and a patriot, as inconsistent with civil freedom and the instruction of mankind. Other circumstances favoured the change; fashion, capital, taste, and art, all combined to create a monopoly of expensive and select editions, and in proportion as the immortal productions of the celebrated dean were withdrawn from the masses and the great public of the world to circulate among the polite, the fashionable, and the refined, his celebrity was unfairly restricted. He was judged by partial rules; and the author of "The Drapier's Letters" and "Gulliver's Travels," who had written for mankind, was made the hero of a clique, amenable to the opinions of a caste, subjected to every wind of doctrine and party caprice, now extravagantly exalted by one faction, and then as unjustly reviled by another. The sense of mankind was no longer taken upon his merits as at the period when he lived, when the wide world of politics and letters was his arbitrator, when the twopenny tracts and the old penny broadsides diffused the knowledge of his inimitable writings into the remotest corners of the United Empire.

If, in proportion as Swift's productions were extensively spread abroad, his fame and popularity stood on a wider and a firmer basis, it forms a strong argument of their superior merit, of their ability and usefulness, and of the genuine wit and entertainment as well as the instruction which they contained. Swift wrote with no object but that of honest ambition to serve the cause which he conscientiously approved, and without even the common motives to stand foremost in literary fame, of which it is evident, from the little care he bestowed upon the publication or re-editions of his works, he was far less studious than of the purpose for which he wrote.

It was with a view of replacing the eccentric dean of St. Patrick's, his character and his writings, in

the fair and full light of the public eye under which they formerly appeared by the same means of multiplied cheap editions, and of appealing from the merely select and patrician order, for which he never wrote, to the general and unbiased judgment of the millions and of their posterity, that the following edition of his entire works was undertaken, and that a new life of the author was prepared, with scrupulous love of truth and fidelity, from the mass of voluminous materials placed at the disposal of the editor.

Having thus briefly alluded to the motives which actuated him in venturing to undertake so very onerous and responsible a task, it is the editor's next duty to describe the means he adopted to facilitate his object, and the new claims which he has to advance in looking for the countenance and support of the masses, as distinguished from the possessors of the large and expensive editions, now become, we believe, very nearly and happily exhausted;—another proof of the witty dean's fame, were any wanting, among the select few who have engrossed them.

One of the first objects to which the present editor directed his attention in the outset was to the glaring inaccuracies and discrepancies which, upon close inspection, were found to deface the existing texts of the different editions, from the period of the first spurious one of the "Miscellanies," and from Hawkesworth and Sheridan, to the splendid eight guinea edition brought out by Sir Walter Scott. It is well known that Swift frequently revised the first impressions of his works; in particular his "Gulliver's Travels," and his satirical poems, much more than his political tracts and other pieces of a more temporary interest; and that this circumstance in great part rendered the original copy of little value for the purpose of being collated with subsequent editions, after those of Hawkesworth and Nichols made their appearance. Any one who compares the spurious edition of the "Miscellanies" of Pope and Swift with that subsequently prepared by these great writers, will perceive the extent of the dean's care in this respect; and the appearance of a copy of the "Gulliver's Travels" in the hands of a London bookseller a short time ago, by its numerous interlineations and erasures, bore ample proofs of the author's desire to correct and improve his first essays to the utmost of his power.

"To write with fervour and correct with phlegm," was a maxim of his friend Pope, of which, with due leisure, Swift knew how to make an admirable use; and to this habit, founded upon a wise love of enduring reputation and profound respect for public opinion, we are indebted for the general correctness and clearness from ambiguities of thought and expression, which distinguish all the works of Swift published with his knowledge during his lifetime. To the same circumstance, favourable alike to Swift's reputation and the labours of his editor, the purity and genuineness of the early texts taken from his own corrected editions, consisting of the "Gulliver's

* This curious and valuable specimen of the dean's references for the judgment of posterity was seen not a great while ago at the shop of—we believe—a Mr Booth; but is no longer to be met with.

Travels," "Political Tracts," "Miscellanies," and "Poems," by Hawkesworth and Sheridan, with the additions of Nichols, are to be attributed; and in so far as these have been departed from in the hope of farther emendations and improvements, in so much will the genuine text of Swift be found to be defaced and corrupted. It is a curious fact that, although these series of editions have indubitably been taken one from the other, and not from collating the most recent with the earliest edition and with the original copies in different institutions, there should yet occur variations and discrepancies so great as to render it matter of doubt and difficulty to decide upon the original reading. Many of Swift's separately printed works differed from the same given in the editions, and all these editions likewise varied from each other; without excepting that genuine and most valuable work of all, the "Journal to Stella," of which a fair copy, as well as of the "General Correspondence," enriches the national collection in the British Museum.

It is in these posthumous publications, which never, like the printed copies, received the revision of the dean's own hand, that many variations and discrepancies are more peculiarly observable; and for an obvious reason. Never having been written nor designed for publication—thrown off in all the confidence of friendship—very often hastily composed in the hurry of business and on the impulse of warm feelings—it is almost impossible they should not abound with errors such as we still see, and he open to different interpretations and various readings in proportion to the differences of opinion in his editors. This portion of Swift's writings, a sort of public property (for in regard to his whole literary estate he may be said to have died intestate), which never received either his sanction or revision for publication, is exactly that which is most faulty in regard to the text, and calls for the greatest lenity from public opinion upon every other account.

Accordingly upon this portion of the text the editor has bestowed special care, by engaging adequate assistance to collate and compare not only the editions with each other, but each edition with the original MSS., whosoever they were to be met with, at considerable labour and expense. Laborious as it was, many circumstances favoured this undertaking to form as far as possible, from different texts compared with original copy, a new corrected text, adhering as closely as was practicable to the reading of the first prints and the original documents. By thus recurring to first authorities the editor conceives he has been guided by a safe rule—by a principle that must insure the preservation of correctness, and genuineness, and purity, if not superior elegance and study of expression and language, in accordance with changes in orthography and the use of particles since the days of Swift.

It being the editor's especial object to give Swift's text as he wrote and as he corrected it, where found, he formed the basis of the following one upon these original documents; and having ascertained that Sheridan, with Nichols, approached the nearest to the genuine copy, he adopted it after it had been compared also with the first printed works, with Hawkesworth, and the edition of sir Walter Scott.

Without the slightest wish to utter a word in disparagement of the great and valuable labours not less than the immortal productions of the last celebrated writer, the editor is bound to state, in justice to the previous efforts of Swift's annotators, that in no other edition is to be found so many errors, so many glaring inaccuracies, so large a portion of little interpolations and numerous strange omissions, calcu-

lated greatly to deform and deface a text which called for particular care and attention to keep it free from the gradual corruptions which invariably creep up with the lapse of time. The editor is at the same time fully aware that faults so completely condemnatory of a modern edition of the works of Swift, at a period when every opportunity for attaining to correctness at least is afforded, formed no part of the literary character and labours, and are not attributable to the immortal author of "Waverley," either as an editor or a biographer. They lay in the system pursued by the proprietors of great editions in bringing out so vast and expensive a publication, as a regiment is brought out on a field-day, *en masse*, to make a grand show of war, and whose evolutions may be performed with far greater facility, though with less execution, than in a battle. Sir Walter Scott's would indeed have been a noble edition, had it equalled in point of a correct and genuine text its show and magnificence, its pleasing and able biography, and interesting notices.

Secondly, with reference to the editor's arrangement of subjects, the same plan has been pursued as in the preceding editions of Fielding and Smollett, the order of precedence being regulated not by the dates of their production, but by their relative importance and the celebrity they have acquired. This plan would be open to serious objections were they not obviated by the chronological order preserved in the "Life" and the analysis of the author's works, where the dates will be found in the order and sequence of their publication; whereas, by adopting the chronological series, both the least interesting and most unconnected and trivial parts of the writer's works would be obtruded upon the reader's attention. Swift's fame chiefly rests upon his ingenious and masterly political allegories in the form of prose fictions, which must endure as long as the language; and accordingly the "Gulliver's Travels," the "Tale of a Tub," and Swift's other prose works, will in this edition take the lead. The "Journal to Stella," the other Correspondence, the "Political Tracts," and the "Satirical and Occasional Poems," will be found arranged in pursuance of the same principle of relative excellence, as far as the public voice—seldom erroneous—has afforded a criterion of their merit. The arrangement adopted by sir Walter Scott was a great improvement upon preceding editions, but was still arbitrary and open to innumerable objections, from want of pursuing the simple plan now adhered to, in deference no less to the author's surpassing genius than to the reputation awarded him by the public voice. The best points in the arrangement of all former editions the editor has here introduced with fresh improvements.

It will be observed, with reference to the large body of annotations which had accrued from time to time in successive editions of the author's works, till they swelled to a height almost equal to the bulk of the text, only such portions have in this edition been retained as were found necessary to the clear understanding of the text.

The editor has next to return his thanks to several eminent individuals for their communications, and the new and valuable documents with which they have supplied him. It is more particularly his duty to record his obligations and those of the public to sir William Betham, knight and Ulster king of arms; to J. C. Croker, esq., of the admiralty; and to the Rev. C. Otway, of St. Patrick's cathedral, Dublin;—as well known by their writings as by their learning and research, their extensive collections and knowledge of the dean's published or unpublished works. The new documents for which

he has been indebted to these gentlemen will be found in the APPENDIX, under their respective heads. Nor is he less bound to express his grateful sense of the valuable assistance and kind attentions of distinguished members of the families of Brabazon and Hamilton in Ireland; of sir Frederick Madden and of A. Panizzi, esq., the learned conservators of the treasures contained in the British Museum. It will be seen that to the excellent system pursued by them in regard to order and precision in the arrangement, the public is indebted for the editor's discovery of several new pieces never before published in any edition of the celebrated dean's works.

While, owing to these and other favourable circumstances, the editor has been enabled to enrich the present collection with new and well-authenticated additions, he devoted his earnest attention to detect the want of genuine character in some productions attributed to Swift in previous editions. Many poetical and other pieces contained in sir Walter Scott's edition, and of which that distinguished writer and critic himself expressed strong doubts, the editor, after mature investigation, decided to omit, as well on the ground of their very inferior character as the intrinsic and collateral evidence of their being written by other hands.

There is one remaining point upon which the editor has ventured to exercise his discretion. It is well known that the dean of St. Patrick's was in the habit of commenting upon the books which he read, especially on history, and those works in which he felt more peculiar interest. This he sometimes did in sallies of impatience and passion of the moment, not worthy his great mind, nor possessing either reflection or wit. Never intended for the public eye, mere ebullitions of disappointment and political rage, showing his prejudice in low and scurrilous terms against a noble people;—the editor trusts that he will be thought justified in having excluded from a popular edition of Swift's Works those violent expressions written on the margins of Addison's "Freeholder" and Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion."

In conclusion, the editor is rejoiced to have it in his power to state that the views which he has taken of the dean of St. Patrick's character as an honest and conscientious man, have been strongly corroborated by the additional evidence it has been his good fortune to obtain from the archives of St. Patrick's, by the kindness of the Rev. C. Otway; as will be seen from the autograph letter, and the curious and interesting matter in the Appendix.

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In the life and character of this extraordinary man* and incomparable English classic, some points occur of so delicate and doubtful a nature, that a diversity of opinion must be expected always to exist respecting them; and some of such painful and unhappy interest, that they never can be dwelt upon without reluctance and regret. But of his singular genius, his transcendent talents, and his varied attainments, no question can be entertained; and by the apparently incongruous combination, which pervades his writings and his conduct, of sound good sense with piercing wit and whimsical eccentricity, he has transmitted to succeeding times more ample stores, both of instruction and amusement, than any other literary man of his age. The influence he exercised over his own times, by the unrivalled brilliancy of his powers, his masterly comprehension of the great interests then at stake, in the fierce struggle of irreconcilable parties, to both of which his principles were in part opposed, and the dexterity with which, in his caustic satires, he held up to public view their respective errors, have scarcely been estimated at their real value. His was a mind that belonged less to a party than to mankind; endowed with a firmness and a pride that prompted him in every situation to maintain an independent attitude. Supported by these feelings, he attained the highest eminence to which an individual in the ranks of private life can aspire, as the counsellor of the first ministers of state, and the strenuous supporter of the rights and interests of his fellow-men—and without them it is impossible that he could have acquired that political ascendancy which he undoubtedly enjoyed, or won that popular renown which rewarded his zealous and unwearied exertions for the peace, freedom, and religion of his country.

The leading characteristics of this great man's mind are strikingly manifested throughout his works in the astonishing efforts which he made to show mankind the causes of their corruption and degradation, and to teach the people in what consisted their weakness and their strength; in the grief and indignation with which he beheld their sufferings; and in the benevolence with which he sought to inspire them with a firm confidence in their means of ultimate emancipation. It is not surprising that a man of Swift's lofty wisdom, exact knowledge of human nature, and keen political sagacity, should have despised the extremes of party, and yet at the same time, by his surpassing wit and talents, should have extorted the admiration and homage of men of all ranks and all opinions. The most celebrated men of their age, poets and politicians—Bolingbroke and Oxford, Pope, Addison, and Arbuthnot—freely acknowledged the superiority of that master intellect which possessed so merited a power, so strange and fascinating an influence, in directing at once the destinies of a ministry and a people, the fortunes of his private friends, or a revolution in the public mind. It is perhaps the proudest triumph of his genius that the best and greatest men have borne the strongest testimony to his merits and to the extent of his political and literary fame. The language in which he is addressed by the most

distinguished persons in every class, the learned and the witty, the great and the noble, the fashionable and the gay, carries sufficient evidence of the many estimable and engaging qualities by which such general affection and respect must have been attracted and secured.

But the happier period of his life, the splendid reign of a brilliant intellect, during which he reaped the abundant harvest of his celebrity and worth, basking in the smiles of that favour which he so much coveted, and making it his delight to honour and promote his friends, of whatever party they might be, was destined to have but too brief an existence. His day of life grew dark almost before its noon. The morning had risen amidst lowering clouds, through which the beams of his genius broke slowly, till they reached their meridian power; and his evening went down with an eclipse so dark as strongly to impress on the mind the frail tenure of those great endowments which not even the loftiest genius or the purest moral worth can permanently ensure to their possessor.

Jonathan Swift was descended from an ancient and highly respectable family of the same name in Yorkshire; of which the elder branch, in the person of Barnham Swift, acquired titles of nobility, dating the 20th March, 1627, as the viscounts Carlingford, &c.; but Barnham dying without issue, they again became extinct in the same generation. The younger branch was represented by the rev. Thos. Swift, vicar of Goodrich and proprietor of a small estate in Herefordshire, eminently distinguished in his day for his chivalric loyalty and attachment to the cause of Charles I., in which he is stated to have suffered more than any person of his condition in England. For this devotion, almost to martyrdom (and complete martyrdom of estate), his memory was greatly revered by his celebrated grandson, who contemplated writing a regular memoir of this doughty loyalist, assisted by his friend doctor John Lyon,^a and from this circumstance it is not improbable that the stern unflinching spirit of the clergyman had its effect in exciting the lofty magnanimity and courage so conspicuous in his descendant, and perhaps in determining his choice of a profession. There are the same traits of daring in both—the fidelity and resolution which constitute the martyr; for we are told that this loyal parson was plundered by the roundheads no less than six-and-thirty times, yet contrived to secrete 300 broad pieces of gold, with which he made his escape to Ragland castle and presented them to the governor; an action, says his great descendant, which must be allowed to be the more extraordinary as it was performed by a private clergyman, with a very numerous family, of small estate, who had been often plundered and was deprived of his livings in the church.^b Also, in his *Journal to Stella* (Letter 42), Swift expresses the

* As appeared from a memorandum, labelled by Swift, with his own hand, "Memoirs of my grandfather, Thomas Swift, by Mr. Lyon, April, 1728." The portion compiled consisted of an account of the sufferings of the family in the royal cause, &c.

^b "Anecdotes of the Family of Swift," MS., T. C. D., written by Jonathan Swift, D. S. P. D.

strong interest he felt in all that related to his stout-hearted predecessor's family. "O, pray, now I think of it, be so kind to step to my aunt and take notice of my great-grandfather's picture; you know he has a ring on his finger with a seal of an anchor and a dolphin about it; but I think there is besides at the bottom of the picture the same coat of arms quartered with another which I suppose was my great-grandmother's. If this be so, it is a stronger argument than the seal. And pray see whether you think that coat of arms was drawn at the same time with the picture, or whether it be of a later hand; and ask my aunt what she knows about it. But perhaps there is no such coat of arms on the picture, and I only dreamt it. My reason is because I would ask some herald here whether I should choose that coat or one in Guillim's large folio of heraldry, where my uncle Godwin is named with another coat of arms of three stages. This is sad stuff to write, so good night, MD." What is more, Swift raised a monument to his bold ancestor's memory, and also presented a cup to the church of Goodrich or Gotheridge. He had a drawing made of the monument, which he forwarded to obtain the opinion of his friend Mrs. Howard, who, having shown it to Pope, returned it with the following humorous lines written by that accomplished wit. The paper is endorsed in Swift's hand, "Model of a monument for my grandfather, with Mr. Pope's roguery:—"

"JONATHAN Swift
Had the gift.
By fatherage, motherage,
And by brotherage.
To come from Gotheridge,
But now is spoilt clean,
And an Irish dean.

In this church he has put
A stone of two foot;
With a cup and a can, sir,
In respect to his grandier
So, Ireland, change thy name,
And cry, O home! O home!
For England hath his own.

This pious church militant married Elizabeth Dryden, sister to the father of John Dryden the poet. By this lady he had no fewer than ten sons and four daughters; and, dying in 1658, was succeeded by his eldest son Godwin, then a barrister of Gray's Inn, who, by his matrimonial connexion with the noble family of Ormond, was subsequently raised to the attorney-generalship of the palatinate of Tipperary. This successful beginning induced other members of the family to follow him to Ireland, and among these four brothers was Jonathan Swift, the father of the celebrated dean. He also had been brought up to the law, and doubtless would have acquired a handsome independence; but, with the fatality which seemed to be prepared for his great but unfortunate son, even before his birth, he was cut off within two years after his marriage, in April 1667. His widow (of a Leicestershire family named Erick) was thus left with an only daughter, and pregnant of another child, with a slender provision not exceeding twenty pounds a-year, purchased during her husband's lifetime in England. It was necessary that the elder brother Godwin should do something to increase this stipend; but owing to an unhappy disposition for speculation (another name, according to Swift, for indolence and avarice) he did as little as he could, and she gave birth to this posthumous child, under no pleasing or promising circumstances, about seven months after her husband's death: and thus inauspiciously was ushered into the world the celebrated dean of St. Patrick's, on the 30th of November, 1667, at the house No. 7, Hocy's-court, Dublin.

One of the first events of this great man's history seemed to partake of the strangeness and vicissitudes which marked his subsequent fortunes, for when only a year old he was spirited away—not by fairies, but by his English nurse, a native of Whitehaven,

who, out of strong affection, without the knowledge even of his mother, conveyed the young Jonathan to England, whither she was summoned by a dying relative.* So attached was she to her charge, that she taught him to spell even at three years old, and at five he was able to read any chapter in the bible. It was not till his sixth year that the little Jonathan was reconducted to Ireland, his mother having preferred that he should remain in England to the risk of another voyage. Almost immediately on his return he was sent by his uncle Godwin to the school of Kilkenny, where he remained eight years, and was admitted on the 24th of April, 1682, a pensioner in the university of Dublin, with the advantage however of being placed under the judicious tuition of Dr. St. George Ashe, afterwards bishop of Down.

The first proof, perhaps, given by the celebrated dean of his sterling wit and strong sense was the decided repugnance he evinced for the scholastic learning then so much in fashion, and still abounding with so many absurdities retained from the old collegiate system of education. The under-graduate course especially was then confined almost wholly to the works of the Stagirite, or those of his commentators, including the sophistical jargon of Burgerdicius, Smiglecius, and their followers. We are not surprised that such studies were little congenial with that love of undisguised truth, and that clear bold assertion of it in its naked strength and majesty, which formed so striking a feature in Swift's character. His refusal to sully his mind and pervert his intellect by entering such absurd and thorny labyrinth showed that he possessed an understanding as well as genius in advance of the age in which he lived, and which distinguished him in all the memorable events and trying junctures of his future life. But how easily he could have mastered Kechemannus, and shone, no mean star, in the old logical treatises, appeared by his repetition of the logical queries propounded to him (says Sheridan) many years afterwards; and yet, to crown the solemn jest of the collegiate doctors, the most truly profound logician and close arguer of his times was stopped on first presenting himself, as he humorously expresses it, "for dulness and insufficiency," and of course failed to take his degree of bachelor of arts. To have been condemned for contumacy would have come perhaps nearer to the mark; for, according to his own account, he was so disgusted at the stupidity of the scholastic treatises that he never had patience to go through three pages of any of them. At the first public examination he refused to reply to the senseless jargon propounded to him; and when urged by his tutor to make himself master of this special branch of metaphysic science, he is stated to have inquired what it was he was to learn from those books! "The art of reasoning, to be sure," was the answer; on which Swift observed that he found no want of any such art; that he could reason without it; and that, as far as he could observe, it had the effect of teaching men to wrangle rather than to reason; and, instead of clearing up obscurities, seemed to perplex matters that were in themselves sufficiently clear. It was his wish to employ the reason which God had given him, which he would leave to time and experience to strengthen and direct, nor run the risk of having it warped or falsely biased by any system of rules so arbitrarily and absurdly laid down. He considered his objections founded on truth and principle, resolutely adhered to them, and devoted his time to history

* Swift has oddly observed that he was brought over to England by his nurse in a hand-box, &c. &c. &c.

and poetry; yet to pass muster he so far mastered the terms, that when he went into the hall a second time he passed his examination; but, it is recorded, only through the influence of his friends. It was inserted in the college register that he obtained his degree *speciali gratia*; a circumstance which, in reference to his unfortunate position in other respects, must have secretly excited his anger and contempt, more particularly if we consider that his reading was at this time extensive and various, and that he had already sketched out his first masterly and inimitable production of "The Tale of a Tub." It was most probably in this mood that the refractory student—who finally showed how easily he could master collegiate sophistries—lent his aid to a production entitled the "Tripes," a satirical piece, delivered in a speech at a common court in the university of Dublin, July 11, 1688, by Mr. John Jones, but attributed by Richardson and Dr. Barrett to Swift's own pen. Scott however hazards the more probable opinion that only a few satirical strokes were inserted to enliven the dullness of Jones's tirade, or his duller companion's wit; and it has certainly not that vehement and sustained power of invective so remarkable in Swift's earlier satirical effusions, and most of any, in that splendid emanation of wit which stands without equal or rival in our language.

The three following years Swift passed at college, rather from necessity than from choice, under very depressing circumstances, dependent on the small precarious bounty of his uncle, little known, it has been observed, and less regarded. By collegiate sophists and pedagogues he was in fact looked upon as a blockhead; and it would seem that he returned the compliment with interest, and, by his own admission, inserted in "The Tale of a Tub," was meditating at the very time "An Account of the Kingdom of Absurdities." This design, like "The Tale of a Tub," he may probably have communicated to the authors of the "Tripes," and to other refractory students who had wit enough to enter into his views of the existing routine of scholastic education. It was shown, it is said, to his friend Mr. Waryng (though this is denied by the able Mr. Mason), among the few whose society he appears at this time to have cared to cultivate, and who were evidently under the collegiate ban—not for any open disorders, as was erroneously alleged, but for their too keen observation and satirical disposition; the

indulgence of which led to the frequent suspension of some, and to the expulsion of others.

Few situations in life can be imagined more painful than that of Swift about this period—smarting under supposed humiliations—stern, high-minded—beginning to be conscious of his own vast expansive talents, original genius, and inimitable wit, as already manifested in his first satirical outbursts. The narrowness of his circumstances was such as to forbid his joining the society of those equal to him in birth and family; and the proud student, scorning every kind of obligation from the higher, with a magnanimous principle declined to associate with those of an inferior grade. Hence he lived much alone; and it is curious to observe how, from the opening of his splendid career, every circumstance seems to have combined to foster and develop the peculiar genius and the stern unflinching rectitude of character which impressed the proudest ministers of state and his greatest adversaries with a deference amounting to awe. It would appear as if every fresh obstacle, every great disappointment, served only to strengthen the native vigour and powers of his extraordinary mind; and to fit him for the exercise of those irresistible qualities which influenced the fate of nations, gave peace and security to Great Britain after a long and calamitous war, and first emancipated Ireland from the bitter curse of slavery, in teaching her how successfully to resist her oppressors. Had not this truly great man—distinguished even more for his knowledge of mankind, and his vast talents to comprehend every question connected with the interests of humanity and civil polity, than for his original genius—been thus early debarred the advantages attending birth and fortune possessed by his ancestors, received the niggardly support of a distressed relative, and been thrown early upon the resources of his own mind, the world might long have wanted the entertainment,—England the advantage and the honour,—and Ireland the political regeneration,—which they have derived from the wondrous powers of the calumniated dean of St. Patrick's. It is evident from his own words, as well as from every circumstance in his future career, that the events of his early life had remarkable influence upon his future success and celebrity; for, while a poor and distressed student, interested in courting the approbation of his tutor and the masters of the college, he had sufficient veneration for truth and the love of sound philosophy and learning, to scorn to load his lofty mind and vigorous intellect with the falsifying and exploded doctrines of the schools. It was this pertinacious love of truth and integrity which, in the opinion of his early and best biographers, did him so much honour; instead of being—as stated by Johnson and his abject followers, who felt obscured by superior powers and influence of genius like the dean's—a source of ignominy and disgrace.

The death of Swift's uncle Godwin, of a family disorder, it is stated—the loss of speech, and lethargy, very similar to that which carried off the illustrious dean—and the discovery of his embarrassed affairs, left the poor student unprovided for, deprived at once of the allowance which his misguided and unfortunate uncle could ill afford. His known hatred to schemes and projects was derived, or at least strengthened, by the misfortunes of the elder branch of his family, and a humorous anecdote is related that, when an old sea-captain once told the dean that he had discovered the longitude, he was advised to take care that he did not get out of his latitude, and to take example by his uncle and so many others, whose fate, if he did not look to it, would be the old captain's. In fact the sterling good sense and worldly knowledge of the future dean could

* The wise collectors, perhaps, regarded the rude inscription of his name in schoolboy fashion upon his form, and still shown to strangers, as an additional proof of his want of logic.

Some amusing instances are given by Mr. Mason of the efforts made by Swift's enemies to deprive him of the honour of writing the "Tale of a Tub"—not excepting Johnson and the dean's little person cousin, of whom he says "I should be glad to see how far the foolish impudence of a dunce could go;" and challenges any person to prove his claim to three lines in the whole book:—"Let him step forth and tell his name and titles; upon which the bookseller shall have orders to prefix them to the next edition, and the claimant shall from henceforward be acknowledged the undisputed author." The late William Hazlitt's remarks on this production are very excellent:—"The Tale of a Tub" is one of the most masterly compositions in the language, whether for thought, wit, or style. It is so explicit and undeniable a proof of the author's talents, that Dr. Johnson, who did not like Swift, would not allow that he wrote it. It is hard that the same performance should stand in the way of a man's promotion to a bishopric as wanting gravity, and at the same time be denied to be his as having too much wit. It is a pity the doctor did not find out some graver author for whom he felt a critical kindness, on whom to father this splendid but unacknowledged production." (Lecture vi., delivered at the Surrey Institution.)

It is well known that Johnson in his private conversation frequently insinuated that Swift was not the author. "I don't," he says, "if the 'Tale of a Tub' was his; it has so much more thinking, more knowledge, more power, more colour, than any of the works which are indubitably his: if it was his, I shall only say as was 'impar dit':" ("Tear to the Hebrides.")

never hear the merits of this hopeful head of the family desecrated upon with any patience; he justly considered that he had weakly brought discredit and disgrace upon the humbler branches of his own name and family, if not consigned them to hopeless obscurity and poverty by his follies. It is no wonder that he never loved or could bear the mention of one with whom his early humiliation and sufferings were so closely associated; and those who have experienced the strange depressing power and the heartfelt torture of misfortune, doomed to receive a scanty and stinted allowance from the hands of distant relatives—perhaps themselves hardly less distressed—can conceive the nature of the torments which racked the bosom of the high and independent minded Swift. So painful indeed was the retrospect, that he sought to fly "wide as the poles asunder" from all recurrence to family relations; they were the nightmare on the otherwise peaceful slumbers of his youth, on his hopes, his future happiness, and perhaps the amenity of his genius; for in the noonday of his brilliant powers no one was more eulogised, even by his most powerful enemies, for his good nature, courtesy, and obliging disposition. Yet unfortunately so early in life was the finer feeling of gratitude benumbed, that the grand wisdom and mighty heart which would have regenerated and embraced the world, in the spirit of beneficence which dictated his writings, (when rightly interpreted and understood,) were arrested at the source, and, like a wound bleeding inwardly, gave no sign of the pain and suffering to the eye. In the words of a great poet he might truly have exclaimed, under the distressing circumstances by which he was surrounded, often a prey to gloomy meditations, to grief, indignation, and regret, when joined in his solitary chamber by the few eccentric or refractory spirits who sought for its own sake the wit and social charm gleaming through the mental gloom—

"When from the heart where sorrow sits
Her dusky shadow mounts too high,
And on the changing aspect flies
And clouds the brow or fills the eye;
Heed not that gloom which soon shall sink,—
My thoughts their dungeon know too well,
Back to my breast the wanderers shrink
And drop within their silent cell."

BRYAN.

Yet there can be little doubt it was only by this ordeal of dependence, self-control, and unavoidable submission to circumstances, that Swift attained some of those qualities which raised him to an intellectual eminence from which he directed the policy of the ablest statesmen of his day, arrested the tide of public opinion, stripped the most popular Whigs, even Marlborough, of their hard-won power, and swayed the heart and passions of "the fierce democracy" to attain the particular object which he had in view.

The sense of his forlorn condition at this period was in some measure removed by the manner in which his uncle, William Swift, supplied the place of a guardian after the death of Godwin. The assistance he received was conferred with a better grace, and is said to have so far called forth the young student's acknowledgments as to obtain for him the title of the best of his relations. Yet the stipend was not increased though he had attained his twentieth year, and being barely adequate to support existence, he naturally turned his thoughts with some anxiety to his cousin Willoughby, the eldest son of Godwin Swift, then engaged in mercantile business at Lisbon. He appears to have been kindly disposed; nor was Swift's reliance upon his friendship misplaced, for no sooner was the merchant aware of his father's death than he sent by a trusty hand a sum to his

cousin considerably larger than he had ever believed at one time. It could not have arrived more seasonably: the lonely student, without a penny, was gazing wistfully from his chamber window, when soon his eye was attracted by the garb of a sea-faring man, who by his manner seemed to be making inquiries for some particular chamber. The thought instantly flashed across his mind that it might be for him; he saw him enter the building, and soon had the joy of hearing a rap at the door and beholding a packet in the man's hand. "Is your name Jonathan Swift?" was the first inquiry. "Yes, it is." "Then I have something for you from master Swift at Lisbon," at the same time displaying a large leathern bag, and pouring out the silver contents upon the table. Swift in the first transports of his joy pushed a number towards the sailor; but the honest tar refused to take any, declaring at the same time "that he would do more than that for good master Willoughby." This was the first time that Swift's disposition with regard to money manifested itself; and if we reflect upon the straits to which he was sometimes reduced at college, there was both good feeling and generosity in his offer so liberally to reward the conveyor of glad tidings, and assuredly nothing to countenance the charges of a mean or covetous disposition advanced by lord Orrery and other envious maligners of his just fame. At the same time he himself observed of this special favour of an all-wise Providence, that, instead of elating him, the reflection of his constant sufferings through the want of money made him husband the gift so well that he was never afterwards without something in his purse.

Before accompanying the lonely and intractable student into the world it will be proper, if not interesting, to notice several other little culmities which, commencing with the microscopic powers of lord Orrery, time and envious malice have magnified through the darkened glass of the sour and evil-dreading Johnson, who invariably most grudges his praise to the best and greatest characters, with a bold assertion and authority which warped even the clear vision and fair-judging criticism of sir W. Scott. Nearly all these charges are given upon the presumed evidence of the college records, which not one of these writers seems to have examined; and the entire account of scholastic inordinations, and of the degradation and punishments to which Swift was subjected, confessedly rests upon an inference drawn by the ingenious Dr. Barrett after a presumed examination of the college registers. Upon such a supposition, so eagerly adopted, was the absurd question first raised, and the mighty, heinous, yet ill-founded charges brought against the collegiate character and conduct of Swift, put into a formal statement, which even if fully substantiated ought assuredly to be considered less disgraceful than it is amusing. As a fair specimen of the whole, it is gravely asserted that no record of penal infliction occurs until a *special grace* for the degree of bachelor of arts conferred on him on the 18th of February, 1685-6; and yet the *terma speciali gratia* are, in the opinion of an ingenious correspondent of sir W. Scott, only those frequently made use of upon the formal admission of able candidates before the usual term; and so would vanish the "penal infliction," were it not made much more ludicrously penal and repeated many times over—with the exception of Dr. Sheridan, who says not a word of humiliation, disgrace, or kneeling for pardon before the junior dean—by Swift's numerous biographers. It will at least not be unentertaining, if not edifying, to present both sides of the question and leave it to the reader to draw his own inference, like Dr. Barrett, simply re-

questing him to bear in mind that the author of the "Tale of a Tub" was not quite the senseless block-head and poor-spirited delinquent which it has been so studiously sought to make him appear. Dr. Barrett's *inferred* account, as embodied by Sir Walter Scott, is to this solemn purport, not very unlike an arraignment before the high-court of Lilliput, or some heavy charge brought by one of the high-heels against the low-heels:—"The disgraceful note with which his degree had been granted probably added to Swift's negligence and gave edge to his satirical propensities. Between the periods of November 14th, 1683, and October 8th, 1687, he incurred no less than seventy penalties for non-attendance at chapel; for neglecting lectures, for being absent from the evening roll-call, and for town haunting, which is the academical phrase for absence from college without licence. At length these irregularities called forth a *moram* solemn censure, for on March 18th, 1686-7, with his cousin Thomas Swift, his chum Mr. Warren, and four others,* he incurred the disgrace of a public admonition for a notorious neglect of duties. His second public punishment was of a nature yet more degrading. On November 20th, 1688, Swift, the future oracle of Ireland, was by a sentence of the vice-provost and senior fellows of the university, convicted of insolent conduct towards the junior dean (Owen Lloyd), and of exciting dimension within the walls of the college. He shared with two companions the suspension of his academical degree, and two of the delinquents, Swift being one, were further sentenced to crave public pardon of the junior dean. The bitterness of spirit with which Swift submitted to this despotic infliction, if indeed he ever obeyed it—for of this there is no absolute proof—may be more easily conceived than described. The sense of his resentment shows itself in the dislike which he exhibits to his Alma Mater, the Trinity college of Dublin, and the satirical severity with which he persecutes Dr. Owen Lloyd, the junior dean, before whom he had been ordained to make this unworthy prostration." (Scott's "Life of Swift," vol. i. p. 23.)

The unworthiness, we think there is little doubt; would be found to be on the side of the calumniators of Swift's early life and conduct while at college, or we must otherwise consider it an extraordinary fact—almost a phenomenon in literary history—that while the writers of his own time, even his most inveterate enemies and his first biographers, make no mention of these dreadful indignities and prostrations, which they would have been too happy to do, it was reserved for the writers of an after-age to discover those minute spots and shades in the solar orb which the nearer vision and closer inspection of contemporary enemies and traducers—of Addison, Steele, and the utterers of Walpole's ingenious forgeries, and those of his creatures, to deprive the dean of his character for honour and integrity—could never enable them to see. How came it that events so recent, alleged to be so disgraceful, which on Swift's rapid rise must have formed the darling topic and common scandal both of colleges and courts, and given a zest to the malignant sneers of his titled enemies whom he had stung to the quick—his envious literary revilers were never keen-sighted enough to discover; nor had witty malignity enough to invent these, along with the other calumnies circulated by his political enemies?

We have shown that Sir W. Scott qualifies his assertion of Swift's prostration with a cautious tr,

yet afterwards concludes with the broad declaration that he had been ordained to make this unworthy prostration before the junior dean. Now what says an able and enlightened correspondent of the great biographer, whose arguments, if not well founded, are at least ingenious? He brings forward reasons borrowed from Dr. Barrett's "Life of Swift" itself, upon which the whole of these stupid and trumpery calumnies as to punishment have been founded, to prove exactly the contrary. Nay, he distinctly points out that from Dr. Barrett's own "Life" of the dean it appears that he graduated *above a year before* the usual time, which in Trinity college, Dublin, is four years and a half; and therefore that *speciæ gratiæ* must mean that he got it by merit, or if it was afterwards suspended, as Dr. B. suggests, it might have been restored to him on intercession of friends. But there appears little to countenance the supposition that he was ordered to beg pardon upon his knees, and nothing to warrant the assertion that he submitted to such an indignity, as there is no trace of his remaining in college after the Revolution, which is the date Dr. Barrett assigns for that censure.

So much for the accurate examination of Dr. Barrett, and for the evidences upon which to rest the fine spun theory of humiliation and disgrace, so pleasing to modern critics and to that inherent but not very honest desire, of pulling down in one age the idol which the fat of contemporary opinion and the general assent of mankind have raised up in another. Besides, it always flatters our self-love to depreciate excellence which we cannot reach; and it is difficult to elucidate and expose these ingenious inquiries into Swift's failings, of which the motives, it is evident, are to raise us in our own good opinion, and lessen the feelings of respect and veneration we should otherwise cherish with our belief in the surpassing powers, the vigour of mind, and original genius of this extraordinary man.

"The dates, moreover," continues Dr. Barrett's refuter, "are very confused and contradictory as to the two Swifts; and while he allows Thomas Swift to have had a scholarship, and *aspects* that Jonathan had not, he forgets that very few ever remain in Trinity college, Dublin, after graduating, unless they enjoy scholarships; and that Jonathan Swift had one appears further from his remaining in commons, and being, according to Dr. B., suspended from commons by way of punishment, after graduating, which could be no punishment at all to him if his commons were not at the charge of the university." (See note to Scott's "Life.")

If further testimony were wanting to overthrow the brittle fabric of these idle old wives' tales of the dean's early degeneracy, and the strange freaks and vagaries which so long possessed him of running his head against the walls of his college, and fighting the ancient deans and proctors from out their propriety, it is to be found in a letter from Richardson to Lady Bradshaigh, dated April 22nd, 1752, in which he says, "I am told my lord Orrery is mistaken in some of his facts; for instance, in that wherein he asserts that Swift's learning was a late acquirement. I am very well warranted by the son of an eminent divine, a prelate, who was three years what is called his chum, in the following account of that fact. Dr. Swift made as great progress in his learning at the university of Dublin in his youth as any of his contemporaries." Leaving, however, these knotty points, with Dr. Barrett, to conjecture, it may be admitted that nothing short of college discipline and the heavy yoke of dependence could sufficiently have restrained Swift's stern and haughty spirit, by placing over him those two unflinching

* Their names may be inferred to have been Nathaniel Jones and John Jones, supposed authors of the "Trippe" (though Swift was the Term Filiter)—Michael Vandeleur and William Breckin-

guardians, poverty and pride, during the most dangerous period of his life. They taught him early how to regulate his mind and passions, to inure himself to thought and toil, and by calm reading and meditations on history and living manners to prepare himself for the distinguished part he was destined to perform. That such a character could at the same time have been that of a low college reprobate, hawler, and haunter of obscure taverns, rather exceeds the bounds of human belief, especially when it is admitted that there is such extreme confusion in regard to dates and the names of the two cousins as to have given rise to erroneous statements in other respects. On the breaking out of the civil broils in Ireland, Swift, then in his twenty-first year, left that kingdom to visit his mother at Leicester, anxious to consult with her in regard to his future prospects. On reaching England he proceeded on foot, his usual mode of travelling from the commencement of his career, to his mother's dwelling, without friends, intercat, or money—circumstances, however, to which we perhaps owe the future author of *Gulliver*, whom affluence might at once have made a contented bishop or a renowned professor. He had now the pain of beholding his mother almost wholly dependent on the precarious bounty of friends. With her he remained some months, and she judiciously advised him without hesitation to communicate his circumstances to sir William Temple, the distinguished statesman, who had married one of her relations.^a This advice Swift resolved without longer delay to pursue, and accordingly again set off on foot for Sheen, at which seat the most accomplished scholar and the wisest as well as most experienced man of his times was then residing, aloof from the intrigues and corruptions of a court. Sir William received him not only with his usual urbanity and politeness, but with great kindness, of which the fact of Swift's first residence with him during a space of two years—however annoying it may have proved, in regard to trivial circumstances, to one of his irritable disposition and pride—may be considered as a sufficient proof. His story was heard with compassionate attention, and his sensible compliance with his mother's wishes, in submitting his natural pride to the dictates of duty—his dignified and self-respecting manner, together with his friendless position—all appealed to the good feeling and generosity of a man like sir William Temple.^b In this elegant retreat, where he was comparatively his own master, free from the arbitrary surveillance and little inquisitorial rules of college life, Swift found what was most valuable to him—sound advice to direct the prosecution of his studies, refined society and conversation, leisure for historical researches and undisturbed reflections. With a zeal and resolution almost unprecedented in the annals of study, and only equalled by the fire and vigour

of his native genius, Swift recommenced his system of self-education upon a more regular and enlarged plan than any pursued by the sophistical heads of a college, and extended it from poetry and history, long his favourite pursuits, to other important branches of human learning, which he now prosecuted with an avidity necessary to every great writer; surpassing that attributed to Cervantes, Rabelais, Molière, and Pope; and with an unremitting assiduity in accordance with his more happy and improved circumstances. From the more known and read he extended his inquiries to the more abstruse and laborious writers; and, it is said, had the courage to encounter the profundities of Cyprian and Irenæus. No wonder the first interruption of these studious habits and intense application was the recurrence of a disorder which had attacked him at a still earlier period of life, attributed by him to a surfeit of fruit that induced a peculiar coldness of stomach, giddiness, and momentary loss of recollection—symptoms of the same disorder of which his uncle Godwin had died. His complaint became so violent that he was advised by his physician to try the benefit of his native air, but, receiving no advantage from the change, he returned to sir William Temple's, who had meanwhile removed to Moor-park, near Farnham. Here he met with the utmost sympathy from his distinguished owner, who obtained for him fresh advice; and Swift was enjoined to take more constant and more violent exercise, which he daily practised by running up a hill, it is said, near the house, and back again, every two hours; the distance being about half a mile, which he used to perform in less than six minutes. It is not surprising that, afflicted with a disorder of so dangerous and tormenting a nature, which gradually increased until it terminated in total debility and prostration of mind, he should snatch at any chance that offered to relieve him from so disagreeable a companion. But, with all due deference to medical knowledge, the writer of this may observe as a curious fact, having been a persevering pedestrian in his day, that the only unpleasant symptom of which he, in common with all other peripatetics whom he met, had reason to complain, was an occasional giddiness and a sense of coldness and weakness of the stomach after long-continued exertion. Now, if it is recollected that the dean was not only a determined student and a most rapid writer, by fits and starts, amidst all the turmoil of court visits, literary patronage, and state councils, but that he was, on economic principle and by the advice of his physicians, accustomed to perform all his long journeys (each of hundreds of miles) on foot, it is no forced or unfounded theory to assume that he either contracted or greatly aggravated the disorder with which he was afflicted, by the means he was advised to take for its removal. If a cause like this, or that of having eaten an improper quantity of fruit, is adequate to account for the affliction with which throughout life he was visited, it seems as violent as it is a harsh and unjustifiable supposition to attribute such a misfortune to early immoral excesses. Yet there are men who, in accordance with the system of defamation pursued, have not scrupled to insult the memory of Swift, and to vilify that great and moral character which extorted the admiration of his worst enemies, and won the applause and veneration of his friends, by the magnanimity with which he provided for and protected his political adversaries, when provoked by their ingratitude almost beyond human endurance to "whistle them down the winds, a prey to fortune." It is mortifying to reflect that, in order to account for a certain eccentricity of conduct usually found to accompany

^a It was during this visit that Swift's first love affair occurred. He became enamoured of a miss Betty Jones, afterwards Mrs. Perkins, of the George inn, Loughborough. (See his letters to Mr. Kennell and Mr. Worsall.)

^b The statement made by a nephew of sir William and repeated by sir W. Scott and some other biographers, that Swift was hired by his uncle to read to him, and to be his amanuensis, at the rate of 20s. a year and his board—high preferment to him at that time—and that he was not admitted to his conversation or to sit at table with him, is another specimen of those injurious fictions to which we cannot allude in terms of too much severity. So the man, it appears, who was admitted to the intimate confidence of his noble relative and friend—who died at the same table with William III., who in the intimacy of discourse taught him to eat asparagus in the Dutch fashion—who was intrusted with secret missions to the king—who was selected to edit his uncle's works (for such sir William was by marriage), and to whom he left a legacy as a mark of gratitude—were to conclude died in the servants' hall!

genius of an original and exalted kind, and for a dis-temper which most probably was owing to an inherent malady, a learned physician could be found,^a so lost to reason and science, so dead to honour and the duties of his profession, as directly to ascribe the vertigo of Swift, with all its distressing consequences, "to habits of early and profligate indulgence."

It is with feelings of unalloyed delight that the writer can in this instance record the clear-sighted views and the triumphant refutation of this cruel and absurd calumny by the immortal author of "Waverley," who, though little inclined to do more than strict justice to an author who launched his severest philippics against the Scotch nobility and people, yet holds the scales with an even hand, as far as his knowledge of the subject extended, and never consciously advanced that which he did not believe to be the strict truth. "To the hypothesis of this ingenious writer," says the illustrious biographer, "we may oppose, first, the express declaration of Swift himself that this distressing malady originated in the surfeit mentioned in the text, a cause which medical professors have esteemed adequate to produce such consequences. Secondly, his whole intercourse with Stella and Vanessa indicates the very reverse of an ardent or licentious imagination, and proves his coldness to have been constitutionally inherent, both in mind and person, and utterly distinct from that of one who retains wishes which he has lost the power to gratify. Those who choose to investigate this matter farther may compare Swift's 'Journal to Stella' with Pope's 'Letters to the Mimes Blount,' in which there really exists evidence of that mixture of friendship, passion, and licentious gallantry, which the author of 'Hygeia' has less justly ascribed to the correspondence between Swift and Stella. Lastly, it may be briefly noticed that the coarse images and descriptions with which Swift dishonoured his pages are of a description directly opposite to the loose impurities by which the exhausted voluptuary feeds his imagination. . . . We may therefore take Swift's word for the origin of his malady as well as for his constitutional temperance. And until medical authors can clearly account for and radically cure the diseases of their contemporary patients, they may be readily excused from assigning dishonourable causes for the disorders of the illustrious dead."—(Note to "Life," pp. 25—29.)

This masterly refutation of so calumnious a charge is creditable to the generally enlightened biographer of the extraordinary genius and no less wonderful wit whom he has commemorated; and it might moreover be remarked that, in all cases brought before the tribunal of public opinion where doubts exist, as is actually the fact with regard to some of these newly broached aspersions on Swift's moral and political character, it is invariably allowed to give the accused the benefit of those doubts—particularly when his most intimate contemporaries and his nearest neighbours had never either heard of or raised any malicious reports of the kind.^b But to dismiss this unworthy discussion, obtruded only in

^a The learned Dr. Boobles, who, in the ninth essay of his work called "Hygeia," pursues a train of fallacies in unison with those so fond of raking, like Lord Orrey, into the office of grubs—straining every natural infirmity into moral turpitude, raising mole-hills into mountains, and delighting to revel in the humiliation and misfortunes of true greatness.

^b As a further specimen of the same medical sagacity which advised Swift to run up a hill every two hours, which attributed his giddiness and deafness to profligacy and excesses, we shall insert, for the amusement of our readers, the notable prescription for his cure, by another physician, Dr. Radcliffe, "for a noise in the head and dizziness proceeding from a cold and raw humour in the head," which, if taken, in all human probability added not a tittle to the existing malady!—"Take a

justice to the calumniated dean—unhappy enough in the company of such baneful guests for life!—and from the necessary obligation of a biographer not to shrink from the question;—it appears that about this time Temple began to discover some of the great qualities of his young relation's mind, his striking originality of remark and acute powers of reasoning and observation; so that Swift himself has recorded that he then grew still more in confidence with him. He was always admitted to Sir William's confidential interviews with the king, who was then in the habit of visiting at Moor-park to consult him whom he vainly wished to make his prime minister; and the great statesman being often confined to his chamber by the gout, the duty of making known his sentiments and advising with his majesty devolved upon Swift. It must have been an amusing scene; and the entertainment was no doubt mutual; for while the king, all whose ideas ran upon the extermination of his species—war, thought it the highest honour to offer to the staid poet, then busied in composing Pindaric odes, a whole troop of horse, and to teach him to eat asparagus in the Dutch fashion, stalks and all,^b the views of the latter were directed to the more pacific aim of church preferment. Nor is it unlikely that he obtained some definite promise to that effect; for that he evidently counted upon it appears from a letter (1692) addressed to his uncle, in which he says, "I am not to take orders till the king gives me a prebend."

In the fourth year of his residence with Sir William Temple, Swift went to take his master's degree at Oxford, to which he was admitted on the 6th of July, 1692. He was much pleased with the courtesy and urbanity shown him upon this occasion, and pointedly observed that he felt himself under greater obligations within a few weeks to strangers, than ever he had been in seven years to Dublin college:

"Oxford to him a dearer name shall be
Than his own mother university;
Thence did his green unknowing youth engage,
He chooses Athens in his ripe age."—(Dryden.)

The reception which he thus met with in the first seat of British learning, independent of his connection with Temple, afforded a satisfactory proof of the successful progress of his studies; and, inspired as he always appeared in his happier moments, it was at Oxford that he offered his first poetical effusion of sack whey, make very clear half sack and half whey;

Boyle it in sun place rack sage and a sprig of rosemary;
take it going to rest, with thirty or forty drops of spirit of hartshorn; continue it as long as you find benefit by it" (he safely might) "specially the winter season; he may swallow or not with sump of cowslip." He ordered "all over a spice rapp, to be made of cloves, mace, and pepper, mingled, finely powdered, and put between two silks, and quilted to wear next the head, and for a season to be sowed inside his wig."

^a In a letter from the dean to Mrs. Howard (Aug. 16, 1707) he observes, "About two years before you were born I got my giddiness by eating a hundred gold pipins at a time at Richmond; and when you were four years and a quarter old, being two days, having made a fine seat about twenty miles farther in Surrey, where I used to read there I got my deafness; and these two friends have visited me one or other every year since, and being old acquaintances have now thought fit to come together."

^b Alderman George Faulkner of Dublin, the well known bookseller, happening one day to dine in company with Dr. Leland the historian, the conversation reverted to the illustrious dean of St. Patrick's. Faulkner, who was the dean's printer and publisher on many occasions, mentioned that, one day being detained late at the deanery house in correcting some proof-sheets for the press, Swift made the worthy alderman stay to dinner. Amongst other vegetables, asparagus formed one of the dishes. The dean helped his guest, who shortly again called upon his host, when the dean, pointing to the alderman's plate,—"first finish, sir, what you have got upon your plate."—"What, sir, eat my stalks?"—"Ay, sir, King William always eat his stalks."—"And, George," rejoined the historian (who was himself remarkably proud and very pompous), "were you black-bird enough to obey him?"—"Yes, doctor; and if you and I did not with dean Swift the same, you would have been obliged to eat your stalks too."—"Scott."

sions to the muse. One of these was a version of an ode of Horace (book ii., ode 18), written with considerable ease and spirit; and about the same time sir William and lady Temple pressed him to write his Pindaric odes, composed in the still prevailing taste of that day, and which may be pronounced not inferior of the kind to those of Cowley and Donne. They are addressed to Temple, to the king, and to the Albanian Society—"a knot of obscure individuals," says Johnson, "who published a periodical pamphlet of answers to questions, sent, or supposed to be sent, by letters. I have been told," he adds, "that Dryden, having perused these verses, said, 'Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet;' so that this denunciation was the motive of Swift's perpetual malevolence to Dryden."—"Life," p. 6.)

Soon after the removal of sir William Temple to Moor-park, near Farnham, whither he was accompanied by Swift, it happened that a bill was brought into the house for triennial parliaments, to which the king was much opposed, and despatched the earl of Portland to sir William for advice, who advocated the measure, but endeavoured to remove the royal scruples without effect. Having now a high opinion of Swift's talents, and of his intimate acquaintance with English history, he deputed him to wait upon his majesty, and explain and argue the matter at greater length. Of this mission he acquitted himself with great credit, though it was not attended with success; it was in vain he tried to convince the king, and when he entered more fully into the subject with the minister he was informed that the obstacle was insurmountable, and at the same time the measure was rejected by the house. This was the first time Swift had come into contact with courts, and he has frankly acknowledged that it was the first incident that helped to cure him of vanity.

After a residence of about six weeks at the university, having entered himself at Hart's-hall, and obtained his degree of master of arts, Swift left Oxford to pay a visit to his mother, and then returned to Moor-park.* From this period, it seems, he became anxious to establish himself in the world, and sought to realise those promises of preferment which had been held out to him. Still he continued to discharge the offices of humanity and friendship towards his illustrious relative for a space of two years, when, justly suspecting perhaps that he delayed providing for him from selfish views, and aware that his society had become agreeable as well as useful and necessary, he conceived it only justice to himself to remind sir William of the subject. The discussion which ensued was not of a pleasing nature. His patron was extremely anxious to have an accurate copy of all his writings, and Swift's advice and assistance would here be invaluable. Owing to the great statesman's increasing infirmities, the progress had been necessarily slow, ill adapted to one of Swift's vigorous mind and love of despatch. They are said to have parted with mutual dissatisfaction: sir William offered him some paltry employment in the Rolls-office in Ireland, of which he was then master, worth about 120*l.* per annum. He must have known that this was quite unsuited to Swift's habits and inclinations; and he replied with spirit, "that, since this offer relieved him from the charge of being driven into the church for a maintenance, he was resolved to go to Ireland to take holy orders." At the same time sir William is

stated to have refused to pledge himself with respect to Swift's future promotion in the event of his consenting to remain with him; and he no longer beatified to seek his own fortune. Upon his arrival, however (early in 1694), Swift found that he could not be ordained without a testimonial of his good conduct during his residence with sir William; and he is stated to have delayed nearly five months before he would consent to obtain such a recommendation by a kind of submission which must have been extremely grating to his feelings. This document it appears, however, was accompanied by a letter to lord Capel from his patron, the prompt arrival of which seems to throw doubts upon the article of submission, of which there is no evidence that it was ever required; and the result was that Swift was offered the prebend of Kilroot, in the diocese of Connor; and to this small living, happy in his newly acquired independence, he retired. His letters for dean's orders were dated 28th October, 1694, and those for priest's orders 13th January, 1694-5; and he was ordained into both by William King, at that time bishop of Derry.

We are informed by Mr. Monck Mason that the pathetic story, told by Sheridan and repeated by sir W. Scott, of Swift afterwards procuring this living for an aged clergyman who lent him his horse to ride to obtain it, has no foundation whatever.† He is represented "as the father of a numerous family, who,

* Considerable doubts, of which Swift ought still to have the benefit, are entertained on this head. It is justly remarked by Mr. Monck Mason that "the letter was taken from a copy of a transcript from the original: it may be genuine, but I like not this sort of evidence, and am sure the admission of such will never frequently lead to error than truth." It is indeed singular that so many of the documents impugning the dean rest on the same foundation.

† It will nevertheless be only justice to Swift's memory to give this alleged trait of his generosity and magnanimity—unsuch as we have made it a principle from which we must not shrink, to meet the numerous envious and calumnious charges brought against him, and which have not only been insinuated but broadly asserted on worse than hearsay evidence—often with an affected effort at exculpation, to give weight to them—to which the creatures of Walpole and Swift's Whig enemies had invariably recourse:—

"Willing to wound and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault and hesitate dislike."

And how could he expect to escape, when men like Wharton, Steele, and the whole tribe of Whig corruptionists—with the exception of Addison and a few of the better class, whom he nobly kept in their offices—were hallooed on by the great whipper-in (Walpole) to worry and defame all he could not corrupt?

If Mr. Mason's date therefore had only coincided with it, we should have been strongly inclined to give credence to the following incident, which is said to have occurred on occasion of Swift giving up his living at Kilroot.

"In an excursion from his habitation he met a clergyman with whom he formed an acquaintance, which proved him to be learned, modest, well-principled, the father of eight children, and a curate at the rate of forty pounds a year. Without explaining his purpose, Swift borrowed this gentleman's black mare, having no horse of his own—rode to Dublin—resigned the prebendary of Kilroot, and obtained a grant of it for this new friend. When he gave the presentation to the poor clergyman, he kept his eyes steadily fixed on the old man's face, which at first showed pleasure at finding himself preferred to a living; but when he found that it was that of his benefactor, who had resigned in his favour, his joy assumed so touching an expression of surprise and gratitude that Swift himself, deeply affected, declared he had never experienced so much pleasure as at that moment. The poor clergyman, at Swift's departure, pressed upon him the black mare, which he did not choose to turn him by refusing; and thus mounted for the first time on a horse of his own, with fourscore pounds in his purse, Swift again embarked for England, and resumed his situation at Moor-park as sir William Temple's confidential secretary." (Scott.)

All that remains to be said on this curious story is with the Italian "Se non è vero, è ben trovato;" and perhaps of the two it is much fairer to speak that which is good of the illustrious dead, ill-founded though it be, than studiously to seek, with his worst political enemies, to blacken his memory by a series of injurious forgeries, of which the real authors remain in the dark, while only the utterers at second-hand give currency, to them, as usual with counterfeit coins. Where are the originals to fix any deeper stigma on him than that of great pride and ambition?

* This fully dispenses the assertion of lord Orrery, that Swift was supported at the university of Oxford during a period of three years, with the ludicrous conclusion which he there draws, of the same character, and equally well founded, as those attributed to Mr. Temple, the nephew of sir William.

on account of his poverty, was unable to provide for them. It is a pity," adds this accurate and ingenious writer, "that, being so very interesting, it should not be true, which appears from the following circumstances. First, Swift was not in Ireland when he resigned the living, but resident with sir William Temple. He held this benefice two years, contrary to the generally conceived opinion, and was resident at Moor-park from June, 1696, till sir William's death, as appears by his letters. Secondly, the person in whose favour he resigned was not an indigent clergyman, as is well known to his family; he had himself a moderate estate in that country, and formed several respectable connexions. It appears that he was neither old, poor, nor the father of a family. That he was not old is farther manifest from the fact of his having had a correspondence with Swift so late as the year 1731.*

It may here not improperly be remarked, that, if so little reliance is to be placed upon an account closely connected with time, place, and circumstance, requested by all Swift's biographers, and which redounds so highly to his credit, how cautiously we ought to receive also those reports to his prejudice, arising out of confused names and dates at college, and from copies of letters taken from other copies, the evidence of which Mr. Mason so judiciously questions, and the original of which neither the transcribers who communicated them, nor the parties who adopted them, appear to have seen. We think an additional proof likewise that on the occasion of the presentation to his living, Swift was required to make no undue submission to his distinguished relative, is the fact of his being so early invited back by sir William, who became sensible how necessary he was to his existence. It is most probable, under all the circumstances, that the apology, or submission as it is absurdly termed, came not from the injured party but from him who had committed the error, who sought to atone for it, who now stood in need of the support and friendship which he had failed to value as they deserved, and who had in absence more truly estimated Swift's worth and talents. To the voice of friendship and suffering he could never turn a deaf ear; and in 1695 he repaired to Moor-park, where he continued to reside till sir William's death, which took place in January, 1698. There are abundant evidences both in the dean's and Temple's own letters to show that they again met upon terms of gentlemanly equality, without the most remote allusion to apologies or submission on either side beyond what the obligation thus conferred upon a dying relative and a great man, may be supposed to have awakened upon reflection in sir William's just and well-regulated mind. From that hour his friend and companion not only devoted himself with constant and unremitting care to smooth the pillow of declining age; to lighten the hours of pain, and relieve them by his social converse and wit; but he became his right arm in conducting his literary arrangements to a close, while the affection with which he regarded the dying statesman is shown in the memoranda which he so scrupulously kept of the changes and variations which marked his departure. Were any proofs wanting of the correctness of this view of the subject, they are supplied by the laudable industry and the ability of Mr. M. Mason, in his excellent work, who has given the correspondence which ensued between Swift and the representatives of the Temple family. Every word speaks highly in favour of the theory we have ventured to adopt in

this "Life;" and in proportion to the genuine light obtained and which can be thrown upon the doubtful or disputed points of Swift's early history, the more unexceptionable will it be found to appear. For this purpose, and that of giving novelty and freshness to former narratives relating to this period, too much resembling each other, the observations of Mr. M. are here given at length. "Swift," he says, "was settled at Moor-park in June, 1696, and from that time forth until sir William's death in 1698 he continued to reside in his house, except when he made an occasional excursion to visit his mother, who received during this time frequent remittances from his favourite uncle William and his cousin Willoughby Swift." Swift manifested at all times a great respect for sir William Temple; his intimacy however with the male descendants of that baronet was finally terminated in 1726 by an opprobrious letter of lord Palmerstown, in answer to one of Swift which contained a request in favour of a friend, by no means meriting so unhandsome a reply. There is no passage in Swift's first epistle that can excuse the following paragraph of his lordship's answer:—"My desire is to be in charity with all men: could I say as much of you, you had sooner inquired of this matter, or if you had any regard for a family you owe so much to; but I fear you hugged the false report, to cancel all feelings of gratitude that must ever glow in a generous breast, and to justify what you had declared, that no regard to the family was any restraint to you. These great refinements are past my understanding, and can only be comprehended by your great wits."

This vile insinuation received an answer temperate to a degree that will astonish the reader who is apprised of the irritable temper of Swift: his reply to this taunting ungenerous epistle is a *chef-d'œuvre*. He asks the noble peer "what title he could have to give such contumelious treatment to one who never did him the least injury or received from him the least obligation?" "I own myself indebted to sir William Temple for recommending me to the late king, although without success, and for his choice of me to take care of his posthumous writings. But I hope you will not charge my living in his family as an obligation; for I was educated to little purpose if I retired to his house for any other motives than the benefit of his conversation and advice, and the opportunity of pursuing my studies; for, being born to no fortune, I was at his death as far to seek as ever; and perhaps you will allow that I was of some use to him." Swift's advantage, it is correctly added, in this short conflict was commensurate to the superiority of his understanding. And it was to this superiority, and to that lofty independence of character, which raised the literary men of his day so much higher in the estimation of all parties, broadly contrasting with the venality of Dryden and the writers of preceding reigns, that Swift was indebted, as well as to his sterling sense and wit, for the immense influence which he exercised upon his times.

That he at the same time possessed great sensibility and could both entertain and inspire strong affection, was shown by the manner in which Temple latterly regarded his distinguished nephew (at least in law), and may be seen from a letter by Mrs. Jane Swift (May 26, 1699), the dean's sister, who says—"My poor brother has lost his best friend sir W. Temple, who was so fond of him while he lived that he made him give up his living in this county (the prebend of Kilroot) to stay with him at Moor-park, and promised to get him one in England; but death came in between, and has left him unprovided both of friend and living."

* From the admirably written and very entertaining work entitled "Historical Annals of the Collegiate and Cathedral Church of St. Patrick," by William Monck Mason.

And such in fact was the result of Swift's having complied with the invitation of sir William to return to Moor-park, a kind and generous proceeding which made it doubly incumbent upon the party benefited to lose not a moment's time in returning it in the same manly and grateful spirit; but this he neglected to do, and left Swift unprovided for as he had found him. With regard to the legacy said to have been left (100*l.* in a codicil to his will) along with the bequest that Swift should edit an edition of his entire works, we are at a loss to see more in this than the personal interest of the author and the statesman, who seems to have satisfied his conscience with the prospective advantage such a task might afford him, in addition to a doubtful promise known to have been obtained from king William of a prebendary's stall at Canterbury or Westminster. If we wished to display in a stronger light Swift's greatness and magnanimity of spirit in these circumstances, we might refer to his own words, which evince the regard which he entertained for his deceased friend, concluding with the following remarkable observations:—"He died at one o'clock in the morning, and with him all that was great and good among men." And another memorandum contains the following high and honourable eulogy of his character as a statesman and a scholar:—"He was a person of the greatest wisdom, justice, liberality, politeness, eloquence, of his age and nation. The truest lover of his country, and one who deserved more from it by his eminent public services than any man before or since, besides his great deserving of the commonwealth of having been universally esteemed the most accomplished writer of his time."

If we consider for a moment the situation of Swift when this splendid character of Temple was written; that he owed the profession he possessed, without fortune or preferment, wholly to his own good sense and resolution; and that, had he complied with his patron's first injunction to remain with him, he must have been cast friendless again upon the world, after eight years, the most valuable of his life, the greatest portion of which he had devoted to the interest and reputation of his friend—as regards obligation on Swift's side nothing can be said. For when, by his own discerning spirit and wise energy, he had made himself master of a profession, the utmost that sir William's care is known to have procured him was an obscure living in which a genius like Swift's may be said to have been buried alive—not promoted; and where, far from meeting society congenial to his temper and habits, he beheld only the degradation and sufferings of the people, withering under the blasting influence of the then dominant Whig party, the champions at that time of war, and the originators—with the help of bishop Burnet—of the public debt, paper money, corruption, and all the fruitful calamities to which Swift even then saw they must inevitably give rise.* The public spirit and patriotism by which he seems so early to have been actuated, and for which alone he entered on a literary career, breathe in almost every line of his early poetry, in his imitations, his *Pudicæ* odes, and satirical effusions, which possess a fire and vigour that by no means merited the doubtful and ill-subsanated condemnation—stated on Johnson's hearsay already alluded to—of his great cousin Dryden. In his humble and cheerless retirement, indeed, at Kilroot, and his subsequent residence at

Moor-park, he seems to have more assiduously courted the relief of poetical composition, which he had first commenced at Oxford; and in some of these occasional effusions the tenor of his mind and thoughts is strongly depicted, bearing that impress of mingled sorrow and indignation which the aspect of things around him and his future prospects were calculated to inspire. Another feature of them is the decided hatred which he expresses against folly and vice, and the power with which he strove to expose them in proportion as they extended their baneful influence from high places:—

"My hate—whose lash just Heaven had long decreed
Shall on a day make sin and folly bleed."

And in those interesting verses, so honourable to his right feelings, "on the Illness and Recovery of Sir William Temple," he gives expression to sentiments evincing a lofty sense of duty, a strength of virtuous will, and a disdain of mercenary motives or mean compliances, which carry a strong presumption of his previous habits of self-command and of his uniform consistency and high principle, deviations from which were only likely to occur from the predominance of pride or ambition. They are the more remarkable as having been written in some moment when extreme suffering or other causes had given to the manner of his friend and host, Temple, a degree of distance or coldness of which Swift subsequently complained, and was heard humorously to declare "that in faith sir William had spoiled a fine gentleman," in allusion to his harsh manner. Addressing the muse in the style that was still in vogue from the days of Charles II., and which was of itself sufficient to render Swift's earlier pieces—had they possessed greater merit,—neglected and obsolete, he exclaims in an emphatic tone,—

"To thee I owe that fatal bent of mind,
Still to unhappy restless thoughts inclined;
To thee what oft I vainly strive to hide,
That scorn of fools by fools mistook for pride
From thee whatever virtue takes its rise
Grows a misfortune and becomes a vice;
Such were thy rules to be as good as great—
Scorn not to interest, flattery, or deceit;
Nor with hired thoughts be thy devotion paid;
Learn to disdain thy mercenary aid;
Be this thy sure defence, thy heavenly wall—
Know no base action, at no guilt look pale;
And since unhappy distance thus denies
To expose thy soul, clad in this poor disguise,
Since thy few ill-presented graces seem
To breed contempt where thou hadst hoped esteem."

In the sudden outbursts of satirical passion, and in spontaneous unpremeditated lines like these, even more than in his letters, we seem to read his early character and feelings, the secret heart and spirit which sat alone in their self-sustained power and calm yet indignant grandeur, brooding over the philosophy, the sad moral of history, examining and arraigning before the tribunal of his judgment and conscience the motives by which he was then actuated. Before following him however from the shades of Kilroot and the elegant seclusion of Moor-park, into that active world where his genius shone with unrivalled splendour, it becomes (so once again) the writer's painful duty to set at rest another of those absurd and calumnious falsehoods, invented doubtless long after the period to which it is referred, by some of his humbled and perhaps titled adversaries, writhing under the infliction of some of his keen satiric truths, and, unable to meet him in the field of manly argument, trying to arrest his fierce pursuit, like certain animals whose last chance of escape lies in exciting extreme disgust and nausea in their conquerors; and it is a curious fact that, with regard to Steele's baseness and ingratitude, Swift actually declared that by his shameless and impu-

* If any evidence of this fact is required it will be enough to refer to one of those occasional essays, written by Swift when in Ireland, and given for the first time entire in the present edition of his works, from a copy of the "Intelligencer" that appears to have been in his own possession, and which contains his remarks and signature at the end of each paper.

dent proceedings he had quite put it out of his (Swift's) power to do him any injury. We can only desire, in allying to a charge so preposterous, to show that we consider it indispensable for every one who treats the life of a distinguished man not to conceal or disguise the truth, or attempt by any side wind to edge out of a question, however difficult or however trivial the circumstances. At the same time, it is a source of regret that sir Walter Scott or some of his other biographers evinced not some spark of the fiery scorn and indignation which would have actuated the dean himself, had he been able to detect the vile calumniator, and thus have spared future biographers of this celebrated man the strong aversion they must feel in dwelling upon such mean and despicable calumnies, when so many nobler and more inviting themes lie before them. It would be enough in any other case to observe that the name of the infamous lord Wharton is connected with it; but it seems to have been the fate of Swift—from the loftier eminence which he occupied, from his vast talents and unrivalled influence, and from one or two unhappy passages in his after life—to have offered a wider and safer mark for the shafts of calumny, and from the superior strength and vividness of his intellectual flashes to have shown more clearly the innumerable little motes in his mental sun. "Ex uno disce omnes" might indeed be adduced as a motto for the series of calumnies which spring from such a cause; but, if only as specimens of the human nature which he himself painted, they are sometimes not uninteresting, when the motives of the parties interested are understood. Like most others, this foul calumny carries with it its own refutation by the strong array of facts and dates which, in addition to invalidating the particular charge by circumstantial evidence, present a general body of truths sufficient in themselves before the severest tribunal of justice to exonerate the character of the dean, even upon the ground of moral reputation and public character. The account of it given by sir Walter Scott will be found in the appended note, and to this will be subjoined his masterly, but not perhaps sufficiently indignant and emphatic, reply.* For there cannot be a doubt that,

* In an edition of the "Tattler" in six volumes, 1786, executed with uncommon accuracy and care, there occurs a note upon No. 148, which among other notices on Swift's history mentions the following alleged fact:—"Lord Wharton's remarkable words alone not only to the odium Swift had contracted as the known or supposed author of the 'Tair of a Tub,' &c., but they seem to point more particularly to a flagrant part of his criminality as Kilrock not so generally known. A general account of this offence is all that is requisite here, and all that decency permits."

"In consequence of an attempt to ravish one of his parishioners, a farmer's daughter, Swift was carried before a magistrate of the name of Dobbs (in whose family the examinations taken on the occasion are said to be still extant to this day), and to avoid the very serious consequences of this rash action immediately resigned the prebend and quitted the kingdom. This intelligence was communicated, and vouched as a fact well known in the parish even now, by one of Swift's successors in the living, and is vouched on the authority of the present prebendary of Kilrock, February 26th, 1785."

It was not to be supposed that a charge so inconsistent with Swift's general character for virtue, religion, and temperance should remain unanswered; accordingly a reply was addressed to the editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, by Theophilus Swift, esq., who was zealous for the honour of his great relation, but it was refused admission on account of its length. An answer is also to be found in Mr. Moseley Berkeley's "Kelliquers"; and in both cases the advocates of Swift, or rather his vindicators, urge the utter improbability of the charge, considering the circumstances of the case. It was shown by Mr. Berkeley that, had such a criminal stigma ever stained the character of Swift, some allusion to it must have been found amid the profusion of personal slander with which at one time he was assailed both in Britain and Ireland. It was further remarked that, had Swift been conscious of meriting such an imputation, his satire upon dean Sawbridge for a similar crime argued little less than insanity in the author. To which it might have been added that

had not Mr. Malone and other friends of the calumniated dean's memory stood forward in the handsome manner they did, sifted the matter to its vilest dregs, challenged and compelled the utterers to confess its falsehood and to retract it, the statement would have remained, and the presumed record been referred to with the same unfounded confidence as other weak and ridiculous charges, upon the presumed evidence of copies of transcripts from original letters which no one has seen, but most probably original forgeries like the statements of lord Wharton and his creatures.

During Swift's final residence with sir W. Temple, in addition to performing the last offices of humanity with the generosity and assiduity of a friend who felt himself upon a perfect equality, or rather as the party conferring an obligation—for, as he himself expresses it after a lapse of seven years, "he found himself as much to seek as ever," and had to carve out his own course in the world—he was not only silently preparing the edition of that able statesman and amiable man's writings for the world, but defending his literary reputation and character, with the irresistible weapons of his wit and genius, from the bitter invectives of those scholastic blockheads who arrogated to themselves superior merit from appearing in the borrowed plumes—the mere husks and verbiage—of the ancients they affected so much to honour. The most disinterested kindness and the greatest service he could at that time confer upon a man whose reputation at this day belongs more to his literary tastes than to his political ascendancy—for, unlike Swift, he had the credit without affording the proofs of strong political wisdom,—was to support by his voluntary act the favourite theory to which the feelings, the refined taste, and the classic education of Temple had so much wedded him; and like some young heroic chief to defend the form

the same reproach is thrown by Swift on sir John Browne, in one of the "Drapers." Above all, the proofs of this strange allegation were loudly demanded at the hands of those who had made a public calumny unknown to the eagle-eyed stazer of the age in which Swift lived. To those denunciations no formal answer was returned, but the story was suffered to remain upon record. That this atrocious story may no longer continue without an explicit contradiction, I here insert the origin of the calumny upon the authority of the rev. Dr. Hutchison of Donaghadee.

"The rev. Mr. P——, a successor of dean Swift in the prebend of Kilrock, was the first circulator of this extraordinary story. He told the tale, among other public occasions, at the late excellent bishop of Down's, who committed it to writing. His authority he alleged to be a dean Dobbs, who he stated had informed him that information was actually lodged before magistrates in the diocese of Down and Connor for the alleged attempt. But when the late ingenious Mr. Malone and many other literary gentlemen began to press a closer examination of the alleged fact, the unfortunate narrator denied obstinately his ever having promulgated such a charge. And whether the whole story was the creation of incipient insanity, or whether he had felt the discredit attached to his tergiversation so acutely as to denigrate his understanding, it is certain the unfortunate Mr. P—— died raving mad, a patient in that very hospital for lunatics established by Swift, against whom he had propagated this cruel calumny. Yet, although P—— thus fell a victim to his own rash assertions or credulity, it has been supposed that this irreparable blunder did really originate with dean Dobbs, and that he had been led into a mistake by the initial letters J.S. upon the alleged papers, which might apply to Jonathan Smedley (to whom indeed the tale has been supposed properly to belong) or to John Smith as well as to Jonathan Swift. It is sufficient for Swift's vindication to observe that he returned to Kilrock after his resignation, and inducted his successor in fee of the church and of the public; that he returned to sir William Temple with as fair a character as when he had left him; that during all his public life in England and Ireland, where he was the host of a whole faction, this charge was never heard of; that when adduced so many years after his death it was unsupported, like so many others, by sight but strictly and general agreement; and that the chief propagators of the calumny not retracted his assertions, and finally died insane." This is conclusive; and had Mr. Malone's and his friends' example of open challenge and investigation been followed, fewer other calumnies would be allowed to remain upon record.—(Scott's "Life of Swift," pp. 40—42.)

of his aged sire from the assaults of his relentless foes. How grateful the dying statesman must have felt, could not he more strongly shown than by leaving a considerable legacy to his adopted son (hence the virulence of Temple's unworthy nephew), and by constituting his nephew-in-law his literary executor, than which he could not give a more marked evidence of his unlimited confidence in Swift's judgment and integrity.* Till that happier period arrived, and he began to appreciate the great and noble qualities of Swift's mind, we trace the sufferings of a genius conscious of its own powers, of a frank ingenuous nature which the slightest coldness or distance could make unhappy for days, though moods probably arising only from increasing physical infirmities or the strange variability attending the departure of the fleeting soul. In the very words of his attached friend and relative, left us upon record, in all the tenderness and purity of generous friendship, we perceive the strong regard, amounting to veneration, which influenced Swift's motives towards one whose friendship and confidence he strove to possess, and, as in most of the objects he aimed at, fully succeeded in attaining. "Don't you remember," he says in a letter to Stella, "how I used to be in pain when sir William Temple would look cold or out of humour for three or four days, and I used to suspect a hundred reasons?"

As in all future occurrences of his life, Swift evinced in the controversy on ancient and modern learning the same correct taste and sound judgment which enabled him to see through the real object of Marlborough and the Whigs in prosecuting, for selfish aggrandisement, an endless and destructive war, that is, he saw that the aim of the moderns—of Bentley, Wotton, and the smaller fry, borrowed from the French controversy of Perrault and Fontenelle—had its source only in individual and national vanity, and deserved no mercy. There can be no doubt in any unbiased and enlightened mind, in that of the true scholar and critic, on which side the balance was likely to incline; but Swift's was not a genius to rest content, in literary controversy, with a drawn battle. That which rendered the learned ephemeris of Swift more valued on this occasion was that Temple had committed an error, which compromised his classical tact and reputation, by resting his authority on the Epistles of Phalaris, which he looked upon not only as genuine, but as exhibiting the antique spirit, grandeur of thought, and contempt of death, peculiar to the ancient tyrants and commanders. He had thus placed himself upon the horns of a dilemma, of which Wotton, followed by the doughty Bentley, did not fail to take advantage; and the circumstance of the hon. Mr. Boyle having undertaken a new edition of the Epistles gave rise to the two treatises, which so much amused the learned world, of Boyle versus Bentley, and consequently, of Bentley versus Boyle. Swift now threw his broad shield over his devoted friend; and the "Battle of the Books" infused a humorous spirit of happy wit and invention into the subject which it did not before possess. The design was erroneously said to have been borrowed from Courtaue's "Political History of the newly declared War between the Ancients and Moderns;" but, in fact, there is not the remotest resemblance between the

two works: all the exquisite episodes and rich illustrations are Swift's own, and far beyond the merit and beauty of the alleged model; and it has been shown by Mr. Mason that he actually took not a single idea from it. The subsequent success of the "Battle of the Books" (though in MS.), with the curiosity and admiration it excited, probably encouraged the author, about the same period, to complete his "Tale of a Tub"—an astonishing production, of which the fervid vehement style, sparkling wit, and vivacity of genius, seem to distinguish it above the happiest efforts even of his own resistless pen. It would seem, from a letter of Atterbury (29th June, 1704), that when this inimitable production first appeared it was given to one Edward Smith (Rag Smith) and John Phillips; but by Congreve and the few wits then acquainted with the author's manner, it could not for a moment have been mistaken.

How eagerly the author had devoted himself to the study of poetry and history is evident from a list given by Sheridan; and he himself states that he had written and burned and written again upon all manner of subjects, more than perhaps any man in England. Among other poetical pieces full of keen satire, but rough and inelegant as regards the versification, are some lines written in 1697, "Upon the Burning of Whitehall," remarkable for strong thought and vigour of expression, and a copy of verses written in "a lady's ivory table-book," which afford perhaps the first specimen of that happy vein of rallying foibles and peculiarities in which he afterwards became so expert a master.

It was at Moor-park, moreover, that Swift became acquainted with Miss Esther Johnson, afterwards known as the amiable and accomplished Stella. She was the daughter of a gentleman of family in Nottingham, engaged as a merchant in London, only in her fifteenth year, and possessed of beauty, elegance, and talents. She resided with another young lady, a niece of sir William's, in the same establishment, and the friend and companion of the statesman voluntarily took upon himself the tuition of his fair guests. As we are here about to enter upon the incipient cause of that which afterwards embittered Swift's existence, it will be proper in every point of view to give the opinions of one in whose high and liberal mind, and in whose admirable judgment, as well as accuracy of research, there is every reason to place confidence. Mr. Mason justly makes the same distinction which Swift himself did as regards the relative position of the parties, observing that she was a lady for whom he felt all that warmth of animated friendship of which his future life gives so many examples; but it appears never to have kindled into love. To that passion, during his whole life, Swift was remarkably insensible. Sir W. Scott likewise—alluding to a letter written to the Rev. John Kendall (11th February, 1691-2), in which Swift speaks of his cold temper and unconfined humour "as sufficient hindrances to any imprudent attachment; that he was resolved not to think of marriage till his fortune was settled in the world, and that even then he might be so hard to please he might probably put it off till doomsday"—also relates an anecdote (as amusing, perhaps, as apocryphal) which shows how strong was the restraint of prudential considerations in Swift's well-regulated mind. "A young clergyman, the son of a bishop in Ireland, having married without the permission of his friends, it gave umbrage to his family,

* There is a singular parallel case in the present day, to which it gives the writer unforced pleasure to allude; the literary executorship of a man on an eminence very far superior to that of sir W. Temple; and a far greater master in his grand and presiding sphere. We mean sir Walter Scott; to whose fascinating society the writer was no stranger. Could Mr. Lockhart instance, in the whole course of his editorial and literary experience, a stronger proof of unlimited confidence and friendship, than that given by sir W. Scott, when he intrusted his literary fame to his guardianship?

* Johnson's veracity in stating that Swift borrowed his ideas from a work entitled, "Le Combat des Livres" is not to be relied upon; it is pretty certain that no such work exists. — MASON.

and his father refused to see him. The dean, being in company with him some time after, said he would tell him a story. 'When I was a schoolboy at Kilkenny, and in the lower form, I longed very much to have a horse of my own to ride on. One day I saw a poor man leading a very mangy lean horse out of the town to kill him for the skin. I asked the man if he would sell him, which he readily consented to upon my offering him somewhat more than the price of the hide, which was all the money I had in the world. I immediately got on him, to the great envy of some of my schoolfellows and to the ridicule of others, and rode him about the town. The horse soon tired, and lay down. As I had no stable to put him into, nor any money to pay for his sustenance, I began to find out what a foolish bargain I had made, and cried heartily for the loss of my cash; but the horse dying soon after on the spot gave me some relief.' To this the young clergyman answered, 'Sir, your story is very good, and applicable to my case—I own I deserve such a rebuke;' and then burst into a flood of tears. The dean made no reply, but went the next day to the lord-lieutenant, and prevailed on him to give the young gentleman a small living, then vacant, for his immediate support; and not long after brought about a reconciliation between his father and him." This is an admirable illustration, and must doubtless have had its weight in terminating a juvenile attachment between Swift and a Miss Jane Waryng, the sister of his college companion, after it had subsisted for a period of four years—a period "in which much," says sir W. Scott, "may have happened to abate the original warmth of Swift's passion; nor is it perhaps very fair, ignorant as we are of what had occurred in the interim, to pass a severe sentence on his conduct, when, after being mortified by Varina's^a cruelty during so long a period, he seems to have been a little startled by her sudden offer of capitulation. It is, however, certain that just when the lover, worn out by neglect or disgusted by uncertainty, began to grow cool in his suit, the lady (a case not altogether without example) became pressing and categorical in her inquiries as to what had altered the style of her admirer's letters." To this it appears that Swift's reply was even more particular and more tediously categorical, in addition to the cold and insulting tone in which it is written, as little creditable to the writer's good feelings as to his gallantry, and which must have been intended to produce the effect of terminating the affair, as no lady of sense or delicacy could have subscribed to such harsh and unreasonable terms.

It is only just, however, to Swift to give Mr. M. Mason's clear-sighted view and evidence as to this affair:—"There is enough to satisfy us that the lady's coolness was at least equal to that of her quondam lover. Swift writes, 'I have observed in abundance of your letters such marks of a severe indifference, that I began to think it was hardly possible for one of my few good qualities to please you.' And afterwards he says, there was no other way of accounting for her behaviour but by imputing it to a want of common esteem and friendship for him. Some hints also at other causes of displeasure appear from Swift's words: 'If you like such company and conduct, much good may you do with them; my education has been otherwise.' I apprehend the following words of a letter, the original of which is in my possession, allude to the same business; it is addressed to the Rev. Mr. Winder, and is dated from Moor-park, in 1698: 'I remember those letters to

^a Miss Jane Waryng, "whom, by a cold poetical conceit," adds sir W. Scott, "he has termed Varina."

Eliza; they were written in my youth; pray burn them. You mention a dangerous rival for an absent lover; but I must take my fortune. If the report proceeds, pray inform me.' The residence of Mr. Winder being in that neighbourhood renders it probable that the female alluded to is Miss Waryng; if so, their affections had terminated long before the letter alluded to was written."—(*Historical Annals*, &c.)

In December, 1699, Swift suffered another severe mortification by the hasty and imprudent marriage of his sister with an obscure tradesman, a currier—old enough to be her father—who soon broke, and, as her brother had foreseen, treated her with neglect; and finally left her unprovided for with a family. We must not forget to add that it became Swift's first object to provide for her, and that he settled upon her family an annual stipend for the remainder of her life.

Swift's first occupation upon his removal to London was to publish a full and correct edition of the works intrusted to his care by sir William Temple.^a They were dedicated to the king, from whom it is supposed the editor had already received a promise through Temple of the first vacant prebend in Canterbury or Westminster. If so, that promise, like most court promises, was made to be broken; and Swift, during his occasional attendance on ministers, received no satisfaction whatever. His patience becoming exhausted, he sent a memorial to the king himself; and informs us that "the earl of Romney, who professed much friendship, promised to second his petition; but as he was an old, vicious, illiterate rake, without any sense of truth or honour, he said not a word of it to the king." (MS. by Swift.) At length, wearied and disgusted, he was induced to accept an invitation from the earl of Berkeley, appointed one of the lords-justices, to attend him as chaplain and private secretary to Ireland. Swift officiated in his new capacity till their arrival in Dublin, when a busy intriguing fellow named Bushe, having insinuated to his lordship that the post of secretary was not fit for a clergyman, obtained it for himself. Swift's indignation at this usage was frankly and boldly expressed; and he wrote a bitter and humorous lampoon, which obtained a wide circulation, at his lordship's and the new secretary's expense. This disappointment was followed by another. The deanery of Derry having become vacant, Swift applied for it, the earl having promised him the first benefice which should fall in. Again the secretary found means to set Swift aside, upon pre-

^a During Swift's residence in England he never failed to visit his mother once a year at Leicestershire. His mode of travelling was suited to his finances: being always on foot, except when the weather was very bad, when he would sometimes take shelter in a wagon. With the help of a strong constitution and active limbs he traversed hills and dales, valuing gates and stiles not a straw, and dining at obscure inns with pedlars and carriers. The language and manners of those people indulged his comic humour, and supplied him with the means of studying human nature; but although he disguised himself to the utmost of his skill, yet he was once discovered by his fellow-travellers to be a spy on their manners, and obliged afterwards to travel in better company. To this passion he never sacrificed his habitual love of cleanliness; although he usually took up his lodging where he saw written over the door "lodgings for a penny," yet he cared to let the maid with stoup to give him a separate bed and clean sheets. "Perhaps we are indebted," adds Mr. Mason, "to the state of Swift's finances for the entertainment and instruction we receive from his admirable works; say, we have his own words for it: in a letter to his friend Pope he says, 'I will tell you that all my excursions from a key to distinguish myself were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be used like a lord by those who have no opinion of my parts; whether right or wrong, it is no great matter; and so the reputation of great learning does the work of a blue ribbon or of a coach and six horses.'"

tence that he was too young (he had, in fact, received a bribe of 1000*l.*)—an objection erroneously stated by lord Orrery to have originated with Dr. Wm. King, who entreated that the deanery might be given to some elderly divine. "I have no objection," said the learned prelate, "to Mr. Swift; I know him to be a sprightly ingenious young man; but instead of residing, I dare say he will be eternally flying backwards and forwards to London, and therefore I entreat he may be provided for in some other place." Swift, aware that the matter must have been done with the earl's participation, insisted upon an interview with the secretary; and on being told the real state of the case, that it could not be had without 1000*l.*, indignantly replied, "then God confound you both for a couple of rascals!" and hastily left the castle. But his lordship, already smarting under the injured chaplain's satiric lash, lost no time in making due apology and offering terms of conciliation; and on the 22nd March, 1699, Swift was inducted to the rectory of Agher and vicarages of Laracor and Rathbeggan, in the diocese of Meath. They were, however, not worth one third of the deanery; but on the 28th of September, 1700, he received a further recompense by being collated to the prebend of Dunlaven in St. Patrick's cathedral, and installed on the 22nd of the following month. In his poem of the "Discovery," as well as in other effusions, Swift holds both his lordship and his secretary up to the ridicule of the reader; but he was subsequently induced to preserve friendly terms with the earl—influenced, it is said, by his high respect for the countess—a lady of exemplary virtue and piety, whom he has extolled in his introduction to the "Project for the Advancement of Religion." Of these his united livings Swift, in his account-book for the year 1700, set down the annual value at 230*l.*; and it appears that he paid between March, 1699, and November, 1700, as much as 117*l.* for tithe, crown-rent, curate, &c. Indeed, it would appear from an account-book for 1703, kept by Swift, who was always extremely exact and punctual in his entries, that after these and other deductions the means left at his command were very slender, inasmuch that Mr. Mason, who himself inspected the accounts, observes that he argued no very blamable ambition that he should wish to be somewhat richer, particularly as we learn from his "Journal to Stella" that his livings had in 1712 decreased, and the expense of living in Ireland was greater than before.

Upon the earl of Berkeley's retiring from the government, Swift, who had continued to exercise his duties as chaplain to the year 1700, withdrew to his vicarage of Laracor, where his conduct as a clergyman, his uniform piety, and respect for religious observances, gained him the esteem of different classes, as well as of his parishioners. An absurd and farcical description,* copied by some of his biographers, has been given of his journey, almost wholly destitute of truth, and of his abrupt and unfeeling manner of taking possession of his new livings. The amusing inventor (for Swift can boast fabulists without end, before and after lord Orrery) sets out very veraciously by assuring us he performed his journey on foot; that he wore decent black clothes, with strong worsted stockings, of which he carried a second pair and a shirt in his pocket; a large grey surcoat, a large slouched hat, with a pole considerably longer than himself, which he had probably procured from some country lay-maker. It is impossible to recognise in this burlesque description "any resemblance," says Mr. Mason, "to what we are told

* From the "Swiftiana."

were Swift's habits of life, of whom it is said he was so attentive to exterior appearances that he never went abroad without his gown. We should remember too that he was at this time chaplain to the chief governor of Ireland—a strange reason for him to fix on to depart from his usual practice. But this writer does not proceed many pages before he finds a parish clerk to act as clown to the mountebank character into which he has done us the honour to transform the great genius and chief patriot of Ireland; this is Roger Cox, of whose costume we have the following description (p. 6):—"Roger's dress was not the least extraordinary feature of his appearance. He constantly wore a full-trimmed scarlet waistcoat of most uncommon dimensions, a light-grey coat, which altogether gave him an air of singularity and whim as remarkable as his character." The writer, having equipped his heroes, proceeds next to relate their exploits, witty and humorous, which are about as true as the description of the characters themselves, and equally judicious and appropriate. A jest-book may be amusing, but a medley of jests ought not to be attributed to any real character; it would be more prudent for the compiler of such to fix upon a fictitious one, who may be each and everything he pleases; witty sayings attributed to a real person should be appropriate. . . . Indeed, in the case of Swift, such publications are peculiarly objectionable; he was of a cast of character the exact value and true nature of which it is an object of high interest duly to appreciate. The peculiarity of his humour has not been thoroughly comprehended, even by some writers who think they have interpreted it rightly; to falsify it in the way the author of 'Swiftiana' has done, by attributing to him acts that he never did and sayings that he never uttered, is to do an injury for which his foolish jests can furnish no sufficient recompense."—("Historical Annals.")

This high testimony upon the best and most genuine evidence, from a writer intimately conversant with the most trivial as well as the most important passages in the dean's history, does equal credit to his heart and to his judgment; nor does he less ably refute the other stories appertaining to the want of dignity, and even levity, with which Swift was accused, while residing at these livings, of performing the offices of religion. The practice of having divine service on week-days being very unusual, it was at first very ill attended. It has been related of Swift, that on one of those days, finding there was no other person present but himself and the clerk, he began by addressing him as follows: "Dearly beloved Roger, the scripture saith, you and me in sundry places;" and proceeded in that manner through the service. This story is not however authenticated; it rests solely on the credit of lord Orrery; neither Mr. Deane Swift nor Mrs. Whiteway had heard it, until the earl's book made its appearance; and although they allowed it was like him, they believed it to be an invention of lord Orrery's to discredit the dean's respect for religion. Mr. Theophilus Swift says he read it in a jest-book, printed between 1550 and 1560. To this the writer of his life in the Biog. Brit. alludes in the following words: "This instance of levity it may be owned is sufficient to clear Dr. King, then bishop of Derry, from any particular ill-will to him in trying to prevent his promotion to that deanery."

"I have before expressed my doubt that King ever opposed the appointment of Swift, and have now to observe that this instance of levity, if it ever happened, must have occurred after that deanery had been disposed of, and could not therefore have had

any influence upon the bishop's opinion. But in truth, Swift cannot justly be accused of levity in those respects; his conduct, which was uniformly pious, should rather disprove the truth of the anecdote, than such an anecdote, ill authenticated, cast a blemish on his character; it would not be possible to adduce an instance from his works where he makes a jest of religion. There is another story, likewise related by Lord Orrery, in his 16th letter, of his laying a wager one afternoon with Dr. Raymond, of Trim, that he would begin prayers before him; that both ran as fast as they could to the church, but Raymond, who had outrun Swift, walked decently up the aisle. Swift, however, did not slacken his pace; he passed Raymond in the aisle, and, stepping into the reading-desk, repeated so much of the service as entitled him to the sum which they had wagered. This story appears, like the others, to be a malicious falsehood, invented for the sole purpose of discrediting his character."—"Historical Annals.")

The whole of this statement is as true as it is admirable; and could the series of full and deeply studied and examined notes upon Swift's life in this distinguished writer's work appear prefixed to a new edition of the dean's writings, there can be no doubt they would form the most correct and complete biography of him that has yet been given to the world—presenting a mass of rich and most interesting illustrations in every particular, and which, from the minute investigation and comparison they display, may be relied upon, in addition to the requisite entertainment they afford. Of the same doubtful character are many of the anecdotes relating to this comparatively obscure portion of Swift's life, though appearing in the respectable character of a country clergyman, and with a seriousness and earnestness which had nothing of the frivolous and light demeanour so freely attributed to him.

"On Sundays," says Sir W. Scott, "the church at Laracor was well attended by the neighbouring families; and Swift, far from having reason to complain of want of an audience, attained that reputation which he pronounced to be the height of his ambition, since inquiries were frequently made of his faithful clerk, Roger Cox,* whether the doctor was to preach that Sunday.

"While resident at Laracor, it was Swift's principal care to repair the dilapidations which the church and vicarage had sustained by the carelessness or avarice of former incumbents. He expressed the utmost indignation at the appearance of the church, and, during the first year of his incumbency, expended a considerable sum in putting it into repair. The vicarage he also made comfortably tenable,^b and proceeded to improve it according to the ideas of beauty and taste which were at that time universally received. He formed a pleasant garden; smoothed the banks of a rivulet into a canal, and planted willows in regular ranks at its side. These willows, so often celebrated in the 'Journal to

Stella,' are now decayed or cut down; the garden cannot be traced; and the canal only resembles a ditch. Yet the parish and the rector continue to derive some advantage from its having been once the abode of Swift. He increased the glebe from one acre to twenty. The tithes of Effernock, purchased with his own money at a time when it did not abound, were, by his will, settled for ever on the incumbent of that living.

"But Laracor had yet greater charms than its willows and canals, the facetious humours of Roger Cox, and the applause of the gentry of the neighbourhood. Swift had no sooner found his fortune established in Ireland than it became his wish that Stella should become an inhabitant of that kingdom. This was easily arranged. She was her own mistress; and the rate of interest being higher in Ireland furnished her with a plausible excuse for taking up her residence near the friend and instructor of her youth. The company of Mrs. Dingley, a woman of narrow income and limited understanding, but of middle age and a creditable character, obviated in a great measure the inferences which the world must otherwise have necessarily drawn from this step. Some whispers so singular a resolution doubtless occasioned; but the caution of Swift, who was never known to see Stella but in the presence of a third party, and the constant attendance of Mrs. Dingley, to whom, apparently, he paid equal attention, seem to have put scandal to silence. Their residence was varied with the same anxious regard to Stella's character. When Swift left the parsonage at Laracor the ladies became its tenants, and when he returned they regularly retired to their lodgings in the town of Trim, the capital of the diocese, or were received by Dr. Raymond, so often mentioned in the 'Journal,' the hospitable vicar of that parish. Every exterior circumstance which could distinguish an union of mere friendship from one of a more tender nature was carefully observed, and the surprise at first excited by the settlement of Mrs. Dingley and Stella in a country to which they were strangers seems gradually to have subsided. It is however highly probable that between Swift and Stella there was a tacit understanding that their union was to be completed by marriage when Swift's income, according to the prudential scheme which he had unhappily adopted, should be adequate to the expense of a matrimonial establishment. And here it is impossible to avoid remarking the vanity of that over-prudence which labours to provide against all possible contingencies. Had Swift, like any ordinary man in his situation, been contented to share his limited income with a deserving object of his affections, the task of his biographers would have been short and cheerful; and we should neither have had to record nor to apologise for those circumstances which form the most plausible charge against his memory."

The following remarks are peculiarly happy, evincing that sterling good sense and knowledge of life for which Swift's great biographer was, like himself, so conspicuous above all his contemporaries:—

"In the pride of talent and of wisdom he endeavoured to frame a new path to happiness, and the consequences have rendered him a warning where the various virtues with which he was endowed ought to have made him a pattern.

"Meanwhile, the risk of ill construction being so carefully guarded against, Stella, with her beauty and accomplishments, was not long without an admirer. She was then about eighteen; her hair of a raven black, her features both beautiful and expressive, and her form of perfect symmetry, though rather inclined to embonpoint. To these outward graces

* Rogers was a man of humor, and merited a nobler life Swift. When the doctor remarked that he wore a scarlet waistcoat, he defended himself as being of the church militant. "Will you not bid for these poultry?" said Swift to his humble dependant at a sale of farm-stock. "No, sir," said Rogers, "they're just a going to Hatch." They were in fact on the point of being knocked down to a farmer called Hatch. This humorist was originally a hatter, and died at the age of ninety, at Bruckly in the county of Cavan.

^b The house appears from its present ruins to have been a comfortable mansion. The present bishop of Meath (whom the editor is proud to call his friend), with classic feeling, while pressing upon his clergy at a late visitation the duty of repairing the glebe houses, addressed himself particularly to the vicar of Laracor, and recommended to him, in the necessary improvement of his mansion, to save as far as possible the walls of the house which had been inhabited by his great predecessor.

were added good sense, great docility, and uncommon powers both of grave and gay conversation, and a fortune which, though small, was independent."—(Scott's "Memoirs of Swift," vol. i. p. 72.)

Neither were they ever known to meet but in the presence of a third person.^a Sheridan says that Swift's affection for Stella had not at this time kindled into love. I think it proper to give some extracts from his memoir in his own words, because they tend to prove that Mrs. Johnson's removal to Ireland was not caused by any hopes or promises of a matrimonial connexion with Swift.—"Though Stella's beauty was at that time arrayed in all the pride of blooming eighteen, yet it is certain that he never dropped the least hint that might induce her to consider him in the light of a lover. In his whole deportment he still maintained the character of a tutor, a governor, and a friend." "The truth," says Sheridan, "is, that Swift at that time knew of what the passion of love was. He had long entertained a dislike to matrimony; he seems to have been under the dominion of a still more powerful passion—that of ambition. Urged by this reckless spirit, he every year paid a visit to England, absenting himself for some months from the duties of his parish and the charming conversation of the amiable Stella." "To this statement Mr. M. very appositely replies—"It appears therefore that

"He liked, but had a rougher task in hand.
Than to drive liking to the name of love."

"If the passion of ambition was so powerful as to overcome that of love at this early period of Swift's life, and that he could resist the allurements of youth and beauty at a time when they have usually the greatest influence, it is not credible that his love should afterwards obtain such strength as to master his ambition—a passion which usually gains strength with years, and in proportion as the former loses its power; especially as the temptations which before existed, if they had not altogether lost their force, must have been in a great measure weakened."—"('Historical Annals,' p. 243.)

The preceding view is founded on close and excellent reasoning, as well as on a knowledge of human nature, and Swift's character in particular. It will also account for the conduct of the parties more satisfactorily than upon any other theory; and as a specimen of the contradictions upon this subject we may mention that Hawkeworth distinctly asserts that Mrs. Johnson was hurried in solitude, and known only to Swift's most intimate acquaintance, having no other female acquaintance but Mrs. Dingley. And this passage is altered by Dr. John Lyon, in his copy of Hawkeworth's "Life of Swift," so as to express exactly the reverse. A curious passage also occurs in a letter from Mr. Thomas Swift (the parson cousin, who laid claim to a share in "The Tale of a Tub"), in which he asks (1706) "if Jonathan be married? or whether he has been able to resist the charms of both those gentlewomen that marched quite from Moor-park to Dublin (as they would have marched to the north or anywhere else), with full resolution to engage him."

It is not surprising that, Swift declining to avow himself as a lover, other suitors should step forward and become candidates for so fair a prize; for, in addition to the graces of her person, there was something extremely fascinating in the vivacity of manners and conversation of Miss Johnson. Among

^a The distance which existed during their whole lives between Swift and Stella is exemplified by the following passage of a letter from the former to Mr. Tickell, dated 7th July, 1736. "I wonder how you could expect to see her in a morning, which I, her oldest acquaintance, have not done these down years, except once or twice in a journey." (Swift's Works.)

these the reverend William Tisdall, already on a familiar footing with the parties, became one of her admirers, and addressed a letter to Swift, then in London. He received a reply from the doctor (dated 20th April, 1704) in the following dubious and singular terms:—"I might with good pretence enough talk starchy and affect ignorance of what you would like; but my conjecture is that you think I obstructed your inclinations to please my own, and that my intentions were the same with yours; in answer to all which I will upon my conscience and honour tell you the naked truth. First, I think I have said to you before, that if my fortunes and humour served me to think of that state I should certainly, among all persons on earth, make your choice; because I never saw that person whose conversation I entirely valued but hers: this was the utmost I ever gave way to. And, secondly, I must assure you sincerely that this regard of mine never once entered into my head to be an impediment to you, but I judged it would perhaps be a clog to your rising in the world, and I did not conceive you were then rich enough to make yourself and her happy and easy; but that objection is now quite removed by what you have at present and by the assurances of Eaton's livings. I told you, indeed, that your authority was not sufficient to make overtures to the mother without the daughter giving me leave under her own or her friend's hand, which I think was a right and prudent step. However, I told the mother immediately, and spoke with all the advantages you deserve; but the objection of your fortune being removed, I declare I have no other; nor shall any consideration of my own misfortunes in losing so good a friend and companion as her prevail on me against her interest and settlement in the world, since it is held so necessary and convenient a thing for ladies to marry, and that time takes off from the lustre of virgins in all other eyes but mine. I appeal to my letters to herself whether I was not your friend in the whole concern, though the part I designed to act in it was purely passive, which is the utmost I will ever do in things of this nature, to avoid all reproach of any ill consequences that may ensue in the variety of worldly accidents: nay, I went so far to her mother, herself, and I think to you, as to think it could not be decently broken, since I supposed the town had got it in their tongues; and therefore I thought it could not miscarry without some disadvantage to the lady's credit. I have always described her to you in a manner different from those who would be discouraging; and must add that, though it has come in my way to converse with persons of the first rank and of that sex more than is usual to men of my level and of our function, yet I have nowhere met with a humour, a wit, or conversation so agreeable, a better portion of good sense, or a truer judgment of men and things,—I mean here in England, for as to the ladies in Ireland I am a perfect stranger. As to her fortune, I think you know it already; and if you resume your design or would have further intelligence, I shall send you a particular account."

The cautious and distant tone adopted by Swift is here remarkable, and assuredly no such letter was ever penned by a lover to his rival. The lady's own consent had not been obtained; and if she had ever been influenced in her decision by hopes of Swift coming forward, a recommendation like this, and similar letters which he declares he had addressed to Stella, were more than enough to extinguish them for ever. It seems astonishing that with such evidence before her, being indisputably a woman of sense and spirit, she did not immediately marry, or

treat Swift thenceforward with perfect coolness and indifference. At the same time the guardian and friend ridiculed the lover, whom he declared that he recommended, with unmerciful severity—seizing his personal qualities and foibles to hold him up, if possible, in a more disgusting light;* and it is probable that he was not surprised to hear that Stella had rejected him. Whether or not he suspected the dean, he went about, in his rage of disappointment, venting his spleen in the most opprobrious terms, which he persevered in doing for many years. At the same time we ought to state the case Swift makes out for himself: "For the last fifteen years," he says, "he hath been often engaged in a flirting war of satiric hurlesque verse. In these combats he has often fallen foul on persons who never dipped a pen either for or against him. As to me, who, I solemnly protest, was always innocent during the whole time his pen and tongue took this unhappy turn, as well before as since, I could never be one month at peace for his wit; whatever was writ to ridicule him was laid at my door, and only by himself."

Swift, it must be remembered, in setting out on his literary career, made a resolution not to place his name to his productions, and neither to avow nor to consider himself accountable to any party for them. His disavowal therefore, as in the case of Butterworth, is worth nothing, and it is rather too much to give him credit for hearing meekly the attacks of Tisdall for fifteen years without returning them with interest. There cannot be a doubt as to the secret enmity and dislike manifest in Swift's letter, and that when he wrote it he had sufficient reasons for believing that "Black Tisdall," whose unodorous hreath and other bodily infirmities he commemorated in song, would never be the accepted lover of the accomplished and elegant Stella:—

"They say Black Tisdall's of your party,
And Tom and bold translator Cary."

Sir Walter Scott, whose correctness of observation and whose singular power of penetrating real motives were not surpassed by any of his greatest predecessors, expressly states that "Swift maintained a long acquaintance with Tisdall without ever liking him, and he certainly felt rivalry in the case of Stella." In other words, he made profession of the most perfect friendship; and the truth is, that the vanity and the intense desire of being admired in this extraordinary man were so great that he wished to be esteemed and beloved by two of the loveliest women of his times without incurring the cares and responsibilities of married life in a station that would have made him appear ridiculous in the eyes of his greater clerical brethren. The entire tenor of his letters, and his character itself, with his infinite pride and love of dominion, support us in this opinion, not before alluded to in the innumerable theories advanced by different editors and biographers, though both Mr. Mitford and Mr. Mason approach very closely to this supposition. The former observes that, "If Stella did not mistake the nature of Swift's attachment, she did not consider the other passions of his mind which might oppose or weaken it; of most men she probably would have judged rightly; but unfortunately she had to speculate on the motives of a person eminently singular in his temper and his thoughts, inclined to move out of the road which leads to general happiness, and to find one more congenial to his own disposition."—("Life of Swift.")

From the first, Swift's residence in Ireland appears to have been compulsory, and his repeated visits to England may be enumerated as among the "white days" of his dark and chequered life. It was the land of his hopes, of "the milk and honey" of that ambition of power which he so intensely coveted; and in 1701, with a mind confident doubtless in its own vast talents and resources, he left his lovely friends and his new parishioners without a sigh. It is singular to observe how difficult it is even for a man of extraordinary powers, under an arbitrary or a mixed form of government, to make his weight felt. It is difficult in republics and in limited monarchies, in which a powerful church and aristocracy have not already fixed their roots deeply and widely in the vitals of the state. Even though circumstances had in the main strangely seconded the views of Swift by his alliance and connexion with the family of Temple, by his casual insight into the history and politics of the times, and by his early acquaintance with the political characters of the day, it is a curious fact that he had made strenuous efforts to distinguish himself, as appears from his account of having burnt so many of his MS. papers, and having visited England so frequently without success. Upon his arrival this time, however (1710), he found the public mind in a state of excitement which followed the impeachment of the earls of Portland and Oxford, Lord Somers and Lord Halifax, on account of the part they had taken in the partition treaty. It was upon this occasion that Swift commenced that series of political tracts upon which his fame as a great controversialist and a man of consummate tact and talent, as well as of the most enlightened views and principles as regards civil government, political economy, and a true system of finance, now so broadly rests. It was these subjects, which in succession occurred, which supplied him with inexhaustible matter for his satire and wit; for the follies and crimes of men, and the corruptions so deeply engrafted in the systems of government, of the church, law, physic, and science—monopolies, hubble companies, and the base time-serving spirit so predominant in the journals of the extreme parties in the state—offered ample opportunities for indulging his peculiar vein. The policy which Swift appears to have had in view, and to have advocated with unremitting ardour in his conversation, in his letters, and in his more serious tracts, was that of a moderator of the extreme parties in the state, and of a high and orthodox disciplinarian in the ecclesiastical government, which he considered an integral part of it.

It was by this peculiar distinction to which he resolutely adhered in all his writings that Swift incurred the charge of having deserted the Whig principles, which he first advocated, it is asserted, in a pamphlet—the only one he ever published in their favour—to be attributed to his early connexion with Temple, and with king William and his ministers, who had certainly laid him under no obligation to volunteer his wit in their support. As some corroboration of this supposed desertion of his principles, it was brought against him by his political enemies that he had enlisted himself even by name upon the side of the then existing government, whose party he subsequently abandoned, as plainly appeared in the copy of verses addressed to the honourable Mrs. Finch, afterwards his friend and correspondent, lady Winchelsea:—

And last, my vengeance to complete,
May you descend to take revenge;
Prevail'd on by the thing you hate,
A Whig, and one who wears a gown.

* "When a Roman was dying, the next man of kin
Stood over him gasping, to take his breath in.
Were Tisdall the same way to blow out his breath,
Such a whiff to the living were much worse than death."

But if his accusers will only be at the pains of consulting his character of a Whig in his "Arguments against the Power of Bishops," they will perceive the weight of the distinction we have pointed out. It will be seen that of his true Whig principles throughout life there cannot be the shadow of a doubt—that the inherent love of freedom, justice, and patriotism embued all his views of civil government, which it was the ambition of his life to reconcile to those of a high churchman; an object which, in his high enthusiasm for the amelioration of humanity and for the public good, he as vainly sought to realise as to reconcile the two rival statesmen, both of whom were his friends. But he justly accused the Whigs of dereliction of principle in their attempts to weaken and subvert the church; and the extreme Tories, with still greater justice, of aiming a death-blow at public liberty, by endeavouring to restore the arbitrary rule for which the first Charles lost his head, and to bring about the ruin of the Whigs by an hypocritical attack upon their system of corruption, war, and debt, for which the said Tories were only ambitious of substituting the glorious reign of the pretender. It was in this spirit of conciliation—a strange delusion to gain the mastery of an intellect like Swift's, something like that of his royal academy for the improvement of the English tongue, but which at the same time proves his humane and philanthropic disposition—that he wrote, under cover of a masterly investigation into the "Contests and Dissensions of Athens and Rome," a correct and luminous review of the existing state of parties in England. It was published without the name of the author; but upon his return to Ireland, in the warmth of conversation, Swift seems to have been surprised into a confession, the only one upon record, that it was his production. It was in fact ascribed to lord Somers, to bishop Burnet, and others among the ablest Whig writers; but the bishop was compelled, by the resentment of parliament, to disown it; and Swift, who had returned to Ireland, being taunted by the bishop of Kilmore as a young inexperienced man in denying Burnet to be the author, boldly declared that he had written it. Upon his next visit to England he had no longer the same motives for concealing the authorship, and was courted by all the great Whig leaders, who, so far from considering that they had secured so powerful an ally, were startled by the singular freedom and resolution with which he reiterated the profession of his principles in church and state; a declaration which they failed to take advantage of, and recalled to mind too late, upon the dismissal of the Godolphin ministry from office.

The following passages from this able production, not unworthy the classical historians he had so long studied, will confirm the opinions we have given and sufficiently refute the charge of a dereliction of principle which not even the Whig leaders and their partisans ventured to bring against him in the face of so frank, manly, and clear-sighted a declaration. "It was then I began to trouble myself with the differences between the principles of Whig and Tory, having formerly employed myself in other, and I think much better, speculations. I talked often upon this subject with lord Somers; I told him that, having been long conversant with the Greek and Latin authors, and therefore a lover of liberty, I found myself much inclined to be what they call a Whig in politics, and that besides I thought it impossible upon any other principles to defend or submit to the revolution; but as to religion, I confessed myself to be a high churchman, and that I could not conceive how any one who wore the habit of a clergyman could be

otherwise; that I had observed very well with what insolence and laughtiness some lords of the high-church party treated not only their own chaplains, but all other clergymen whatsoever, and thought this was sufficiently recompensed by their professions of zeal to the church; that I had likewise observed how the Whig lords took a direct contrary measure; treated the persons of particular clergymen with courtesy, but showed much contempt and ill will for the under in general; that I knew it was necessary for their party to make their buttom as wide as they could, by letting all denominations of protestants to be members of their body; that I would not enter into the mutual reproaches made by the violent men on either side, but that the countenance and encouragement given by the Whigs to those writers of pamphlets who reflected upon the whole body of the clergy without any exception would unite the church as one man to oppose them, and that I doubted his lordship's friends would see the consequence of this."

It will shortly be seen how pertinaciously Swift adhered to this public avowal of his opinions and principles of action in public life, and how prophetically he foretold the signal failure of the Whigs—their shipwreck upon that very rock which he generously discovered to their view. He had small thanks from the leaders or their party, who, like all disappointed men, felt only resentment for the advice by which they had neglected to profit, and stood exposed to the just reproaches of him who had uttered it.

Early in the ensuing year king William died; and on his next arrival in London Swift found queen Anne upon the throne. The Whigs seemed to have established their power upon a firm basis, but their best friend and adviser held aloof; and it is a bold assertion to hazard, though a true one, that no government could be safe opposed to the principles adopted by Swift, both in church and state, and to the immense talents and powers of invective of one skilled in every species of political warfare by dint of long study and a practical knowledge of the motives and principles of human action.

The most interesting epoch of Swift's life is now at hand; and, like the mathematician of old, he seemed only to want a place for the fulcrum by which he could move the system of his intellectual world. He felt sensible of his rising importance, and with the certainty of waking fame he possessed hope and confidence in his increasing powers, and doubtless this was the very happiest period of his existence. His time was passed in a pleasant interchange of the calm and soul-cheering duties of religion, in a most liberal yet discriminating dispensing of charity truly astonishing if compared with his poor resources, in the chastened society of those whom he esteemed and loved, and in occasional excursions, and regular visits to England, where he soon alone distinguished above all by his vast talents and varied acquirements; aving the most abandoned political journals and fiercest critics by the just dread of his lash and the terror of his satiric fame. He had no fiery ordeal, as with most other authors, through which he was doomed to pass, although in the outset he had formed some idea of it. His fine graphic and correct picture of a young writer's progress presents a happy illustration; it was addressed about this period to his friend Dr. Delany:—

"As some raw youth in country bred,
To arms by thir'd or younger led,
When at a skirmish first he hears
The bullets whizzing round his ears,
Will duck his head, while will start,
And feel a trembling at his heart,
Till 'scaping off without a sound
Lessens the terror of the sound;

Fly bullets now as thick as hops,
He runs into a cannon's chase;
An author thus who pants for fame,
Begins the world with fear and shame;
When first in print, you see him drest
Each poppet level'd at his head;
The lead you critic's quill contains
Is destin'd to beat out his brains;
As if he heard loud thunders roll,
Cries, "Lord have mercy on his soul!"
Concluding that another shot
Would strike him dead upon the spot;
But when with equilline, shoving, prying,
He cannot see one closure dropping;
That missing fire, or missing aim,
His life is safe,—I mean his fame:
The danger past, takes heart of grace,
And looks a critic in the face."

It was about the same period that Swift commenced his acquaintance with Addison and other great writers of the day, in whose society he spent some of his brightest hours, unalloyed for a season with the coldness or the secret ill-will and enmity of political feeling, which Swift, the generous friend and benefactor of both parties, was anxious to avert. Steele, Arbuthnot, and the other wits, sometimes including Pope, were accustomed to assemble at Button's, and Sheridan has left us a humorous account of the doctor's first introduction to men whose names are now almost inseparably connected with his own. Though the greatness of Swift's talents was known to many in private life, and his company and conversation much sought after and admired, yet his name was little noised in the republic of letters. The only pieces which he had yet published were "The Battle of the Books" and "The Contests and Dissensions in Athens and Rome." Nor was he personally known, excepting to Mr. Congreve and one or two more with whom he had contracted an intimacy at Sir William Temple's. It was related by Ambrose Philips that they had for several days observed a strange clergyman come into the coffee-house who seemed utterly unacquainted with any of those who frequented it, and whose custom it was to lay his hat down on a table, and walk backward and forward at a good pace for half an hour without speaking to any mortal or seeming in the least to attend to anything that was going forward there. He then used to take up his hat, pay his money at the bar, and walk away without opening his lips. They at last concluded him to be out of his senses, and the name that he went by among them was that of the mad parson. This made them more than usually attentive to his motions; and one evening, as Mr. Addison and the rest were observing him, they saw him cast his eyes several times upon a gentleman in boots who seemed to be just come out of the country, and at last advance towards him as intending to address him. They were all eager to hear what this dumb parson had to say, and immediately quitted their seats to get near him. Swift went up to the country gentleman, and in a very abrupt manner, without any previous salute, asked him, "Pray, sir, do you know any good weather in the world?" After staring a little at the singularity of Swift's manner and the oddity of the question, the gentleman answered, "Yes, sir, I thank God, I remember a great deal of good weather in my time." "That is more," said Swift, "than I can say; I never remember any weather that was not too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry; but, however God Almighty contrives it, at the end of the year 'tis all very well."—" Sheridan's Life.")

* Another anecdote, attributed to the same parties at the same place, is as follows.—Swift was seated by the fire; there was used on the floor of the coffee-house; and Arbuthnot, with a design to play upon this original figure, offered him a letter which he had been just addressing, saying at the same time,

There are numerous other anecdotes—and perhaps more veracious—found scattered among the correspondence and other works of Swift, of which the practical jest he played off upon Lady Berkeley offers a fair specimen. Being wearied with the monotonous task of reading Boyle's "Meditations" to her ladyship, he hit off an admirable imitation, entitled "Meditations upon a Broomstick," which her ladyship listened to with the utmost gravity, as a beautiful composition of the pious and learned author.

In 1704 appeared the celebrated "Tale of a Tub," which, though shown in manuscript at Sir W. Temple's, and to a few of the author's friends, and kept by him during eight years, was now published without a name. The club at Button's it is said were not a little astonished to find the eccentric parson everywhere pointed out as the writer of this unrivalled performance. It became the general topic of the day, and excited public attention in an uncommon degree. The noted Sacheverell, meeting Smalridge, flattered him by affecting to believe him the author, when the latter it is recorded replied in an indignant tone,—"Sir, not all that you and I have in the world should hire me to write 'The Tale of a Tub.'"¹ In fact there is little doubt that it made him numerous enemies in high quarters, not excepting queen Anne and her court; and it probably proved a bar to his advancement in addition to his satiric effusions upon the favourites of the queen. "The author has reason," observed Atterbury, "to conceal himself, because of the profane strokes in that piece, which would do his reputation and interest in the world more harm than his wit can do him good." Though written to promote the interests of the high-church party, it was considered by superficial readers as profane; some even of the Tories were displeased at the freedom of the satire: both King and Wotton published answers to it, and upon the continent it was very unfairly construed by Voltaire and his followers into a covert design to advance the cause of scepticism and infidelity. Men of judgment, taste, and literary discrimination, however, did full justice to the motives by which the great satirist was actuated; and the most able and estimable belonging to all parties were soon added to the list of his friends and admirers; while the great leaders, whether Whigs or Tories, struck with the splendid and powerful display of talent, the bold correct allegory, the vivacity of the wit, and the rapid vehement rigour of the style, became proportionally eager to secure so resistless a champion for their respective ranks. Swift might have made his own terms; but, adhering resolutely to the distinction he had made with regard to his principles of action, he was for some time afraid of joining the Tories, from the extreme violence of a section—the leaders of the October Club,—or to confederate with the Whigs, on account of their desire to render the church completely subordinate and instrumental to objects of state. Many of Swift's intimate friends, including the heads of both parties, and in particular Addison and Steele, being perfectly aware of the peculiar views entertained by him, never dreamed of charging him with inconsistency in refusing his support to the ex-

"There! said that." "I have got no sand," answered Swift, "but I can beat you to a little gravel." This he said so significantly that Arbuthnot hastily snatched back his letter to save it from the fate of the capital of Lilliput. Their acquaintance had not then however ripened into intimacy.—(Scott's "Life of Swift," p. 83.)

* During the latter years of his life, it is said that Mrs. Whiteway observed the drama looking over this singular production, when, all at once closing the book, "Good God!" he exclaimed "what a genius I had when I wrote that!" He also considered it the cause of his favour with Lord Oxford's ministry.

treemes of either party, and in finally making his selection to join the ministry which acted most in unison with his views of the church. His friend Addison, who had recently published his *Travels*, at this period (1704-5) sent him a copy of them with expressive marks of his highest esteem and regard.*

Among other distinguished men with whom Swift was already intimate, not merely upon political grounds,—except so far as he was invariably the strenuous advocate of Ireland,—were lords Somers, Halifax, and Pembroke; and to his other literary connexions he shortly added the acquaintance of Prior, Parnell, Garth, Phillips, and more especially Pope and Gay, to both of whom he became warmly attached.

After the appearance of "The Tale of a Tub," up to the year 1708, Swift—though actively engaged in the composition of several works, forming part of that series of political allegories which requires the exercise of the highest genius, to be brought out at the precise period to attain some definite object—remained a close but calm observer, and published few pieces of any interest. He had prepared a masterly reply to the deistical opinions of Tindal, but seems to have been deterred from its completion by more important engagements. It aims some powerful blows however at "the infidels and latitudinarians," and covertly also at the Whigs, of whose policy in regard to the church he was an uncompromising enemy. He struck hard at the alliance between low-church doctrines, dissent, and infidelity, which be considered to form part of the character of the reigning Whigs. He wished to inscribe upon his political banner the principles of high-church independence combined with civil liberty, as both forming an integral part of the British constitution, but either to be maintained by subserviency to the other. To allay the extreme violence of parties, to prove his own consistent views, and to show how far it was impossible for him to unite with the Whigs, he wrote his "Sentiments of a Church of England Man;" a production which caused the first estrangement between him and the heads of the party then in power. He found that no efforts to reconcile high-church principles with Whig politics were likely to be attended with success; he was compelled to make his choice between two evils; and, consulting the dignity and character of his order, he considered that in joining the existing opposition be chose the least. He boldly declares the motives by which he was actuated—his veneration for the church of England, and its government by convocation upon independent interests; while at the same time he as strenuously advocates the principles of the revolution.† "In order," he concludes, "to preserve the constitution entire in church and state, whoever has a true value for both would be sure to avoid the extremes of Whig for the sake of the former, and the extremes of Tory on account of the latter."

Opinions like these, even more strongly than the author's "Letter on the Sacramental Test," tended farther to widen the breach between him and the

Whigs, and other causes were not wanting to aggravate the soreness felt upon both sides. The influence of Harley was beginning to be felt, and the Whig leaders taking the alarm, and finding their efforts to attach Swift to their cause in vain, wisely resolved to send him out of the way. With the vacillation of a sinking party they successively designed for him the post of secretary to the embassy at Vienna, and afterwards the bishopric of Virginia, with supreme authority over the clergy of the province—both offers which in the outset of his career Swift might have listened to; but court influence and the Wharton faction in the ministry prevailed, leaving Swift fired with resentment and eagerly watching his opportunity to inflict a signal revenge. As he emphatically expresses it in his *Journal*, "he had more mischief in his heart," and he was bent upon "giving it to the scoundrel Whigs all round;" the recollection of Somers' coldness, Halifax's treachery, Berkeley's corrupt and base violation of his promises, with Wharton's unprincipled conduct and abandoned character, having raised a storm of indignation in his breast which only their utter disgrace and humiliation could appease. The spirit of his political animosity indeed may be said to have pervaded all his writings from this period; while, to give them at once a keener edge and to secure for them a wider and more extensive range of influence, if possible to the perpetual exposure and ignominy of his enemies, he couched them in a succession of exquisitely wrought allegories, commenced with his "Tale of a Tub," and brought to still higher perfection in his "Gulliver's Travels," that wonderful illusion of intellectual painting, and his crowning triumph of the imaginative faculty. Where there exists power, the will to avenge is seldom wanting; "Vengeance is mine" is ever the motto of sovereignty in the natural as in the intellectual and moral world; and we are to remember that Swift's incentives to fiery action were newly impelled by the studied neglect and indignities cast by the Whigs upon that reformed church of which he was a member, by their corrupt and lavish expenditure, their interested and nefarious prosecution of an interminable war, and its consequent progeny of taxes, famine, and national debt. These combined causes of offence in Swift's estimation, whether well or ill founded, offered powerful instruments by which to work the utter downfall of a tottering ministry; and he availed himself of them with unscrupulous eagerness; inflicting successive blows, till with his merciless tomahawk he bore away with the merriment of the Indian warrior the scalps of the discomfited Whigs,* not excepting the hero of Blenheim, who in vain expressed his anxious desire to soften the resentment of Dr. Swift.

In 1708 he followed up his first attack in a tract entitled "An Argument against Abolishing Christianity," admitted on all hands to be an exquisite specimen of successful irony. He found time also for a humorous exposure of one of the prevailing superstitions of the day, in his "Predictions for the Year 1708," under the name of Isaac Bickerstaff, in

* In a blank leaf at the commencement of the book Addison wrote—

"To Dr. Jonathan Swift,
The most agreeable companion.
The truest friend,
And the greatest proof of his age,
This book is presented by his
Most humble servant,
THE AUTHOR."

† "I amuse myself sometimes with writing verses to Mrs. Finch, and sometimes with projects for the amuse of parties, which I perfect overnight and burn in the morning."—(Letter to col. Hunter, Jan. 17th, 1704 &c.)

* The earl of Wharton evinced an extreme desire to remove the sacramental test; another offence in the eyes of Swift, already in arms against him. The Whig party gave out in retaliation, that when Somers introduced Swift to Wharton as a fit person to be his chaplain, the latter answered, alluding to Swift's supposed opinions on religion, "We must not encourage these fellows; we have not character enough ourselves;" a sarcasm Swift did not fail to avenge. In addition to his "Short Character," he fell upon the devoted Whig by depicting him under the character of Verres, in one of the comedies of the *Examiner*; and his "Letter to a Member of Parliament in Ireland" has immediate reference to the subject of the abolition of the sacramental test.

which he prognosticated the death of the great southsayer Partridge himself, which was to take place on the 29th of March about eleven at night. The astrologer in his wrath published a serious reply, protesting that he was not dead, and that all were knaves who reported otherwise; but this only brought down on him the "Vindication of Isaac," to the no small entertainment of the public.

The success of this exquisite burlesque is said to have induced Steele to assume a *nom de guerre* of so much popular attraction, and the papers which Swift generously contributed gave support to the heavy calibre of that unlucky writer's wit, who, when left without his friend Addison and other adventitious support, sunk to the level for which nature had designed him. During the ensuing year, Swift produced his "Project for the Advancement of Religion," addressed to lady Berkeley; a project of which Johnson correctly observes that it is "formed with just purity of intention, and displayed with sprightliness and elegance; it can only be objected that, like many other projects, if not generally impracticable, it is yet evidently hopeless, as it supposes more zeal, concord, and perseverance, than a view of mankind gives reason for expecting." He might have added that in this singular production the author had likewise a political object; and that, while endeavouring to inculcate the principles of religion and virtue, he still aimed at pulling down from "their bad eminence," as he conceived it, his new sworn enemies the Whigs.* Immediately after its publication, Swift returned to Ireland, still actively engaged in prosecuting his political warfare, to which he doubtless attributed, with the assistance of Harley's intrigues, the ensuing fall of the Whig ministry under Godolphin and Somers, when the Tories came into power. Swift, who had spent some of his happiest hours during this visit in Addison's society, at that time secretary to lord Wharton, was roused by this event to fresh efforts, and a perfectly new scene opened upon his aspiring mind.

The Irish clergy it seems had long complained of the payment of twentieth parts and first-fruits, which had been remitted in England, but all their efforts to obtain the same boon had proved unavailing. As early as 1708 Swift had displayed his zeal and activity in the Irish convocation, and he was now invited by the lord primate of Ireland and the other bishops to negotiate with Mr. Harley, who had so successfully exerted his influence for the English clergy, and was already aware of Swift's hostility to the Whigs, and the manner in which he conceived he had, like himself, been injuriously and even insultingly treated by the heads of that powerful party.^b Full credentials having been prepared, Swift once more quitted his residence at Laracor,^c and arrived in London early in September,

* In his "Journal to Stella" he observes (p. 31), "Lord Halifax began a health to me to day. It was the resurrection of the Whigs, which I refused, unless he would add their reformation too; and I told him he was the only Whig in England I loved or had any good opinion of." Halifax, it is asserted, had intimated a desire to make Swift a prebendary of Westminster, but this the latter valued as it deserved. So great was his dislike of Somers, that he not only called him in his Journal "a false, deceitful rascal," but revivified his weaknesses and vices, in more than one of his tracts, in the most odious colours.

^b "Swift was extremely anxious that Harley should have the full honour of granting the request of the Irish clergy, and was much displeased with the directions he received from the bishops to solicit from the duke of Ormond what he judged not already being conceded by the premier."—(Scott.)

^c "It appears that, in addition to his imitatively humorous attack on Partridge, a burlesque account of whose grievances was published by Dr. Yalden, he had in Ireland employed his leisure moments in preparing his famous "Prediction of Merlin," the British wizard, giving, in a happy imitation of the style of Lily, a commentary on some black letter verses most ingre-

ber, 1710, at a moment when party violence was at its height. There was no longer a prospect that the moderate measures he had so strenuously advocated would produce the least effect, and as his political opinions turned chiefly upon zeal for the interests of his order, he declined all further overtures from the Whigs; and as, according to his own maxim, no good citizen could remain neutral in such a situation of affairs, he chose his party, and the good fortune of the Tories prevailed.

In that interesting narrative of events and anecdotes which he now commenced ("Journal to Stella") he describes the impression produced by his appearance on the scene of action, and the efforts made by the Whig party to win back so redoubtable a champion to their camp. "All the Whigs," he says, "were ravished to see me, and would have laid hold on me as a twig to save them from sinking; and the great men were all making their clumsy apologies. It is good to see what a lamentable confession the Whigs all make of my ill-usage." As a further index to the motives by which he was actuated, and which bears out the judicious view taken of his conduct at this period by sir Walter Scott, we quote another passage which very significantly points to his future conduct in the fierce political struggles which ensued. "I should be terribly vexed to see things come round again; it would ruin the church and the clergy for ever." He had observed also with disgust that, on the approaching fall of the Whig administration, lord Wharton, who in his pride of power had treated him in the most arrogant style, suddenly changed his demeanour and affected to caress him, with the insidious design, as Swift suspected, of bringing him into discredit with the church party. The Tories, on their side, were not without alarm, and how strong were their apprehensions of those early Whig opinions which he had been known to entertain with regard to civil policy may be inferred from the avowal of the Tory leaders themselves (June 30, 1711), in the intimacy of friendship which ensued, "that Swift was the only man in England of whom they were afraid." He had moreover experienced a cool reception from Godolphin, which he bitterly revenged by his cutting lampoon of "Sir Hamet," which met with astonishing success and was read with loud applause at Harley's table, though not then suspected to be Swift's. The circumstances attending the fall of the Godolphin ministry, accelerated by the lengths to which they carried their prosecution of Sacheverell, and the high Tory excitement which it produced throughout the nation, are too generally known to require comment, and we shall proceed with Swift's own account of his interview with the new minister, given in his correspondence with archbishop King:—"As soon as I received the packets from your grace I went to wait upon Mr. Harley. I had prepared him before by another hand, where he was very intimate, and got myself represented (which I might justly do) as one extremely ill used by the last ministry, after some obligations, because I refused to go certain lengths they would have me." He also states more particularly in his Journal (Oct. 4, 1710), "Mr. Harley received me with the greatest respect and kindness imaginable, and appointed me an hour or two or three days after to open my business to him."

ously composed in enigmatical reference to the occurrences of the time."—(Scott.) Nearly at the same period he produced his verses on "Banca and Philemon," those on "Venetian's House at Whitehall," with some other light pieces of occasional humour, like the controversy with Prior, and similar satires, better known to the general reader than the more able and powerful political treatises which obtained for him so high a reputation and such extensive influence at the time.

It would appear that the new minister's courteous and bland demeanour was highly pleasing to Swift's pride, contrasted with the usage he declares he had experienced from the Whigs: he was met upon that footing of equality which his genius and temper exacted; there were no shifts or subterfuges had recourse to; a gentlemanly frankness was observed on both sides; and after inquiring into the measures the ministry meant to adopt, and finding they were moderate with regard to politics, and zealous and decided in favour of the high-church interests so much in unison with his own views, he engaged to support them with his whole heart and strength. The object of his mission necessarily led to frequent interviews with the first minister, and these afforded opportunities for a mutual confidence and respect which terminated in the most unreserved and lasting friendship. "I must tell you," he writes (Journal, October 7th), "a great piece of refinement in Harley. He charged me to come and see him often; I told him I was loth to trouble him in so much business as he had, and desired I might have leave to come at his leisure, which he immediately refused, and said that was no place for friends!"

In a few days he states the satisfactory progress he was making, though Harley was a man noted for his procrastinating spirit, even in affairs that vitally concerned the interests of his administration. "Harley tells me (October 10th) he has shown my memorial to the queen and seconded it very heartily; because, said he, 'the queen designs to signify it to the bishops of Ireland in form, and take notice that it was done upon a memorial from you;' which he said he did to make it look more respectful to me. I believe never anything was compassed so soon; and purely done by my personal credit with Mr. Harley, who is so excessively obliging that I know not what to make of it, unless to show the rascals of the other party that they used a man unworthily who had deserved better." And he adds (October 14th), "I stand with the new people ten times better than ever I did with the old, and ten times more caressed."

Swift now clearly saw, from the extreme violence of the opposite party, that Harley's administration stood in need of every support to obtain a permanent footing both with the queen and the nation. To do this it was necessary to produce a marked change in public opinion, not only to influence but to sway the popular mind in regard to great questions which called for the most refined policy, combined with a degree of skill and dexterity which few controversialists ever possessed. It was no less than striking at the power and humbling the pride of the powerful party that had ruled alike the senate and the court, and contrived, by the illusion of military glory and the most corrupt practices, to render war and its public burdens almost popular, and by means of a national debt and a factitious moneyed interest, before unknown, to strike their fangs deep into the vitals of the state. It was, in fact, to produce a revolution in the temper and feelings of the nation that Swift now summoned his transcendent powers, and they proved equal to the herculean task he was so bold to undertake; its success fixed the Tories firmly in their seats, which they retained up to the close of queen Anne's reign. "The present ministry have a difficult task," he says (Nov. 20th, 1710), "and want me. According to the best judgment I have, they are pursuing the true interest of the public, and therefore I am glad to contribute all that lies in my power."

The writers upon both sides now prepared for the gladiatorial struggle that was to decide the fortune

of the Tories still trembling in the balance, or the permanent humiliation of their foes. No stronger testimony to the celebrity already obtained by Swift can be adduced than that the best Tory leaders in so perilous a juncture intrusted to Swift alone the entire control and conduct of their political organ the "Examiner," before supported by the combined efforts of men like St. John, Atterbury, and Prior. He hesitated not a moment, though ranged on the other side he must have beheld with pain his friends Addison and Congreve, with his bishop Burnet, Steele, and Rowe. He took up the controversial flail with the strength of a giant and the resolution of a martyr, who risked all to insure the triumph of the church to which he was so attached, to support the cause he had embraced, and doubtless to wreak his vengeance upon the men by whom he had been neglected in their prosperous day. No wonder that Addison prudently withdrew from the field; he knew the colossal power of such an adversary, the temper of his keen and trenchant blade, the resistless vigour with which he beat down every fence, and the merciless speed with which he pursued and trampled upon a routed foe. Besides, his more gentle and placid nature shrank from such an encounter with one whose genius, from his own admission, is to be placed in the highest rank, whose friendship he had cultivated, and whose respect and esteem, spite of all party feelings, he knew that he possessed.*

Swift's first paper of the "Examiner" appeared in little more than a month after his introduction to Harley; and he continued them till the middle of the following year, when, having attained the declared objects for which he wrote, he abandoned the undertaking as comparatively useless to his ulterior plans. During this period he grew into entire confidence with the ministry, was admitted to their privy councils held at Harley's house, and in all the great questions of state became at once their guide, philosopher, and friend, taking the unerring lead, and marshalling them the way to success with a singular foresight and sagacity bordering on the prophetic, and with a judgment which never failed him in the most trying crisis of events. The popularity of his writings at the same time was producing a gradual but decided change in public opinion, and met with almost unprecedented success. The observation made by the lord-keeper Harcourt seems very applicable to his strenuous efforts in the outset, to the effect produced by them, and to the confidential situation in which he stood as the adviser, no less than the Sampson-like champion, of their cause. "Dr. Swift," he observed, "is not only our favorite, but he is our governor"—an observation it would be difficult to believe without strong evidence besides that of Swift, and our knowledge how widely and deeply the influence of a consummate political genius and the mastery of lofty individual mind and nerve can extend. Nor was there any undue assumption in this; it was the result of his intellectual position, and until he obtained a solid footing in the ministerial confidence, upon which he could think and act, could display his real character and his power, we observe that he always conducted himself with the same courtesy and deference towards his superiors in rank as other

* Addison soon detected the new auxiliary, says Mr. Milford, and retired from the field; though Dr. Johnson considers that his papers were superior to his antagonist's.

Dr. Johnson, according to Scott, overlooked the circumstance of Addison's previous retirement when he represented the controversy as conducted between Swift and his friend. The last *Whig "Examiner"* is dated 12th October, 1711; and No. 504, of the "Examiner," the first written by Swift, the 2nd of November, an interval of three weeks.

people; requested to be admitted at the minister's levee from fear of annoying him in his affairs, and called many times upon him on his first arrival without seeing him. He had also expressed his fears to his friend Addison, at the same time asking his advice with regard to coming to England, and the little prospect there appeared of his being preferred in his profession by either party. How, therefore, he so soon carried it with the high and the strong hand towards the greatest personages in the state, we are at a loss to account for, except on the supposition of that strong intellectual faculty which raises its possessor to pre-eminence, subdues and commands all feebler minds, and moulds even obstacles and circumstances the most untoward to its special purpose. Soon we see he quarrels with the first minister, whose notice he had before courted with so much deference that he sent a messenger before to bespeak his regard on the ground that he was an ill-used man, as if he had been some poor traveller, without protection or the power of retaliation, suddenly set upon by Whig highwaymen and robbers. Harley must have smiled at this politic and modest demeanour in a man of the doctor's character; and the affected deference for the advice of Addison when he had doubtless made up his own mind equally shows the manner in which he concealed his opinion of his own powers and the objects he had in view. But once raised upon the shoulders of the men in power his genius rose equal to the occasion, beyond the expectations of those most interested in his success, and far beyond even the dread of enemies who fell under the lash of his withering satire. So deeply and justly did he feel offended at the premier sending him a bank-bill for 50*l.* that he refused to take him into favour unless he made an apology (one seldom required on that score), and as a farther humiliation sent the prime minister of Great Britain into the house with a message to the secretary to inform him that Dr. Swift could not dine with him that day if he dined late. And in another part of his *Journal* he writes St. John "not to appear cold to him at any time, for he would not be treated like a schoolboy; that he would not bear it from a crowned head, and he thought no subject's favour worth it."

There can be no doubt that a man who took these freedoms must have felt his power, and how indispensable that power was conceived to be for maintaining in their seats those who could brook such airs as the price of their existence as a ministry. Nor did he only exact this marked respect for himself; he set up a new standard for the conduct of the court and aristocracy towards men of talent and merit, as in the case of Parnell and his other friends, very different to any observed in the days of Butler or Dryden. He would have the ministers to consider it their duty as well as an honour to court the society of men of genius and worth, on higher grounds and from nobler motives than the obsequious flatteries and mean compliances they had been accustomed to receive; and this example, seconded by writers of high talent and independent feeling, like Pope and Addison, first emancipated our literature from its degrading servility to rank and power, and transferred it to the patronage of the public and the world. If he sometimes carried this spirit to undue lengths, and exercised the powers he had grasped with harshness, let us remember the cold insulting receptions he first met with from the Whigs, and the manner in which it is equally clear the Tory ministry would also have treated him and his friends if he had chosen to submit to their terms instead of assuming this high and independent deportment.

"I dined to-day," he says (Nov. 11, 1710),

"by invitation, with the secretary of state, Mr. St. John. Mr. Harley came in to us before dinner, and made me his excuses for not dining with us, because he was to receive people who came to propose the advancing of money to government. The secretary used me with all the kindness in the world. Prior came in after dinner, and upon an occasion the secretary said to him, 'The best thing I ever read is not yours, but Dr. Swift on Vanbrugh;' which I do not reckon so very good neither; but Prior was damped till I stuffed him with two or three compliments. He told me among other things that Mr. Harley complained he could keep nothing from me, I had the way so much of getting into him." Had this ministry stood upon a firmer basis probably they would have shown Swift less deference and respect, but they felt the want of both his political sagacity and controversial talent, and doubtless humoured him "up to the top of his bent." Harley, after the defeat of the Whigs, had to guard against those of his own party who were determined Jacobites or high-flying Tories, resolved not only on victory but revenge; and to balance the furious activity of these factions, which at length, under St. John's guidance, undermined his power, he kept in place a considerable number of the Whig party. Swift early saw and warned him of the peril to which he was exposed, not so much from this temporising policy, to which he was favourable till the ministry gained strength and confidence, but from the discord between the leaders to which it gave rise. This, from the beginning he pronounced, would be the rock upon which the ministry would split: "It stood," he said, "like an isthmus, between the Whigs on one side and the violent Tories on the other. They are able seamen, but the tempest is too great, the ship too rotten, and the crew all against them." It is only surprising how, with such elements to contend against, they continued, supported even by Swift a pilot genius and judgment, to weather the storm so long as they did; but not a day or hour passed in which he was not attempting in some way to steer them clear of the dangers that threatened on all sides. It would seem, however, that misunderstandings were the order of the day, from which the great pilot himself was not exempt; for he broke out into mutiny and declared that he would desert the ship. "Mr. Harley (Feb. 6, 1710-11) desired me to dine with him again to-day, but I refused him; for I fell out with him yesterday, and will not see him again till he makes me amends." He had been insulted by the offer of a bank-bill, and adds, (Feb. 7,) "I was this morning early with Mr. Lewis of the secretary's office, and saw a letter Mr. Harley had sent him, desiring to be reconciled; but I was deaf to all entreaties, and have desired Lewis to go to him and let him know I expected further satisfaction. If we let these great ministers pretend too much there will be no governing them. He promises to make me easy if I will but come and see him; but I won't, and he shall do it by message, or I will cast him off." Swift accordingly received the apologies which he conceived due to the position in which he stood, and Harley and his friend and adviser became more intimate than before the failure of this attempt to place the latter on the footing of a hiring writer.

It would seem that he treated St. John with equal and even greater freedom when occasion called for it, and says (Feb. 25), "I dined to-day with Mr. secretary St. John, on condition I might choose my company, which were lord Rivers, lord Carteret, sir T. Mansel, and Mr. Lewis. I invited Masham, Hill, sir John Stanley, and George Grauville, but they

were engaged; and I did it in revenge of his having such bad company when I dined with him before. So we laughed, &c." It would appear, however, that the secretary also knew how to take his revenge, for we are told "he put a cheat upon the doctor" by intercepting six dozen of excellent Burgundy which lord Peterborough had sent to be forwarded to Swift's cellar; but the secretary was "never quiet till they were all gone, so I reckon he owes me thirty-six pounds."

No time was lost in preparing for a trial of strength between the two great contending parties, and Swift was constant in his attendance at the premier's weekly council. "I dined with Mr. Harley to-day" (March 3, 1710-11). "Every Saturday lord-keeper, secretary St. John, and I dine with him, and sometimes lord Rivers, and they let in none else. I stayed with Mr. Harley till nine, when we had much discourse together after the rest were gone, and I gave him very truly my opinion when he desired it."

That opinion was often wanted, for the Whig leaders had prepared a powerful opposition and renewed their intrigues more assiduously than ever at court. Lord Somers was known to have been more than once closeted with the queen; the duchess of Somerset, far more artful and insinuating than her predecessor the duchess of Marlborough, now held the key; the extreme Tories took the alarm, banded by their October Club, and were urging the ministers to adopt bolder measures. To restrain their ardour, and at the same time to counteract the Whig efforts, was now the double task of Swift, and he girded up his loins to the combat with the spirit of a partisan determined to spare no means to pull down his enemies and to load them with obloquy and contempt. With this view he scrupled not to attack their characters, spared not their private history; their follies, their vices, were all rendered subordinate to the writer's triumph, impelled by the fiery spirit of the polemic, carried to a height which no powers of genius and wit should perhaps be allowed to sanction or excuse. Marlborough, Godolphin, Sunderland, Cowper, and Walpole, were treated with the utmost freedom from all respect of persons, in a way hitherto unpractised: their weaknesses, avarice, or corruption, were boldly exposed, and, as regarded private affairs, with an acrimony and violence by no means justifiable. These repeated attacks on their main positions from the "Examiner" were made more murderous and annoying from a continual running fire kept up by his poetic wit and humour in a rapid series of pamphlets, poems, and periodical papers, under the management of writers whom he termed his understrappers. Godolphin, still smarting under "Sid Hamet's Rod," was only kept in countenance by the more bitter lampoons discharged at the "virtuous Somers" and his old enemy the earl of Wharton, in "A short Character" of him and his Irish government, in the course of which the author expresses his regret that the facts he brought against the latter were chiefly of a moral and flagitious character, which exceeded their political criminality, so artfully conducted as unfortunately not to afford grounds for the legal impeachment which he so well deserved. This desperate and uncompromising hostility, so little expected, seemed to astound the Whigs and rarry terror into their ranks; but the advantages to have been reaped from it were lost by the outbreak of fresh divisions in the Tory camp. With some difficulty he reconciled the jealous leaders, and, following up his blows against the enemy in quick succession, brought out his tract in defence of Harley, "Remarks upon a Letter to the Seven Lords who examined Grog," his "Advice to the Members of

the October Club;" and was already directing his thoughts towards that revolution in public opinion to which he so greatly contributed—the opening of negotiations for the establishment of a peace.

Among the most interesting events alluded to in his Journal from the commencement of this first campaign—hardly less arduous than that of his great enemy Marlborough—we meet with the following passages, highly characteristic of the towering pride and ambition, as well as the zealous indefatigable spirit, of the writer. "I have taken (Feb. 13th) Mr. Harley into favour again;" and being farther conciliated by their bland deference and wise submission to his councils, his vanity breaks out again in this self-sufficient but frank avowal. (Feb. 17th.) "The ministers are good honest hearty fellows; I use them like dogs, because I expect they will use me so. They call me nothing but Jonathan, and I said I believed they would leave me Jonathan as they found me, and that I never knew a minister do anything for those whom they make companions of their pleasures; and I believe you will find it so, but I care not."

How closely he observed the conduct and demeanour of the men engaged in the bold and perilous cause in which he was embarked, staking reputation and future prospects, and nailing as it were his colours to the mast-head, is apparent from the following brief remarks:—"I dined (April, 1711) with the secretary, who seemed terribly down and melancholy, which Mr. Prior and Lewis observed as well as I: perhaps something is gone wrong—perhaps there is nothing in it." And it is amusing to see how he followed up any idea that once took possession of him:—"I called at Mr. Secretary's to see what the d—d I ailed him on Sunday; I made him a very proper speech—told him I observed he was much out of temper; that I expected every great minister who honoured me with his acquaintance, if he heard or saw anything to my disadvantage, would let me know it in plain words, and not put me in pain to guess by the change or coldness of his countenance or behaviour." As early as March 1710 he appears to have laid down the true policy of the ministry, and to have pondered the best measures for carrying that policy into effect. "This kingdom is certainly ruined as much as was ever any bankrupt merchant. We must have a peace, whether it be a bad or a good one, though nobody dares talk of it. The nearer I look upon things, the worse I like them. I believe the confederacy will soon break to pieces, and our factions at home increase. . . . They have cautioned the queen so much against being governed that she observes it too much. I could talk till to-morrow upon these things, but they make me melancholy. I could not but observe lately, after much conversation with Mr. Harley, though he is the most fearless man alive and the least apt to despond, he confessed to me that uttering his mind to me gave him ease." Swift's precautions, however, had disarmed their opponents of half their power by conciliating the members of the October Club,* who wished to push matters to an extreme; he had foiled all his opponents by the mingled vigour, wit, and irony of his "Examiners;" and having again renewed the campaign, he was already preparing notes for his masterly treatises upon "The Conduct of the Allies." "Lord Rivers," he says, "talking to me the other day, cursed the papce called the 'Examiner' for speaking civilly of the duke of Marlborough. This I happened to talk of to the secretary, who blamed the warmth of that lord and

* They consisted of about two hundred members of parliament, and met at the Bell tavern, in King-street, Westminster.

some others, and swore if their advice was followed they would be blown up in twenty-four hours: and I have reason to think they will endeavour to prevail on the queen to put her affairs more in the hands of a ministry than she does at present; and there are two men thought on, one of whom you have often met the name of in my letters." The chief danger, however, arose from want of concert and confidence in the leaders themselves. Harley was reserved and mysterious, became dilatory from having too great a weight of business upon his hands, and feared to trust his colleagues; while St. John, equally hot and active, was jealous, moody, and indignant. The high Tories of one faction were suspected of being favourable to the succession of the cavalier *de St. George*, headed by Bolingbroke, Ormond, and perhaps Rivers; and Harley, on the other hand, baving, like Swift, been brought up with the Whigs, was disposed to moderate measures and in favour of the house of Hanover. "The Whigs whisper," he writes (Aug. 23rd, 1711), "that our ministry differ among themselves, and they begin to talk of the secretary. They have some reason for their whispers, though I thought it was a greater secret. I do not much like the aspect of things. I always apprehended that any falling out would ruin them, and so I have told them several times." Though St. John was a man of great abilities, active, prompt, and vigorous, his love of pleasure, his jealousy, and ambition, were as serious obstacles to business as the too great caution and delay of his colleague. "The device is in the secretary," exclaimed Swift, quite out of humour (Oct. 31, 1711); "when I went to him this morning he had people with him, but says we are to dine with Prior to-day, and then will do all our business in the afternoon. At two Prior sends word he is otherwise engaged; then the secretary and I go and dine with brigadier Britton; sit till eight, grow merry, no business done; we part, and appoint no time to meet again. This is the fault of all the present ministers—teasing me to death for my assistance, laying the whole weight of their affairs upon it, and slipping opportunities."

Owing to these and other causes, notwithstanding Swift's efforts, the affairs of the Tories were an unpromising aspect. The Whigs were on the alert, and resolved to omit no opportunity to compass the ruin of their adversaries. The affair of the peace was one of extreme difficulty; popular opinion was in favour of the war, and it called for equal skill and daring to meet the opposition, with the lustre of Marlborough's victories fresh upon them, upon such ground, with any rational hopes of success. Swift saw that before venturing to hint a peace it would be necessary to point out such extravagant expense and imposition in conducting the war as would lead indirectly to disgust the nation with the conduct of the general and of the ministers who managed it. It would be necessary to conciliate different parties, and to obtain the full support of the country interest, so as to carry a decided majority in the house of commons. For these reasons Swift exerted his utmost care and judgment in drawing up his celebrated tracts entitled "The Conduct of the Allies," which produced so sudden and decided a change in public opinion regarding the war that the ministry were almost immediately enabled to carry their ulterior measures into effect. Within less than a month 17,000 copies are stated to have been sold; seven editions of the treatise having been printed in England and three in Ireland. The Tory members in both houses who spoke drew all their arguments from it, and the resolutions which

passed were little more than quotations from it; in consequence of which the ministry gained a majority of 150, while the public feeling from without was still more loudly expressed. The importance, indeed, of Swift's exertions at this time seems to have made a deep impression upon the ministry, who had now time to breathe, to mature their plans, and, if diligent, wise, and cautious, as it was his great object to render them, to consolidate the power they had acquired. He set them the best example by performing everything he undertook with scrupulous exactness, care, and business-like promptitude, in theory or action; letting no opportunity escape him of urging the ministers to keep pace with him in carrying out the details of their plans. He told them boldly to their faces of their faults, sometimes in a serious, at others in a jocose mood, and above all things entreated them to preserve a good understanding. There are many little anecdotes which show with how much freedom, as well as wit and good humour, his intercourse with the great men of the day was carried on.* Swift had received a present of a curious snuff-box from colonel Hill, beautifully painted with a variety of figures, which he showed to lord Oxford, who, after having examined the workmanship, turned up the bottom of the box, where he spied a figure resembling a goose studded on the outside of the box; upon which, turning to Swift, he said, "Jonathan, I think the colonel has

* Some of these occur in the diary of bishop Kennet, whose strong Whig principles and terror of the pope and the pretender made him look upon Swift as one of Satan's imps, busied in restoring them to their ancient power and splendour. It is a most amusing sketch of the scene, the more graphic as coming from the hand of an enemy. "Dr. Swift came into the coffee-house and had a bow from everybody but me. When I came to the antechamber to wait before prayers, Dr. Swift was the principal man of talk and business, and acted as a master of requests. He was soliciting the earl of Arran to speak to his brother, the duke of Ormond, to get a chaplain's place established in the garrison of Hull for Mr. Fiddes, a clergyman in that neighbourhood, who had lately been in jail, and published sermons to pay fees. He was promising Mr. Thornhill to undertake with my lord treasurer that, according to his petition, he should obtain a salary of two hundred a year as minister of the English church at Rotterdam. He stopped F. Gwynne, esq., going in with the red bag to the queen, and told him she should be had something to say to him from my lord treasurer. He talked with the son of Dr. Davenant to be sent abroad, and took out his pocket-book and wrote down several things as memoranda to do for him. He turned to the fire and took out his gold watch, and, telling him the time of day, complained that it was very late. A gentleman said the doctor was too fast: 'How can I help that,' he replied, 'if the courtiers give me a watch that won't go right?' Then he instructed a young gentleman that the best poet in England was Mr. Pope (a papist), who had begun a translation of Homer into English verse, for which he must have them all subscribe; 'for,' says he, 'the author shall not begin to print till I have a thousand guineas for him.' Lord treasurer, after leaving the queen, came through the room, beckoning Dr. Swift to follow him: both went off just before prayers. I saw and heard a great deal to confirm a doubt that the pretender's interest is much at the bottom of some hearts: a whisper that Mr. Nelroe had a prime hand in the late book for hereditary right; and that one of them was presented to her majesty herself, whom God preserve from the effect of such principles and such intrigues!"

Still more ludicrous is the picture drawn of Swift at this period by some critic of his political tracts, who describes the doctor presiding at his lecture, with Patrick as his master of ceremonies, to whom his first instructions were, "never to present any service." "Notice was given that all petitions be delivered to him on the knee, sitting to receive them like a Triton in a scene of wreck, where, at one view, according to Patrick's fancy in disposing of them, you might have seen half-shirts and shams, rowlers, decayed nightgowns, snuff swimming upon gruel, and bottles with candles stuck in them; bullocks to be sung in the street, and speeches to be made from the throne; making rules of his own to distinguish, which showed that he was greater than any of them himself. For if a lord came to his lecture he would say, 'Fritther, lord, take away that d—d sh—p—4 and sit down.' But if it were a commoner only he would remove the implement himself, exclaiming that he would send Pat to the devil if the dog did not seem willing to go to him himself."

made a goose of you."—"It is true, my lord," replied Swift; "but if you will look a little farther you will see I am driving a snail before me;" which indeed happened to be the device. "That's severe enough, Jonathan," said my lord, "but I deserved it." The Tory ministry, in fact, might consider themselves fortunate at such a juncture to possess a monitor who would thus faithfully and wittily remind them of their errors; a condottor to supply their want of tact and concert; an advocate to maintain their cause with the people, and to hold their powerful enemies at bay. His strong natural sagacity, rendered more penetrating by his close observations upon human nature, saw dangers at a distance, and more than compensated for the absence of that local and technical acquaintance with routine and details which might have interfered with the keenness of his intellectual vision. It is singular that although in many instances when the events took place, he reminded the ministers of his warnings and predictions, it seemed to produce very little effect upon their future movements. They had already had more than one miraculous escape, when their ruin soon after the meeting of parliament appeared inevitable; and had not so powerful a clamour turned the tide of public opinion, and thrown round them the shield of his invincible wit and satire, the Whigs had so prepared their measures as to have supplanted the new men both in the court and the parliament. By his dexterous conduct he had placed the Whigs in a false position, and even rendered them obnoxious by his exposure of their motives in carrying on the war: he prevented the ministers coming to an open rupture at the most critical moment; and by the rapidity with which he followed up his attacks till the conclusion of a peace, he allowed the opposition no time to recover breath, making fresh appeals and exposing them to the people with all the powers of argument and ridicule of which he was master. Thus, his friend Prior having been sent on a secret mission to France, Swift instantly seized the moment, turning the incident, upon its accidentally transpiring, to the best account; smoothing the way and preparing the minds of men for the pacific overtures that were to follow. He wrote a little tract purporting to give an account of Prior's journey, full of the most natural and humorous incidents, but concealing under the guise of an actual journey the allusions and arguments necessary for his purpose. He correctly represented how England was considered the dope of her allies, and bore nearly the whole burden of the war, of which her allies and her enemies finally reaped the whole advantage. It met with astonishing success, enabled the grand question of the peace to be carried smoothly and satisfactorily on, raised the ministry in public opinion, and gave the author leisure to look round and pursue one or two favourite plans wholly unconnected with politics. He had already succeeded in the affair of remission of the Irish first-fruits, and would have obtained still further boons, owing greatly to the popularity of several of his early tracts relating to the government and discipline of the church, had not the jealousy of the Irish prelate, endeavouring to deprive the premier of the merit of these concessions, interfered with his purpose. It had long been his favourite project to form an academy to establish the English language upon some more solid foundation. With this view he published a proposal for correcting, improving, and ascertaining the English tongue, conveyed in a letter to the lord-treasurer. But the plan which he wished to institute for the success of his purpose has been considered exceedingly defective: Swift's knowledge of the au-

cient languages is supposed to have been limited, and it is justly remarked by Mr. Mitford that the purity of a language will never be preserved by the laws of an academy; writers themselves participate in the causes of its change, and have neither the power to effect its renewal nor to delay its decline. Other and more pressing objects likewise soon engaged Swift's own attention and that of the ministry; and though we are told that the plan met with Harley's concurrence, it fell to the ground.

During this period of active exertion (1710—1712), in which Swift's unrivalled talents, at once brilliant and profound, had placed him in the first rank of political writers, the ministers had not failed to express their sense of the obligations he had conferred by recommending him for promotion; but the intrigues of the duchess of Somerset and the interference of the archbishop of York prevailed with her majesty, in addition to certain prejudices she had imbibed against the doctor, to bestow the vacancies elsewhere. Swift now re-entered the field of controversy with unsoftened spirit and resolution; and the "Public Spirit of the Whigs," a splendid and masterly piece of satire, made its appearance. "We have no quiet," he observes (Oct. 26, 1711), "with the Whigs; they are so violent against a peace; but I will cool them with a vengeance very soon. I have written a paper which the ministers reckon will do abundance of good, and open the eyes of the nation, who are half bewitched against a peace. Few of this generation can remember anything but war and taxes, and they think it is as it should be; whereas it is certain we are the most undone people in Europe, as I am afraid I shall make appear beyond all contradiction." So great was the alarm and indignation of the opposition on the publication of this last tract, that a portion of them, the Scotch lords, incensed at some national reflections, went in a body to complain of the author to the queen. A proclamation was accordingly issued, with a reward of 300*l.* for his discovery; but by the exertions of lord Oxford further proceedings were dropped.

Upon the meeting of parliament, 7th December, 1711, Swift's apprehensions of the queen's weakness and the counter-influence of the Whigs at court proved only too well founded. As forming the most interesting portion of his political life, it will be desirable to give the events as they occurred in his own words. "The earl of Nottingham began and spoke against a peace, desiring that in their address they might put in a clause to advise the queen not to make a peace without Spain, which was debated and carried by the Whigs, by about six voices, in a committee of the whole house." This result astounded the boldest partisans of the ministry, with the exception of Swift, who had forewarned them what would happen if the heads failed to act in concert and exert their utmost influence with the court. The queen's conduct tended to increase the alarm. "When the queen was going from the house of lords, where she sat to hear the debate, the duke of Shrewsbury, lord-chamberlain, asked her majesty whether he or the great chamberlain, Lindsey, ought to lead her out? She answered short, 'Neither of you,' and gave her hand to the duke of Somerset, who was louder than any in the house against a peace."

In consequence of this supposed change of sentiments in her majesty the clause was carried the next day in the house of lords almost two to one.—"The partisans of the old ministry" ("History of the Peace of Utrecht"), he says, "triumphed loudly and without any reserve, as if the game were their

nwn. The earl of Wharton was observed in the house to smile and to put his hands to his neck when any of the ministry were speaking, by which he would have it understood that some heads were in danger. Parker, the chief-justice, began already with great zeal and officiousness to prosecute authors and printers of weekly and other papers written in defence of the administration; in short, joy and vengeance sat visible in every countenance of that party."

It would appear at this juncture that the fall of the ministry was inevitable, but having already been indebted to the exertions of Swift for their preservation they again looked to him for aid, which, if they had made a good use of his advice and the popular influence of his writings, they would not then have stood in need of. The ascendancy he had obtained and that extensive patronage which gave him the power, as he said, of serving every one but himself, were now at their height, and the stirring scenes that followed will be best conveyed in his own words, as strongly characterising the motives and objects of the contending parties.

"On the other side, all well-wishers to the church, the queen, or the peace, were equally dejected; and the treasurer stood the foremost mark both of his enemies' fury and the censure of his friends. Among the latter, some imputed this fatal miscarriage to his procrastinating nature; others to his immeasurable public thrift. Both parties agreed that a first minister, with very moderate skill in affairs, might easily have governed the events; and some began to doubt whether the great fame of his abilities, acquired in other stations, were what he justly deserved." It must have been painful for Swift to make these severe but just remarks, attached as he was to the interests of the lord-treasurer, and sensible how closely his own prospects were blended with his success. The ensuing interview between them is one of the most striking of the kind upon record; it brings admirably both their characters into display; and it is curious to observe that Swift takes him to task rather like a monitor annoyed at the failure of his pupil than a friend prepared to sympathise with him on his misfortune. "Mr. Maubain begged me to stay because lord-treasurer would call, and we were resolved to fall on him about his negligence in securing a majority. He came, and appeared in good humour, as usual, but I thought his countenance was much cast down. I rallied him, and desired him to give me his staff, which he did; I told him if he would secure it me a week I would set all right. He asked how? I said I would immediately turn lord Marlborough, his two daughters, the duke and duchess of Somerset, and lord Cholmondeley out of all their employments; and I believe he had not a friend but was of my opinion. Arbuthnot asked how he came not to secure a majority? He could answer nothing but that he could not help it if people would lie and forswear: a poor answer for a great minister. There fell from him a scriptural expression, 'That the hearts of kings are unsearchable.' I told him it was what I feared, and was from him the worst news he could tell me." He goes on to say (*Journal*, Dec. 8th, 1711), "This is all your d—d d—I of Somerset's doing. I warned the ministers of it nine months ago, and a hundred times since. The secretary always dreaded it. I told lord-treasurer I should have the advantage of him, for he would lose his head, and I should only be hanged, and so carry my body entire to the grave."

Swift, who had already shown his statesmanlike power and judgment in drawing up the celebrated "Representation of the House of Commons on the

State of the Nation," and the well-timed address of thanks to the queen, now set his whole mind and thoughts upon retrieving as quickly as possible the ground the ministry had lost. Instead of being daunted at the perilous aspect of affairs he vigorously applied himself to bring fresh accessions of popular opinion, while the premier, with equal firmness, took measures to strengthen his influence with the queen. Alluding to his promptitude and courage, Swift, as if eager to do justice to the great qualities displayed by Oxford at this eventful juncture, says, "He never wanted a reserve upon any emergency which would appear desperate to others;" and the correctness of this opinion was speedily shown by his not only becoming reinstated in the queen's favour, but acquiring influence sufficient to dismiss his most formidable adversaries. While the fate of the ministry still trembled in the balance Swift kept his word with the lord-treasurer of answering for the stability of his ministry if he would ensure him his staff of office for a week, by the admirable tact and vigour with which he pushed the Whigs and excited the popular mind in favour of the peace and other essentials to the consolidation of the Oxford administration. It is quite evident that Swift was greatly alarmed at this crisis, even more moved than the premier himself, at the sudden eclipse of his rising power and prospects; that he gives the ministers full praise for tact and resolution, and by no means arrogates for himself higher merit and influence in producing the increased stability of the Tory government than his exertions seem to have sanctioned. Yet many of his biographers, and in particular a noble author who prepared the way for Johnson and his disciples, question the reality of Swift's influence with the ministry, though it is more difficult to challenge his reputation and popular fame both with the English and the Irish public. He is supposed by them to have been amused only by the ministry with the shadow, not the substance, of a great and influential name; that he assumed the airs of a patron instead of acting the part of a friend; affected to perform greater services than he ever did or could; was suspected and shunned by Addison, and laughed at by Steele and other leading Whigs; nay, that Harley and St. John themselves never permitted him to see deeper than the surface. Nothing can be more amusing than to observe these futile suggestions of surviving envy and malice in those destitute of honesty and magnanimity sufficient to admit their own immeasurable inferiority, and the possibility of the bare existence of an intellectual vigour, acumen, and abundant wit, so far transcending what are met with in the mass of mankind. "He was elated with the appearance of enjoying ministerial confidence. He enjoyed the shadow—the substance was detained from him. He was employed, not trusted; and at the same time that he imagined himself a subtle diver, who dexterously shot down into the profoundest regions of politics, he was suffered only to sound the shallows nearest the shore, and was scarce admitted to descend below the froth at the top."—(Orrery's "Remarks on the Life of Swift.") In reply to this strange and confused invective, in which the falseness of the incongruous images, and metaphors stumbling upon metaphors, is not an unsuitable vehicle for the accusations they contain, it may be remarked that the men who recited the benefit of Swift's exertions were fully as able to form an estimate of them as his lordship, and that, if they entertained designs unknown to their adviser respecting the succession, or any other,—a very improbable supposition,—it was only the more honourable to the character of the latter, showing their respect and deference for the superior ability and

integrity of him whom they dared not to intrust with their dangerous doctrines. His labours in their cause are the best refutation of imputed want of influence and knowledge; while the extreme popularity of his works, his appealing the continual discord and mutiny in the Tory camp, the painful confidence he complains of in having to reconcile the leaders themselves, his rendering innocuous the powerful October Club, his successful effort of bringing over the nation to listen to peace and to behold with apathy the dismissal of Marlborough himself from all his commands, and the fall of Somerset and the old favourites of the queen,—results following the skilful and masterly expositions in Swift's tracts on the war,—present an array of facts which no theories far more ingenious than Lord Orrery's have yet been able to shake.

The lofty emulства to which Swift's powerful talents had now raised him seems to have excited the jealousy or ill-feeling of some of his early friends and ablest contemporaries. Addison, Steele, Henley, Phillips, Rowe, and others of less account belonging to the Whig party, felt themselves completely thrown into the shade by one man standing alone and conspicuous, the great champion of his party; a writer too who had risen by the sheer force of wit and talent, independent and unconnected with literary or political partisanship, and by whom those who had not prudently retired from the conflict had been grievously overthrown. It is singular that, situated as they were, the great literary leaders of their respective parties, and both men eminently endowed with surpassing qualities of mind though of a different texture, Swift and Addison, under the strong circumstances which impelled them, never came into political collision, or allowed the madness of party to produce more than a temporary coldness, which ended in even a warmer friendship. In the history of political contests this is a gratifying fact, honourable alike to both parties, but more particularly so to Addison, who, instigated by the most amiable and praiseworthy motives not less than from policy, sacrificed to his regard and reverence for genius and friendship the honours to be reaped from political controversy—most probably the mortification of defeat. For Swift was no respecter of persons, whether of friend or foe, when the stern dictates of supposed duty influenced his conduct; and there cannot be a doubt that, had Addison so far mistaken his character as to have crossed his path, he must have shared the same fate as Swift's more humble adversaries. Policy and good feeling alike dictated the course he pursued; and we trace the same respect and deference as to a superior genius, so wise, and at the same time amiable, in his whole correspondence with Swift, even when the latter seems to place to Addison's account the puerile obstinacy, folly, and ingratitude of Steele's conduct. He observed the same uniform delicacy and respect to the close of his career, in regard to avoiding every occasion likely to produce unpleasant feelings or give offence; while Swift on his side conducted himself with equal disinterestedness and magnanimity under Steele's worst provocations,—interceding for Addison's friends with the ministry, though in open enmity with himself, and engaging that Addison's own interest should be held inviolate. If any confirmation of facts like these, so honourable to both, and affording so complete a refutation of the calumnies heaped upon Swift, were wanting, it is to be found in Addison's own correspondence under his own hand. In a letter written a little previous to this period, which shows the delight he took in Swift's society, and does justice to those social qua-

lities and high characteristics which made him so much courted by the ingenious and well-informed of all ranks—not excepting the highest—we trace in every line the regard in which this great man was held by his amiable contemporary.—“I have run so much in debt with you that I do not know how to excuse myself, and therefore shall throw myself wholly upon your good nature; and promise, if you will pardon what is past, to be more punctual with you for the future. I hope to have the happiness of waiting on you very suddenly at Dublin, and do not at all regret the leaving of England, while I am going to a place where I shall have the satisfaction and honour of Dr. Swift's conversation. I shall not trouble you with any occurrences here, because I hope to have the pleasure of talking over all affairs with you very suddenly. I hope to be at Holyhead by the 30th inst. Lady Wharton stays in England. I suppose you know that I obeyed all the bishop of Clogher's commands in relation to Mr. Smith; for I desired Mr. Dawson to acquaint you with it. I must beg my most humble duty to the bishop of Clogher. I heartily long to eat a dish of hacon and beans in the best company in the world. Mr. Steele and I often drink your health. I am forced to give myself the airs of a punctual correspondence with you in discourse with your friends at St. James's coffee-house, who are always asking me questions about you when they have aimed to pay their court to me, who love and esteem you if possible as much as you deserve.”

“Yours entirely,

“J. ADDISON.”

St. James's Place, April, 1710.

There was no one in whose society Swift took more unalloyed pleasure, or of whom he entertained a higher opinion for the sterling qualities of heart and mind, even after the divisions of party gave rise to some degree of restraint and coldness. The letter he received previous to his departure for England, soon after the tidings of his mother's death,* displays on the part of Addison a degree of regard and affection of which, with the exception of Tickell, he gave no other example in the course of either his literary or political connexions.

[From Mr. Addison to Dr. Swift].

“DEAR SIR,—I am just now come from Finglass, where I have been drinking your health and talking of you with one who loves and admires you better than any man in the world, except your humble servant. We both agree in a request that you will set out for Dublin as soon as possible. To tell you truly, I find the place disagreeable, and cannot imagine why it should appear so now more than it did last year. You know I look upon everything that is like a compliment as a breach of friendship; and therefore shall only tell you that I long to see you, without assuring you that I love your company and value your conversation more than any man's, or that I am with the most inviolable sincerity, dear sir, your most faithful, most humble, and most obedient servant,

“J. ADDISON.”

It would appear from both these letters, as well as from the general tenor of his friend's correspondence, that Swift's temper and disposition even during his prouder days were by no means of the austere or unamiable kind so generally attributed to him, but that he was distinguished for his engaging manners, his social genius, and good nature, as well as kindness

* “I have now lost,” says Swift, “my barrier between me and death: God grant that I may live to be as well prepared for it as I comfortably believe her to have been. If the way to heaven be through piety, truth, justice, and charity, she is there.” (Copied from Swift's memorandum-book for 1710.)

of heart and almost universal charity. From that strange compound of wit and folly, Henley, who subsequently emulated under his satire, we gather testimonies to his good and gentle qualities in the following expressive language:—"I should not have presumed to imagine that you would deign to cast an eye on anything proceeding from so mean a hand as mine, had I not been encouraged by that character of candour and sweetness of temper for which you are so justly celebrated by all good men, as the *delicia humani generis*; and I make no question but, like your predecessor (an emperor again), you reckon every day as lost in which you have not an opportunity of doing some act of beneficence."—(About 1709 or 1710.)

Other testimonials from the great Whig writers of the day, expressing their veneration for Swift's surpassing genius, and their regard for his virtues and merits as a man, might be adduced without number, did not matters more important than the envy and malignity of inferior minds claim our attention. The gradual coolness which supervened between him and the Whigs appears upon a dispassionate view of the correspondence between them to have been chiefly owing to the jealousy and even ingratitude of the latter, who, after Swift had engaged the ministry to retain them in their places, turned round upon the first opportunity against their benefactor, wholly neglected and abandoned him upon a change of fortune, and have been handed down in his own memoranda as examples of the truth of Roeboucault's maxim, that "to make ingrates you have only to confer obligations." We learn from numerous passages in the *Journal* that the coolness and estrangement of which Swift complains soon extended in some degree to Addison,—commenced wholly upon the side of the latter, and must have been produced by the consciousness of inferiority so clearly shown by his cautious withdrawal from the controversy, and his abandonment of an office for which he was so little qualified. If we consider also that he stood at the head—at the literary head at least—of the opposition, that from a chief mover in the stirring scene he became an unwilling "Spectator," directing his attention wholly to literary trifles,—the little-tattle adapted for the meridian of the petty coteries of the hour, which only once elicited the good-humoured raillery of Swift,—it was natural that a man in Addison's position should feel a little annoyed and thrown off his balance. Of this we could adduce many curious instances; while Swift, on the other hand, tried every art consistent with what he conceived to be his public duty to protect and recommend the discomfited literary adherents of the Whigs. Congreve, Rowe, Philips, Steele, and Addison himself, were more than once indebted to his generous intercession; and he even threw his ample shield round those most exposed to the vengeance and antipathy of the ministry. With equal violation of principle and decorum, Steele, while he retained office under them, secretly attacked the Oxford administration with the utmost virulence. Under the stupid allegory of a change of managers at a theatre, he or Henley gave the character of Herley as that of a low intriguer who had wormed himself into the chief management to the detriment of the good old actors, and opened the way to foreign pretenders. He would have been deservedly cashiered for this absurd and impertinent attack upon those whose interests he was bound to defend; and he would have lost both his valuable offices of gazetteer and commissioner of stamp-duties, had not Swift, as he expressly states, risked his own reputation with the ministry to secure him the possession

of the latter.⁵ This disinterested act however, with the christian temper and self-command which, added to Steele's violent conduct, placed it out of Swift's power, as he justly states, either to retaliate upon him or to speak more in his favour, instead of conciliating seemed only to redouble Steele's ire, and from that time he threw off all decency and restraint in his language towards his former friend and his benefactor. Though he must have been aware that Swift had given up the direction of the "Examiner" at the forty-fifth number of the work, in the "Guardian" (No. 53) he attacks Swift in a tone of anger and affected contempt, pretending to class him with the notorious Mrs. Manley and other assistants of the "Examiner," scarcely scrupling to charge him with infidelity—which he knew must be the most galling of all imputations to a man who so far regulated his conduct by his religious convictions, that his benevolence and charity were the result not of mere good nature, but of principle and obedience to the divine laws. Swift felt the insult too deeply to enter into a vulgar controversy with "one who had put it out of his power to injure him by the obligations he had received;" but he fully vindicated himself in a letter to Addison, asserting his ignorance of any charges of the kind, even of the person of the editor of the "Examiner;" but which had only the effect of producing from Steele a still more angry and petulant reply. During the whole of this idle and unseemly contest on Steele's part, in which he seems to have been countenanced by Addison, the superiority of temper as well as of argument must strike every impartial reader as leaning to Swift's side; while jealousy and disappointed ambition are but too conspicuously displayed on the other.

The "Letter upon the English Language" was not the only literary publication which Swift found leisure to publish during the stirring period that ensued. As each of his productions was dictated by occasion, or directed to some political end or purpose—to the agreeable or the useful, in compliance with the precept of Horace—as well as to retaliate upon some unfortunate lord or great man who had incurred his displeasure, he threw off ballads, tracts, poems, and contributions to various papers, with an ease and rapidity which must have astonished the public had they appeared with his own name. But his known contempt for mere literary fame, and disregard of his own productions beyond the precise object they were intended to accomplish, when he "whistled them down the wind to prey at fortune," was the cause of annoyance and vexation to him during his lifetime, and of more serious inconvenience and mischief after his decease. Needy or rapacious men, who hang upon the skirts of genius like vultures upon the march of some noble army, took advantage of his remissness, and published for their own advantage—often with and sometimes without the author's consent—productions which, either separately or embodied in a proper form, would have made a very handsome addition to Swift's income. He was notwithstanding economical and desirous of increasing his resources; and we can only account for his apparent indifference on this head by his pride, his noble desire of standing on high and independent ground, without laying himself open to the suspicion of being actuated by the sordid love of gain in his professed principles, his political views, or his mere literary efforts. Actuated by such motives, instead of protecting he took pride in bestowing his copyright either on his friends or those printers or booksellers for whom he had any regard. He presented Steele with several able papers for the "Tatler," as-

⁵ See the correspondence between Swift and Steele, and Swift and Addison.

signed over to his friend Pope his share in a new edition of the "Miscellanies," and made all his writings in fact subservient to the interest or objects of others; while he felt so little of the usual vanity of authors that, except in one instance, he never seemed ambitious of claiming for himself even the just fame to which he was entitled. It was in this way that the publication of his "Miscellanies" first took place in the year 1711, by John Morphew, without Swift's name and most probably without his knowledge. At the same time the publisher brought them out respectfully, and had the grace in a preface to apologise for the liberty he had taken with the author in giving these pieces to the world without his consent. From his observations to Stella it seems that he had himself contemplated the publication subsequently brought out by Pope—was annoyed at this spurious edition—and had some doubt that Tooke, with whom he was in communication, had some share in the undertaking in that imperfect form.

The "History of the Peace of Utrecht," executed about this period with the view of strengthening the insults of the ministry, can hardly be regarded as a mere literary composition. Here was the strong foundation upon which the Oxford ministry calculated to raise the edifice of a more permanent power than their first weak hold upon the court and nation had promised. Without the talents of Swift to prepare as well as to defend pacific measures, it was impossible to mature their plans; for though Swift had succeeded in reconciling the popular mind to a peace, it was a different task to make its conditions palatable with a powerful opposition eager to excite commotion and to arraign the motives and rebut the arguments of the writer. This work, subsequently merged in the "Four Last Years of Queen Anne's Reign," was composed with great rapidity, every facility in regard to materials and the details having been supplied by his friends the ministers. At the moment it was completed fresh divisions broke out in the administration; Oxford and Bolingbroke viewed matters in so different a light that they refused to concur in some particular statements; and afraid of still further widening the breach, the author was induced to postpone its publication. He observes in one of his letters (to Miss Vanhomrigh, July 8, 1713), "I verily think if the thing you know of had been published just upon the peace, the ministry might have avoided what has since happened." It is evident indeed from many circumstances that Swift foresaw the downfall of the ministry long before the actors who were deeply engaged in the state drama, like the spectator calmly contemplating the game of which he sees more than the players. It was this knowledge that determined him to lose no time in employing such influence as he possessed for the welfare and happiness of others, if he could not succeed, as now seemed probable, in promoting his own interest with the ministry. The benefits he conferred upon men of worth and talent at this period, and the sums he raised to relieve the unfortunate and necessitous, raised him in the esteem of men of all parties, whom in a little time he succeeded in bringing together and meeting in a club under the affectionate appellations of relations and brothers, upon the avowed principle of affording relief to the worthy and distressed. Such facts of themselves supply sufficient proof that he was not elated with success and the reputation he had acquired, that he was actuated by the same motives, by the same calm, benevolent, and compassionate disposition, which made him fly to the relief of the afflicted or the oppressed, regardless of his own en-

gagements, risks, or sufferings. The Whig Congress was received by lord Oxford with such marked attention at Swift's particular request, as excited his astonishment and gratitude. "And thus," observes his benefactor with a feeling of unalloyed pleasure, "I have made a worthy man easy, and that's a good day's work." Instances of the kind are profusely scattered throughout his Journal, and in one place he specifies his meeting with the philanthropical society alluded to:—"I dined to-day with our society, the greatest dinner I have ever seen: it was at Jack Hill's, the governor of Dunkirk. I gave an account of sixty guineas I had collected, and am to give them away to two authors to-morrow; and lord-treasurer has promised me 100*l.* to reward some others." On the 13th again he adds, "I was to see a poor poet, one Mr. Dinper, in a nasty garret, very sick. I gave him twenty guineas from lord Bolingbroke, and disposed the other sixty to two other authors. I was naming some time ago to a certain person another certain person that was very deserving and poor and sickly; and the other, that first certain person, gave me 100*l.* to give the other. The person who is to have it never saw the giver, nor expects one farthing, nor has the least knowledge or imagination of it; so I believe it will be a very agreeable surprise, for I think it a handsome present enough. . . . I paid the hundred this evening, and it was a great surprise to the receiver."

The interview, likewise, which Swift brought about between Parnell and the premier, and subsequently between Addison and lord Bolingbroke, when they dined together at the house of the latter, shows Swift's uniform desire to promote amity between excellent and distinguished individuals, of whatever party. He usually contrived also that the ministers should make the first advances, so that, he observes, the lord-treasurer should desire to become acquainted with Parnell, not Parnell with the minister. In the instance of Pope, now fast emerging into popular fame, he exerted himself with all the affectionate energy of a parent; took his fortunes under his special care and protection, and by his active zeal and success opened the way for that lasting mutual respect and friendship which ended only with their lives. It was the same with regard to Gay and Arbuthnot, the last of whom, though he stood in no need of patrons, was indebted for the most delightful hours he spent, and for the relief afforded to the tedium of a fatal disease, to the kind and social qualities of his friend Swift. It is well known that the celebrated Berkeley, afterwards bishop of Cloyne, dated his rise in the world to the generous and disinterested support of Swift; he recommended Rowe, and supported Prior, whose weakness and imprudence had reduced him from comparative affluence to a state of wretchedness and destitution. When his last exertions in favour of Steele were met by him and his friend Addison with jealousy, ingratitude, and even derision, he would not permit any alteration in the conduct of the latter to produce serious estrangement, and deeply regretted the coldness he could not but perceive. "Mr. Addison and I are different as black and white, and I believe our friendship will go off by this d—d business of party. He cannot bear seeing me fall in so with the ministry, but I love him still as much as ever, though we seldom meet." Soon afterwards he alludes to Addison as the cause of Steele's refusing to keep his appointment and expressing his obligations to his benefactor and to the ministry. He treated his friend's wayward and jealous humour with singular forbearance throughout, though he reflected upon and even ridiculed it in the strictness of private confidence, when address-

* When he was provoked by some baseless reflection upon his youth and inexperience to own himself the author of "Athens and Rome," &c.

ing his friends in Ireland: "I called," he says, "at the coffeehouse, where I had not been in a week, and talked coldly and awfully with Mr. Addison; all our friendship and dearness are off; we are civil acquaintances; talk words of course, of when we shall meet, and that's all. Is it not odd? But I think he has used me ill; and I have used him too well, at least his friend Steele." This temporary distance and coldness, however, went no further; nor did it interfere with Swift's unvarying kindness towards his Whig friends and their acquaintance; he rescued Beresage and Beaumont from ruin, and placed Barber, the printer, in the highway to fortune; was eminently useful to Dr. Frelud, and provided for Parnell and Harrison: "I took Parnell this morning" (Jan. 25, 1712-13), "and we walked to see poor Harrison. I had the hundred pounds in my pocket. I told Parnell I was afraid to knock at the door, my mind misgave me. I did knock, and his man in tears told me his master was dead an hour before. Think what grief this is to me! I could not dine with lord-treasurer nor anywhere else; but got a bit of meat towards the evening. No loss ever grieved me so much; poor creature! Pray God Almighty bless you! Adieu! I send this away to-night, and I am sorry it must go while I am in so much grief."

It was now felt that the services which Swift had rendered the ministry had fully entitled him to some honourable provision. Lord Bulingbroke is said to have exerted his influence to the utmost, though Swift appears to have had no great confidence in him; and his friend the lord-treasurer certainly omitted no opportunity of attempting to induce the queen to give him preferment in England. But the influence of the duchess of Somerset, who had carried to the queen Swift's poem called the "Windsor Prophecy," created formidable difficulties; and it soon appeared that the first minister had not that necessary command and confidence which it is so indispensable at court for a leader of the administration to possess. Upon an impartial examination of all the circumstances it would be unjust to conclude that the ministry were insincere, as it has been generally asserted, and, while taxing his genius and exertions to the utmost, never intended to advance him. There is reason to suppose, on the other hand, that they obtained for him the best provision they were enabled; and though Swift affected to be wholly regardless of the results, it is not difficult to perceive, especially when the ministry began to totter, that he was not so much divested of anxiety as he wished the world to believe. We must not, however, anticipate.

The list of tracts composed by Swift in support of lord Oxford (as may be seen in the text) is in itself a formidable one, and shows with how much zeal and resolution as well as wit he devoted himself to what appeared a lost cause, and brought it triumphant at last through all perils and disasters. In the year 1712 he published his "Reflections on the Barrier Treaty," proving how little the Interests of England had been consulted in that negotiation, and how much had been unduly conceded to the Dutch. It was shortly followed by his "Remarks on the Bishop of Sarum's Introduction to the Third Volume of the History of the Reformation." We may form some idea of the effect which these writings must have produced at a period of so much excitement, when we consider their popularity at the present day, though we feel so little interested in the events which gave rise to them. Their intrinsic wit and merit redeem them from the general fate of political disquisitions; they appear to be written for

"all time," not to serve the mere passing purpose of the hour; such are the powerful truths, such the immensity of genius which they display. "He seems to have had the same advantage over his antagonists," says Sheridan, "as Homer has given to Achilles, by clothing him in celestial armour, and furnishing him with weapons of celestial temper."

The first step adopted by lord Oxford to regain the queen's confidence and carry out the measures necessary to the existence of the Tory ministry was to restore the majority in the house of lords, and this could only be effected by engaging her majesty to create twelve new peers. This is an expedient to be resorted to only in cases of extreme peril or necessity; and the peculiar juncture in the ministerial affairs certainly required it. Swift, when recurring to this point some time afterwards, observes, "Yet, after all, it is a strange unhappy necessity of making so many peers together; but the queen has drawn it upon herself by her trimming and moderation." It naturally excited the loud clamour of the adverse party, who attempted to excite the people to violence by every means in their power, appealing to their worst passions, and with that singular ingenuity for which a disaffected party, long in the enjoyment of place, is always celebrated, attempting to convince the public that continual war, debt, and taxes are the natural inheritance of every free and great people. "The adverse party," says Swift (in his "History of the Peace"), "being thus driven down by open force, had nothing left but to complain (which they loudly did) that it was a pernicious example, set for ill princes to follow, who, by the same rule, might make at any time a hundred as well as twelve; and by these means become masters of the house of lords whenever they pleased, which would be dangerous to our liberties."

But, serious as it was, this measure lost its importance in the nation's eyes, when followed by another of far greater boldness and decision, to which few men believed lord Oxford equal, after the trimming and doubtful policy he had pursued, with his singular hesitation and delay in openly breaking with the Whigs. This was no less than the dismissal of the duke of Marlborough from all his offices, and the removal of the last of the Whigs from power, who had yet been retained in the vain expectation of conciliating the heads of that powerful body. Prince Eugene had hastened to the succour of the war party upon hearing that further supplies were likely to be cut off; all the envoys were equally biased, in the fear that, like Otello's, their occupation would be gone, if the sinews of war, supplied by English gold and bravery, were once denied, and the nation enlightened as to the real state of the case. The Whigs, making their idol of prince Eugene, were enraged at the temerity of the Tories in daring to dismiss the great Marlborough, in whom the fate of the war, the debt, and the new moneyed interest—by which a few needy and grasping contractors, pensioners, commissioners, and their connexions of all professions, lived in state at the charge of a distressed and impoverished people—all hung in the balance; and took every possible advantage of the presence of prince Eugene, whose fame was the theme of every public meeting, and who, in his generous desire to secure the continued aid of such good allies, magnanimously declared he would carry on the war at his own expense. He was strongly seconded by the Somersets and the Whig interest at court, which bore an implacable hatred against Swift, and left no means untried to prevent his promotion in the church. The duchess even applied to the archbishop of York to join her in resisting Oxford's application

to raise him to the prelate, and he is said to have made use of the remarkable expression, "that her majesty should be sure that the man whom she was going to make a bishop was a christian." When pressed for his reasons, however, all his objections resolved themselves into the general impression that Swift was supposed to be the author of the "Tale of a Tub," than which there exists not a more able and powerful defence of the church of England; and this being known to all just discriminators of the tenor of his arguments and rich stores of wit, this busy prelate was considered as acting too officiously from other motives than honest zeal, and his interference in itself would have proved no serious bar. The duchess, driven almost to despair, ran into the queen's presence, and, throwing herself upon her knees, besought with tears in her eyes that she would never permit Swift to be made a bishop; exhibiting at the same time those keen and bitter verses launched against her in the "Windsor Prologue." The queen, naturally good-natured and compassionate, was stung with resentment at the freedom thus taken with one of her special favourites; and having previously imbibed other prejudices against him, she took a malignant pleasure in passing by Swift and showing her independence of her minister by bestowing the vacant see upon another.

It could not long remain a secret that Swift had incurred the queen's displeasure, and his enemies renewed their attacks with redoubled vigour. Not only was the whole weight of the court interest directed against him, but those who had delighted in his social wit and other estimable qualities, thinking him a marked man, held aloof from him. But Swift's mighty genius and powers, in themselves a host, laughed to scorn the efforts to injure him of his proudest and most malignant enemies. In vain did the confederacy to cry him down spread from this court to both houses of parliament. In the former, the earl of Nottingham—still smarting doubtless under the "Hue and Cry made after Disraeli" in which celebrated ballad, unfortunately now lost to the public, Swift had humorously described that nobleman's secession from the Tories, stealing out of the ministerial ranks without hint or notice, with his adherents, at the most critical moment—commenced the attack in a strain of feeble commonplace; and in the lower house Walpole joined in the tirade, followed by a Mr. Aislabie, who had before professed the greatest friendship for the doctor. All these outbreaks of envious and injurious malice from men crossed perhaps in their particular designs, or thrown into the shade by the bold uncompromising genius of him who spoke of public men and their conduct with unflinching truth and spirit, proved as harmless as the foolish proclamation issued at the instigation of the Scotch lords, who gave to Swift's satire a tenfold keener point by solemnly proceeding in a body to complain of the wounds inflicted upon their national honour. The dealer of these unceremonious hits, instead of taking alarm at the attacks followed up in both houses, stood boldly upon his defence, and most secretly have been not a little amused at this dreadful display of legislative vigour, against the humble vicar of a small living in Ireland, for his manifold plots and conspiracies to undermine the church and state.*

From the tenor of Swift's Journal about this period it would seem he was becoming rather impatient at the supposed delay or neglect of his

Swift's real offence consisted in his satire upon the duchess:

"Now angry Somerset her vengeance vows
On Swift's reproaches for her spouse:
From her red lips her mouth with venom fills,
And thence into the royal ear distils," &c.

friends the ministers, in leaving him so long without some preferment becoming his character and reputation, and which might give greater weight and influence to his sphere of active and useful exertion. He had for some time refused to solicit or remind ministers of their avowed intentions; and he appears to have imputed the delay in a great measure to the dilatory habits of lord Oxford. Upon his prospects of success he expresses himself very cautiously in his correspondence, though it is clear that he had made up his mind to return to his willows, as he expresses it, if something were not speedily done for him; "It is the last rally I shall ever make," he says, (10th Jan. 1710-11,) "but I hope it will turn to some account. I have done more for these, and I think they are more honest than the last; however, I will not be disappointed. I would make MD and me easy, and I never desired more." Again, he says, "My new friends are very kind, and I have promises enough, but I do not count upon them;" and he adds, (May 22, 1711,) "To return without some mark of distinction would look extremely little, and I would likewise be gladly somewhat richer than I am." In the course of a few months, it would also appear, from a passage, (July 1st, 1711,) that his friends in Ireland had become impatient, and were fearful of his returning without some proper preferment, when he would be considered in the light of an ill-used man—an observation which led Swift to take up the ministers' defence, and to declare, "I had no offers of any living. Lord-keeper told me some months ago he would give me one when I pleased; but I told him I would not take any from him, and the secretary told me the other day he had refused a very good one for me, but it was in a place he did not like; and I know nothing of getting anything here, and if they would give me leave I would come over just now."

From other passages, however, it is clear that such was not his intention, except in the case of complete failure, when he had resolved to abandon and cast off the ministry, as he proudly termed it, the moment he thought he was unjustly treated. The warrants for three vacant deaneries having been filled up by the queen without his name, he informed the lord-treasurer he had determined to set out for Ireland; an intimation probably which induced the latter to stop them; and after considerable delay and the expression of much captious jealousy on Swift's side, who grew exceedingly irritated and excited towards the close of the business, a warrant for creating him dean of St. Patrick's was signed on the 23rd of April, 1713, and in the beginning of June he set out for Ireland.* His intention was to remain there some time, but he had scarcely gone through the necessary forms, and recovered from an illness which had confined him to his living in the country, when, fresh divisions having broken out in the cabinet, he was prevailed upon to return to England. It was with difficulty he succeeded in obtaining a temporary cessation of hostilities between the Tory leaders, become more frequent and inveterate since

* The value of the deanery was estimated at above 2000*l.* a year, much more than Swift affected to think it was. He was never, during his residence in England, introduced to queen Anne, though he expected it, owing to the misrepresentations of his principles made by his enemies at court. The lord-treasurer, who was accused by Bolingbroke of neglecting the doctor's interests, was more to be pitied than blamed, as he was naturally unwilling to confess how little the queen's prejudice lent it in his power to serve Swift, while he wished to retain his friendship and his services. It was some time before Swift was aware of the real state of the case; he then became impatient and indignant, feared that his enemies would wholly bar his promotion, and insisted in no measured terms upon the premier doing as much as he could for him without waiting to secure preferment for him in England.

the peace and a feeling of greater security. That peace having been again attacked, Swift defended it manfully, devoting himself to the completion of his history, and resuming his valuable inquiries into the affairs of Ireland, where the madness of party, added to the sufferings of the people, had recently led to acts of open violence. Having invited the attention of ministers to the subject, placed in their hands the "History of the Peace of Utrecht," as the strongest barrier he could raise for their defence, and exhorted them, as they valued the interests of the country and their own characters, to endeavour to act with some degree of concert, he became anxious to attend to his newly-acquired interests in Ireland. Scarcely, however, had he entered upon the affairs of his deanery, when, to use his own expression, a hundred letters came in pursuit of him to recall him with all speed; for no sooner, it appears, had he turned his back, than Oxford and Bolingbroke had come to an open rupture. He was exceedingly annoyed at being thus interrupted before he could regulate the discipline of his own deanery; and in a letter dated from Ireland to the archbishop of Dublin he states that he should do all in his power to save the trouble of such a journey, which neither his fortune nor his health would very well permit. Upon this occasion, having contrived to meet them together at lord Masham's, he expostulated with them more freely than he had before done; but, to his equal surprise and concern, he found there existed an increased degree of coldness and aversion amounting almost to antipathy. At last he prevailed upon them to go to Windsor together the next day, pleading some appointment to avoid attending them, but taking care to follow to watch the result of his good counsel. It was, as he feared, wholly thrown away upon them: he had only one other meeting with them, and, finding any reconciliation wholly impracticable, he told them that, as he was a common friend to both, he would not take part with either of them, but wished to withdraw from the scene: he foresaw their disunion would be fatal to the general interest, and he was determined to have no more concern with public affairs. In several passages of his letters he seems to hint that, had others done their duty as zealously as he had himself, and which the breach might have been made up. "I only wish," he says to his friend Pope, "that my endeavours had succeeded better in the great point I had at heart, which was that of reconciling ministers to each other. . . . If this had succeeded, the public interest both of church and state would not have been the worse, nor the protestant succession endangered." His own expressive lines upon this subject show what his feelings were when he said that all hope was lost:—

"By faction tired, with grief he waits awhile
His great contending friends to reconcile;
Performs what friendship, justice, truth require;
What could he more but decently retire?"

Swift had been anxious for preferment in England to be near his friends and literary connexions, to enjoy the society of those whom he admired and loved; and to avoid the sight of the sufferings inflicted upon the unfortunate people of Ireland, which he declared made his blood boil and his flesh creep—a view of government and society which doubtless led to his singular production of a proposal for the Irish to eat their own children. But had his wishes, and the exertions made by his friend Oxford to retain him in England, been crowned with success, Ireland might still have sighed for a liberator and a benefactor; and all that she has since achieved by other leaders, his mere disciples and imitators, would

still have been a work not yet performed. Providence, however, as if in compassion to a subdued and unhappy people, who had exhausted all the horrors of military conquest, and the worse infliction of a government and a church essentially opposed to its political and religious independence, raised up the mighty genius and irresistible arm of Swift to avenge and to vindicate the rights of an oppressed and insulted nation.

It is evident, from his letters to his different friends and from his own recorded observations at this period, that Swift looked forward to the speedy dissolution of the Tory ministry. As his services might be suddenly called for in some emergency, he was unwilling to make a new voyage from Dublin to London every month to compose the differences of the ministry, and wisely determined to stop a short time and watch the progress of events. He returned to the house of his friend Mr. Geary, at Letcomb,* where his active mind not permitting him a moment's rest, after transmitting his directions to his Irish agent, he sat down to compose his tract called "Some Free Thoughts upon the Present State of Affairs;" in which he charges the ministers as the cause of the reigning disorders, and lays the greatest blame upon the one whom he most loved and admired, lord Oxford. It is quite evident that he believed both lord Oxford and lord Bolingbroke to be more sedulously engaged in advancing their own designs than in promoting the interests of the public; and his motives were doubtless to excite their fears by the hints thrown out, that, instead of either triumphing over the other, they would probably both be deserted as well by their own party as by the queen. "It may be matter," he says, "of no little admiration to consider in some lights the state of affairs among us for four years past. The queen, finding herself and the majority of her kingdom grown weary of the avarice and the insolence, the mistaken politics and destructive principles of her former ministers, calls to the service of the public another set of men, who by confession of their enemies had equal abilities at least with their predecessors, whose interest made it necessary for them to act upon those maxims which were most agreeable to the constitution in church and state; whose birth and patri-monies gave them weight in the nation, and who (I speak of those who came to have the chief part in affairs) had long lived under the strictest bonds of friendship."

The old controversy with Steele was now renewed with the bitterest animosity on both sides. In a number of the "Guardian" (128) Steele charged the ministry with negligence in executing that stipulation of the treaty of Utrecht relating to the demolition of Dunkirk; and when on the point of being elected a member of parliament for Stockbridge he renewed his attack in a pamphlet—"The Importance of Dunkirk Considered,"—which produced some noise; and in the absence of Swift, with other tracts on the Whig side, was beginning to produce an impression by no means favourable to the stability of the Tory ministry. It was probably upon this ground that Swift's presence and services were again required, as much as to heal the divisions in

* Some enemy of Swift composed a mock diary in the dean's manner, printed in one of the Grub street tracts, on the occasion of his disappearance from the deanery, which gave rise to great dismay among the friends of the administration, and triumph to their foes.—See Swift's letter to the second earl of Oxford (1737), with an account of this transaction and his efforts as mediator.

See also the copy of verses by Smolley, fixed on the door of St. Patrick's on the day of Swift's instalment, inferior only to his own in point of wit and humour.

the ministry; and the expectations of its leaders were not disappointed. Swift took up their quarrel with all the spirit of his former partisanship, eager also to inflict what he considered just retributive punishment for Steele's continued insolence and ingratitude. Both were in the highest degree angry and excited; and it is humiliating to read the low and despicable shifts, the petty malice, and the personal animosity which this public controversy produced. In "The Importance of the Guardian Considered" he reflected on the person, morals, and abilities of his early friend, holding up his portrait to the laughter and ridicule of the world: he exposes his pretensions to rank as a statesman, and his meanness as an original writer, as the appropriator of others' productions, to give him character, in the *Tatlers* and *Spectators*, and the occasional author of a wretched *Guardian*; following up his career as a soldier, alchemist, gazetteer, commissioner of stamped papers, and gentleman-usurer. In another, entitled the "Character of Richard Steele, Esq., with some Remarks by Toby Abel's Kinsman" (1713), which bears evidence of Swift's hand, though generally ascribed to Dr. Wagstaffe, the reflections are so ludicrous, as well as severe, that Steele is said to have been more affected by it than by any previous publication of the kind, and to have ascribed it to Swift, or to his active instigation:—"I think I know the author of this; and to show him I know no revenge but in the method of heaping coal on his head by benefits, I forbear giving him what he deserves, for no other reason but that I know his sensibility of reproach is such as that he would be unable to bear life itself under half the ill language that he has given me." ("Englishman," No. 57.) It may indeed be remarked, as a singular fact, that Swift himself alludes to the sensitiveness of his disposition in this respect, and that it was a peculiarity of his earlier character. "I was originally," he says, "as unwilling to be libelled as the nicest man can be; but having been used to such treatment ever since I unhappily began to be known, I am now grown hardened." (Letter to Dr. Irving, June 8, 1732.) Not content with this, he attacked Steele in a most ludicrous paraphrase of the first ode of the second book of *Horace*, said to be wholly his own composition. Steele, with the assistance of Addison, Hoadly, Lechmere, and Marshall, in preparing the "*Crisis*," intended to excite the public upon the subject of the protestant succession, and the too great influence of France. It was brought out with much *éclat*, with the view, it was said, of benefiting the reputed author in his necessities by crying it up with the public—an advantage of which Swift, who seems in this controversy to have thrown off his usual restraint or regard for Addison and his friend, did not fail to avail himself in his caustic and bitter comments in the "*Public Spirit of the Whigs*."

But neither this controversy nor his strictures upon the conduct of ministers in his "Free Thoughts" had time to produce much effect before the somewhat sudden death of the queen carried dismay into the Tory camp, dispersed the best-conceived schemes to the winds, and made a complete revolution in public affairs. It was a terrible blow to the Tory party throughout the country; cut short the dean's prospects and ruined his hopes of ever receiving preferment and residing among his old acquaintance in England. Dr. Arnhimot, in a letter addressed to his friend Pope, gives an interesting account of the impression produced upon Swift by this important event. "I have seen a letter from dean Swift," he observes: "he keeps up his noble spirit, and though like a man knocked down, you may behold

him still with a stern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adversaries."

Within a few weeks after the death of the queen Swift returned to his deanery in Ireland, where he continued to reside several years without once visiting England. It was there, in the year 1717, he became completely reconciled to Addison, and maintained a constant correspondence with distinguished individuals of both parties; and it appears from one of his letters to Pope (as early as January, 1710) how much he had pressed lord Oxford in favour of Addison, Rowe, Congreve, and Steele: he also gives his elegant answer to lord Halifax when he asked the earl on the first change of ministry to spare Congreve; acts which must have been a source of delightful reflection to him after having quitted the busy scene of politics. He says also, in a letter to lady Betty Germaine, "When I had credit for some years at court I provided for above fifty people in both kingdoms, of which not one was a relation;" and he more than once observes that lord Oxford never once refused him any request of that sort. The extent of his public and private charities while in England was very great, of which we may form some idea from the number of addresses from persons little known to him, or with whom he was wholly unacquainted. He procured the rectory of St. Andrew, Holborn, for Sacheverell, though he held him in such light estimation that he refused to see him; moved only by a principle of justice for his having rendered assistance to the ministry and been neglected by them.

Swift's return to Ireland, under circumstances so unexpected, antcipating the speedy downfall of the party he most approved and the friends he best loved, must have been attended with many uneasy reflections. The spirit of faction ran high; reports the most injurious of the ministry's design to bring in the pretender, and the epithets of Tory and Jacobite, were spread on all sides. Swift, from the conspicuous part he had played, became a marked man, and though he studiously withdrew from all participation in political matters, he was recognised and insulted in the streets of Dublin by the mob, while the higher classes sought the favour of the court by treating him with studied neglect and contumely. He was compelled, in order to protect himself from outrage, to draw up a petition to the house of lords, especially against the brutal and dangerous attacks of lord Blaney. The exercise of riding was essential to his health, always variable; but in other respects he lived perfectly retired, devoting himself to the duties of his station and the arrangement of his domestic affairs.

Subsequently, upon the breaking up of the Tory administration, Swift's feelings and conduct upon the occasion are described in a letter, addressed most probably to the archbishop of Dublin's proctor or agent (July 29, 1714), in which he says, "I have been these two months fifty miles from London, to avoid the storm that has happened at court. The news will tell you a post or two before this of my lord Oxford's laying down office: he was to do it yesterday. He has sent to desire I would stay with him at his house in Herefordshire, which I am not likely to refuse, though I may probably suffer a good deal in my little affairs in Ireland by my absence. This makes it necessary for me to desire you would please to renew my licence of absence, which expires about the end of August, when this incident changed it. I think it is about this time four years that you came to my lodging with Mr. Pratt to tell me the news of lord Godolphin's going out, which was as joyful to me as this is otherwise. I believe

you will reckon me an ill courtier to follow a discarded statesman to his retirement, especially when I have been always as well with those now in power as I was with him. But to answer that would require talking, and I have already troubled you so much.

"I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

"JONATHAN SWIFT.

"Pray let the absence be general as before. I was very near wanting it some months ago with a vengeance. [Perhaps for the 'Public Spirit of the Whigs.'] I know not what alterations this change may make in the scheme for Irish promotions: I hear Drs. Pratt and Ellwood are secure."

This letter does infinite honour to the heart and feelings of the man, in whom affection and gratitude absorbed every thought of the tempting offers to his ambition and pride.

It would seem that the subsequent renewal of a strictly friendly and social intercourse between Swift and Addison took place about 1717, upon the latter coming as secretary into Ireland. The regard with which Swift now treated him shows how happy he was in the opportunity afforded of their meeting once more without the fatal influence of party throwing a damp upon their mutual regard.

"I should be much concerned," he says, "if I did not think you were a little angry with me for not congratulating you upon being secretary. But I choose my time, as I would to visit you, when all your company is gone. I am confident you have given ease of mind to many thousand people who will never believe that any ill can be intended to the constitution, to the church or state, while you are in so high a trust, and I should have been of the same opinion though I had not the happiness to know you. I am extremely obliged for your kind remembrance some months ago by the bishop of Derry, and for your generous intentions, if you had come to Ireland, to have made party to give way to friendship by continuing your acquaintance. I examine my heart, and can find no other reason why I write to you now beside that great love and esteem I have always had for you. I have nothing to ask you either for any friend or for myself. When I conversed among ministers I boasted of your acquaintance; but I feel no vanity from being known to a secretary of state. I am only a little concerned to see you stand single: for it is a prodigious singularity in any court to owe one's rise entirely to merit. I will venture to tell you a secret,—that three or four more such choices would gain more hearts in three weeks than all the methods hitherto practised have been able to do in as many years.

"It is now time for me to recollect that I am writing to a secretary of state, who has little time allowed him for trifles; I therefore take my leave with assurances of my being ever, with the truest respect, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

"JONATHAN SWIFT."

Other evidences are not wanting of the friendly disposition felt by Swift towards his early and beloved connexions, of whatever party, and in his correspondence with Pope, Arbuthnot, and Gay, are some passages of exquisite pathos and beauty, expressing his sorrow, especially as he became aware of the more frequent incursions of disease. In one of his letters to Pope (Jan. 10, 1721) he alludes to the retired habits and mode of life he had so prudently adopted during the re-action of popular opinion and the triumph of the Whigs, which rendered it dangerous for the dean to appear in public without being protected, so great was the excitement produced by his violent conduct, impeachments, and prosecutions

of the new ministry. "In a few weeks," he says, "after the loss of that excellent princess, I came to my station here, where I have continued ever since in the greatest privacy and utter ignorance of those events which are most commonly talked of in the world. I know neither the names nor the number of the family which now reigneth, further than the prayer-book informeth me. I cannot tell who is chancellor, who are secretaries, nor with what nations we are at peace or war. And this manner of life was not taken up out of any sort of affectation, but more to avoid giving offence and for fear of provoking party zeal." It is clear from the foregoing and other passages that, though Swift wisely resigned himself to circumstances not to be avoided, he felt keenly the marked contrast between his present mode of life and that in which he exercised the intellectual power and ascendancy he so strongly coveted. His gloom and disappointment break out in spite of himself, while he affects to hold politics and princes in utter forgetfulness. "I say nothing" ("Dedication to History") "of his present Britannie majesty, to whose person and character I am an utter stranger, and likely to continue so. I might have avoided some years' uneasiness and vexation during the last four years of our excellent queen, as well as a long melancholy prospect since, in a most obscure disagreeable country and among a most profligate and abandoned people. . . . Upon her majesty's lamented death I returned to my station in this kingdom; since which time there is not a northern earl among you who has lived more obscure than myself, or a greater stranger to the transactions of the world." In the frank unreserved communication with his friends in England about this period, Swift supplies us with the most interesting details respecting his residence in Ireland, which he always regarded as an honourable exile, the result of necessity and not of choice. He draws the portrait of an unhappy and discarded statesman rather than of a dean of the English church, who had recently received promotion, satisfied with his lot, and indulging hopes of further preferment; and this spirit of querulous disappointment, injuries alike to his health and happiness, till he once more plunged into the sea of controversy, is shown without disguise in one of his letters to Gay:—"I would describe to you my way of living, if any method could be called so in this country. I choose my companions among those of least consequence and most complacence. I read the most trifling books I can find, and when I write it is upon the most trifling subjects; but riding, sleeping, walking, take up eighteen of the twenty-four hours. I procrastinate more than I did twenty years ago, and have several things to finish which I put off to twenty years hence." It was probably with a view to relax from his former severe exertions, and to diminish the force of that inveterate disease which pursued him through life, that Swift now gave up so much of his time to what he termed the *hagstalle*, courting only those acquaintance who, instead of competing with or thwarting him, felt gratified in his society and treated him with deference and respect. Among the most agreeable of these were sir Arthur and lady Acheson; and during the dean's residence at their seat, Market-hill, it is observed by Scott that he produced some of the most marked specimens of his very peculiar poetical vein. "The inimitable poem entitled 'The Grand Question Debated' is a proof of the same brilliant humour and happy power of assuming and sustaining a feigned character which distinguished 'Mrs. Frances Harris's Petition,' and other effusions of the author's earlier days; and which at length was too

apt to be lost in the trifling and punning intercourse which he maintained in old age with Sheridan and other friends."

He enjoyed moreover the almost constant society of his favourite pupil, and now more mature friend, Stella, of Dr. Sheridan, Dr. Delany, and a select few both of humbler and higher rank; and in the discharge of his clerical duties, in conducting the affairs of his deanery, presiding at occasional dinners, and dispensing charities, seemed to have forgotten there existed a political world in which he had borne so conspicuous a part, when tidings which roused some of his former spirit and all his affection for England, recalled him to a recollection of the part he had played. This was no less than an account of the committal of his friend Lord Oxford, to whom he had already shown the most devoted attachment, to the Tower, at the instigation of his most active enemies. As Swift had before followed his fortunes into retreat, and refused to participate in the expected accession of Lord Bolingbroke to the premiership, so he now wrote to him in the most urgent terms to beg that he would allow him to share his captivity. The tenor of his letter is that of a grateful and attached follower, who, with the delicacy of a sensitive and noble mind, humbles himself and expresses increased respect and attention upon witnessing the fallen fortunes of a beloved friend. "My lord," he says, "it may look like an idle or officious thing in me to give your lordship any interruption under your present circumstances; yet I could never forgive myself if, after having been treated for several years with the greatest kindness and distinction by a person of your lordship's virtue, I should omit making you at this time the humblest offers of my poor services and attendance. It is the first time I ever solicited you on my own behalf; and if I am refused it will be the first request you ever refused me."

Of the sincerity of Swift, and the high estimation in which he held the character of Lord Oxford, there can be no doubt; and in a short paper called "Great Figures made by several Persons in particular Actions or Circumstances of their Lives," we find among examples drawn from antiquity the mention of Robert Harley at his trial. After the death of queen Anna the Whigs, bent upon proceeding to extremities, declared the peace of Utrecht contrary to the interests of Britain, and the managers in it were impeached. Lord Oxford, after an imprisonment of two years, was tried for high treason, when, a difference arising between the lords and commons, the latter, out of pique, failed to support the impeachment, and Oxford, greatly to the mortification of the Whig leaders, was unanimously acquitted. But Bolingbroke, during the negotiation of the peace of Utrecht, was charged with treasonable intimacy with the French ministers, a suspicion which was strengthened by his supposed intimacy with Madame Tencin. Though the fallen minister was disinterested enough to refuse to take advantage of Swift's generous proposal, he lost no time after his acquittal in replying to his friend in a letter expressive of the utmost regard and affection; and during the whole period of his first residence in Ireland he continued to receive the same assurances of undiminished respect from his political and literary friends, to which we owe some of the most interesting portions of his works—the correspondence.

Another source of uneasiness to Swift was the repeated contentions he had to encounter with his chapter and the prelate of the Irish church. The archbishop of Dublin, who had never regarded him with a friendly eye, continued a vexatious opposition; and Dr. Sterne, the man who was indebted to him for his promotion, tried to thwart him in all his ar-

rangements; but the dean was not one to raise questions without knowledge, or to sacrifice the least particle of his rights: he administered them with a firm hand, and finally quashed the vexatious proceedings of his predecessor and others, and restored discipline and obedience among the officers of his chapter. He had no sooner however surmounted his difficulties here, than others of a more delicate and complicated nature met him in the unfortunate attachment which Miss Vanhomrigh, a young person of great personal attractions and accomplishments, had conceived for him when he visited her family in England. It seems to have taken its rise very much in the same manner as that of Miss Johnson, the unfortunate Stella, from strong admiration of Swift's brilliant talents and powers of pleasing, and from too frequent intercourse in the relative characters of tutor and pupil. From Swift's own letters it would appear also that the attachment, in whatever way so unhappily formed, was in some degree mutual. His poem of "Cadenus and Vanessa," a fanciful appellation formed out of Esther Vanhomrigh, gives sufficient though mysterious hints to countenance the same supposition, and its existence doubtless tended to embarrass his return and embitter his residence, with regard to his familiar friendship for Stella, in Ireland. In a letter addressed to the former (8th July, 1713), he seems to deplore the necessity which removed him from England; "I staid," he says, "but a fortnight in Dublin, very sick, and returned not one visit of a hundred that were made me; but all to the dean and none to the doctor. I am riding here for life; and I think I am something better. I hate the thoughts of Dublin, and prefer a field-bed and an earthen floor before the great house there which they say is mine. At my first coming I thought I should have died with discontent, and was horribly melancholy while they were installing me, but it begins to wear off and change to dulness."

It would appear from Swift's letters as well as occasional passages in the "Journal to Stella," that he had found other occasions, wholly independent of politics, to prove his fidelity and devotion to the friends he had left in England. When the duke of Hamilton fell in a fatal duel with Lord Bohun, he showed the most compassionate kindness and attention to his friend the duchess, and when other relief was of no avail he uniformly administered the consolations of religion; while his charities in every respect were as well directed as they were extensive. In the instance of Guiscard's nefarious attempt to assassinate Harley, and the subsequent efforts made to injure his character by insinuating suspicions of his treasonable correspondence with France, and more than all in his becoming the instrument of saving him from another premeditated assassination, Swift invariably showed the warmest sympathy and most tender alarm for the sufferings and danger of his friend. He seems always to have been on the watch; and one day while he was with Harley, then lord-treasurer, a packet was brought in which by its exterior appearance excited the doctor's suspicions. He begged to be permitted to open it, which he did with great precaution, and discovered three pistols cocked and charged, with a string attached to discharge them; according to another account they were barrels of large ink-horns, filled with powder that was by some process to be ignited. However this was, Swift considered the danger real, and that he had really saved the life of the lord-treasurer; though the Whigs were wicked enough to turn the whole affair into ridicule, and to write ballads and lampoons upon it, under the title of the band-box plot, and even scrupled not to insinuate that the

doctor was himself the author of the terrific plot, to raise his importance in the lord-treasurer's and in the nation's eyes. But Swift as stontly maintained that his own life was actually in danger not less than that of the minister; and after the nearly fatal experience they had had in the case of Guiscard, and in the inveterate hatred and violence of the Whigs, Swift was perfectly justified in attaching to it the importance which he did. Swift is stated by Scott to have been trusted by Oxford in his private as well as public affairs. He was supposed to have assisted in the negotiations which preceded the alliance between the lord-treasurer's eldest son and the only child of the duke of Newcastle, and in the arrangements which followed for the division of the duke's inheritance betwixt har and lord Pelham, the male heir. This was a point which Oxford had so greatly at heart, that Bolingbroke afterwards termed it the ultimate end of his administration. Swift, upon this joyful occasion, wrote the poetical "Address to Lord Harley on his Marriage." But his sympathising friendship is still more deeply manifested in his letter to the lord-treasurer on the death of his daughter, the marchioness Caermarthen, than which there is nothing in the English language more beautifully and feelingly expressed. And the constancy of his attachment at the most distressing period of Oxford's life was such as well made good the manly expressions of regard with which, on retiring from London, he bade his lordship farewell:—"When I was with you I have said more than once that I would never allow quality or station made any real difference between men. Being now absent and forgotten, I have changed my mind; you have a thousand people who can pretend they love you, with as much appearance of sincerity as I; so that, according to common justice, I can have but a thousandth part in return of what I give, and this difference is wholly owing to your station. And the misfortune is still the greater because I loved you so much the less for your station, for in your public capacity you have often angered me, but as a private man never."—(Scott's "Memoirs," &c.)

In the formation of the philanthropic society of brothers, which afterwards gave rise to the more celebrated Scriblerus' Club, Swift's object was still to promote the benefit of others, by uniting the powerful and wealthy in a bond of affectionate love, for the protection of the unfortunate; or the witty and accomplished, by combining to diffuse sound principles of taste and composition.* Of the latter, Oxford and St. John, Swift, Arbuthnot, Pope, and Gay, were the members. "It was," says Scott, "the well-known object of their united powers to compose a satire upon the abuse of human learning. Part of their labours has been preserved in the 'Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus,' which gave name to the society; and part has been rendered immortal by the 'Travels of Lemuel Gulliver;' but the violence of political faction, like a storm that spares the laurel no more than the cedar, dispersed this little band of literary brethren, and prevented the accomplishment of a task for which talents so various, so extended, and brilliant, can never again be united."—(Scott's "Memoirs," &c.) During Swift's last attempts to re-

concile the great Tory leaders, he prepared for press two additional tracts—"Memoirs relating to the Change which happened in the Queen's Ministry in 1710;" and "An Inquiry into the Behaviour of the last Ministry, with relation to their Quarrels between themselves, and the Design charged upon them of altering the Succession of the Crown." His object was to vindicate the conduct of the Tory ministers and their party, and to rebut the serious charges brought against them by the Whig writers; and he especially ridiculed the popular bugbear of an intention to bring in the pretender. They were also drawn up less with any temporary view than as a calm and impartial appeal to the justice of posterity.

The account of Swift's reception in Ireland subsequent to the queen's death and the dissolution of the Tory ministry, by lord Orrery, offers a singular contrast to that given by Dr. Delany at the period of the dean's instalment; for the discrepancy between the two is so great that we are justified in concluding they were speaking of different periods. In the first instance he was received with marked respect, if we except the scurrilous verses by Smedley upon his taking possession of the deanery; but it is doubtless the second time of his return from England to which Orrery refers when he says that he dared hardly venture forth and was pelted by the populace. And it was probably when thus treated, than which we can imagine nothing more galling to a man so fond of popular influence and power, that he designated the people as a vile abandoned race, from whom he seemed desirous of seeking refuge anywhere. His prudence and integrity, however, even in the opinion of the critical Johnson, soon changed the tide of public feeling—he was seldom in the wrong—his spirit rose with opposition; and the archbishop of Dublin (Dr. King) almost invariably gave way, like the archbishop of York and his other opponents; who finally solicited either the acquaintance or friendship of the good but accentric dean. So confident, indeed, was his friend lord Bolingbroke in his powers of pleasing where once he obtained an introduction, that, on Oxford's dismissal, he courted the dean's support upon any terms, engaging that he would even reconcile him to the court and his inveterate enemy the duchess of Somerset, and open the treaty for his promotion to an English bishopric. During his brief tenure of power, (only a few days,) Bolingbroke showed his high estimation of the dean by obtaining from the queen an order for one thousand pounds to cover the charges upon his instalment, of which, though suddenly deprived of this benefit by her death, and finally giving it up to his enemy Walpole—*multa genens*—as he expresses it, offers no less a striking proof of his immense influence with a man like Bolingbroke. "Yet," to his immortal honour," observes Scott, "when his favourite path of honor, ambition, preferment, opened anew before him (in the place of honourable exile in Ireland), he paused not a moment, but wrote to solicit a renewal of his licence for absence, than on the point of expiring; not that he might share the triumph and prospects to which he was invited by the royal favourite and the new prime minister, but in order to accompany his beloved friend and patron to neglect and seclusion." (Scott's "Memoirs," &c.) Such was the man upon whom libels upon libels were showered, whom the mob insulted in the streets, and even young men of rank so far forgot their education and ancestral honours as to insult openly, and endanger his life in the public highways, till they compelled him in his own defence to apply for legislative protection. Being under the necessity of taking daily exercise, and unable to

* The following notice of Swift" (observes Scott) "occurs in a poem on the late 'Examiner,' which appeared about this time:—

"O Jonathan of merry fame,
As Swift in fancy was in name,—
Here lie, as thou hast often done,
Thy holy mother's pious son;
Deprived of paper, pen, and ink,
And, what is worse, deprived of drink:
For lo, thy idol art, thy staff and rod,
As thou wouldst say, are dropp'd by God."

venture out without risk of his life, he drew up a petition addressed to the house of lords, upon an unprovoked and brutal outrage upon him by one of the members of their house; and as it throws strong light upon his mode of living, and is an amusing anecdote, we give it here :—

"The humble petition of Jonathan Swift, D.D., and dean of the cathedral of St. Patrick's, Dublin,

"Most humbly sheweth,

"That your petitioner is advised by his physicians, on account of his health, to go often on horseback; and there being no place in winter so convenient for riding as the strand toward Howth, your petitioner takes all opportunities that his business or the weather will permit to take that road. That in the last session of parliament, in the midst of winter, as your petitioner was returning from Howth with his two servants, one before and the other behind him, he was pursued by two gentlemen in a chaise drawn by two high-mettled horses in such a manner that his servant who rode behind him was forced to give way with the utmost peril of his life; whereupon your petitioner made what speed he could, riding to the right and left above fifty yards, to the full extent of the said road; but the two gentlemen, driving a light chaise drawn by fleet horses, and in-teut upon mischief, turned faster than your petitioner, endeavouring to overthrow him. That, by great accident, your petitioner got safe to the side of a ditch, where the chaise could not safely pursue; and, the two gentlemen stopping their career, your petitioner mildly expostulated with them, whereupon one of the gentlemen said, 'Damn you, is not the road as free for us as for you!' and, calling to his servant who rode behind him, said, 'Tom (or some such name), is the pistol loaded with ball?' To which the servant replied, 'Yes, my lord;' and gave him the pistol. Your petitioner often said to the gentleman, 'Pray, sir, do not shoot, for my horse is apt to start, by which my life may be endangered.' The chaise went forward, and your petitioner took the opportunity to stay behind. Your petitioner is informed that the person who spoke the words above mentioned is of your lordships' house, under the style and title of lord Blaney, whom your petitioner remembers to have introduced to Mr. secretary Addison, in the earl of Wharton's government, and to have done him other good offices at that time, because he was represented as a young man of some hopes and a broken fortune. That the said lord Blaney, as your petitioner is informed, is now in Dublin, and sometimes attends your lordships' house. And your petitioner's health still requiring that he should ride, and being confined in winter to go on the same strand, he is forced to inquire from every one he meets whether the said lord be on the same strand; and to order his servants to carry arms against the like or a worse insult from the said lord, for the consequences of which your petitioner cannot answer.

"Your petitioner is informed by his learned counsel that there is no law now in being which can justify the said lord, under colour of his peerage, to assault any of his majesty's subjects on the king's highway, and put them in fear of their lives, without provocation, which he humbly conceives that by only happening to ride before the said lord he could not possibly give.

"Your petitioner, therefore, doth humbly implore your lordships, in your great prudence and justice, to provide that he may be permitted to ride with safety on the said strand, or any other of the king's

highways, for the recovery of his health, so long as he shall demean himself in a peaceable manner, without being put into continual fears of his life by the force and arms of the said lord Blaney."

Among others of the same aristocratic stamp air Thomas Southwell, one of the commissioners of the revenue, often mentioned as a friend in Swift's letters and journal, took equal pride in kicking at the dying political lion (as Swift was then considered), by treating him with marked contumely and neglect. The dean had occasion to address him upon some occasion respecting a matter of business in public. "I'll hold you a groat, Mr. Dean," was the vulgar reply, "that I do not know you at all." Some time afterwards, when this hopeful sprig of aristocracy was created my lord Southwell he conceived it would forward his views to court the popular and influential drapier, expressing of course the deepest regret, like the two archbishops and other aspersers of the dean's good name, for his past conduct, as being occasioned by the heat of party; and once attempted to regain the insulted dean's acquaintance by saluting him with the greatest courtesy. But Swift, with that readiness of retort for which he was so remarkable, gave him back his own coin in the very words he had used—"I'll lay you a groat, my lord, I do not know you."

Other instances of the lofty demeanour and courageous conduct of the dean, under the adverse circumstances of his party and the Whig persecutions which ensued, are not wanting, which raised him both in private and public opinion previous to the popular opposition he commenced with reference to the introduction of Wood's notable scheme, and the oppressive Irish government of Walpole. To such a degree also was the spy-system carried on as to induce the dean to secure his manuscripts as well as his ordinary letters from the gripe of the new government, which, on again attaining power, took warning by the fate of its Tory predecessor in neglecting to destroy those whom it had conquered, and, by impeachment and other processes, not only crippled its adversaries, but reduced them for the period to absolute extremity. Swift's private letters were opened, and a packet addressed by him to the duke of Ormond's chaplain was seized by a messenger. It was even industriously reported by the Whig emissaries that dean Swift had suddenly absconded in consequence of the treasonable contents of newly discovered papers; and many other little dirty arts to blast his fame were resorted to. Had there existed the shadow of a power of proceeding against him, there is no reason to doubt that the great Whigs of the day would have seized upon it to effectually silence the voice of one who, by his single efforts, had turned the tide of public opinion, opened the way to a peace, and deprived them of the means of all their permanent war abuses, their taxes, contracts, and wide-spread speculations. The dean was held up, however, as a suspicious and disaffected person; and all his Whig acquaintance held aloof as from a marked man; nor are traces of this spirit wanting in the letters of his former correspondents. In one from archbishop King, the professed friend but secret malinger of Swift's reputation, this derogatory tone, implying censure, suspicion, and sarcasm—

"Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike"—

is peculiarly observable, and may serve as a sample of the thousand. "We have a strong report," he says, "that my lord Bolingbroke will return here and be pardoned; certainly it must not be for nothing. I hope he can tell no ill story of you."

How frankly and nobly on the other hand, with the indignation of conscious rectitude, Swift repels the mean insinuations of the archbishop and his numerous tradeurs of the same character!—"I should be sorry," he observes, "to see my lord Bullingbroke following the trade of an informer, because he is a person for whom I have always had and still continue a very great love and esteem. And as to myself, if I were of any importance I should be very easy under such an accusation, much easier than I am to think your grace imagines me in any danger. I am surprised your grace could think or act or correspond with me for some years past, while you must needs believe me a most false and vile man, declaring to you on all occasions my abhorrence of the pretender, and yet privately engaged with a ministry to bring him in. I always professed to be against the pretender, and am so still. And this is not to make my court, which I know is vain; for I own myself full of doubts, fears, and dissatisfactions, which I think on as seldom as I can. Yet if I were of any value, the public may safely rely on my loyalty, because I look upon the coming of the pretender as a greater evil than any we are likely to suffer under the worst Whig ministry that can be found."

As affording the most happy illustrations of the dean's real character and opinions at this period, exhibited in his mode of living, his private converse, and correspondence with intimate friends, we shall continue to give occasional extracts from his own letters in preference to retelling the petty scandals from the pen of lord Orrery and his imitators, whose allegations have been amply refuted by the ablest and most impartial of Swift's biographers, from the honest Delany to the pre-eminently distinguished Scott.

Although it is evident that Swift considered himself in a state of honourable exile in Ireland, he adapted himself to his circumstances with the becoming spirit of an Irish resident who has no means of escape. He opened his house for a public table two days in every week, and his fame and social wit not having suffered by political conflict, his entertainments became gradually frequented by numerous visitants of learning among the men, and of elegance and taste among the ladies, attracted no less by curiosity than by the amiable manners and accomplishments of Stella (Miss Johnson), who lived not far from the deanery, and presided upon these occasions, but simply in the character of a guest.

Upon other days, however, the dean often dined at a stated price with Mr. Worrall, a clergyman of his cathedral, whose house was the more pleasant to him owing to the peculiar neatness and good humour of his wife. To this frugal mode of living Swift was the more inclined from his earnest wish to pay some debts: what he adopted from principle he continued from choice, and for the means it gave him of more extended charities, of restoring and ornamenting the cathedral, besides the hopes he had early formed of founding an hospital and of leaving the deanery to his successor in a more improved state than he found it. His parsimony, which doubtless increased with age, was thus held subordinate to his dignity, his public spirit, and his benevolence; and it was his customary saying that he was "the poorest gentleman in Ireland who ate upon plate, and the richest that lived without a coach." The rest of Swift's time during his earlier residence in Ireland appears to have been spent in occasional excursions, when he made his observations upon the character and condition of the people, in occasional visits to

the seats of his friends and to his vicarsage at Laracor, which he still retained. Always fond of the more refined and dignified amusements of the country, he took pleasure in laying out grounds, in planting and cultivating, as he termed it, "his willows"—a pursuit in which he would often indulge at Quilea, the country residence of his friend Dr. Sheridan, and which gave rise to some amusing anecdotes to be met with in his works. But his happiest moments in his relaxation from the superintendence of his clerical duties were spent in addressing his friends in England and receiving tidings of their welfare.—"Two years' retreat," says lord Oxford (6th August, 1717), "has made me taste the conversation of my dearest friend with a greater relish than even, at the time of my being charmed with it in our frequent journeys to Windsor. My heart is often with you." Nor are the expressions made use of in the letters of lord Bolingbroke* and Swift's other friends, when every interested motive and all views of ambition, wealth, and power had ceased to operate, less honourable to the character of Swift, whose great and amiable qualities seem to have possessed in his absence, the same power over those who knew him with all persons and of whichever sex, as they had done when he was present before them. Of this singular power, resembling a sort of fascination in Swift's conversation and society, there are a number of striking instances on record from the very first manifestation of his remarkable character and talents; for, to make a summary from the beginning of his most extraordinary history, it is certain that a pretty bar-maid of an Inn at Leicester first fell in love with him, and awakened his mother's apprehensions of his forming an imprudent engagement; the sister of his college companion Mr. Waryng next became attached to him, and was so deeply smitten as to urge him closely on the topic of matrimony. Yet, strange to say, in neither of these affairs does it appear that Swift at all assumed the character, much less the usual assiduities, of a lover; and all the inference we can make is that there are peculiar qualities in certain men of mental and personal superiority which first give rise to admiration in woman's eyes, then to love, and lastly to the desire of monopolising the beloved object. There is no proof upon record of Swift ever having made the first advances, or of his ever having replied in the usual love-terms to those advances when made. On the contrary, the evidence is altogether of an opposite kind, that the intercourse was one of mind and of a purely intellectual kind, and that the opinion entertained of Swift's natural coldness and perhaps constitutional defect was a correct one; but that he possessed some peculiar attraction in the ladies' eyes, the circumstance of his having received an anonymous declaration of love from a third lady at an early period of life seems to offer some degree of proof. His correspondence with the fourth lady upon the list seems to have commenced very much in the same manner, on the lady's side, from the unhappy cir-

* Nothing in the English language can surpass the admiration of Swift's high qualities, the tender regard, and enthusiastic devotion due to superior mind and intellect, thus the following extract from a letter of lord Bolingbroke's to Swift (October 23, 1716):—"It is a very great truth, that, among all the losses which I have sustained, none affected me more sensibly than that of your company and correspondence. Your bitter breathes the same spirit as your conversation at all times inspired, even when the occasions of practising the severest rules of virtuous fortitude seemed most remote. Adieu, dear friend; may the kindest influence of Heaven be shed upon you. Whether we may ever meet again, that Heaven only knows;—If we do, what millions of things shall we have to talk over! In the mean while, believe that nothing sits so near my heart as my country and my friends, and that among these you ever had and ever shall have a principal place."

circumstance of having been early brought into contact with the superior power of Swift's intellectual and fascinating conversation. The manner in which Miss Vanhomrigh's affection for Swift (the fifth in the strange eventful history of his love affairs) sprung up, bore almost an unvarying resemblance to the preceding; the attachment like the intercourse with the family was gradual and slow, unintended, unexpected,—perhaps without either weakness or premeditation on either side; and rather springing out of circumstances and a certain unhappy fatality than from the fault or even acknowledged volition of the too unfortunate lovers; for the passion of Vanessa undoubtedly gave rise to corresponding declarations at least upon the side of Cadogan. Swift was probably not aware of the existence of so devoted a love on the part of Vanessa until it became irremediable, and too late for either to retract. In 1714 her mother died; and having some property in Ireland, and listening at the same time to the dictates of her love, she followed Swift into Ireland. He sought by every means to change her purpose, and her arrival was a source of deep anxiety to him. There was nothing he more dreaded than that the knowledge of her being in Dublin, or his visiting her there, should transpire. It would be idle to attempt to disguise the truth, that throughout the whole of this most unhappy affair Swift is thought to have acted with a degree of harshness and cruelty which, though very probably intended to promote the ultimate peace and happiness of both, by restraining or turning into another direction the stream of her affections, at once sensitive and impetuous, was followed by sudden and fatal results. It will here be most interesting to give those passages from the mutual correspondence which seem to throw light upon the progress and character of their intimacy, to follow it to the close, and to dismiss it as we should some painful and unhappy casualty from our sorrowing recollection. In most of her early letters she anxiously importunes the object of all her hopes and her fears for a reply; and in the whole correspondence she displays high talent, the most amiable temper, combined with an enthusiastic desire to please the object of her heart's devotion.

By a full and impartial representation of facts the public will be enabled to judge how far the strictures passed upon the dean's conduct, with relation to this unhappy affair, by those critical tribunals which so much influence public opinion, are founded in truth. If correct in their accusations that the dean made use of the slightest artifice or premeditation in gaining the lady's affections, they must convict him of having uttered the most gross and palpable untruths. Of these the person most interested, to whom they were addressed, would have been happy to show the fallacy, if Swift had been bold enough to advance assertions so utterly unfounded, or had entertained the slightest suspicion of her early passion, or the most remote idea of addressing her except in language of the strictest propriety and paternal regard, until the fatal declaration of her unalterable love, when there is not the least proof that he ever sought, though he returned it. Had he been to blame, or committed himself in any particular, the lady was too deeply interested not to have taken advantage of the circumstance; whereas she never once throws the shadow of a reproach upon his perfect frankness, openness, and truth, far from considering him in a moral view at all responsible for the sufferings she had so unwittingly incurred. Would he have dared to attest his perfect guilelessness, as he did in his poem of "Cadenus and Vanessa," when the lady and the lady's friends might easily have ex-

posed his treachery and falsehood, had he assumed any other character than that of a maturely aged tutor and friend of her family? Would she nowhere in her letters, in passages where she gives way both to passion and indignant feeling, have reproached him with the falsehood of words, which attested his conscious innocence, like the following?—

"His thought had wholly been confined
To form and cultivate her mind;
He hardly knew till he was told
Whether the nymph were young or old;
Had sent her in a public place
Without distinguishing her face;
Much less could his declining age
Vanessa's earliest thoughts engage;
And, if her youth indifference met,
His person must contempt beget:
Or, grant her passion be sincere,
How shall his innocence be clear?
Appearances were all so strong,
The world must think him in the wrong;
Would any he made a treacherous man
Of wit to flatter and seduce;
The town would swear he had betray'd
His magic spells the harmless maid;
And every bean would have his jokes,
That scholars were like other folks;
And when Platonic flights were over
The suitor turn'd a mortal lover!
So tender of the young and fair!
It shew'd a true paternal care!—
Five thousand guineas in her purse!
The doctor might have fancied worse."

Swift appears here to have stated the case as it occurred, or he would not have ventured to have spoken so directly to the point; while, at the same time, his sagacity pointed out the unfavourable construction which, under circumstances so peculiar, might and would be put upon his motives and conduct. In this respect it appears to us that the poem, so admirably conceived and executed, was not written solely as a peace-offering or compliment to the charms of the complaining lady, but as a record of the facts and circumstances of the case as they really occurred; a fair statement of the blame or responsibility to which he was exposed, and containing his just vindication in a bold appeal to posterity.—For the author must have felt the poem would live,—which the party for whom it was written, were it not true, might have covered with infamy and contempt. In his entire correspondence he displays the same open fearless reliance upon the rectitude of his motives and his conduct, and it is evident that, while he soothes and compassionates her, he feels that she has no claim or tie upon him whatever; nor does she insinuate one fault but the want of a passionate return of her misplaced affection; for Swift was then infirm, suffering both in mind and body, and fast declining into the vale of years. Vanessa's passion therefore ought to be regarded, not as that of a young woman whose affections had been sought and then spurned by her equal in years and rank, but as an instance of that peculiar class which by some fatality fixes its views upon one object, while that object itself is wholly unconscious of what is passing in the other's mind. Swift doubtless felt himself very much in the situation of a man who receives a love-letter or a valentine from an anonymous hand; and, if we are to credit the story as told to the lady herself, was not bound to feel any more responsibility than for such a declaration—which he also really received—from an unknown hand. Nothing can possibly be farther from the tone of real love or tenderness than that in which Swift addresses Miss Vanhomrigh in those letters upon which so much stress has been laid, dating from the beginning of August, 1712. It is curious too that he never once made use of the word "dear," addressed to so many commoner friends: for which she rallied

him, and expressed a sort of jealousy, which did not however induce him to make the slightest alteration; and he preserves the formal address "To Mrs. Heaster Vanhomrigh, jun., at her lodgings over against Park-place, in St. James's-street, London." The following appears to have been written from Windsor, while he was engaged in the heat of party politics, and passing the life at once of a politician, a writer, and a social wit:—"I thought to have written to little Missesby by the colonel, but at last I did not approve him as a messenger. Mr. Ford began your health last night under the name of the Jilt, for which I desire you will reproach him. I do neither study nor exercise so much here as I do in town. The colonel [Vanessa's brother] will intercept all the news I have to tell you, of my fine snuff-box [presented by general Hill], and my being at a ball, and my losing my money at ombre with the duke and duchess of Shrewsbury. I cannot imagine how you pass your time in our absence, unless by lying a-bed till twelve, and then having your followers about you till dinner. We have despatches to-day from lord Bolingbroke [at Paris]; all is admirably well, and a cessation of arms will be declared with France in London on Tuesday next. I dined with the duke of Shrewsbury to-day and sat an hour by Mrs. Warburton, teaching her when she played wrong at ombre, and I cannot see her defects; either my eyes fail me or they are partial. But Mrs. Touchet is an ugly awkward slut. What do you do all the afternoon? How came you to make it a secret to me that you all designed to come to Windsor? If you were never here, I think you all cannot do better than come for three or four days; five pounds will maintain you and pay for your coach backwards and forwards. I suppose the captain will go down with you now for want of better company. I will steal to town one of these days and catch you napping. I desire you and Moll [Vanessa's sister] will walk as often as you can in the park, and do not sit moping at home—you that can neither work, nor read, nor play, nor care for company. I long to drink a dish of coffee in the sluttish, and hear you dun me for Secrete, and 'Drink your coffee—why don't you drink your coffee?' My humble service to your mother, and Moll, and the colonel. Adieu."

In the following, likewise, instead of using any endearing epithets or adopting the least affectionate tone, the whole tenor of the letter is as opposite as can well be conceived to that addressed by a lover to the object of his regard. "Miss Hussy," he begins, "is not to believe a word Mr. Lewis says in his letter" (it is written from his friend Lewis's office). "I would have writ to you sooner, if I had not been busy and idle and out of humor, and did not know how to send it to you without the help of Mr. Lewis, my mortal enemy. I am so weary of this place that I am resolved to leave it in two days, and not return in three weeks. I will come as early on Monday as I can find opportunity, and will take a little Grub-street lodging, pretty near where I did before, and dine with you thrice a-week, and will tell you a thousand secrets, provided you will have no quarrels with me. Adieu."

In the next (also without date) Swift seems to allude to the difficulties in which the family of Mrs. Vanhomrigh was placed by the sudden death of the father, although possessed of considerable property, subjected as it was to litigation, and of an estate in Ireland. Swift would have dissuaded them from going to Oxford, owing to the risk, we are to infer, of being seen by some parties who had claims upon them. This letter has not a single introductory epithet, and commences in the most unloving and busi-

ness-like manner. "I did not forget the coffee, for I thought you should not be robbed of it. John does not go to Oxford, so I send back the book as you desire. I would not see you for a thousand pounds if I could; but I am now in my nightgown writing a dozen letters and packing up papers. Why then, you should not have come, and I know that as well as you."

"My service to your mother; I doubt you do wrong to go to Oxford; but now that is past, since you cannot be in London to-night; and if you do not inquire for acquaintance, but let somebody in the inn go about with you among the colleges, perhaps you will not be known. Adieu."

Swift, it is evident, was consulted by the Vanhomrighs with regard to their affairs in the most confidential manner, and it is this which gives to his letters so matter-of-fact and so familiar a tone, addressing, as he invariably does, each member of the household in the same free and jocose style as if he himself formed one of the family. "I have writ three or four lies in as many lines. Pray seal up the letter to Mr. Long and let nobody read it but yourself. I suppose this packet will lie two or three hours till you awake. And pray let the outside starbed letter to you be seen, after you have sealed that to Mrs. Long. See what arts people must use" (alluding to the embarrassed circumstances of the party), "though they mean ever so well. Now are you and Puppy lying at your ease without dreaming anything of this."

The following appears to have been addressed by the lady to the dean when at Windsor, and displays both grace and wit in her happy manner of rallying him on his silence and his too evident indifference:—"Had I," she observes (London, Sept. 1, 1712), "a correspondent in China, I might have had an answer by this time. I never could think till now that London was so far off in your thoughts, and that twenty miles were by your computation equal to some thousands. I thought it a piece of charity to undeceive you on this point, and to let you know, if you give yourself the trouble to write, I may probably receive your letter in a day; it was that made me venture to take pen in hand the third time. Sure you'll not let it be to no purpose. You must needs be extremely bappy where you are, to forget your absent friends; and I believe you have formed a new system, and think there is no more of this world passing your sensible horizon. If this be your notion I must excuse you; if not, you can plead no other excuse; and if it be, sir, I must reckon myself of another world; but I shall have much ado to be persuaded till you send me some convincing arguments of it. Don't dally in a thing of this consequence, but demonstrate 'tis possible to keep up a correspondence between friends, though in different worlds, and assure one another, as I do you, that I am your most obedient and humble servant,

"E. VANHOMRIGH."

In pursuance of the example doubtless set by Swift, the lady here adopts the same distant terms both in the opening and close of her letter; and it will appear how soon she felt the restraint and pain of this cold and distant manner, and in vain attempted to throw the spell of more endearing epithets over the cold and provoking manner of the dean. "Mr. Lewis tells me," she continues (Sept. 2nd, 1712), "that you have made a solemn resolution to leave Windsor the moment we come there; 'tis a noble resolution, and pray keep to it. Now, that I may be no ways necessary to your breaking it, I design to send Mr. Lewis word to a minute when we shall leave London, and if there be a by-way you had better take it, for I

very much apprehend that seeing us will make you break through all, at least I am sure it would make you heartily repent; and I would not for the world, could I avoid it, give any uneasiness or this score, because I must infallibly upon another. For when Mr. Lewis told me what you had done (which I must needs say was not in so soft a manner as he ought, both out of friendship to you and compassion to me), I immediately swore that to be avenged of you I would stay in Windsor as long as Mrs. H——e did; and if that was not long enough to tease you, I would follow her to Hampton-court; and then I should see which will give you most vexation—seeing me but sometimes or not seeing her at all. Besides, Mr. Lewis has promised me to intercept all your letters to her, and hers to you; at least he says I shall read them *en passant*; and for sealing them again, let him look to that. I think your ruin is amply contrived, for which don't blame me but yourself, for 'twas your rashness prompted to this malice, which I should never else have thought of."

To this spirited epistle the dean replied next day from Windsor castle, with the addition of a fine haunch of venison sent to the lady's mother, in his usual hantering style. "I send this haunch of venison to your mother, not to you, and this letter to you, not to your mother. I had your last and your hill, and know your reasons. I have ordered Barber to send you the overplus sealed up: I am full of business [about his preferment] and ill-humour. Some end or other shall be put to both. I thought you would have been here yesterday: is your journey hither quite off? I hope Moll is recovered of her illness, and then you may come. Have you 'escaped your share in this new fever? I have hitherto, though of late I am not well in my head. You rally very well; Mr. Lewis allows you to do so. I read your letter to him. I have not time to answer, the coach and venison being just ready to go.

"Pray eat half an ounce at least of the venison, and present my humble service to your mother, Moll, and the colonel. I had his letter, and will talk to him about it when he comes. This letter I doubt will smell of the venison. I wish the hang-dog coachman may not spoil the haunch in the carriage."

Previous to setting out for Ireland to take possession of his new preferment, Swift again addressed to her the following letter, full of acknowledgments for the attentions he had received both from herself and the lady's family:—"I promised to write to you, and I have, to let you know that it is impossible for anybody to have more acknowledgments at heart for all your kindness and generosity to me. I hope this journey will restore my health. I will ride but little every day, and I will write a common letter to you all from some of my stages, but directed to you. I could not get here till ten this night. Pray be merry and eat and walk, and be good; and send me your commands, whatever Mr. L. shall think proper to advise you. I have hardly time to put my pen to paper, but I would make good my promise. Pray God preserve you and make you happy and easy; and so adieu."

From Chester upon his way to Ireland Swift again writes to the lady's mother (humorously addressed to "Madam Van, at the sign of the Three Widows, in Pom-roy-alley, with care and speed"—June 6, 1713); and his letter contains perhaps rather more of a loving and affectionate character than any we have seen addressed to her daughter, while he at least allows her the distant and dignified epithet of madam:—"You heard of me from Dunstable by the way of Hussy. I have had a sad time since. If Moll's "even s: had been there, she would have nona left.

Now Hussy grumbles that I talk of Moll. I have resolved upon the direction of my letter already, for I reckon Hussy and Moll are widows as well as you, or at least half-widows. Davila [the historian] goes off rarely now. I have often wished for a little of your ratsbane [coffee]; what I met on the road does not deserve the name of ratsbane. I have told Mr. Lewis the circumstances of my journey; and the curious may consult him upon it. Who will Hussy get now to chide, or Moll to tell her stories and bring her sugar-plums? We never value anything enough till we want it. I design to send Hussy a letter in print from Ireland, because she cannot read writing-hand except from Mr. Partington. I hope you have heard again from the colonel, and that he is fully cured of —, I don't know what, I forget. It was under cover to Mr. Lewis that I wrote to you from Dunstable; I writ to Hussy by Barber from St. Albans. I left London without taking leave of sir John. I fear a person of his civility will never pardon me. I met no adventures in all my travels, only my horse fell under me, for which reason I will not ride him to Holyhead, I can assure him that. I could not see any marks in the chimney at Dunstable of the coffee Hussy split there; and I had no diamond ring about me to write any of your names in the windows. But I saw written *dearest lady Betty Hamilton*, and hard by *Middleton Walker*, whom I take to be an Irish man-midwife, which was a plain omen of her getting a husband. I hear Moor, the handsome parson, came over with the archbishop of Dublin. Did he not marry one Mrs. Devenesh? Lord Lanesborough has been here lately on his way to Ireland, and has got the good will of all the folks in our town. He had something to say to every little boy he met in the streets. Well, he is the courteous-est man, and nothing is so fine in the quality as to be courteous. Now Moll laughs because I speak wisely, and now Hussy murmurs again. Well, I had a charming handsome cousin here twenty years ago. I was to see her to-night, and in my conscience she is not handsome at all; I wonder how it comes about; but she is very good natured, and you know, Moll, good nature is better than beauty. I desire you will let me know what fellows Hussy has got to come to her bedside in a morning (a custom with French ladies), and when you design again to hobble to Chelsea, if you did not tell me a lie as I much suspect. My head is something better, though not so well as I expected, by my journey. I think I have said enough for a poor weary traveller. I will conclude without ceremony and go to bed. And if you cannot guess who is the writer, consult your pillow, and the first fine gentleman you dream of is the man. So adieu."

It would appear that, on the same day (June 6, 1713) when this amusing epistle was penned, Vanessa was engaged in replying to one of his former letters to herself, still preserving the formal address of "sir."

"SIR,—Now you are good beyond expression in sending me that dear voluntary from St. Albans. It gives me more happiness than you can imagine, or I describe, to find that your head is so much better already. I do assure you all my wishes are employed for the continuance of it. I hope the next will tell me they have been of force. Had I the power I want, every day that did not add as much to your health till it was quite established as Monday last should be struck out of the calendar as useless ones. I believe you little thought to have been teased by me so soon; but when Mr. Lewis told me if I would write to you that he would take care of my letter, I must needs own that I had not self-

denial enough to forbear. Pray, why did not you remember me at Dunstable, as well as Moll! Lord! what a monster is Moll grown since. But nothing of poor Hens, except that the mark will be in the same place of Davila where you left it. Indeed, it is not much advanced yet, for I have been studying of Rochefoucault, to see if he described as much of love as I found in myself a Sunday, and I find he falls very short of it. How does Bolingbroke [Swift's horse] perform! You have not kept your promise of riding but a little every day; thirty miles I take to be a very great journey. I am very impatient to hear from you at Chester. It is impossible to tell you how often I have wished you a cup of coffee and an orange at your inn."

The depth and sincerity of Vanessa's affection are manifest in this letter; and it is equally evident, from the following written the same month, that her passion augmented instead of decreasing in the absence of its object. It possesses all the interest and pathos of the most touching drama:—

"It is inexpressible the concern I am in ever since I heard from Mr. Lewis that your head is so much out of order. Who is your physician! For God's sake don't be persuaded to take many slops. Satisfy me so much as to tell me what medicines you have taken and do take. How did you find yourself while a-shipboard! I fear it is your voyage that has discomposed you; and then so much business following immediately before you had time to recruit; it was quite too much. I beg you to make all the haste imaginable to the country, for I firmly believe that air and rest will do you more good than anything in the world besides. If I talk impertinently I know you have goodness enough to forgive me when you consider what an ease it is to me to ask these questions, though I know it will be a great while before I can be answered; I am sure I shall think it so. Oh! what would I give to know how you do at this instant! My fortune is too hard; your absence was enough without this cruel addition. Sure the powers above are envious of your thinking so well, which makes them sometimes strive to interrupt you; but I must confine my thoughts, or at least stop from telling them to you, or you may chide, which will still add to my uneasiness. I have done all that was possible to hinder myself from writing to you till I heard you were better, for fear of breaking my promise; but it is all in vain; for had I vowed neither to touch pen, ink, or paper, I certainly should have had some other invention; therefore I beg you won't be angry with me for doing what is not in my power to avoid. Pray make Parvisol write me word what I desire to know, for I would not for the world have you hold down your head. I am impatient to the last degree to hear how you are. I hope I shall soon have you here."

The intense anxiety expressed in this letter shows how greatly the one pervading sentiment which absorbed all other cares and affections had altered the former happy and rallying humour of Swift's fair correspondent; and he must have been struck with grief and apprehension at the evidence of deep increasing passion and the fatal tendency which it betokened to one or both the parties interested in the sequel. And from whatever cause derived, wretchedness, indignation (the *severa indignatio*, which he had fixed over his grave), and sad unavailing regret, must have torn his inmost heart that he could not return and prove himself worthy of so charming a being's love, so unalterably enthusiastic and devoted to him alone. With what heartfelt delight she hails the symptoms of his returning health, and proves the truth of that observation pronounced by

Swift himself to be correct, that in woman love almost invariably begets desire, while in man it is the opposite—desire most frequently gives rise to love! For though not a word escaped him, many circumstances combine to show that Vanessa was secretly beloved, and that the previous acquaintance with Stella, and perhaps some other unknown obstacle, stood in the way. The following letter affords a decided proof that she felt the truth of this, and that, had Swift been a man free to act and likely to give way to the dictates of passion in opposition to the sense of stern duty and obligation, he would have been only too happy to possess the treasure of a love at once so pure and ardent as almost instantaneously to destroy its victim, when she felt that she had incurred his severe displeasure. He must have been more or less than man to have read it without feelings of the deepest grief, tenderness, and gratitude; and, as he truly states in his beautiful poem on the subject,—

"Cadenus felt within him rise
Shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise;
He knew not how to reconcile
Such language with her usual style:
And yet her words were so express'd,
He could not hope she spoke in jest."

And though it is evident that towards the close of her fatal passion he loved and even adored her perfections, if we are to believe his own words, and that his nature indeed was capable of love resembling hers, he yet in the outset had not the remotest idea of becoming an object of so passionate a devotion of heart and soul:—

"She fancies music in his tongue;
Nor further looks, but thinks him young.
What manner is not afraid
To venture in a ship decay'd?
What planter will attempt to yoke
A sapling with a falling oak?
As years increase see brighter shines;
Cadenus with each day declines;
And he must fall a prey to time,
While she continues in her prime,
Cadenus, common forms apart,
In every sense had kept his heart;
Had sigh'd and languish'd, you'd end wit,
For pasture, or to show his wit;
But books and time and state affairs
Had spoil'd his fashionable airs;
He now could praise, censure, approve,
But understood not what was love."

And especially the following lines, if we may give him credit for a sincerity he dare hardly have assumed could the lady have convicted him of guilt, exhibit his most triumphant defence, and the best refutation of the calumnies heaped upon him by his political enemies up to the present day:—

"His conduct might have made him styled
A father and the nymph his child.
That innocent delight he took
To see the virgin mind her book,
Was but the master's secret joy,
In school to bear the finest boy."

This is not saying much for love; and nothing to promise a favourable termination to their acquaintance, such as Vanessa sighed for.

"Mr. Lewis," she resumes (June, 1713) "assures me that you are now well, but will not tell me what authority he has for it. I hope he is rightly informed; though it is not my usual custom when a thing of consequence is in doubt to fix on what I earnestly wish. But I have already suffered so much by knowing that you were ill, and fearing that you were worse than you have been, that I will strive to change that thought, if possible, that I may have a little ease, and more—that I may not write you a splenetic letter. Pray, why would you not make Parvisol write me word how you did, when I beseged it so much! And if you were able yourself, how

could you be so cruel to defer telling me the thing which I wished of all the most to know! If you think I write too often, your only way is to tell me so, or at least to write to me again that I may know you don't quite forget me; for I very much fear that I never employ a thought of yours now except when you are reading my letters, which makes me ply you with them (Mr. Lewis complains of you too). If you are very happy, it is ill-natured of you not to tell me so; except it is what is inconsistent with mine [alluding to Stella]. But why don't you talk to me that you know will please me? I have often heard you say that you would willingly suffer a little uneasiness, provided it gave another a vast deal of pleasure. Pray, remember this maxim, because it makes for me. Pray, let me know when you design coming over [June, 1713]; for I must beg you to talk to Mr. P. and settle some affairs for me. Pray, let me hear from you soon, which will be an inexpressible joy to her that is always "—"

The unfortunate lady soon makes more earnest complaints of hearing from him so seldom:—"Here is now three long weeks passed since you wrote to me. Oh! happy Dublin, that can employ all your thoughts; and happy Mrs. Emerson, that could hear from you the moment you landed. Had it not been for her I should be yet more uneasy than I am. I really believe before you leave Ireland I shall give you just reason to wish I did not know my letters, or at least that I could not write; and I had rather you should wish so than entirely forget me. Confess, have you once thought of me since you wrote to my mother at Chester? which letter I assure you I take very ill. My mother and I have counted the Molls and the Hessys; it is true the number is equal, but you talk to Moll, and only say 'now Hussy grumbles.' How can you indeed possibly be so ill-natured to make me either quarrel or grumble, when you are at so great a distance that it is impossible for me to gain by doing so? Besides, you proposed that the letter should be directed to me; but I'll say no more of this, but keep my temper till we meet. Pray, have you answered the letter I wrote you to Chester? I hear you had a very quick passage. I hope it was a pleasant one, and that you have no reason to complain of your health. We have had a vast deal of thunder for this week past. I wish you had been here last Thursday; I am sure you could have prevented the bills from being lost."

The last passage, we may here observe, affords strong collateral evidence of the high estimation in which Swift's political influence was held at that period:—that bills containing articles of the treaty of commerce with France, so important to the credit of the Tory ministry, might owe their fate to the tact and talent of a single individual, and that individual not a member of the commons' house. And other passages of Swift's correspondence tend to confirm the lady's view of the case. "Are not you," she continues, "prodigiously surprised at sir Thomas Henmer and lord Anglesey [going over to the Whigs]? Lord! how much we differ from the ancients, who used to sacrifice everything for the good of the commonwealth; but now our greatest men will at any time give up their country out of pique, and that for nothing. It is impossible to conceive the rejoicings that are among the Whigs since that day, and I fear the elections will add to them. Lord-treasurer has been extremely to blame, for all his friends advised him to let it be dropped by consent till next session; but, depending on the same success he had on the malt-tax, he would not do it. I know you'll say, 'What does the saint mean to talk all this stuff to me? If I was there I had

as live hear it as anything they could say; but to pursue me with your nonsense is intolerable.—I'll read no more.—Will! go to the post-office and see if there be more letters for me! What, will this packet only serve to tease me? I can tell you you'll have none from lady Orkney by the post, whatever you may have by any other carriage. I have strictly observed your commands as to reading and walking. Mr. Ford can witness the latter, for he has paddled with us several nights. I have a vast deal to tell you about him when I see you. Mr. Lewis has given me the *Dialogues des Morts*; and I am so charmed with them that I am resolved to quit my body, let the consequence be what it will, except you will talk to me; for I find no conversation on earth comparable to yours; so if you care I should stay on earth, do but talk, and you will keep me with pleasure."

Poor Vanessa appears to have had just reason to complain of Swift's silence and apparent indifference, an interval of upwards of a year now occurring in their correspondence. Yet he says when residing in Berkshire (June, 1714),—"You see I am better than my word, and write to you before I have been a week settled in the house where I am;" and after describing his quiet mode of life already alluded to, he concludes with hoping that she is in good health and humour, and desiring his service to Moll, keeping to the last what he doubtless esteemed most important,—the assurance that his cold was quite gone. Again he writes the ensuing month (July, 1714),—"I find you take heavily that touch upon your shoulder [threatened arrest]. I would not have writ to you so soon if it were not to tell you that, if you want to borrow any money, I would have you to send to Mr. Barber, or Ben Tooke, which you please, and let them know it, and the sum, and that I will stand bound for it and send them my bond. I did not know our posts went on Tuesday, else I would have writ two days ago to tell you this. I do not see how you can be uneasy when the year is out; for you can pay only what you receive: you are answerable for no more, and I suppose you have not given bonds to pay your mother's debts. As for your 2*l.* 5*s.* that you gave your note for, if that be all, it is a trifle, and your owning it with so much apology looks affected. If you have no more secret debts than that, I shall be glad. But still I cannot understand how any of those creditors of your mother can give you any trouble, unless there be some circumstances that I do not know the bottom of. I believe I shall not stay here [Upper Selcomb, Wantage] much longer, and therefore, if you wish to borrow money, I would have you do it soon, and of the two rather of Ben Tooke; because I have just drawn a note upon Barber for thirty guineas for my own expenses. I believe a bond had better be sent to me down to sign; and I will send it back to you, and you may give it Ben. You may speak freely to Ben of this, and if he has no money by him we must apply to Barber. I am forced to conclude in haste, because the post-house is two miles off, and it will be late if I stay longer. Adieu. My service to Mollin."

The real kindness and liberality of Swift's disposition are here apparent, though he affects to conceal the interest he feels under the guise of indifference and a business-like attention to the details of the affair. When Vanessa followed him to Ireland, and, in going to take possession of her property, fixed her temporary residence in Dublin, the dean's alarm and vexation are too strong to be repressed, and he is in evident dread of becoming compromised by some indiscretion on the lady's side. This is the

only excuse that can be offered for the hasty and almost brutal language contained in some of his letters; and that dated from Philipstown (Nov. 5, 1714) seems to have been written under an impression of some impending disaster (addressed to Mrs. Vanhomrigh, at her lodgings, Turnstile-alley, near College-green, Dublin).—"I met your servant when I was a mile from Trim, and could send him no other answer than I did, for I was going abroad by appointment; besides, I would not have gone to Kildrohod (the Irish name of Callbridge, bar estate) to see you for all the world. I ever told you, you wanted discretion. I am going to a friend upon a promise, and shall stay with him about a fortnight, and then come to town, and I will call upon you as soon as I can, supposing you lodge in Turnstile-alley, as your servant told me, and that your neighbours can tell me whereabouts. Your servant said you would be in town on Monday, so that I suppose this will be ready to welcome you there. I fear you had a journey full of fatigues. Pray take care of your health in this Irish air, to which you are a stranger. Does not Dublin look very dirty to you, and the country very miserable? Is Kildrohod as beautiful as Windsor, and as agreeable to you as the prebend's lodgings there? Is there any walk about you as pleasant as the avenue and the Mariborough-lodge? I have ridden a tedious journey to-day, and can say no more. Nor shall you know where I am till I come; and then I will see you. A fig for your letters and messages. Adieu."

Vanessa having replied in a strain of grief and affliction bordering upon despair, Swift wrote in a more subdued and softened tone, evidently in still greater alarm at what might next occur:—"I will see you in a day or two," he says; "and believe me it goes to my soul not to see you oftener. I will give you the best advice, countenance, and assistance I can. I would have been with you sooner if a thousand impediments had not prevented me. I did not imagine you had been under difficulties. I am sure my whole fortune should go to remove them. I cannot see you, I fear, to-day, having affairs of my place to do; but pray think it not want of friendship or tenderness, which I will always continue to, the utmost." With how much pleasure Vanessa received any approaches to a milder and more affectionate spirit, like these, in him she loved, may be inferred from the buoyant and joyous character of her next letter:—"Is it possible that again you will do the very same thing I warned you of so lately? I believe you thought I only rallied when I told you the other night that I would pester you with letters. Did not I know you very well I should think you knew but little of the world to imagine that a woman would not keep her word whenever she promised anything that was malicious. Had you not better a thousand times throw away one hour at some time or other of the day than to be interrupted in your business at this rate? for I know it is quite impossible for you to burn my letters without reading them, as it is for me to avoid reproving you when you behave yourself wrong. Once more I advise you, if you have any regard for your own quiet, to alter your behaviour, for I do assure you I have too much spirit to sit down contented with this treatment. Because I love frankness extremely I here tell you now that I have determined to try all human arts to reclaim you; and if all these fail I am resolved to have recourse to the black one, which it is said never does. . . . Pray think calmly of it! Is it not better to come of yourself than to be brought by force, and that perhaps at a time when you have the most agreeable engagement in the world [alluding per-

haps to Stella]; for when I undertake to do anything I don't love to do it by halves. But there is one thing falls out very luckily for you, which is, that of all the passions revenge hurries me least, so that you have it yet in your power to turn all this fury into good humour, and depend upon it and more, I assure you. Come at what time you please, you can never fail of being very well received."

The correspondence at this time seems to have assumed a more gay and animated air, with less of suspicion and jealousy on the lady's side. Swift expressed his admiration of her epistolary wit and talent, and declared if she wrote so well he would come the seider, on purpose to be pleased with her letters, which he never looked into without wondering how a brat who could not read (a jest) could possibly write so well. The following has much of the dean's earlier and more humorous spirit, and there is no doubt that, had he been so happy as to have continued the correspondence, and possessed the society of Vanessa, and of minds like hers, he would at once have chastened and elevated his fancy, and escaped the corruption of his taste and the prostitution of his genius and talents to low-lived ribaldry and the mean love of exposing the foibles of his friends, in weaving doggerel rhymes and pieces, and Latin nonsense, in competition with obsequious companions whose flatteries lulled his vanity and betrayed him.

"I am now writing," he says, "on Wednesday night, when you are hardly settled at home, and it is the first hour of leisure I have had, and it may be Saturday before you have it, and then there will be governor Huff,^b and to make you more so I here

^a It will not be interesting here to subjoin to the narrative of this romantic passion, without the least taint or alloy of criminal desire, some poetical effusions from the pen of Vanessa, who, as well as Stella, appears to have been endowed with the Muse's inspiration no less than the loves and graces pictured by the poets. The first of these is entitled "An Ode to Spring."

Hail, blushing goddess, beauteous spring.

Who in thy jocund train dost bring

Love and grace, smiling hours,

Balmey breezes, fragrant flowers;

Come, with tints of roseate hue,

Nature's faded charms renew.

Yet why should I thy presence hail?

To me no more the breathing gale

Comes fraught with sweets; no more the rose

With such transcendent beauty glows

As when Cadmus bled the scene,

And shared with me those joys serene;

When, unperceived, the lambent fire

Of friendship kindled new desire:

Still listening to his tuneful tongue;

The truths which angels might have sung

Divine impress'd their gentle sway,

And sweetly stole my soul away.

My guide, instructor, lover, friend,—

Dear names! in one idea blend;

Oh still conjoin'd your income rise,

And waft sweet odour to the skies.

AN ODE TO WISDOM.

O Pallas, I invoke thy aid;

Vanquish'd to hear a wretched maid,

By tender love depress'd;

'Tis just that thou should'st heal the smart,

Inflicted by thy subtle art.

And calm my troubled breast.

No random shot from Cupid's bow

But, by thy guidance soft and slow

It sunk within my heart.

Thou lovest being arm'd with wisdom's force:

In vain I try to stop its course,

In vain I repel the dart.

Oh goddess! break the fatal league;

Let love with folly and intrigue

More fit associates find!

And thou alone, within my breast,

Oh, deign to soothe my griefs to rest

And beat my tortured mind.

^b This expression refers to Vanessa's desire of having things her own way.

enclose a letter to poor Molkin, which I will command her not to show you, because it is a love-letter. I reckon by this time the groves and fields and purling streams have made Vanessa romantic, provided poor Molkin be well. Your friend^a sent me the verses he promised, which I here transcribe.

"Nymph, would you learn the only art,
To keep a worthy lover's heart;
First, to adorn your person well,
In almost cleanliness excel;
And though you must the fashions take,
Observe them but for fashion's sake;
The strongest reason will submit
To virtue, honour, sense, and wit;
To such a nymph, the wise and good
Cannot be faithless, if they would;
For vice all have different ends,
But virtue still to virtue tends:
And when your lover is not true,
'Tis virtue falls in him or you;
And either he deserves disdain,
Or you without a cause complain;
But here Vanessa cannot err,
Nor are those rules applied to her;
For who could such a nymph forsake,
Except a blockhead or a rake?
Or how could she her heart bestow,
Except where wit and virtue grow?"

"In my opinion these lines are too grave, and therefore may fit you, who I fear are in the spleen; but that is not fit either for yourself or the person you tend,^b to whom you ought to read diverting things. Here is an epigram that concerns you not:—

"Dorinda dreams of dress a-bed,
'Tis all her thought and art;
Her lace hath got within her head,
Her stays stick to her heart.

"If you do not like these things, what must I say! This town yields no better. The questions which you were used to ask me, you may suppose to be all answered just as they used to be after half-an-hour's debate; 'Entendez vous cela?' You are to have a number of parsons in your neighbourhood, but not one that you love, for your age of loving parsons is not yet arrived. What this letter wants in length it will have in difficulty, for I believe you cannot read it. I will write plainer to Molkin, because she is not much used to my hand. I boid a wager there are some lines in this letter you will not understand, though you can read them; so drink your coffee, and remember you are a desperate chip, and that the lady who calls you bastard will be ready to answer all your questions. It is now Sunday night before I could finish this."

It is clear, from the following passage, that Swift was very apprehensive of his correspondence with Vanessa becoming generally known:—"Yesterday," he observes, "I was half-way towards you, where I dined, and returned weary enough. I asked where that road to the left led; and they named the place. I wish your letters were as difficult as mine, for then they would be of no consequence if they were dropped by careless messengers. A stroke thus — signifies everything that may be said to Cad at the beginning or conclusion. It is I who ought to be in a huff that anything written to Cad should be difficult to *Skinage*. I must now break off abruptly, for I intend to send this letter to-day." (August 4.)

In the following, however, Vanessa reiterates her complaints of Swift's strange, harsh, and variable conduct towards her. Her letter is dated, Celibridge, 1720:—

"—CAD,—You are good beyond expression, and I will never quarrel again if I can help it; but with submission, 'tis you that are so hard to be pleased, though you complain of me. I thought the last

^a Swift himself, under the character of Cadena.
^b Her sister.

letter I wrote you was obscure and constrained enough. I took pains to write it after your manner; it would have been much easier for me to have wrote otherwise. I am not so unreasonable as to expect you should keep your word to a day, but six or seven days are great odds. Why should your apprehensions for Molkin hinder you from writing to me? I think you should have wrote this sooner to have comforted me. Molkin is better, but in a very weak way. Though those who saw me told you nothing of my illness, I do assure you I was for twenty-four hours as ill as 'twas possible to be, and live. You wrong me when you say I did not find that you answered my questions to my satisfaction; what I said was, I had asked those questions as you bid, but could not find them answered to my satisfaction. How could they be answered in absence, since Somnus is not my friend? We have had a vast deal of thunder and lightning;—where do you think I wished to be then? and do you think that was the only time I wished so since I saw you? I am sorry my jealousy should hinder you from writing more love-letters; for I must chide sometimes, and I wish I could gain by it at this instant, as I have done and hope to do. Is my dating my letter wrong the only sign of my being in love? Pray tell me, did not you wish to come where that road to the left would have led you? I am mightily pleased to hear you talk of being in a huff; 'tis the first time you ever told me so; I wish I could see you in one. I am now as happy as I can be without seeing — CAD. I beg you will continue happiness to your own *Skinage*."

The lady finds still more causes of dissatisfaction, though yet to be informed of the dean's marriage with Stella, which becomes more apparent as we proceed:—

"—CAD,—I am, and cannot avoid being, in the spleen to the last degree. Everything combines to make me so. Is it not very hard to have so good a fortune as I have, and yet no more command of that fortune than if I had no title to it? One of the D—rs is — I don't know what to call him. He behaved himself so abominably to me the other day, that had I been a man he should have heard more of it. In short, he does nothing but trifle and make excuses. I really believe he heartily repents that ever he undertook it, since he heard the counsel first plead, finding his friend more in the wrong than he imagined. Here am I obliged to stay in this odious town, attending and losing my health and humour. Yet this and all other disappointments in life I can bear with ease but that of being neglected by — CAD. He has often told me that the best maxim in life, and always held by the wisest in all ages, is to seize the moments as they fly, but those happy moments always fly out of the reach of the unfortunate. Pray tell — CAD I don't remember any angry passages in my letter, and I am very sorry if they appeared so to him. Spleen I cannot help, so you must excuse it. I do all I can to get the better of it; and it is too strong for me. I have read more since I saw Cad than I did in a great while past, and chose those books that required most attention on purpose to engage my thoughts; but I find the more I think the more unhappy I am.

"I had once a mind not to have wrote to you for fear of making you uneasy to find me so dull, but I could not keep to that resolution for the pleasure of writing to you. The satisfaction I have in your remembering me when you read my letters, and the delight I have in expecting one from — CAD, makes me rather choose to give you some uneasiness than to add to my own."

As we approach the termination of this strange

correspondence, the dean's wit and good nature, damped by the unhappy circumstances in which he was placed, appear by no means improved by age. As early as 1720 he felt a sense of dulness creeping upon him, which terminated in that utter idiocy and insanity to which he had a decided tendency in his retirement from politics and the disappointment of his ambitious hopes; and it is only upon this supposition we can account for many discrepancies in his language and conduct towards the unhappy objects who had, early or late, bestowed their affections upon him. Unhappy in himself, it was not likely he could confer happiness upon women of susceptible feelings and delicate tastes, and by exciting their intellectual ambition, and by cultivating and expanding their minds, he only added to their unhappiness with their knowledge, and made them less contented with their lot. In the next letter there is a want of the genuine spirit and humour we so much admire in his earlier writings:—

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

"August 12, 1720.

"I apprehended on the return of the porter I sent with my last letter that it would miscarry, because I saw the rogue was drunk; but yours made me easy. I must neither write to Molkin, nor not write to her. You are like lord Pembroke, who would neither go nor stay. Glasheel talks of going to see you, and taking me with him, as he goes to his country-house. I find you have company with you these two or three days; I hope they are diverting, at least to poor Molkin. Why should Cad's letters be difficult? I assure you —'s are not all.

"I am vexed that the weather hinders you from any pleasure in the country, because walking I believe would be of good use to you and Molkin. I reckon you will return a prodigious scholar, a most admirable nurse-keeper, a perfect housewife, and a great drinker of coffee.

"I have asked, and am assured there is not one beech in all your groves to carve a name on, nor purling stream, for love or money, except a great river,^a which sometimes roars, but never murmurs, just like governor Huff. We live here in a very dull town, every valuable creature absent, and Cad says he is weary of it, and would rather drink his coffee on the barrenest mountain in Wales than be king here.

"A fig for partridges and quails:—

Ye dainties, I know nothing of ye;

But, on the highest mount in Wales,

Would choose in peace to drink my coffee.

And you know very well that coffee makes us severe, and grave, and philosophical. What would you give to have the history of Cd — and —, exactly written through all its steps from the beginning to this time? I believe it would do well in verse, and be as long as the other. I hope it will be done. It ought to be an exact chronicle of twelve years from —, the time of spilling of coffee to drinking of coffee; from Dunstable to Dublin, with every single passage since.

"There would be the chapter of Madame going to Kensington; the chapter of the blister; the chapter of the colonel going to France; the chapter of the wedding, with the adventures of the lost key; of the sham; of the joyful return; two hundred chapters of madness; the chapter of long walks; the Berkshire surprise; fifty chapters of little times; the chapter of Chelsea; the chapter of swallow and cluster; a hundred whole books of myself, &c.; the chapter of hide and whisper; the chapter of who

made it so; my sister's money. Cad — bids me tell you that if you complain of difficult writing he will give you enough of it. See how much I have written without saying one word of Molkin; and you will be whipped before you will deliver a message with honour. I shall write to J. Barber next post, and desire him to be in no pain about his money. I will take not one word of notice of his riches, on purpose to vex him. If heaven had looked upon riches to be a valuable thing, it would not have given them to such a scoundrel.^b I delivered your letter enclosed to our friend,^c who happened to be with me when I received it. I find you are very much in his good grace, for he said a million of fine things upon it, though he would let nobody read a word of it but himself, though I was so kind to show him yours to me, as well as this, which he has laid a crown with me you will not understand, which is pretty odd for one that sets up for so high an opinion of your good sense. I am ever, with the greatest truth, yours, &c.

"August 13."

In proportion as Swift relents Vanessa's hopes rise, and it is evidently her fond ambition to withdraw him from the influence of Stella, being still wholly unconscious of the marriage, and to bring him to confess his love at her feet.

FROM MISS VANHOMRIGH.

"Cellbridge, 1720.

"— CAD, is it possible that you will come and see me? I beg for God's sake you will; I would give the world to see you here (and Molkin would be extremely happy). Do you think the time long since I saw you?

"I did design seeing you this week, but will not stir, in hopes of your coming here. I beg you'll write two or three words by the bearer, to let me know if you think you'll come this week. I shall have the note to-night. You make me happy beyond expression by your goodness. It would be too much once to hope for such a history; if you had laid a thousand pounds that I should not understand your letter, you had lost it. Tell me sincerely, did those circumstances crowd on you, or did you recollect them only to make me happy?"

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

"Thursday morn. ten.

"I will see you to-morrow if possible. You know it is not above five days since I saw you, and that I would ten times more if it were at all convenient, whether your Old Dragon come or no, whom I believe my people cannot tell what to make of, but take him for some conjuror. Adieu."

The following passages in Swift's letters (Oct. 15, 1720) show the interest he took in Vanessa's affairs:—"I had a letter from your friend J. B. [John Barber] in London, in answer to what I told you that Glasheel said about the money. J. B.'s answer is, that you are a person of honour; that you need give yourself no trouble about it; that you will pay when you are able, and he shall be content till then. These are his own words, and you see he talks in the style of a very rich man, which he says he yet is, though terribly pulled down by the fall of stocks. I am glad you did not sell your annuities unless somebody were to manage and transfer them while stocks were high." (Oct. 17th.) "I had not a moment to finish this since I sat down to it. A person was with me just now, and interrupted me as I was going on with telling me of great people here losing

^a The Liffey.

^b The dean never completed this second part of the poem.

^c This remarkable sentiment is the sting of Arbuthnot's celebrated epistol on Charitas.

^d Cadogan.

their places, and now some more are coming about business. So adieu till by and by, or to-morrow." (Oct. 18th.) "I am getting an ill head in this cursed town for want of exercise. I wish I were to walk with you fifty times about the garden, and then—drink your coffee. Glasheel takes up abundance of my time in spite of my teeth. Everybody grows ailly and disagreeable, or I grow monkish and aporetic, which is the same thing. I was sitting last night with half a score of both sexes for an hour, and grew as weary as a dog. Conversation is full of nothing but South Sea, and the ruin of the kingdom, and scarcity of money. I had a thousand times rather hear the governor [Vanessa] chide two hours without reason." (Oct. 20.) "The governor was with me at six o'clock this morning, but did not stay two minutes, and deserves a chiding, which you must give when you drink your coffee next. I hope to send this letter to-morrow. I am a good deal out of order in my head, after a little journey I made; ate too much I suppose, or travelling in a coach after it. I am now sitting at home alone, and will go write to Molkins. So adieu."

FROM MISS VANHOMRIGH.

"Cellbridge, 1730.

"You had heard from me before, but that my messenger was not to be had till to-day, and now I have only time to thank you for yours, because he was going about his business this moment, which is very happy for you, or you would have had a long letter full of spleen. Never was human creature more distressed than I have been since I came. Poor Molkin has had two or three relapses, and is in so bad a way that I fear she will never recover. Judge now what a way I am now in, absent from you, and loaded with melancholy on her score. I have been very ill with a stitch in my side, which is not very well yet."

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

"Four o'clock.

"I dined with the provost, and told him I was coming here, because I must be at prayers at six. He said you have been with him, and would not be at home this day, and went to Cellbridge to-morrow. I said I could, however, go try. I fancy you told him so, that he might not come to-night; if he comes you must piece it up as you can, else he will think it was on purpose to meet me, and I hate anything that looks like a secret.

"I cannot possibly call after prayers: I therefore came here in the afternoon while people were in church, hoping certainly to find you. I am truly affected for poor Moll, who is a girl of infinite value, and I am sure you will take all possible care of her, and I hope to live to see the sincerest friendship in the world long between you. I pray God of heaven protect you both, and am, entièrement."

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

"Monday.

"I am surprised and grieved beyond what I can express. I read your letter twice before I knew what it meant, nor can I yet well believe my eyes. Is that poor good creature dead? I observed she looked a little ghastly on Saturday, but it is against the usual way for one in her case to die so sudden. For God's sake get your friends about you to advise and to order everything in the forms. It is all you have to do. I want comfort myself in this case, and can give little. Time alone must give it you. Nothing now is your part but decency. I was wholly unprepared against so sudden an event, and pity you most of all creatures at present."

* Miss Mary Vanhomrigh.

The death of Vanessa's sister, her increasing jealousy and anxieties, with the growing infirmities of the dean, and his forced residence in a place he disliked, far from his early literary friendships and political connexions, present altogether one of the most melancholy pictures of human wretchedness and vanity, notwithstanding the greatness of Swift's reputation, that can well be conceived. Two charming women, both of whom had riveted their affections upon him, were sinking into their early graves from unrequited love—a love to which circumstances placed it out of his power to make a due return. He again writes to the unhappy victim of misplaced passion from Gallstown, near Kinnegad (July 8, 1721), and observes, "I answer all your questions that you were used to ask Cad, and he protests he answers them in the affirmative. How go your law affairs? You were once a good lawyer, but Cad hath spoiled you. I had a weary journey in an Irish stage-coach, but am pretty well since." To give the brief sequel of this strange and mysterious connexion, on which it is impossible now to throw any satisfactory light; Swift writes to Vanessa from Clogher (June 1, 1722)—"This is the first time I have set pen to paper since I left Dublin, having not been in any settled place till ten days ago; and I missed one post by ignorance, and that has stopped me five days. Before that time I was much out of order by the usual consequences of wet weather and change of drink, neither am I yet established, though much better than I was.

"I answer all the questions you can ask me in the affirmative. I remember your detesting and despising the conversation of the world. I have been so mortified with a man and his lady here two days, that it has made me as peevish as—(I want a comparison). I hope you are gone or going to your country-seat, though I think you have a term upon your hands. I shall be here long enough to receive your answer, and perhaps to write to you again, but then I shall go farther off if my health continues, and shall let you know my stages. I have been for some days as splanetic as ever you was in your life, which is a bold word. Remember I still anjoin your reading and exercise for the improvement of your mind and health of your body, and grow less romantic, and talk and act like a man of this world. It is the saying of the world, and I believe you often say, I love myself; but I am so low I cannot say it, though your new acquaintance were with you, which I heartily wish for the sake of you and myself.

"Last year I writ you civilities and you were angry, yet my thoughts were still the same; and I give you leave to be governor, and will be answerable for them. I hope you will let me have some of your money when I see you, which I will pay honestly you again. Repondez moi si vous entendez bien tout cela, et croyez que je serai toujours tout ce que vous désirez." Adieu!

Swift appears about the period he wrote this letter to have been journeying from place to place, and collecting materials for those papers, some of which he subsequently published, in conjunction with his friend Sheridan, in the *Intelligencer*; and which now for the first time make their appearance in any collection of his works. His next is dated from Loughgall, in the county of Armagh, and is highly characteristic of the dean's character and peculiarities under the circumstances in which he was placed. "I have received yours, and have changed places so often since, that I could not assign a place where I might expect an answer from you, and if you be now in the country and the letter does not reach you in the due time after the date, I shall not expect to hear

from you, because I leave this place the beginning of August. I am well pleased with the account of your visit and the behaviour of the ladies. I see every day as silly things among both sexes, and yet endure them for the sake of amusement. The worst thing in you and me is, that we are too hard to please; and whether we have not made ourselves so is the question; at least, I believe, we have the same reason. One thing that I differ from you is, that I do not quarrel with my best friends. I believe you have ten angry passages in your letter, and every one of them enough to spoil two days a-piece of riding and walking. We differ prodigiously in one point; — I fly from the spleen to the world's end; you run out of the way to meet it. I doubt the bad weather has hindered you much from the diversions of your country-house, and put you upon thinking in your chamber. The use I have made of it was to read I know not how many diverting books of history and travels. I wish you would get yourself a horse and have always two servants to attend you, and visit your neighbours, the worse the better. There is a pleasure in being revered, and that is always in your power by your superiority of sense and an easy fortune. The best maxim I know in life is to drink your coffee when you can, and when you cannot to be easy without it; while you continue to be splenetic, count upon it I will always preach. Thus much I sympathize with you that I am not cheerful enough to write, for I believe coffee once a-week is necessary to that. . . . I have shifted scenes oftener than ever I did in my life, and I believe have lain in thirty beds since I left the town. I always drew up the clothes with my left hand, which is a superstition I have learnt these ten years. These country posts are always so capricious that we are forced to send our letters at a call on a sudden, and mine is now demanded, though it goes not out till to-morrow. Be cheerful, and read, and ride, and laugh as *Cad* — used to advise you long ago. I hope your affairs are in some better settlement. I do long to see you in figure and equipage: pray do not lose that taste. Farewell!"

It appears that his accomplished friend and correspondent so far gave into his views as to try the efficacy of mixing in general society; a remedy which unhappily only proved to her the superiority of the dean's social qualities and wit.

FROM MISS VANHOMRIGH.

"—CAN,—I thought you had quite forgot both me and your promise of writing to me. Was it not very unkind to be five weeks absent without sending me one line to let me know you were well, and remembered me? Besides, you have had such bad weather that you could have no diversion abroad; what then could you do but write and read? I know you do not love cards, neither is this a time of year for that amusement. Since I saw you I have gone more into the world than I did for some time past, because you commanded me, and I do protest here that I am more and more sick of it every day than another. One day this week I was to visit a great lady that has been a-travelling for some time past, where I found a very great assembly of ladies and beaux (dressed as I suppose to a nicety). I hope you'll pardon me now I tell you that I heartily wished you a spectator, for I very much question if in your life you ever saw the like scene, or one more extraordinary. The lady's behaviour was blended with so many different characters, I cannot possibly describe it without tiring your patience. But the audience seemed to be a creation of her own, they were so very obsequious. Their forms and gestures were

very like those of baboons and monkeys; they all grined and chattered at the same time, and that of things I did not understand. The rooms being hung with arras, in which were trees very well described, just as I was considering their beauty and wishing myself in the country with —, one of these animals snatched my fan, and was so pleased with me that it seized me with such a panic that I apprehended nothing less than being carried up to the top of the house and served as a friend of yours was, but in this — one of their own species came in, upon which they all began to make their grimaces, which opportunity I took and made my escape. I have not made one single step in either law or reference since I saw you. I meet with nothing but disappointments, yet am obliged to stay in town attending Mr. P., &c., which is very hard. I do declare I have so little joy in life that I don't care how soon mine ends. For God's sake write me soon, and kindly, for in your absence your letters are all the joy I have on earth, and sure you are too good-natured to grudge one hour in a week to make any human creature happy. — *Cad*, think of me and pity me."

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

"I am this moment leaving my present residence, and if I fix anywhere shall let you know it, [for I would fain wait till I got a little good weather for riding and walking, there never having been such a season as this remembered; though I doubt you know nothing of it but what you learn by sometimes looking out at your back window to call your people. I had your last, with a splendid account of your law affairs. You were once a better solicitor, when you could contrive to make others desire your consent to an act of parliament against their own interest to advance yours. Yet at present you neither want power nor skill, but disdain to exercise either. When you are melancholy, read diverting or amusing books; it is my receipt, and seldom fails. Health, good humour, and fortune, are all that is valuable in this life, and the last contributes to the two former. I have not rode in all above poor 400 miles since I saw you, nor do I believe I shall ride above 200 more till I see you again; but I desire you will not venture to shake me by the hand, for I am in mortal fear of the itch, and have no hope left but that some ugly vermin called ticks have got into my skin, of which I have pulled out some, and must scratch out the rest. Is not this enough to give me the spleen? for I don't know christian family will receive me: and this is all a man gets by a northern journey. It would be unhappy for me to be as nice in my conversation and company as you are, which is the only thing wherein you agree with *Glasscheel*, who declares there is not a conversable creature in Ireland except *Cad*. What would you do in these parts, where politeness is as much a stranger as cleanliness? I am stopped, and this letter is intended to travel with me; so adieu till the next stage. Aug. 8.

"Yesterday I rode 29 miles without being weary, and I wish little *Heskinge* could do as much. Here I leave this letter to travel on one way while I go another, but where I do not know, nor what cabins or hogs are in my way. I see you this moment as you are visible at tea in the morning, and now you are asking your questions round, and I am answering them with a great deal of affected delays, and the same scene has passed forty times as well as the other, from two till seven, longer than the first by two hours, yet each has its *agréments particuliers*. A long vacation. Law lies asleep, and bad weather. How do you wear away the time? Is it among the fields and groves of your country-seat,

or among your cousins in town, or thinking in a tralu that will be sure to vex you, and then reasoning and forming teasing conclusions from mistaken thoughts! The best company for you is a philosopher, whom you would regard as much as a sermon. I have read more trash since I left you than would fill all your shelves, and am abundantly the better for it, though I scarce remember a syllable. [Go over the scenes of Windsor, Cleveland-row, Rider-street, St. James's-street, Kensington, the Sluttery, the Colonel in France, &c. Had thinks often of these, especially on horseback, as I am assured.] What a foolish thing is time, and how foolish is man, who would be as angry if time stopped as if it passed! But I will not proceed at this rate; for I am writing and thinking myself fast into a spleen, which is the only thing that I would not compliment you by imitating. So adieu till the next place I fix in, [if I fix at all till I return, and that I leave to fortune and the weather]."

The sequel of this unhappy story, almost as strange and improbable as any in the wildest romance, is soon told. A fatal influence seemed to hang over it from the beginning, and the heart of Swift, torn by contending emotions, hastened the final doom of one to whom, with all his morbid errors, he seems to have been devotedly attached. In a moment of grief, anguish, and remorse, he had given his hand to another, in the vain hope of snatching that once beloved object from an untimely grave. The discovery of that fact, so long concealed, was the last blow which the gentle and affectionate Vanessa had to sustain. Swift had entreated his friend and former tutor, the bishop of Clogher, to ascertain the cause of that melancholy which evidently preyed on Stella's mind, and must have been shocked to hear of "her sensibility to his late indifference, and to the discredit which her character had sustained from the dubious and mysterious connexion between them." Swift observed in reply that he had long formed two resolutions with regard to matrimony: one, not to marry till he possessed an independence; the other, that such an event should take place at a period which should give him hopes of seeing his children provided for in the world. He had not obtained a competent fortune; and he was past the time of life which gave him a reasonable prospect of bringing up a family—rules exceedingly prudent to adopt, but which called for extreme caution and circumspection on the part of every honourable man who, in his intercourse with the other sex, determines to regulate his conduct by them.

To satisfy public opinion, however, he intimated his consent to a formal marriage; and it took place in the garden of the deanery, the ceremony being performed by the bishop of Clogher, in the year 1716.^a After it had taken place we are informed that Swift evinced a very unhappy state of mind. The gloom and agitation previously shown became such that he is said to have sought an interview with archbishop King, the nature of which has never transpired; but we are assured by Dr. Delany that, upon entering the prelate's library to make known his apprehensions, Swift himself rushed by him with a countenance full of grief and a distracted air, without even noticing his presence. Delany observed the archbishop to be weeping, and upon inquiring into the cause was answered, "Sir, you have just met the most unhappy man upon earth; but on the subject of his wretchedness you must never ask a question." From this strange mystery Delany suspected that

^a Strong doubts however are entertained by some excellent authorities—Mr. Monck Mason and Dr. Lyon—of any marriage having taken place. Scott states the arguments very fully upon both sides, and seems to lean to the belief that it did actually occur.

Swift, subsequent to his union, discovered there existed too close a consanguinity between Stella and himself, and that both were the illegitimate children of sir W. Temple—a supposition for which there could be assigned no reasonable grounds. Whatever may have been the cause, Swift's intercourse with Stella continued as distant and guarded as before, and it was attended with the same inconvenience and ceremony. She had few acquaintances but Swift's male friends; and one of those few has left it upon record "that Stella used to go, with Mrs. Dingley, to Dr. Delany's villa on Wednesdays, where his men companions dined before he was married to my poor friend. Mrs. Delany, who once saw her by accident, was much struck with the beauty of her countenance, and particularly with her fine dark eyes." She was very pale, and looked pensive but not melancholy, and her hair as black as a raven."

We have seen how much Swift renewed his efforts, after Stella's marriage, to check the growth of Vanessa's passion, and sought to direct her affections towards another object. Through him dean Winter became a candidate for her hand; and she was addressed with no better success by Dr. Price, afterwards archbishop of Cashell. An interesting account of Vanessa, and the secluded manner in which she lived, has been left by a correspondent of sir W. Scott: "Marley abbey," he says, "near Cellbridge, where Miss V. resided, is built much in the form of a real cloister, especially in its external appearance. An aged man—upwards of 90—showed the grounds; the son of Mrs. V.'s gardener, and used to work with his father in the garden when a boy. He remembered the unfortunate Vanessa well, and his account of her corresponded with the usual description of her person, especially as to her *embonpoint*. He said she was seldom abroad, and saw little company; her constant amusement was reading or walking in the garden. Yet, according to this authority, her society was courted by several families in the neighbourhood who visited her, notwithstanding her seldom returning that attention, and he added that her manners interested every one who knew her; but she avoided company, and was always melancholy save when Swift was there, and then she seemed happy. The garden was to an uncommon degree crowded with laurels. The old man said that, when Miss Vanhourigh expected the dean, she always planted with her own hand a laurel or two against his arrival. He showed her favourite seat, still called Vanessa's bower: three or four trees and some laurels indicate the spot. They had formerly, according to the old man's information, been trained into a close arbour. There were two seats and a rude table within the bower, the opening of which commanded a view of the Liffey, which had a romantic effect; and there was a small cascade that murmured at some distance. In this sequestered spot, according to the gardener's account, the dean and Vanessa used often to sit, with books and writing materials on the table before them."

After the death of her sister, Vanessa became still more absorbed by the unhappy passion that consumed her life; and believing herself more neglected

^a The only portrait of Stella known is in possession of the Rev. Mr. Berwick. Dr. Tooke has a lock of her hair, on the envelope of which is written in Swift's hand—"Only a woman's hair." Scott observes truly,—"If Stella was dead when Swift laid apart this memorial, the motto is so additional instance of his striving to veil the most bitter feelings under the guise of cynical indifference." Of the sensibility of his feelings under a rough outside, there are innumerable proofs; and love's poor victim, Vanessa herself, speaks of the charming compassion which shone in his countenance as what most captivated her affection, even more than his awe.

by Swift than before, she resolved to ascertain the nature of that influence which prevented him from avowing the affection which she believed he entertained for her. Without giving the least intimation of her purpose she addressed a letter to Stella, with a request to be informed of the nature of the acquaintance so long known to exist between her and the dean. What must have been poor Vanessa's astonishment to hear, in reply, that Swift had bound himself by the strongest of legal titles to her rival! while that rival, feeling no less indignant at the supposed intimacy which such an inquiry indicated, withdrew to the house of Mr. Ford, near Dublin. At the same time she sent Vanessa's letter to Swift, who, filled with sudden rage, rode with it to Marley abbey, and entered the unfortunate lady's room with a countenance which struck terror into her gentle and sorrowing heart. It was with difficulty she faltered out a few words to ask if he would not take a seat. His sole reply was to throw her own letter upon the table, and in the same paroxysm of passion to rush from the room and remount his horse. Upon receiving this deathblow to all her hopes from one who is believed to have assured her (July 5th, 1721) that no person on earth had ever been so loved, honoured, esteemed, adored by her friend as she herself, she never more held up her head, and within three weeks from that fatal moment she died of a broken heart.

It is almost impossible, even under all the extenuating circumstances of the case, to find language sufficiently strong to denounce Swift's conduct upon this occasion. However irritating and distressing the situation in which he found himself, no defence can be made for the indulgence of passion so violent, and for the commission of so violent an outrage—for such it was—upon the feelings of an accomplished and noble-minded woman, whose sole fault was loving him "not wisely, but too well," and deserved at least his utmost tenderness and compassion. The only extenuation of his stern cruelty that can be offered is that he was labouring under a species of distraction, arising from a combination of causes, and in some part from that morbid sensibility and irritation of temper which, far from bearing the evils of life with becoming humility and patience, forming no part of his character, hurried him into gloom, misanthropy, and despair, and terminated in confirmed insanity. Miss Vanhomrigh died in the 37th year of her age, and is known to have revoked the will previously made in favour of Swift, leaving Mr. Marshall, one of the judges of the common pleas, and Dr. Berkeley, bishop of Cloyne, her residuary legatees, after some provision for her servants and remembrances to her friends. Bishop Berkeley, it was believed, had destroyed the original MSS. of the letters given by Mr. Nichols and sir W. Scott, with the additions by the latter, from the originals in the possession of Mr. Berwick. Whether Vanessa desired her executors to publish these documents, as asserted, cannot now be ascertained. Such a circumstance is not mentioned in her will; but it is in favour of this supposition that the poem of "Cadenus and Vanessa" was published not long after her death. It has been likewise observed that she was very angry with Swift on account of one of the lines in particular, "Nor shall the conscious Muse unfold;" and it cannot be denied that it is objectionable in whatever view considered; and the more so, perhaps, as coming from one who appears to have been so studiously fearful of incurring—though not of placing himself in a position of doing so—the kind of gallant reputation to which such an assertion may be thought to aspire. "The sum of the evidence,"

says sir W. Scott, "which they (the letters) afford, seems to amount to this—that while residing in England for years, and at a distance from Stella, Swift insensibly engaged in a correspondence with Miss Vanhomrigh, which probably at first meant little more than mere gallantry, since the mother, brother, and sister, seem all to have been confidants of their intimacy. After his going to Ireland his letters assume a graver cast, and consist rather of advice, caution, and rebuke, than expressions of tenderness. Yet neither his own heart, nor the nature of Vanessa's violent attachment, permit him to suppress strong, though occasional and rare, indications of the high regard in which he held her, although honour, friendship, and esteem had united his fate with that of another. It would perhaps have been better had their amours never been made public; as that has however happened, it is the biographer's duty to throw such light upon them as Mr. Berwick's friendship has enabled him to do, in order that Swift's conduct, weak and blamable as it must be held in this instance, may at least not suffer hereafter from being seen under false and imperfect lights."

For some period subsequent to the death of Miss Vanhomrigh Swift retired into the south of Ireland, where he continued several months, the victim of his own imprudent conduct and violent passions, without communicating, it is supposed, even with his dearest friends. His return to Dublin, and his subsequent reconciliation with Stella, bring this, the most unhappy and least creditable portion of "his strange eventful history," to a close.

It has been already mentioned that Swift had other declarations of love from anonymous quarters, still less welcome and expected. It may amuse our readers to show the kind of impression he had the misfortune to produce upon the too susceptible hearts of the fair—so sudden and so opposite to most men's experience in these matters; and the present case is the more curious as exhibiting a singular economy in love on the lady's side, who seems to have been up and stirring, to utter her fond complaints to her beloved Jonathan, at four o'clock in the morning. It is a wonder the dean forgot to give us one of his inimitable hallalls upon this "forlorn hope" of some fifth or sixth Dulcinea that laid such strong siege to his implacable affections:—

FROM SACHARISSA TO —

"Thursday morning, four o'clock.

"If I was not thoroughly convinced that the author of this distracted scroll will for ever be sunk in oblivion, I would choose death in any shape before I would reveal the continual anguish I have suffered, even before I saw your godlike form; for believe me, my passion first got birth by perusing your inimitable writings.

"If women were allowed to speak their thoughts, I would glory in my choice, and spread your fame, if possible, farther than these narrow limits of the earth.

"It is my misfortune to be in the care of persons who generally keep youth under such restraint as won't permit them to publish their passion though never so violent, and such I must confess mine for you to be. Could you conceive the many pangs, the many different pangs I feel, I flatter myself you would lighten the insupportable burthen of my love by generously bearing a part. When I consider to whom I speak, that it is to the divine immortal Swift, I am confounded at my vanity; but, alas, the malignity of my disorder is so great that my love soon gets the better of the regard and homage I render even to his name; but certain it is, if you

don't flatter this absurd but sincere passion of mine, I must expect death as the just reward of my presumption; and be assured, if it were any but yourself, I would cheerfully suffer that before I would have my passion returned with disdain; and as I expect no other from you, beg you'll publish it in 'Faulkener's Journal,' under what fictitious name you please—for if I have the least understanding I shall distinguish your writings, under ever so many disadvantages, from any other—and inscribe it to Sacharissa. You may easily imagine with what impatience I shall expect Friday; I can't add bow much I am yours till the arrival of my doom.

"SACHARISSA."

Swift, however, owing to the very cause here intimated—the spontaneous affections of the ladies—had already too much of the same kind upon his hands, and most probably felt extremely happy to decline this new challenge of his fair assailant. Besides, he had other and more important matters, free at least from the direful consequences so often attending "the beautiful passion," as the French term it, when love makes his attack from the lady's side; and in the midst of his multiplied cares and studies, when the fate of liberty and empire hung in the balance, in addition to his own fortune and personal security, he no doubt felt it a comparative heaven upon earth to be absolved from the claims of those whose affections he had never courted, and who would not rest satisfied with the tenderest friendship and esteem. He might well exclaim with classic authority, "*non omnes omnia possumus*," which has been thus paraphrased in a popular song:—

"Do what I will, I cannot wed ye all."

During Swift's residence in Ireland, between the years 1715 and 1723, when he reappeared on the political stage in the character of the Draper, he kept up an active correspondence with his numerous connexions in England and elsewhere. The rev. Dr. Jebb, Dr. Mossom, and Dr. Jinny, in addition to the familiar circle more near him in Dublin, were among those for whom the dean entertained a high esteem, while his renewal of intercourse with Addison for the remainder of that amiable writer's life led to his friendship for Mr. Tickell, through whose influence he was enabled to do so much good, and in some measure to infuse a better feeling, in regard to Ireland, into the measures of the new Whig government. The more his real views became known the greater influence did they exert; and this was more particularly the case as respected church discipline, and the wise and liberal exercise of his power over his own chapter, which in time wholly conciliated the prejudices felt towards him in the highest quarters, and gained for him the esteem of those prelates who had most strenuously opposed him. In the following letter to Dr. Mossom, then dean of Ossory, he alludes to some of the divisions which had given rise to considerable anxiety on his part. It is dated February 14th, 1720-21, and is the more interesting as throwing light upon the views and feelings of the dean at that period:—

"When I had the honour of yours of the 8th inst. I was in very ill health, and am since but slowly recovering. About five years ago I had some disputes with my chapter upon the occasion of my negatives, which was never contradicted before; nor did the members directly do it then, but by some side-ways of arguing the ill consequences which might follow if it had no exceptions. This they were instigated to do by the archbishop of Tuam, who incited the archbishop of Dublin, and who said he had long entertained an opinion against my negative.

Since that they never contradicted it; and the point is, as you say, perfectly absurd. I then writ to the bishop of Rochester and dean of Sarum, who had been my old friends; the former distinguished between deaneries of the old and new establishment, and both of them advised me to make as little stir as I could. The dean of Sarum said positively that he had no more power in the chapter than a senior prebendary; that when he was absent the next senior presided of course, and had only a vote. In this case, without doubt, time has so ordered it that things may be done by the dean and chapter, whether the former consent or no. But you are to understand that the privileges and powers of the dean of St. Patrick's depend upon subsequent grants and confirmations of popes, parliaments, and kings, and archbishops. Now if your chapter be much older than Edward IV.'s time, for aught I know you may be on the foot of St. Patrick's, as that was upon the foot of Sarum before the subsequent provisions were made. There is a French set of parliament, Edward IV., where it is recited, 'That whereas the dean of St. Patrick is ordinary, &c., and has such and such privileges,' &c., so that then they were known. This deanery is 503 years old, and several of the dean's powers were granted in the first, second, and third centuries after; and the error of my opponents lay in thinking this deanery was like that of Sarum, without considering what came after. I believe your best arguments will be, to insist in general that you copy after St. Patrick's, and if they allow that, I will provide you with power and privilege enough. It is an infallible maxim that not one thing here is done without the dean's consent. If he proposes, it is then left to the majority, because his proposal is his consent. This is as much as I can send you at present from a giddy, aching head. If you command any further particulars from me of my practice here, or any other point wherein I can do you service, you shall find me ready to obey, and I think there are few older acquaintances than you and I."

In his correspondence also with Mr. Tickell the dean expresses his sentiments with the most unreserved confidence and friendship, and often in a strain of wit and good humour that showed his "ancient fires" were not yet become extinct. "I shall wait on you," he says (Deanery-house, July, 1724), "at the time and place you appoint, although it is hard that your last-comers and lodgers should invite an old housekeeper, which I would have you to know I am, and can bring you half-a-dozen men in gowns to depose it. I shall therefore attend you only on this condition, that you will be ready to fix a day for dining at the deanery with lord Forbes and Mr. Sheridan, because the latter has been heard to boast that you will condescend to suffer him."

It is evident from the following how much Swift interested himself, and employed the influence he possessed with government, to render services to those whom he considered deserving of them; the more honourable to him from his being frequently in a very infirm and suffering state of health. "I should have waited upon you before now," he says, (August 3rd, 1724), "if I had not been tormented with an old vexatious disorder of a deafness and noise in my ears, which has returned after having left me two years, and makes me insupportable to others and myself."

"I now make bold to trouble you in an affair which goes very near my heart. Mr. Proby, surgeon-general, my old friend, and most generally beloved of any man in this kingdom, lies under a great misfortune at present. His eldest son, a captain in lord Tyrawley's regiment, has been accused at Gal-

way for discovering an inclination to popery, and several affidavits have been made against him. The young man desires nothing but a fair trial. The accusation is generally judged malicious and false; but that concerns you not. He is to be tried in a few days; but the matter must first go before the lords-justices. Mr. Proby, being utterly unknown to you, desires the favour to wait upon you either this afternoon or evening, or early to-morrow morning. He does not intend this as a solicitation for his son; he has too much discretion; but as the business will first come before the lords-justices he thinks it will be proper for him to wait on you, and say or ask what is convenient, and thought that my recommendation will facilitate his access. Therefore, pray, sir, mistake me not—I am not at all making you an advocate, but only desiring that he may not see you wholly as a stranger."

Shortly afterwards Swift had occasion to write to lord Carteret, then lord-lieutenant, with other applications of a similar benevolent nature, which he also addressed through Mr. Tickell, who still held the official situation obtained through the influence of his friend Addison. "I desire," he observes (Sept. 4th, 1724), "you will please to send the enclosed. I beg your pardon for so often troubling you; but I owed his excellency a letter. I am pretty well eased of my troublesome disorder, and intend to wait on you soon, and hope you will make some appointment with those you like best, that we may meet at the deanery."

The enclosed letter, which does so much honour both to Swift's heart and judgment, will here form an appropriate introduction to his connexion with a wit and scholar, who had the highest opinion of Swift's powers and delighted in his society:—

TO LORD CARTERET.

"Sept. 3, 1724.

"My Lord,—Being ten years older than when I had the honour to see your excellency last, by consequence, if I am subject to any ailments, they are now ten times worse—and so it has happened. For I have been this month past so pestered with the return of a noise and deafness in my ears that I had not spirit to perform the common offices of life, much less to write to your excellency, and least of all to answer so obliging and condescending a letter as that I received from you. But these ugly ten years have a worse consequence: that they utterly destroy any title to the good opinion you are pleased to express of me, as an answer of the world and myself. To have preserved that talent, I ought, as I grew older, to have removed into a better climate, instead of being sunk for life in a worse. I imagine France would be proper for me now, and Italy ten years hence. However, I am not so bad as they would make me; for since I left England such a parcel of trash has been fathered upon me, that nothing but the good judgment of my friends could hinder them from thinking me the greatest dunce alive.

"There is a gentleman of this kingdom just gone over to England; it is Dr. George Berkeley, dean of Derry, the best preferment among us, being worth 1100*l.* a-year. He takes the Bath in his way to London; and will of course attend your excellency, and be presented, I suppose, by his friend my lord Burlington. And because I believe you will choose out some very idle minutes to read this letter, perhaps you may not be ill entertained with some account of the man and his errand. He was a fellow of the university here; and going to England very young, about thirteen years ago, he became the founder of

a sect there called the *Immaterialists*, by the force of a very curious book upon that subject. Dr. Smalridge and many other eminent persons were his proselytes. I sent him secretary and chaplain to Sicily with my lord Peterborough; and upon his lordship's return Dr. Berkeley spent some seven years in travelling over most part of Europe, but chiefly through every corner of Italy, Sicily, and other islands. When he came back to England he found so many friends that he was effectually recommended to the duke of Grafton, by whom he was lately made dean of Derry. Your excellency will be frightened when I tell you all this is but an introduction; for I am now to mention his errand. He is an absolute philosopher with regard to money, titles, and power; and for three years past has been struck with a notion of founding an university at Bermudas, by a charter from the crown. He has seduced several of the hopefulest young clergymen, and others here, many of them well provided for, and all of them in the fairest way of preferment; but in England his conquests are greater, and I doubt will spread very far this winter. He showed me a little tract which he designs to publish; and there your excellency will see his whole scheme of a life academico-philosophical (I shall make you remember what you were) of a college founded for Indian scholars and missionaries; where he most exorbitantly proposes a whole hundred pounds a-year for himself, forty for a fellow, and ten for a student. His heart will break if his deanery be not taken from him and left to your excellency's disposal. I discouraged him by the coldness of courts and ministers, who will interpret all this as impossible and a vision, but nothing will do. And therefore I humbly entreat your excellency either to use such persuasions as will keep one of the first men in this kingdom for learning and virtue quiet at home, or assist him by your credit to compass his romantic design; which, however, is very noble and generous, and directly proper for a great person of your excellent education to encourage.

"I must now in all humility entreat one favour of you, as you are lord-lieutenant. Mr. Proby, surgeon of the army here, laid out the greatest portion of his fortune to buy a captainship for his eldest son. The young man was lately accused of discovering an inclination to popery while he was quartered in Galway. The report of the court-martial is transmitted to your excellency. The universal opinion is that the accusation is false and malicious; and the archbishop of Tuam, in whose diocese Galway is, upon a strict inquiry has declared it to be so. But all this is not to sway with your excellency, any more than that the father is the most universally beloved of any man I ever knew in his station. But I entreat that you will please to hear the opinion of others who may speak in his favour, and perhaps will tell you 'that, as party is not in the case, so you cannot do any personal thing more acceptable to the people of Ireland than inclining towards lenity to Mr. Proby and his family'; although I have reason to be confident that they neither need nor desire more than justice: I beg your excellency will remember my request to be only that you would hear others; and not think me so very weak as to imagine I could have hopes of giving the least turn to your mind. Therefore I hope what I have said is pardonable in every respect but that of taking up your time.

"My lord, we are here preparing for your reception, and for a quiet session under your government; but whether you approve the manner, I can only guess. It is by universal declaration against Wood's coin. One thing I am confident of—that your excellency will find and leave us under dispositions very different

toward your person and high station from what have appeared toward others.

"I have no other excuse for the length of this letter but a faithful promise that I will never be guilty of the same fault a second time."

The preceding letter, with that which follows, will form no inappropriate introduction to the more important object of the "Drapier's Letters," and one which constitutes so marked an epoch in the life of the celebrated dean. It is addressed to Mr. Tickell (Deanery-house, Oct. 24, 1724), and shows how highly he estimated the character of lord Carteret, and asured possibly in some degree the relief of his oppressed countrymen.

"Sir,—I did not design to attend my lord-lieutenant till his hurry of visits and ceremony were over, but I fear it will be long before I can have that honour, for I am so cruelly persecuted with the return of my deafness that I am fit for nothing but to mope in my chamber. I therefore humbly entreat your favour to present my most humble duty to his excellency, and to let him know the unlucky cause that hinders me from waiting on him, which I apprehend will yet continue some weeks. I have already had but too much cause to complain of a disorder which hath so long deprived me of the happiness of your company. I conclude you are now a busy man, and shall therefore only add that I am, with great esteem, &c."

* TO MR. TICKELL.

"July 19, 1725.

"Sir,—Your whole behaviour, with relation to myself, ever since I had the honour to be known to you, hath tended meticulously to hinder me from writing or speaking anything that could deserve to be read or heard. I can no sooner hint my desire of a favour to a friend but you immediately grant it, on purpose to load me, so as to put it out of my power to express my gratitude; and against your conscience you put obligations upon the letter I write, where the subject is only to beg a favour, on purpose to make me write worse or not at all for the future. I remember some faint strokes of this unjust proceeding in myself when I had a little credit in the world, but in no comparison with yours, which have filled up the measure of ingratitude.

"I have often thought it a monstrous folly in us, who are tied to this kingdom, to have any friendship with *non actores*, who are birds of passage, while we are sure to be forsaken like young swallows who are seduced by soldiers that quarter among them for a few months. Therefore I presently resolved to make no other use of you than for my present satisfaction, by improving myself from your conversation, or making use of your interest to the advantage of my friends. But when you leave us I will, for my own quiet, send as few signs after you as I can. For, when gods used to come down to earth to converse with females, it was true judgment in the lady who chose rather to marry an earthly lover than Apollo, who would be always running to heaven, and, besides, would be young when she was old.

"And, to show I am serious in my resolutions, I now entreat another good office from you, in behalf of a young gentleman, Mr. James Stanford, a fellow of the college. He is a man of birth and fortune, but the latter a little ragged by travelling; and having now as strong temptations to travel again with great advantage, as goodness to a young person, he desires the honour of being admitted to my lord-lieutenant by your means, with no other view but the credit that such a reception would give him, only whispering me (as all men have base ends) that he deserves his excellency, being about his own age, will be always of so great a consequence in England, as, many years hence, he may find his account in his lordship's protection and countenance.

"He is reckoned the best scholar of his age among us, and abounds in every amiable quality, without any circumstance to detract from them, except one, which I hope his travels will put an end to, and that is love."

"In the letter directed to Dr. Delany there is one to Mr. Stanford, who is soon expected in town, and therein I let him know what I write to you, and direct him to attend you, for which I humbly desire pardon, as well as for the trouble of sending the packet to Dr. Delany, and for teasing you with so long a letter; which I will conclude with the sincerest professions of being ever, with great respect,

"Your most obedient and obliged servant,

"J. SWIFT.

"The ladies present their best service and thanks to you for

There can be no stronger proof of the sincerity of the dean's friendship for Addison, and of his wisdom

your remembrance. Mrs. Johnson has hunted her pickaxe with work."

TO THE SAME.

"Sept. 18, 1725.

"Sir,—You court people have found out the way of vexing me in all my privacy and monkish manner of living. Here is Mr. Sheridan perpetually teasing me with complaints, directly in the style I have often met among state letters, of loss of favour by misrepresentation, and envy, and malice, and secret enemies, and the rest of that jargon. I have had share of it myself, and as I believe have you, and may have more in the course of your fortune. The worst evil is, that when ill opinions are instilled into great men they never think it worth their while to be undeceived, and so a little man is ruined without the least hint of guilt. And therefore, the last time I was in the world, I refused to deal with a chief minister till he promised me upon his honour never to be influenced by any ill story of me, till he told it me plainly and heard my defence, after which, if I cleared myself, it should pass for nothing; and he kept his word and I was never once in pain. I was the person who recommended Mr. Sheridan; but the bishop of Elphin took upon him to do it in form, and gave it a sanction, and was seconded by two other bishops, all principled according to your heart's desire, and therefore his excellency hath nothing to answer for. I do believe Mr. Sheridan hath been formerly reckoned a Tory, but no otherwise than hundreds among your favourites, who, perhaps, grew converts with more zeal, ardour, and cunning, but with less decency. And I hope a man may be a convert without being a renegade; and however the practice is contrary, I know which of them I should most favour. It is most infallible by all sorts of reason that Mr. Sheridan is altogether innocent in that accusation of preaching, but, as he is a creature without cunning, so he hath not overmuch adroitness. His looks, his mathematics, the pressures of his fortune, his laborious calling, and some natural disposition or indolence, give him *esprit*, as you cannot but observe; but he hath other good qualities enough to make up that defect; truth, candour, good-nature, pleasantness of humour, and very good learning; and it was upon these regards I was bold to recommend him, because I thought it was for the general good that he should have some encouragement to go on in his drudgery. But if it be determined that party must lay her talons upon him, there is no more to be said. My lord-lieutenant hath too many great affairs to allow time for examining into every little business, and yet it is hard that even a beggar should suffer who is wholly innocent. I heard king William say that, if the people of Ireland could be believed in what they said of each other, there was not an honest man in the kingdom. And if Mr. Sheridan guesses right of the person who is the chief accuser, there is no man who is not altogether drunk and mad with party would value the accusation. If, by the better made upon this occasion, it should be thought most proper for Mr. Sheridan not to appear about the castle at this juncture, I believe he will content himself, but not that he should lose any degree of favour with his excellency; and if this be the case, I hope you will so order that my lord will condescend to signify so much to him; for I know too well how often princes themselves are obliged to act against their judgment, amidst the rage of factions. Upon the whole, the good treatment you have given me hath produced an ill effect, encouraging me to further requests, that you will endeavour to make Mr. Sheridan easy. None but converts are afraid of showing favour to those who lie under suspicion in point of principles; and that was Mr. Addison's great merit in openly continuing his friendship to me to the very hour of his death. And your case is the same, and the same I shall expect from you in a proper degree, both towards Mr. Sheridan and myself.

"Whether you are in parliament or no, I am sensible you are too busy at this time to bear such an interruption as I have given you, and yet I have not said half what I had a mind; my excuse is, that I have title to your favour as you were Mr. Addison's friend, and, in the most honourable part, his heir; and if he had thought of your coming to this kingdom, he would have besought me to you.

"I am ever, with true esteem and respect,

"Your most obedient and most humble servant,

"JONATHAN SWIFT."

TO THE SAME.

"Deanery-house, November 12, 1725.

"Sir,—I have got slowly out of a feverish disorder that hath consumed me these ten days. I shall dine to-morrow at home, after a sort, as *famille* with the two ladies my aunts. And if you please to be a fourth, I shall take care that no unacceptable fifth be of the company; and pray let me know to-night or to-morrow morning, for as to Sunday, I look on you as a guest when you please.

"I am your most obedient,

"J. SWIFT."

and magnanimity in forbearing to resent the capacious jealousy and coolness which, as in the case of Pope, the author of the *Spectator* sometimes gave way to at the expense of justice, than the regard and esteem thus uniformly shown by Swift to the dearest friend and the executor of that pleasing writer. He reaped the reward he most coveted, the power of serving his friends; and as a just testimonial to Swift's high mind and honourable motives in this correspondence, it affords the writer unalloyed pleasure to subjoin the remainder of his interesting correspondence.

TO THE SAME.

"[London]. April 16, 1726.

"Sir,—Though I am to desire a favour of you, yet I was glad it gave me an opportunity of paying you my respects. I am here now a month picking up the remains of my old acquaintance, and descending to take new ones. Your people are very civil to me, and I meet a thousand times better usage from them than from that denomination in Ireland.

"This night I saw the wild boy, whose arrival here hath been the subject of half our talk this fortnight. He is in the keeping of Dr. Arbuthnot, but the king and court were so entertained with him that the princess could [not] get him till now. I can hardly think him wild in the sense they respect him. Mr. Arundel is made surveyor of the works, which I suppose you will hear before you read this.

"I hope I am to give you joy, and I am sure I wish it you; the reason I trouble you with the enclosed is because it contains a bill of lading for a picture I have from France, and am afraid it might miscarry.

"You will please to send one of your servants to the person it is directed to; and accept my excuses.

"I am, with true respect, sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"J. SWIFT."

TO THE SAME.

"London, July 7, 1726.

"Sir,—I hate led so restless, and visiting, and travelling, and variations a life, since I had the honour of your letter, that I never had honour enough to acknowledge it, though I carried it wrapped up safely in my pocket. You are now so old a married man, that I shall not congratulate with you, but pray God you may long congratulate with yourself, and that your situation will make you a tolerable Irishman, at least till you can make the lady a good Englishwoman, which, however, I hope will be late. I cannot complain of any want of civility in your friends the Whigs; and I will tell you freely that most of them agree with me in quarrelling about the same things. I have lived these two months past for the most part in the country, either at Twickenham with Mr. Pope, or rambling with him and Mr. Gay for a fortnight together. Yesterday my lord Bellingbrooke and Mr. Coogrove made up five at dinner at Twickenham. I have been very little more than a witness of any pleasures you may have seen from London. I am in no secondary way for speculations of any kind, neither do I find them so ready to occur at this late time of my life. The thing you mention, which no friend would publish, was written four or five years ago at Windsor, and shows how indifferent it is to leave any one master of what cannot without the least consequence be shown to the world. Folly, malice, indigence, and the insolence in keeping secrets (for which we want a word), ought to caution men to keep the key of their cabinets.

"As to what you mention of an imaginary treatise, I can only answer that I have a great quantity of papers somewhere or other, of which none would please you, partly because they are very incorrect, but chiefly because they wholly disagree with your notions of persons and things; neither do I believe it would be possible for you to find out any treasury of waste papers without searching nine houses and then sending to me for the key.

"I find the ladies make the deservest their illa. I have been told that Mrs. Johnson's health has given her friends bad apprehensions; and I have heard but twice from them. But their secretary, Dr. Sheridan, just tells me she is much better, to my great satisfaction. I wonder how you could expect to see her in a morning, which I, her oldest acquaintance, have not done these dozen years, except once or twice in a journey. I desire to present my most humble service to Mrs. Tickell.

"I shall return in a few days to Twickenham, and there continue till August, at the latter end of which month I propose to wait on you at the castle of Dublin; for I am weary of being among ministers, whom I cannot govern, who are all rank, turn in government and worse than Whigs in church; whereas I was the first man who taught and practised the direct contrary principle.

"I am, sir, with sincere respect,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"JONATHAN SWIFT."

correspondence with Mr. Tickell, who merited the dean's friendship also on his own account.

During a period of six years from his return to Ireland, Swift had conscientiously adhered to his resolution of not interfering with political affairs. He saw with grief the unhappy causes which rendered his country the most oppressed and desolate of any known in the civilized world, and he was heard to declare that it made his flesh creep and his blood boil to witness the extreme degradation to which it was condemned by the impolicy and wickedness of successive governments. He left no means untried to remove the disastrous influence that preyed upon its vitals, by arousing the people to a just sense of their resources and their rights; he even overcame his natural repugnance to use his persuasions with his political enemies to serve his cause, while he waited patiently till the extreme violence of party should have exhausted itself upon stronger enemies. But in the year 1720 Swift found he could no longer remain with honour a silent spectator of the course of events. In his "Proposal for the universal Use of Irish Manufactures" he pointed out to the people of Ireland their poverty and distress were chiefly owing to their own folly, and that the remedy lay in their own power. He gives an interesting account of his views and motives in those lighter publications which ushered in his more renowned letters of the *Drapier*, to his friend Pope, the last of that brilliant galaxy of wits left to cheer the dean in his advancing years, and whom he regarded with the tenderest affection. "I have written in this kingdom a discourse to persuade the wretched people to wear their own manufactures, instead of those from England. This treatise soon spread very fast, being agreeable to the sentiments of the whole nation, except of those gentlemen who had employments, or were expectants. Upon which, a person in great office here immediately took the alarm; he sent in haste for the chief-justice and informed him of a seditious, factious, and virulent pamphlet, lately published with the design of setting the two kingdoms at variance; directing at the same time that the printer should be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law. The chief-justice has so quick an understanding, that he resolved, if possible, to outdo his orders. The grand juries of the county and the city were effectually practised with to represent the said pamphlet with all aggravating epithets, for which they had thanks sent them from England, and their presentment published for several weeks in all the newspapers. The printer was seized and forced to give great bail. After his trial the jury brought him in not guilty, although they had been culled with the utmost industry: the chief-justice sent them back nine times, and kept them eleven hours, until being perfectly tired out they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the judge, by what they call a *special verdict*. During the trial the chief-justice, among other singularities, laid his own hand on his breast, and protested solemnly that the author's design was to bring in the pretender, although there was not a single syllable of party in the whole treatise, and although it was known that the most eminent of those who professed his own principles publicly disavowed his proceedings. But the cause being so very odious and unpopular, the trial of the verdict was deferred from one term to another, until, upon the duke of Grafton's (the lord-lieutenant's) arrival, his grace, after mature advice and permission from England, was pleased to grant a *noli persequi*."

From the manner in which Swift was supported by popular opinion in this effort to remove one of

the causes of the people's sufferings, in spite of the utmost exertions of the Whig party, he was encouraged to aim at higher things, and to identify his future reputation with the triumph of a popular movement almost unprecedented under the circumstances in which Ireland was placed. After taking signal vengeance upon the chief justice, and rendering him an object of public indignation, he again withdrew from the controversial arena, and appears to have been engaged, both then and subsequently in England, in bringing to perfection his great masterpiece of fictitious composition—his immortal "Travels of Captain Gulliver." In this interval, between 1720 and 1724, there does not seem to have been published a single work known under his name; but in the latter year an occasion offered, which he eagerly embraced, of dispersing those clouds behind which he had so long been concealed, and of venturing upon a more daring career than he had before attempted. "The great acquisition of esteem and influence," says Dr. Johnson, "was made by the 'Draper's Letters.' One Wood, of Wolverhampton, in Staffordshire, a man enterprising and rapacious, had, as is said, by a present to the duchess of Munster, obtained a patent empowering him to coin one hundred and eight thousand pounds of halfpence and farthings, for the kingdom of Ireland, in which there was a very inconvenient and embarrassing scarcity of copper coin; so that it was possible to run in debt upon the credit of a piece of money; for the cook or keeper of an alehouse could not refuse to supply a man that had silver in his hand, and the huyer would not leave his money without change. The project was therefore plausible. The scarcity, which was already great, Wood took care to make greater by agents who gathered up the old halfpence, and was about to turn his brass into gold by pouring the treasures of his new mint upon Ireland, when Swift, finding that the metal was debased to an enormous degree, wrote letters under the name of M. B., Drapier, to show the folly of receiving, and the mischief that must ensue by giving gold and silver for coin, perhaps not a third part of its nominal value."

There were other and more serious evils that would have followed the nefarious attempt to enrich an individual at the expense of an entire nation. It was not the debasement of the metal so much as the wide field opened for the patentee to withdraw the remaining gold and silver from the already exhausted land, and to substitute a spurious coin, which must soon have found its way even to the treasury itself, bringing deserved retribution upon the heads of those who granted his powers. No security was exacted from Wood that he would not, like his predecessors, forge his own coin beyond the stated limits, and inundate the country with an arbitrary currency of his own. "The great force," says Mr. Deane Swift, "of the doctor's reasoning in the character of an Irish drapier, was not so much levelled against a moderate quantity of halfpence in general (which it is certain were much wanted in Ireland in 1721) as against Wood's adulterate copper in particular, which was not worth three halfpence in a shilling, and which might have been poured in upon the nation from Wood's mint to eternity, as he had neither given security for his honesty nor obliged himself, like other patentees, to give either gold or silver in exchange for his copper, whereas the halfpence (afterwards) sent over to Ireland in 1737 were coined in the Tower, by the express order of the crown, for the convenience of the kingdom, &c. &c. However, it is certain that an advertisement of three lines by order of Dr. Swift, had there been occasion for it, as there was not, would instantly have stopped their currency."

It might have been added by his ingenious relative and able commentator that the tacit approbation of the dean upon this last occasion strongly evinced that his opposition to the impolitic and disgraceful project was by no means of a factious nature, or induced by any interested or ambitious views. Sheridan also declared that no one in Ireland was consulted upon the subject, nor was any previous notice given to the lord-lieutenant. And Swift himself, to place the matter beyond a doubt, has left it upon record that his objections to its introduction were founded upon strong principle—namely, the fraudulent obtaining and executing of the patent, the baseness of the metal, and the prodigious sum to be coined, which might be increased by stealth from foreign importations and his own counterfeits as well as those at home; "whereby we infallibly lose all our little gold and silver, and all our poor remainder of a very limited and discouraged trade." He likewise asserted in his advertisement that the sum was five times greater than the occasion required; and in one of his many poems upon the unlucky patentee he gives vent to his satirical genius upon the fact of his being committed to gaol for debt:—

"And over these fillets he wisely has thrown—
To keep out of danger—a double of stone."

"For my own part," he observes, "who am but one man of obscure origin, I do solemnly declare in the presence of Almighty God that I will suffer the most ignominious and torturing death rather than submit to receive this accursed coin, or any other that shall be liable to the same objections, until they shall be forced upon me by a law of my own country; and if that shall even happen, I will transport myself into some foreign land and eat the bread of poverty among a free people." "The great ignominy of a whole kingdom's lying so long at mercy, under so vile an adversary, is such a deplorable aggravation that the utmost expressions of shame and rage are too low to set it forth; and therefore I shall leave it to receive such a resentment as is worthy of a parliament."

The history of the whole affair is so curious that a brief statement of facts will add greatly to the interest we feel in the dean's unprecedented popularity and political success. It seems to have begun in corruption as it must have ended in fraud. The emoluments from the disposal of the patent were given by lord Sunderland to the duchess of Kendal, who sold it to Wood:—

"Such a worm was Will Wood, when he scratch'd at the door
Of a governing statesman or favourite w—re."

The duke of Bolton, then lord-lieutenant, wanted boldness to bring the project forward; but the duke of Grafton, his successor, gave his promise to support it. Walpole, on coming into power, though aware of the difficulties in the way, permitted the measure to take its course. Lord Middleton, the Irish chancellor, on the other hand, opposed it; a new quarrel sprang up between him and the lord-lieutenant, fomented by the arts of Carteret, who was intriguing for Walpole's removal. The foolish boasting of Wood was calculated to embarrass the promoters of the measure; and to put a climax to the absurdity of all parties engaged, the patent was granted without being submitted to the privy council. Discord and dissension soon spread through Ireland on this intelligence, and the duke of Grafton was speedily recalled. From desire to supplant Walpole he had acted with the opposition, but was now anxious to bring over lord Middleton to his views. In this however he failed, and the patent was ultimately surrendered. To have forced it upon the people of Ireland, Swift conceived, would have proved a deathblow to the independence

of the kingdom; and this operated as another incentive to strain every nerve to oppose it. But this argument it was dangerous to avow; and when in his fourth letter he treated of it simply as an abstract question, the arm of government was immediately raised to strike.

Soon after lord Carteret's arrival in Ireland a proclamation was issued offering a reward of 300*l.* for the discovery of the author of the fourth "Drapier's Letter." The printer was imprisoned and a bill of indictment ordered to be prepared. Swift upon this came to his friend Harding's relief, with his short but "Seasonable Advice to the Grand Jury," copies of which were distributed to every person of the jury before the bill, and produced so powerful a sensation that it was unanimously thrown out. The chief-justice Whitshed discharged the jury in a rage, but it availed nothing, for the next that was summoned drew up a strong presentment in support of the opinions contained in the "Drapier's Letters," in language still more decisive. The same fate attended various others in different counties; this measure was soon known to be desperate even in the eyes of its projectors; and never was national exaltation more loudly expressed at its final rejection. The drapier was hailed on all sides as the liberator of his country; his name resounded through the island; his picture became the favourite sign of every country inn, was treasured in every house, and even exhibited and cried about in the streets.

"Whoever," says Sheridan, "examines the 'Drapier's Letters' with attention, will find that the great talents of Swift never appeared in a more conspicuous light than on this occasion. He saw that a plan was formed by the British minister to bring his country into the utmost distress. Notwithstanding the apparent opposition given to it by the Irish parliament and privy council, he knew too well the servile disposition of all men at that time in office, and their abject dependence on the minister, to suppose they would continue firm in their opposition at the certain loss of their places, if he was determined to carry the point. He saw, therefore, no possible means of preventing the evil but raising such a spirit in the whole body of the people as would make them resolve on no account whatever to receive this coin. His writings in the character of a drapier were in such plain language, and in such an easy series from simple and evident principles, as carried the foldest conviction to every mind. But as it was necessary to his purpose to rouse the feelings as well as convince the understandings of mankind, without ever appearing at all to apply to the passions, he raises them to the highest pitch by seemingly casual strokes here and there interspersed. So that the whole, on a transient view, appeared what it professed to be—the work of an honest shop-keeper, of plain common sense, who started out of his sphere to commence writer upon a view of the imminent danger with which his country was threatened; and who could not now and then suppress the honest indignation which rose in his breast at the unparalleled insolence of power in treating a great and loyal kingdom with such indignity as would have been thought intolerable even by the inhabitants of the Isle of Man. Yet plain and simple as these writings seem to be at first view, and which as every common reader would imagine he could produce himself, upon a closer inspection they would be found to be works of the most consummate skill and art; and whoever should attempt to perform the like would be obliged to say with Horace,—

"Studet multum, frustraquoque laborat,
Quivis speret idem."

"Who, while they strive the more success to gain,
Should find their labour and their hopes are vain."

"I remember to have heard the late Hawkins Browne say that the 'Drapier's Letters' were the most perfect pieces of oratory ever composed since the days of Demosthenes. And indeed upon comparison there will appear a great similitude between the two writers. They both made use of the plainest words, and such as were in most general use, which they adorned only by a proper and beautiful arrangement of them. They both made use of the most obvious topics, which by the force of genius they placed in a new light. They were equally skilful in the arrangement and closeness of their arguments; equally happy in the choice and brevity of their allusions; each so entirely master of his art as entirely to conceal the appearance of art, so that they seized on the passions by surprise. . . .

"One passage, indeed, is so admirable an instance of the species of excellence above described as to require no apology for bringing it here before the reader. 'I am very sensible,' he says, in his assumed character, 'that such a work as I have undertaken might have worthily employed a much better pen; but when a house is attempted to be robbed, it often happens that the weakest in the family runs first to stop the door. All my assistance were some informations from an eminent person, whereof I am afraid I have spoiled a few by endeavouring to make them of a piece with my own productions, and the rest I was not able to manage. I was in the case of David, who could not move in the armour of Saul; and therefore chose to attack this unlearned Philistine (Wood I mean) with a sling and a stone. And I may say for Wood's honour, as well as my own, that he resembles Goliath in many circumstances very applicable to the present purpose: for Goliath had a helmet of brass upon his head, and he was armed with a coat of mail, and the weight of the coat was 5000 shekels of brass; and he had greaves of brass upon his legs, and a target of brass between his shoulders. In short, he was like Mr. Wood, all over brass, and he defied the armies of the living God. Goliath's conditions of combat were likewise the same with those of Wood: if he prevail against us *then shall we be his servants*; but if it happens that I prevail over him, I renounce the other part of the condition; he shall never be a servant of mine, for I do not think him fit to be trusted in any honest man's shop.'

"Nothing," continues his able biographer, "showed the generalship of Swift in a higher point of view during this contest than his choice of ground, both for attack and defence. He well knew of what importance it was to steer clear of party, and that, if he had attacked the British minister as the real author, promoter, and abettor of this project, he would immediately have been stigmatized with the name of Jacobite, and his writings of course disregarded. He therefore treated the matter all along as if there were no other parties concerned but *William Wood, hardwareman*, on the one side, and the whole kingdom of Ireland on the other. Nay he went further; and finding that Wood in his several publications had often made use of Mr. Walpole's name, he took upon him the defence of the latter in several passages of his fourth letter, which he concludes thus: 'But I will now demonstrate beyond all contradiction that Mr. Walpole is against this project of Mr. Wood, and is an entire friend to Ireland, only by this one invincible argument; that he has the universal opinion of being a wise man, an able minister, and in all his proceedings pursuing the true interest of the king his master; and that, as his integrity

is above all corruption, so is his fortune above all temptation.' By the use of this irony, a double-edged weapon which he knew how to manage with peculiar dexterity, his argument cut both ways. To the bulk of readers it might pass for a real acquittal of Mr. Walpole of the charge brought against him, which would answer one end; and to those of more discernment it obliquely pointed out the true object of their resentment; but this so guardedly, that it was impossible to make any serious charge against the author of his having such a design."

Swift was known from this time by the appellation of *The Dean*. He was honoured by the populace as the champion, patron, and instructor of Ireland; and gained such power as, considered both in its extent and duration, scarcely any man has ever enjoyed without greater wealth or higher station. He was from this important year the oracle of the traders and the idol of the rabble, and by consequence was feared and courted by all to whom the kindness of the traders or the populace was necessary. The Drapier was a sign; the Drapier was a health; and whic way soever the eye or the ear was turned, some tokens were found of the nation's gratitude to the Drapier. The benefit was indeed great. He had rescued Ireland from a very oppressive and predatory invasion; and the popularity which he had gained he was diligent to keep, by appearing forward and zealous on every occasion when the public interest was supposed to be involved. Nor did he much scruple to boast his influence; for when, upon some attempt to regulate the coin, archbishop Boulter, then one of the justices, accused him of exasperating the people, he exculpated himself by saying, "If I had lifted up my finger they would have torn you to pieces." (Johnson.)

Through the medium likewise of his "*Drapier's Letters*," the dean took occasion to declare his real political opinions from the period when so many important changes had taken place. They were such as to dispel every suspicion thrown upon him by his enemies, of his perfect consistency, loyalty, and attachment to the house of Hanover. He expressed both his contempt and repugnance for the pretender, and succeeded in removing the prejudices conceived against him in high quarters, from the idle charge of his being a secret Jacobite and disaffected to the new succession.

During the publication of his famous letters it is known that Swift studiously concealed himself from being known as the author. The only persons at first cognizant of the fact are said to have been Robert Blakely, his butler, whom he employed as his amanuensis, and Dr. Sheridan. Robert not being greatly experienced in his art, the copies were invariably delivered by him to the doctor, to receive his corrections before they were sent to the press. They were then conveyed by the former to the printer in a manner to prevent any discovery of the authorship, but it one day happened that Blakely staid out later than usual; and, as if to give his absence a stronger appearance of treachery, it was upon the very day the proclamation was issued offering a reward of 300*l.* for the detection of the author of the fourth letter. The dean ordered the door to be locked at the usual hour and shut him out. The next morning the poor fellow appeared before his master with marks of great sorrow; but Swift would listen to none of his excuses. He not only rated him soundly, but ordered him to strip off his livery and quit his house that moment. "What, you villain!" he exclaimed, "is it because I am in your power you dare to take these liberties! Get out of my house, you scoundrel, and receive the reward of your treachery." It seems that Stells, then at the deanery, became so much alarmed

that she sent off for Dr. Sheridan, who upon his arrival found Robert walking about the hall in great agitation and shedding abundance of tears. Upon inquiry into the cause, he was informed of what had taken place; and bade the poor fellow not to despair nor leave the house, for that he would pacify the dean: "That is not what vexes me," was Blakely's reply, "though I should be sorry to lose so good a master; but what grieves me to the soul is that he should have so had an opinion of me as to believe me capable of betraying him for any reward in the world." This was immediately repeated by Sheridan to the dean, who, struck with the generosity of the sentiment, not only forgave but restored him to more than his former favour. He took an opportunity also of rewarding him for his good feeling and fidelity; for the office of verger becoming vacant, Swift inquired of Robert if he had any clothes that were not a livery. Being answered in the affirmative, he bade him instantly put them on after stripping his livery. The poor fellow fell on his knees, requesting to know what new crime he had committed to deserve such a punishment. "Well! do as I order you," was the dean's answer; and upon Robert again appearing in plain clothes, he summoned the other servants, and informed them they were no longer to consider him as Robert their fellow-servant, but as Mr. Blakely, verger of St. Patrick's cathedral, a place bestowed upon him as a reward for his faithful services. But at Mr. Blakely's particular request, he continued as a volunteer to officiate also in his old capacity, although the dean would by no means permit him to assume any badge of servitude. He also took care that he was remunerated for both.

Numerous other anecdotes have been repeated relating to the appearance of the famous Letters, and the following is given upon the authority of Sheridan, who received it from a respectable German merchant (Mr. Hoffeleger), then a resident in Dublin. There was a full levee held at the castle the day subsequent to the proclamation against the drapier, which had already become the general topic of all circles. The lord-lieutenant was in the act of going round the circle when the dean abruptly entered the room, and, pushing his way through the crowd, addressed the lord-lieutenant—his countenance bearing marks of the strongest indignation—in a voice that resounded through the place: "So, my lord, this is a glorious exploit that you performed yesterday, in suffering a proclamation against a poor shopkeeper, whose only crime is an honest endeavour to save his country from ruin. You have given a noble specimen of what this devoted nation is to hope for from your government. I suppose you expect a statue of copper will be erected to you for this service done to Wood." The effect of this double meaning and pun at the same time had an instantaneous effect upon the risible powers of the fashionable audience; and it was doubly relished by the lord-lieutenant himself, both a scholar and a man of taste; but the dean continued to read him a severe lecture upon the folly and impolicy of supporting a measure so detrimental to the best interests of the country. The incipient mirth of the titled slaves was soon lost in silence and astonishment at the terrific lashes of Swift's unsparing satire; and he is described as awing them into a sense of their native littleness, like so many Lilliputians in the presence of the great captain Gulliver at a court scene. For some moments a profound silence ensued, when the lord-lieutenant, who had listened with great composure, made the following fine and elegant application of Virgil's line to the case in hand:—

"Res dare et regni novitas me talia cogunt
Moliri—"

"My cruel fate,
And doubts attending an unsettled state,
Force me," &c.—

a reply which struck the whole assembly with its appropriate and dexterous use, and without any serious and severe retort assisted the speaker at the right moment and in the manner he most wished, especially in the instance of Swift; and all present equally extolled the magnanimity of the one, and the just and forcible reply given by the other in so grave a matter.

The patent being withdrawn, and all apprehensions as to the introduction of the coin being over, Swift retired to Quilnes, a house of Dr. Sheridan's, where he spent some months in finishing and preparing his "Gulliver's Travels" for the press. It was probably with some views regarding its publication, and from the extreme earnestness with which his English friends urged him to try the benefit of a change of air, that in 1726 the dean again visited England, after an absence of twelve years. He was received with the most gratifying marks of attention, for the attachment of those who had previously known him seemed rather to have increased than diminished by time. All expressed the warmest wishes that he would leave Ireland and settle among them; and several plans are believed to have been proposed to accomplish this object. Swift had always considered England as his own country, and been anxious to make some beneficial transfer of his Irish interest that would have opened a new sphere of duties and exertions among the literary and political connexions he had so early formed; and in case of succeeding he would have made other arrangements, to which he has already alluded, for apportioning a portion of his more advanced years in France and Italy, though it was his wish to close his days in England. Unfortunately however, he was obnoxious to the men in power, though by no means disliked at court, being exactly the reverse of the situation in which he stood during the bright and fleeting days of his political ascendancy.

Upon the present occasion he met with no unfavourable reception at Leicester-house. The princess of Wales, afterwards queen Caroline, was fond of patronising men of genius and science for the sort of reputation it gave to her station and for the promotion of her views; and, slight as it was, Swift had no better ground upon which to raise a hope of future success. Upon hearing of Swift's arrival in London she intimated her desire to have an interview with the author of the "Drapier's Letters;" and in a letter to his friend lady Betty Germaine he has left the following account of it in his own words (1732-3):—"It is six years last spring since I first went to visit my friends in England after the queen's death. Her present majesty heard of my arrival, and sent at least nine times to command my attendance before I would obey her, for several reasons not hard to guess, and, among others, because I had heard her character from those who knew her well. At last I went, and she received me very graciously." The princess appears to have been struck with the novelty of such a character; and being highly entertained with his peculiar vein of humour, "she was never weary," says Sheridan, "of sending for him, both in London and Richmond; while Swift, to keep up his consequence, never once attended her but by command." Mrs. Howard, first lady of the bedchamber and her chief favourite, was the person who usually sent for him. As a lady of fine taste and uncommon understanding, she soon contracted a high esteem for Swift, which was matured into a friendship by the frequent

opportunities she had of conversing with him in company with Pope and Gay, who were her great favourites. These peculiar marks of esteem and the evident pleasure taken by the princess in Swift's society, added to the general conversation respecting the dean at court, naturally led his friends to conclude that the first opportunity would be taken to make some handsome provision for him in England, though, from his long experience of courts and his numerous disappointments, he was himself by no means sanguine upon the subject.

During this visit to England his time seems to have been chiefly spent between Twickenham and Dawley, with his friends Pope and Bolingbroke, where he met the most eminent wits and politicians of the day. The occasion of his presence was eagerly seized upon by Pope and Arbuthnot for compiling the volumes of "Miscellanies," the proceeds from which he generously relinquished to the former; and as this was the first time that Swift's works were published collectively in an authentic shape, the sale was immense, and produced a very considerable sum.

Among other pleasant anecdotes connected with the dean's visits to England is the following characteristic one, which displays the peculiarities of his character in a very strong and amusing point of view. It has the merit of being told also (from Spence), in the words of Pope himself:—"Doctor Swift," he says, "has an odd, hasty way that is mistaken by strangers for ill-nature. 'Tis so odd that there is no describing it but by fact. I'll tell you one that first comes into my head. One evening Gay and I went to see him: you know how intimately we were all acquainted. On our coming in, 'Hey-day, gentlemen,' says the doctor, 'what's the meaning of this visit! How came you to leave all the great lords that you are so fond of to come hither to see a poor dean!' 'Because we would rather see you than any of them.' 'Ay! any one that did not know you so well as I do might believe you. But since you are come I must get some supper for you I suppose.' 'No, doctor, we have supped already.' 'Supped already! that's impossible; why it is not eight o'clock yet. That's very strange; but if you had not supped I must have got something for you. Let me see; what should I have had! A couple of lobsters; ay, that would have done very well; two shillings—starts a shilling; but you will drink a glass of wine with me, though you have supped so much before your usual time only to spare my pocket!' 'No: we had rather talk with you than drink with you.' 'But if you had supped with me, as in all reason you ought to have done, you must then have drank with me. A bottle of wine, two shillings—two and two is four, and one is five: just two-and-sixpence a piece. There, Pope! there's half-a-crown for you, and there's another for you, sir; for I won't save anything by you, I am determined.' This was all said and done with his usual seriousness on such occasions; and in spite of anything we could say to the contrary, he actually obliged us to take the money." We are informed by Delany also, "that when lady Eustace or other women of rank joined his table at the deanery, he used in the same manner to allow them a shilling a head to provide their own entertainment, and would stickle hard that only sixpence should be allowed for the brat, as he used to call Miss Eustace afterwards married to Mr. Tickell; and from a sense of justice more refined even than his aversion to any approach to obligation, when he dined with his poorer friends he uniformly insisted upon paying his club, as at a tavern or a house of public resort."

The popularity it would appear that followed Swift's frequent interviews, during this visit, with

the princess, at court, drew the attention of the premier, who entertained no friendly feelings towards the dean, and between whom there were too many points of disagreement ever to expect a complete or cordial co-operation. But as it was the fashion then to praise the dean for his social qualities and good nature, Walpole so far oblied in with the popular feeling as to show his magnanimity in affecting to forget what he never could forgive—the bitter irony and artful exhibition of his weak points to public derision and contempt.

"For never can true reconciliation grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep."

In another of the dean's letters to lady Germaine (Jan. 8, 1722-3) he observes, as if the advances had come from the side of sir Robert, "Walpole was at that time very civil to me, and so were all the people in power. He invited me and some of my friends to dine with him at Chelsea. After dinner I took an occasion to say what I had observed of princes and great ministers, that if they heard an ill thing of a private person that expected some favour, although they were afterwards convinced that the person was innocent, yet they would never be reconciled. Mr. Walpole knew well enough that I meant Mr. Gay,* but he gave it another turn, for he said to some of his friends, and particularly to a lord, a near relation of yours, 'that I had dined with him, and had been making apologies for myself.'"

Subsequent to this polite attention, apparently with the specious view of throwing odium upon Swift's character for honour and consistency, sir Robert appointed another interview with the dean upon the subject of Irish grievances, and a most ungenerous use also was made by the premier's partisans of this incident, to represent Swift as demeaning himself by solicitations for his own advantage. Much has been said also of a letter from Swift, intercepted by sir Robert's spies, containing injurious reflections upon the premier and admissions of his own utter want of spirit and principle; and another letter from a Mr. Roberts is still pointed to as an authentic document, upon grounds equally strong and probable. It would be fortunate if we could always trace such slanders to their source; but the chief movers are careful to envelop themselves in mystery, and all that can be done in nine cases out of ten is to give the statement of the injured party, and as clear a statement of the facts of the whole proceeding as the details left on record will admit. First, it appears that lord Peterborough, in a note to Swift a little previous to the date of the dean's letter that follows, observes, "Sir Robert Walpole, any morning except Tuesday and Thursday, which are his public days, about nine in the morning, will be glad to see you at his London house. On Monday, if I see you, I will give you a farther account." This interview, through the intervention of his lordship, took place subsequent to Walpole's courteous invitation of the dean, so that, if he retained any vindictive feelings, as the savage assaults he and his friends made upon Swift in the house of commons indicated, nothing could effect the object of defamation more surely than a private interview, which left either party to allege whatever he pleased. It will be only justice to give the version of the party assailed, which we are to conclude was made up of

* "He had written," says Swift, "a very ingenious book of fables for the use of the princess's younger son, and she had often promised to provide for him (Gay). But some time before, there came out a libel against Mr. Walpole, who was informed it was written by Mr. Gay; and although Mr. W. owned he was convinced that it was not written by Gay, yet he never would pardon him, and did him a hundred ill offices to the princess."

a series of ingenious fictions, to cover his own disgrace, if we are to credit the allegations made upon the other side. The letter is addressed to lord Peterborough, two days after the celebrated interview that, in one moment, according to the minister's partisans, exhibited the great author of the "Drapier's Letters," the bold, lofty-minded, and consistent friend of Harley and Bolingbroke, the companion of Pope and Addison, and the patron of merit and good conduct wherever he found them, as the mean toad-eater of a man who hated him—as a renegade, and the most wretched of drivellers, bent upon stultifying himself. Now what is Swift's own plain, straightforward narrative of the affair; but, in the opinion of his traduers, so ingeniously got up as almost to rival the happy stories of Gulliver himself? We must also remember that it was written immediately after the interview with sir Robert Walpole:—

"April 28, 1726.

"MY LORD,—Your lordship having at my request obtained for me an hour from sir Robert Walpole, I accordingly attended him yesterday, at eight o'clock in the morning, and had somewhat more than an hour's conversation with him. Your lordship was this day pleased to inquire what passed between that great minister and me, to which I gave you some general answers, from whence you said you could comprehend little or nothing.

"I had no other design in desiring to see sir Robert Walpole than to represent the affairs of Ireland to him in a true light, not only without any view to myself, but to any party whatsoever; and because I understood the affairs of that kingdom tolerably well, and observed the representations he had received were such as I could not agree to; my principal design was to set him right, not only for the service of Ireland, but likewise of England and his own administration.

"I failed very much in my design; for I saw he conceived opinions, from the examples of the present and some former governors, which I could not reconcile to the notions I had of liberty; a possession always understood by the British nation to be the inheritance of a human creature.

"Sir Robert Walpole was pleased to enlarge very much upon the subject of Ireland, in a manner so alien from what I conceived to be the rights and privileges of a subject of England, that I did not think proper to debate the matter with him so much as I otherwise might, because I found it would be in vain."

The portion that follows has no relation to his discourse with Walpole, but consists of an enumeration of the particular grievances under which Ireland laboured; and the only additional reference is at the conclusion, where he says, "I most humbly entreat your lordship to give the paper to sir Robert Walpole, and to desire him to read it, which he may do in a few minutes."

But perhaps the strongest of all the testimonies in favour of Swift is the silence of the members of the Walpole family, and of their chief biographer, Mr. Coxe, who, however severe upon the dean in other respects, stop and filter here, nor dared by adopting and giving circulation to the calumny to challenge an investigation of the truth. Sheridan, sir Walter Scott, and all the most impartial and enlightened writers who have treated upon this passage of the dean's history, have arrived at the same conclusion, not only upon general grounds, but after minute and particular investigation of the case. It will not be uninteresting in so important a matter briefly to give their views of an affair which in the present day has produced more impression than it at all de-

served, and includes parties weak and prejudiced enough to note down for posterity the dean of St. Patrick as a self-convicted renegade and a fool. "I would have those gentlemen," says Sheridan, "consider, in the first place, what little credit they do to sir Robert's understanding in declining the assistance of the first writer of the age, at a time when he was throwing away immense sums upon authors of mean talents. In the next place, it is to be hoped that candour will oblige them to retract what they have said, as so convincing a proof is here produced of the falsehood of the charge. For it is impossible to suppose that Swift would have made such a representation of the interview, utterly *disclaiming all views to himself*, and desiring that it might be shown to Walpole, if the other had it in his power to contradict it, and by so doing render him contemptible in the eyes of his noble friend, as well as of all his adherents. I have a letter before me written at that time to the Rev. Mr. Stopford, then abroad at Paris (afterwards, through his means, bishop of Cloyne), in which he gives the same account: 'I was lately twice with the chief minister; the first time by invitation, the second at my desire, for an hour, wherein we differed in every point; but all this made a great noise, and soon got to Ireland. From whence, on the late death of the bishop of Cloyne, it was said I was offered to succeed, and I received many letters upon it, but there was nothing of truth in it; for I was neither offered nor would have received, except upon conditions which would never be granted. For I absolutely broke with the chief minister, and have never seen him since. And I lately complained of him to the princess, because I knew she would tell him.'

"I think it is hardly probable that Swift could have complained of him to the princess if he had such a story to tell of him. His complaint certainly related to Walpole's unjust and impolitic maxims with regard to Ireland, which was the sole subject of his discourse. And it appears that he had often, in his conversations with the princess, represented the cruel hardships under which that country groaned, inasmuch that in a letter to lady Suffolk (July 24, 1731) he says, 'Her majesty gave me leave and even commanded me, above five years ago, if I lived until she was queen, to write to her on behalf of Ireland: for the miseries of this kingdom she appeared then to be concerned.'

"Sir Robert himself never dropped any hint of this to Swift's friends, but in appearance seemed to wish him well. In a letter from Pope to him soon after his departure for Ireland, he tells him, 'I had a conference with sir Robert Walpole, who expressed his desire of having seen you again before you left us: he said he observed a willingness in you to live among us, which I did not deny; but at the same time told him you had no such design in your coming, which was merely to see a few of those that you loved; but that indeed all those wished it, and particularly lord Peterborough and myself, who wished you loved Ireland less, had you any reason to love England more.'

"Whoever examines all Swift's letters at that time will find that he was far from having any ambitious views. His wish was to have a settlement among his friends; and he aimed no higher than to change his preferments in Ireland for any church-living near them, that should not be much inferior in point of income, whether accompanied with any dignity or not. And this method of commuting benefices he chose, to avoid laying himself under any obligations to a party of whose measures he so utterly disapproved. Of this we have a striking in-

stance in the above-mentioned letter to an intimate friend, then abroad, to whom a false representation of his sentiments could have answered no end; where he declares that he would not accept even of a bishopric though offered him, except upon conditions which he was sure would never be granted. In a letter about that time to Mr. Worrall he expresses himself to the same effect:—'As to what you say about promotion, you will find it was given immediately as I am told, and I assure you I had no offers, nor would accept them. My behaviour to those in power hath been directly contrary since I came here.'

"Hints and innuendoes were sufficient materials for Walpole's tools to work upon, and fabricate what stories they pleased, which were industriously propagated with the strongest asseverations of their truth by all their partisans; and this was one favourite method then in use of undermining those characters which they could not openly assault. Of this there was a strong instance given in regard to William Shippin, the honestest man and truest patriot that ever sat in the house. When Walpole found, after repeated trials, that his virtue was proof against all the offers he could make, it was given out by his emissaries that he privately received a pension from him, and that he was permitted to act the part of a patriot in order to keep his influence with his party, on certain occasions, that he might be of more effectual use in matters of greater concern. And this report was so industriously spread, and with such confidence, that many gave credit to it during his life. Nor were they undeceived till it was found that, after his death, this worthy man, who had lived with the utmost frugality, left no more behind him than his paternal estate, which was barely sufficient to entitle him to a seat in parliament, and 50*l.* in cash, peculiarly appropriated to the charges of his funeral."

The following account of this singular interview from the pen of the distinguished author of "Waverley" will be read with feeling by all who know how to reverence genius of the loftiest order, free from every tincture of envy or malignity, vindicating pre-eminent and congenial powers of intellect from the low worldly-minded aspersions of beings who can imagine no purer or higher motives of human action than the successful intrigues and corruptions of a time-serving minister can supply. "He never," says sir W. Scott, "assumed, and probably disdained, the character of a mere man of letters, whose sufferings or enjoyments depended upon the public reception of his works. His writings he only valued in so far as they accomplished the object for which they were written, and was so far from seeking the reputation which they might have attracted to the author, that he almost in every instance sent them into the world without his name. Hence he felt no jealousy of contemporary authors, and was indifferent to the criticism with which his treatises were assailed, unless in so far as it affected the argument which they were designed to support. Bred under Temple, the favourite of Oxford, and now the champion of Ireland, his hopes and fears were for the political interests which he espoused; his love was for party-friends, and his hatred and vengeance for political opponents. His feelings were those of a statesman, not of an author, and had been exalted from the cause of a party to be fixed upon the liberties of a nation. The pecuniary emoluments of literature Swift seems never to have coveted. . . . He was engaged in matters of more momentous importance.

"We have observed that Walpole, now the unal-

potent prime minister, had violently assaulted Swift, in the house of commons, during the ministry of Oxford. Of this the dean retained no vindictive recollection; for during the whole controversy about Wood's project he treated the character of Walpole with considerable respect. . . . Ere the dean had left that kingdom [Ireland] the primate, Boulter, to whom Walpole chiefly confided the efficient power in Irish affairs, had written to the English minister in the following terms:—"The general report is that dean Swift designs for England in a little time; and we do not question his endeavours to misrepresent his majesty's friends here, wherever he finds an opportunity. But he is so well known, as well as the disturbances he has been the fomentor of in this kingdom, that we are under no fear of his being able to deserve any of his majesty's faithful servants, by anything that is known to come from him; but we could wish some eye were had to what shall be attempted on your side the water." This was quite enough to put Walpole on his spy and maligning system, and hence doubtless the insidious court which he paid the dean, to draw him from the increasing influence he was acquiring at court, and attempt to ruin him in the estimation of all parties, as he had done in other cases where an incorruptible front was opposed to his threats and bribes.

"Thus prepossessed against all that might come from the author of the 'Drapier's Letters,' Walpole turned a deaf ear to the grievances of Ireland; and complaining that the king derived little revenue from that kingdom, proceeded to enlarge upon the opinions which he had adopted from its governors, in a manner which Swift deemed inconsistent with the notions of liberty which Britons have ever considered as the inheritance of a human creature. The minister and patriot parted on terms of mutual civility, but without having made the least impression on each other's opinions. . . . It need scarce be remarked that the most broken effrontery would not have ventured in such a letter, to be so communicated (to Walpole), to conceal or misrepresent what had passed between them; and that the account so given, and never contradicted, must contain the genuine record of this remarkable conversation.

"An unworthy use was made of this interview, and of Swift's having accepted the previous invitation of Walpole; as if he had meant to barter his principles, and offer the minister the support of his pen, on condition of his being preferred in England. This charge requires a short investigation; for it was countenanced to a certain extent (not asserted) by Walpole, and most zealously promulgated by his partisans. Had such an offer been made, it must have been worse than folly in Walpole to refuse the assistance of Swift, while he was expending very large sums to reward the political treatises of Arnal and Henley; so that, considering the well-known sagacity of the minister, as well as his unscrupulous mode of charming opposition to silence by the ready mode of corrupt influence, we may conclude that the offer not being accepted proves that it was never made. It is certain, indeed, that Swift would willingly have received from Walpole an opportunity of exchanging, and even at considerable disadvantage, his Irish deanery for some English living, which might have provided for his usual expenditure, and placed him for life in England. But this was uniformly opposed by the prime minister, not because he disdained to purchase the support of Swift's pen, but because he had little hopes of laying him under such a weight of obligation as might have prevented the risk of its being employed to his prejudice. Swift had declared he was neither

offered nor would have received preferment, excepting on such conditions as would never be given to him. This is perfectly consistent with his desire to exchange the deanery of St. Patrick's for an English living; a transaction which might have been arranged on terms of such advantage to his successor as should lay Swift under no obligation, and leave his political conduct free and unfettered. If he would not accept of a bishopric but on his own terms, he could be hardly supposed to barter his independence merely to be translated to a worse living in England than he already possessed in the sister country. And admitting that Walpole retained no memory of former quarrels, he may have believed it by no means his interest to bring Swift to England, unless on such terms as would have made him entirely his own. Bolingbroke and Pulteney gave him enough of disturbance, without their forces being augmented by the keenest satirical writer of the age, whose friendships and principles were likely to engage him against the ministers of George I. Walpole, however, might have acted more wisely by at once and generously doing what must have gratified Swift, and trusting to his sense of justice and honour. It is certain that Pulteney's civilities had as yet failed to engage the dean in the politics of England; and in Swift's reply to the advice which Pope delicately insinuates, deprecating his involving himself in party disputes, and exhorting him to write only for truth, honour, and posterity, he seems to acquiesce in its propriety. But ancient friendship for Bolingbroke and new causes of resentment against Walpole combined to effect a change of his resolution." (Scott's "Memoirs," l. 321-3.)

The arguments here adduced, both general and particular, must, we think, be deemed conclusive with regard to the nature of the interview between a Swift and a Walpole; the respective understandings and the characters of the two being submitted to a fair and impartial investigation.*

All this however is "and stuff," as the dean truly expressed it when inquiring respecting the special merit of the different coats of arms adopted by his ancestors, and we are happy to dismiss it "to the tomb of all the Capulets" in exchange for some better or pleasanter subjects. Among the characteristic anecdotes related of Swift's interviews with the princess, the following shows how greatly the dean possessed the art of making himself agreeable to parties of whatever rank, and of placing them in the position of lord Oxford, who frequently declared that he was not able to keep anything from him. When presented at Leicester-house, he said, alluding to the wild man caught in the woods of Hanover, "that he understood her royal highness loved oddities; and that having lately seen a wild boy from Germany, she was now desirous of seeing a wild dean from Ireland." The freedom of the dean's address was well received both by the princess and her consort; and we have shown, from his first introduction, when before in England, he was so far a favourite with the

* To put a climax to the folly and improbability of so disgraceful a charge, an anecdote is related by Sheridan, received from Dr. Clarke, his tutor in the college, among several others collected by him relating to Swift:—"When lord Chesterfield was lord lieutenant of Ireland he said that to his knowledge Swift made an offer of his pen to sir R. Walpole; that the terms were his getting a preferment in England equal to what he had in Ireland; and that sir Robert rejected the offer; which lord Chesterfield said he would not have done had he been in sir Robert's place." The whole of this transaction seems extremely improbable, particularly what he added, that the person who introduced him was the famous Charles. Good heavens! Swift brought by the notorious Charles to prostitute himself to Walpole; and this asserted by lord Chesterfield. But his lordship kept very bad company in those days; I have not the least doubt that this story was told him by Charles.

princess and every gay and fashionable circle as might well have authorized more ambitious projects than he seems ever to have entertained, in the event of his royal friends and patrons—then no great friends of Walpole—succeeding, as they would probably do at no distant period, to the throne. The dean while in England devoted his leisure moments to the revision of the MS. of "Gulliver's Travels;" and was enjoying himself at Twickenham, in the society of his old and best beloved friends, in a manner that reminded him of the pleasantest epoch of his life; Bolingbroke had returned from exile; Pope, Arbuthnot, Gay, Bathurst, not only received him with open arms, but brought their most esteemed friends and connexions to admire and honour him in the novel character of the patriot of Ireland; when tidings reached him which threw a damp on all his hopes and made him silently and sorrowfully withdraw himself from the intellectual circles of Twickenham and Dawley.

"The pleasure of popularity," says Johnson, "was interrupted by domestic misery. Mrs. Johnson, whose conversation was to him the great softener of the ills of life, began in the year of the drapier's triumph to decline, and two years afterwards so wasted with sickness that her recovery was considered as hopeless. Swift was then in England, and had been invited by lord Bolingbroke to pass the winter with him in France; but this call of calamity hastened him to Ireland, where perhaps his presence contributed to restore her to imperfect and tottering health." "His letters on this melancholy subject," says Scott, "are a true picture of an agonised heart. Yet even the approaching calamity did not prevent his clinging to his peculiar system; and in a letter to Dr. Stopford he labours to impress on his correspondent that his agony at parting with Stella was that of friendship, not of love. He mentioned her as 'one of the two oldest and dearest friends' he had in the world, and only distinguishes her from her gossiping and commonplace companion Mrs. Dingley as 'the younger of the two;' and concludes by conjuring Stopford to believe 'that violent friendship is much more lasting and as engaging as violent love.' His letter to Sheridan contains more deep and unrestrained expressions of anguish:—'The account you give me is nothing but what I have for some time expected with the utmost agonies. I look upon this to be the greatest event that can ever happen to me; but all my exertions will not suffice to make me bear it like a philosopher, nor altogether like a christian. Judge in what a temper I write this. The very time I am writing I conclude the fairest soul in the world hath left its body. I have been long weary of the world, and shall for my small remainder of days be weary of life, having for ever lost that conversation which could only make it tolerable.'"

Swift set out for Ireland in the month of August, and was received on his arrival with the honours due to the liberator of the people from the worst of slavery—that of receiving their small pittance in a depreciated currency of halfpence and farthings while their oppressors enrich themselves with the silver and the gold. Nor was this the sole boon that does immortal honour to his memory; he taught them by union and success the secret of their inherent power and future regeneration, to which the efforts of more modern patriots, for whom he prepared the way, are only as dust in the balance. His entry into Dublin was like a triumphal procession; and he was escorted amidst the ringing of bells, the blaze of bonfires, and the sounds of *feux-de-joie*, by a body of the most respectable citizens to the very doors of his deanery. This was the rich reward he most coveted, and that which gave

it an additional zest was the partial recovery of his beloved friend, for whose sake he had left the social delights he was enjoying in England; he appeared for the moment reanimated with the glow of his happiest days, and it was remarked by his friends that his own health partook of the grateful change. We observe likewise a more happy and healthy tone in his correspondence, and he was at the same time not unpleasingly excited by watching the effect produced by his "Gulliver's Travels," brought out anonymously early in the ensuing November. He had as usual preserved a strict silence with regard to the authorship; he had not mentioned it to a single friend during his visit to England; some of the most knowing and judicious were thrown off the right scent, but Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot (doubtless well aware of the fact) were soon heard to declare that it must be *out Erami aut Diaboli*. They all three wrote to him upon the subject, but in guarded terms, as well perhaps to avoid committing either the author or themselves as to humour the mystery and to try in what manner he would be inclined to treat their suggestions as to its real paternity. As there runs a vein of unaffected pleasantry throughout the whole of it, and it throws the best light upon the author's views and the character of the work, we shall give portions of the correspondence before proceeding to make observations upon its merits and peculiarities. In one of these letters (Nov. 17, 1726) Gay addresses him as follows: "About ten days ago a book was published here of the Travels of one Gulliver, which has been the conversation of the whole town ever since: the whole impression sold in a week; and nothing is more diverting than to hear the different opinions people give of it, though all agree in liking it extremely. 'Tis generally said that you are the author; but I am told the bookseller declares he knows not from what hand it came. From the highest to the lowest it is universally read; from the cabinet council to the nursery. You may see by this that you are not much injured by being supposed the author of this piece. If you are, you have dishonoured us, and two or three of your best friends, in not giving us the least hint of it. Perhaps I may all this time be talking to you of a book you have never seen, and which has not yet reached Ireland; if it have not, I believe what we have said will be sufficient to recommend it to your reading, and that you will order me to send it to you."

"I have resolved," writes his friend Pope (Nov. 16, 1726), "to take time; and in spite of all misfortunes and demurs which sickness, lameness, or disability of any kind can throw in my way, to write you (at intervals) a long letter. My two least fingers of one hand hang impediments to the other, like useless dependants, who only take up room, and never are active or assistant to our wants: I shall never be much the better for them. I congratulate you first upon what you call your cousin's wonderful book, which is *publica trita manu* at present, and I prophesy will be hereafter the admiration of all men. That countenance with which it is received by some statesmen is delightful: I wish I could tell you how every single man looks upon it, to observe which has been my whole diversion this fortnight. I have never been a night in London since you left me till now for this very end, and indeed it has fully answered my expectations."

"I find no considerable man very angry at the book; some indeed think it rather too bold, and too general a satire; but none that I hear of accuse it of particular reflections (I mean no persons of consequence or good judgment; the mob of critics you know always are desirous to apply satire to

those they envy for being above them), so that you needed not to have been so secret upon this head. Motte received the copy (he tells me) he knew not from whence, nor from whom, dropped at his house in the dark from a hackney coach; by computing the time I found it was after you left England, so for my part I suspend my judgment.

"I am pleased with the nature and quality of your present to the princess. The Irish stuff you sent to Mrs. Howard her royal highness laid hold of, and has made up for her own use. Are you determined to be national in everything, even in your civilities? You are the greatest politician in Europe at this rate; but as you are a rational politician there is no great fear of you, you will never succeed."

The passages relating to the work from the pen of Arbuthnot are of a playful turn, and describe very happily the impression it made at court and everywhere else, and must have been extremely gratifying to the author:—

"I will make over all my profits to you for the property of 'Gulliver's Travels,' which, I believe, will have as great a run as John Bunyan. Gulliver is a happy man, that at his age can write such a merry work."

"I made my lord archbishop's^a compliments to her royal highness, who returns his grace her thanks; at the same time, Mrs. Howard read your letter to herself. The princess immediately seized on your plaid^b for her own use, and has ordered the young princesses to be clad in the same. When I had the honour to see her she was reading Gulliver, and was just come to the passage of the hobbling prince, which she laughed at. I tell you freely the part of the projectors is the least brilliant. Lewis grumbles a little at it, and says he wants the key to it, and is daily refining. I suppose he will be able to publish like Baruevelt^c in time. I gave your service to lady Harvey. She is in a little sort of a miff about a ballad that was writ on her to the tune of Molly Mog, and sent to her in the name of a begging poet. She was hit, and wrote a letter to the begging poet, and desired him to change two double entendres, which the authors, Mr. Pulteney and lord Chesterfield, changed to single entendres. I was against that, though I had a hand in the first. She is not displeased, I believe, with the ballad, but only with being hit."

Another, from the dean's friend Mrs. Howard,^d written with great humour and spirit, gives a striking picture of the intense interest and general attention which the appearance of so strange and inimitable a production then excited:—

^b November, 1726.

"I did not expect that the sight of my ring would produce the effect it has. I was in such a hurry to show your plaid to the princess that I could not stay to put it into the shape you desired. It pleased extremely, and I have orders to fit it up according to the first design; but as this is not proper for the public, you are desired to send over, for the same princess's use, the height of the Brobdingnag dwarf multiplied by 24. The young princesses must be taken care of; theirs must be in three shares; for a short method you may draw a line of twenty feet,

^a Probably archbishop King, of Dublin.

^b The dean sent a present of some silk plaids from Ireland to some of the royal family and to Mrs. Howard.

^c This refers to "A Key to the Lock; or a Treatise proving beyond all Contradiction the dangerous Tendency of a late Poem, entitled the Rape of the Lock, to Government and Religion." By Fadrac Baruevelt, apothecary."

^d Dated "November, 1726. Answered 17th."

and upon that by two circles form an equilateral triangle; then measuring each side you will find the proper quantity and proper division. If you want a more particular and better rule, I refer you to the academy of Lagado.^a I am of opinion many in this kingdom will soon appear in your plaid. To this end it will be highly necessary that care be taken of disposing of the purple, the yellow, and the white silks; and though the gowns are for princesses the officers are very vigilant; so take care they are not seized. Do not forget to be observant how you dispose the colours. I shall take all particular precautions to have the money ready, and to return it the way you judge safest. I think it would be worth your reflecting in what manner the checker might be best managed.

"The princess will take care that you shall have pumps sufficient to serve you till you return to England, but thinks you cannot, in common decency, appear in heels,^b and therefore advises your keeping close till they arrive. Here are several Lilliputian mathematicians, so that the length of your head, or of your foot, is a sufficient measure. Send it by the first opportunity. Do not forget our good friends the 500 weavers. You may omit the gold thread. Many disputes have arisen here whether the big-endians and lesser-endians ever differed in opinion about the breaking of eggs, when they were to be either huttered or poached? or whether this part of cookery was ever known in Lilliput?

"I cannot conclude without telling you that our island is in great joy; one of our yahoos having been delivered of a creature, half ram and half yahoo; and another has brought forth four perfect black rabbits.^c May we not hope, and with some probability expect, that in time our female yahoos will produce a race of Houyhnhnms? I am, sir, your most humble servant,

"SIEVE YAHOO."^d

The dean, not a little pleased at the reception of his book, and quite in his element, took infinite delight in watching its progress and the effect of its strong political satire and humorous strictures upon princes and ministers: while still affecting mystery he replied in the same spirit to the observations of his friends, keeping up the ball with unforged gaiety, and with equal dexterity and good humour:—

TO MRS. HOWARD.

"November 17, 1726.

"MADAM.—When I received your letter I thought it the most unaccountable one I ever saw in my life, and was not able to comprehend three words of it together. The perverseness of your lines astonished me, which tended downward to the right in one page, and upward in the two others. This I thought impossible to be done by any one who did not squint with both eyes; an infirmity I never observed in you. However, one thing I was pleased with, that after you had writ down you repented, and writ me up again. But I continued four days at a loss for your meaning, till a bookseller sent me the 'Travels' of one captain Gulliver, who proved a very good explainer, although at the same time I thought it hard to be forced to read a book of seven hundred pages in order to understand a letter of fifty lines; especially as those of our faculty are already but too

^a See "Gulliver's Travels."

^b In "Gulliver's Travels" high and low heels are made the distinction of political parties.—Whig said Tory were alluded to in this familiar metaphor.

^c An impostor called Mary Tofts put such a trick upon the public.

^d Sieve is a name given by Swift, in "Gulliver's Travels," to a court lady.

much pestered with commentators. The stuffs you require are making, because the weaver piques himself upon having them in perfection. But he has read Gulliver's book, and has no conception what you mean by returning money; for he has become a proselyte of the Houyhnhnms, whose great principle, if I rightly remember, is benevolence; and as to myself, I am so highly offended with such a base proposal, that I am determined to complain of you to her royal highness that you are a mercenary yahoo, fond of shining pebbles. What have I to do with you or your court, further than to show the esteem I have for your person, because you happen to deserve it; and my gratitude to her royal highness, who was pleased a little to distinguish me by which, by the way, is the greatest compliment I ever paid, and may probably be the last; for I am not such a prostitute flatterer as Gulliver, whose chief study is to extenuate the vices and magnify the virtues of mankind, and perpetually dins our ears with the praises of his country in the midst of corruption, and for that reason alone has found so many readers, and probably will have a pension, which I suppose was his chief design in writing. As for his compliments to the ladies, I can easily forgive him, as a natural effect of the devotion which our sex ought always to pay to yours. You need not be in pain about the officers searching or seizing the plaids, for the silk has already paid duty in England, and there is no law against exporting silk manufacture from hence. I am sure the princess and you have got the length of my foot, and sir Robert Walpole says he has the length of my head, so that I need not give you the trouble of sending you either. I shall only tell you, in general, that I never had a long head, and for that reason few people have thought it worth while to get the length of my foot. I cannot answer your queries about eggs, buttered or poached, but I possess one talent which admirably qualifies me for roasting them; for as the world with respect to eggs is divided into pelters and roasters, it is my unhappiness to be one of the latter, and consequently to be persecuted by the former. I have been five days turning over old books to discover the meaning of those monstrous hirths you mention. That of the four black rabbits seems to threaten some dark court intrigue, and perhaps, some change in the administration; for the rabbit is an undermining animal that loves to walk in the dark. The blackness denotes the hishops, whereof some of the last you have made are persons of such dangerous parts and profound abilities: but rabbits, being clothed in furs, may perhaps glance at the judges. However, the ram—by which is meant the ministry—butting with his two horns, one against the church, and the other against the law, shall obtain the victory. And whereas the hirth was a conjunction of ram and yahoo, this is easily explained by the story of Chiron, governor, or, which is the same thing, chief minister, to Achilles, who was half man and half brute; which, as Machiavel observes, all good governors of princes ought to be. But I am at the end of my line, and my lines. This is without a cover, to save money, and plain paper, because the gilt is so thin it will discover secrets between us. In a little room for words I assure you of my bringing, with truest respect, madam, your most obedient humble servant,

"JONATHAN SWIFT."

The next, to his friend Pope, while it rallies the subject admirably, is full of the dean's best humour, and partakes of the fire as well as the wit of his earlier productions.

VOL. I.

"Dulciss, November 17, 1728.

"I am just come from answering a letter of Mrs. Howard's, writ in such mystical terms that I should never have found out the meaning if a book had not been sent me called 'Gulliver's Travels,' of which you say so much in yours. I read the book over, and in the second volume observed several passages which appear to be patched and altered,^a and the style of a different sort, unless I am mistaken. Dr. Arbuthnot likes the projectors least;^b others, you tell me, the flying island; some think it wrong to be so hard upon whole bodies or corporations, yet the general opinion is, that reflections on particular persons are most to be blamed: so that in these cases I think the best method is to let censure and opinion take their course. A hishop here said that book was full of improbable lies, and for his part he hardly believed a word of it; and so much for Gulliver.

"Going to England is a very good thing, if it were not attended with an ugly circumstance of returning to Ireland. It is a shame you do not persuade your ministers to keep me on that side, if it were but by a court expedient of keeping me in prison for a plotter; but at the same time I must tell you that such journeys very much shorten my life, for a month here is longer than six at Twickenham.

"How comes friend Gay to be so tedious? Another man can publish fifty thousand lies sooner than he can publish fifty fables.

"I am just going to perform a very good office; it is to assist with the archbishop in degrading a parson who couples all our beggars, by which I shall make one happy man, and decide the great question of an indelible character in favour of the principles in fashion; this I hope you will represent to the ministry in my favour as a point of merit; so farewell till I return.

"I am come back, and have deprived the parson, who, by a law here, is to be hanged the next couple he marries; he declared to us that he resolved to be hanged, only desired that when he was to go to the gallows the archbishop would take off his excommunication. Is not he a good catholic? and yet he is but a Scotchman. This is the only Irish event I ever troubled you with, and I think it deserves notice. Let me add, that if I were Gulliver's friend I would desire all my acquaintance to give out that his copy was basely mangled, and abused, and added to, and blotted out, by the printer; for so to me it seems, in the second volume particularly. Adieu."

However whimsical all this affected mystery at first appears, it was in perfect keeping with Swift's avowed resolution of sending his works secretly into the world to make their own way; nor would he consider himself accountable, or when called upon admit the authorship, as he has himself stated, with the exception of having been on one occasion surprised into the avowal from feelings of plague and vanity; and the letter to Lord Oxford upon the English language, to which, as to most other letters, he affixed his name. It is known that he took singular pleasure in hearing the various opinions of the world—as in the cases of "Prior's Journey to Paris," and other pieces,—while he read his own productions and remained unsuspected, which he called a *bit*, and the doubts of Pope and Gay on many occasions must have afforded him no small entertainment. "This extraordinary work," says Sheridan, "bearing the stamp of such an original and uncommon genius, revived his fame in England, after so long an absence, and added new

^a See the introductory letter from Gulliver to his cousin Simpson.

^b Because he understood it to be intended as a satire on the Royal Society.

lustre to his reputation." "Perhaps no work," says sir W. Scott, "ever exhibited such general attractions to all classes. It offered personal and political satire to the readers in high life, low and coarse incident to the vulgar, marvels to the romantic, wit to the young and lively, lessons of morality and policy to the grave, and maxims of deep and bitter misanthropy to neglected age and disappointed ambition. The plan of the satire varies in the different parts. The Voyage to Lilliput refers chiefly to the court and politics of England, and sir Robert Walpole is plainly intimated under the character of the premier Flimnap,* which he afterwards probably remembered to the prejudice of the dean's view of leaving Ireland. The factions of high-heels and low-heels express the factions of Tories and Whigs; the small-endians and big-endians, the religious divisions of papist and protestant. And when the heir apparent was described as wearing one heel high and one low, the prince of Wales, who at that period divided his favour between the two leading political parties, laughed very heartily at the comparison. Blesescu is France, and the ingratitude of the Lilliputian court, which forces Gulliver to take shelter there rather than have his eyes put out, is an indirect reproach upon that of England, and a vindication of the flight of Ormond and Bolingbroke to Paris. . . . The scandal which Gulliver gave to the empress, by his mode of extinguishing the flames in the royal palace, seems to intimate the author's disgrace with queen Anne, founded upon the indecorum of the 'Tale of a Tub,' which was remembered against him as a crime, while the service which it had rendered the high church was forgotten. It must also be remarked that the original institutions of the empire of Lilliput are highly commended, as also their system of public education; while it is intimated that all the corruptions of the court had been introduced during the three last reigns. This was Swift's opinion concerning the English constitution.

"In the Voyage to Brobdingnag the satire is of a more general character; nor is it easy to trace any particular reference to the political events or statesmen of the period. It merely exhibits human actions and sentiments as they might appear in the apprehension of beings of immense strength, and, at the same time, of a cold, reflecting, and philosophical character. The monarch of these sons of Anak is designed to embody Swift's ideas of a patriot king, indifferent to what was curious, and cold to what was beautiful, feeling only interest in that which was connected with general utility and the public weal. To such a prince, the intrigues, scandals, and stratagems of an European court are represented as equally odious in their origin and contemptible in their progress. A very happy effect was also produced by turning the telescope, and painting Gulliver, who had formerly been a giant among the Lilliputians, as a pigmy amidst this tremendous race. . . . Some passages of the court of Brobdingnag were supposed to be intended as an affront

upon the maids of honour,^a for whom Delany informs us that Swift had very little respect.

"The Voyage to Laputa was disliked by Arbuthnot, who was a man of science, and probably considered it as a ridicule upon the Royal Society; nor can it be denied that there are some allusions to the most respectable philosophers of the period. An occasional shaft is even said to have been levelled at sir Isaac Newton. The ardent patriot had not forgotten the philosopher's opinion in favour of Wood's halfpence. Under the parable of the tailor who computed Gulliver's altitude by a quadrant, and took his measure by a mathematical diagram, yet brought him his clothes very ill made and out of shape, by a mistake of a figure in the calculation, Swift is supposed to have alluded to an error of sir Isaac's printer, who, by carelessly adding a cipher to the astronomer's computation of the distance between the sun and the earth, had increased it to an incalculable amount. Newton published in the 'Amsterdam Gazette' a correction of this typographical error, but the circumstance did not escape the malicious acumen of the dean of St. Patrick's. It was also believed by the dean's friends that the office of flapper was suggested by the habitual absence of mind of the great philosopher. The dean told Mrs. D. Swift that sir Isaac was the worst companion in the world, and that if you asked him a question 'he would revolve it in a circle in his brain, round and round and round, (here Swift described a circle on his own forehead,) before he could produce an answer.^b"

"The Voyage to the Land of the Honyhnhums is a composition which an editor of Swift must ever consider with pain. The source of such a diatribe against human nature could only be that fierce indignation which he has described in his epitaph as so long gnawing at his heart. Dwelling in a land where he considered the human race as divided between petty tyrants and oppressed slaves, and being himself a worshipper of that freedom and independence which he beheld daily trampled upon, the unrestrained violence of his feelings drove him to loathe the very species by whom such iniquity was done and suffered. To this must be added his personal health, broken and worn down by the recurring attacks of a frightful disorder; his social comfort destroyed by the death of one beloved object and the daily decay and peril of another; his life decayed into autumn; and its remainder, after so many flattering and ambitious prospects, condemned to a country which he disliked, and banished from that in which he had formed his hopes and left his friendships;—when all these considerations are combined, they form some excuse for that general misanthropy which never prevented a single deed of individual benevolence. Such apologies are personal to the author; but there are also excuses for the work itself. The picture of the Yahoos, utterly odious and hateful as it is, presents to the reader a moral use. It was never designed as a representation of mankind in the state to which religion, and even the lights of

* The Lilliputian treasurer's fall from the tight rope, which was broken by one of the king's emotions, seems to intimate Walpole's resignation in 1717, when he was supposed to be saved from utter disgrace by the interest of the duchess of Kendal. The ridicule thrown upon the orders of knighthood by the nobles leaping over a stick for the decorations of the blue, red, and green threads, is principally aimed at Walpole, who, to enlarge this claim of honours and rewards, received the order of the Bath as a preliminary step to that of the Garter. Upon that occasion the dean wrote some lines, now published for the first time, which conclude with the idea more fully brought out in the *Travels to Lilliput*—

And he who'll leap over a stick for the king
Is qualified best for a dog in a string.

^a "I well remember his making strange reports of the phraseologies of persons about the court, and particularly of the maids of honour, at the time of that visit to England."—*Delany's Remarks*. The letters of the beautiful and lively Miss Belloc, lately published in the *Suffolk Papers*, certainly vindicate the dean's censure.

^b The dean used also to tell of sir Isaac, that his servant having called him one day to dinner, and returning after waiting some time, found him mounted on a ladder placed against the shelves of his library, a book in his left hand, and his head reared upon his right, sunk in such a fit of abstraction that he was obliged, after calling him once or twice, actually to jog him before he could awake his attention. This was precisely the office of the flapper.

nature, encourage men to aspire; but of that to which our species is degraded by the wilful subversion of mental qualities to animal instincts of man, such as may be found in the degraded ranks of every society when brutalised by ignorance and gross vice. In this view, the more coarse and disgusting the picture, the more impressive is the moral to be derived from it, since, in proportion as an individual indulges in sensuality, cruelty, or avarice, he approaches in resemblance to the detested Yahoo." (Scott's "Memoirs," &c., vol. i. 333-7.)

"This important year," says Johnson, "sent likewise into the world 'Gulliver's Travels,' a production so new and strange that it filled the reader with a mingled emotion of merriment and amazement. It was received with such avidity that the price of the first edition was raised before the second could be made; it was read by the high and the low, the learned and illiterate. Criticism was for a while lost in wonder; no rules of judgment were applied to a book written in open defiance of truth and regularity. But when distinctions came to be made, the part which gave the least pleasure was that which describes the Flying Island, and that which gave most disgust must be the history of the Houyhnhnms."

Nothing can be more interesting than to give the views of the most celebrated biographers and commentators of Swift upon a production in every light so important as that of "Gulliver's Travels," upon which his fame as a writer of fiction— which gives him a rank with Cervantes, Fielding, Le Sage, Smollett, and Marivaux—so broadly rests. It is for this reason we are inclined to dilate rather more upon it than any other single production from the same pen; for we feel assured that, with all his skill and ability in political controversy, had the fame of Swift depended upon temporary topics, or even upon his humorous satirical poems, he would have appeared like one of his own Lilliputians, a sort of pigny among the giants of genius which the reigns of Anne and George I. produced. "The Voyage to Lilliput," observes an able and distinguished commentator upon "Gulliver's Travels," "is an exposure of the policy of the English court during the reign of George I. Swift and his friends were persuaded that the treaty of Utrecht had been the salvation of Great Britain—that it had especially secured the naval superiority, and effectually prevented France from rivalling us at sea. He therefore regarded the impeachment of Oxford and the banishment of Bolingbroke as gross acts of national injustice, attributable chiefly to the ambition and jealousy of Walpole, whom he stigmatised under the name of Flimnap. The more minute political allusions are pointed out in the notes; it will be more convenient here to confine attention to generalities. Walpole had many enemies, even in the nominal Whig party who professed themselves adherents to the prince of Wales; these persons, aware that they could not of themselves form an administration, projected a coalition with the Tories, or, as they called them, the party of the country gentlemen. In the language of the day, they hoped to form a 'broad-bottom ministry;' they affected to describe the differences between the parties in principle as very trifling, not greater than that between the high-heels and low-heels of Lilliput; and as appeals had been made to religious prejudices, they represented the controversy

between the Latin and English churches as not more important than that between the high-heels and little-heels. Projects for something like a union between the churches were not unfrequently made at the time; and the chances of success for a season seemed far from desperate. The prince of Wales, afterwards George II., was believed not to be indisposed to a union of parties, as is intimated by the heir-apparent of Lilliput wearing one shoe with a high and the other with a low heel. All these expectations were disappointed; but when the 'Travels' appeared they were rife in every political circle, and the nation generally looked for great advantages from their realization. The political views advocated in Lilliput were therefore generally popular; they gratified the entire body of the Tories, the discontented section of the Whigs, and the great multitude which in every free state looks for Utopian advantages from the mere fact of change.

"In Brobdingnag the satire takes a wider range—the object of assault is changed from the tactics of a party to the general system of policy. Like Bolingbroke, Swift attempts to sketch the ideal character of a patriot king and an efficient system of government. The fiction is very happily suited to the design: the opinions which beinings of a reflective and philosophic character, endowed with immense force, were likely to form of the intrigues and scandals of a European court, are developed with exquisite skill. It is a man viewing the political squabbles of an ant-hill, or Gulliver himself estimating the court of Lilliput. The political principles advocated in the Voyage to Brobdingnag were the same as those which the Tory party supported in parliament. From the imperfection of the parliamentary reports in these days, and from the influence of the cry of Jacobinism with which the Whig leaders assailed their opponents, we have only very imperfect specimens of Shippen, Windham, St. Aubin, &c.; but even the fragments which have been preserved prove that the Tory party in the reign of George I. was highly respectable in character, talent, and fearless advocacy of principle." ("Biographical Notice," pp. 35-37.)

That the Voyage to the Land of the Houyhnhnms is inferior as a work of art to those which precede it is a general opinion expressed by nearly all Swift's biographers and commentators. But it seems not to have been distinctly seen that the author's object was not so much to depict mankind as to expose their corruption and degeneracy—to point out as a warning the extent of that wretchedness and depravity to which the violent and continued passions, and the allurements of ambition, pleasure, and criminal designs, may impel them. At the same time it must be admitted that the picture is overcharged, and the condemnation of too sweeping and unsparring a character. "Where is the sense of a general satire," says Warburton, "if the whole species be degenerated; and where is the justice of it, if it be not?" Voltaire, who was in England at the time when "Gulliver's Travels" appeared, spread their fame among his correspondents in France, and the abbé Desfontaines undertook a translation, which succeeded extremely with the French public. He even ventured on the bold step of making a continuation, "Le Nouveau Gulliver;" and another, which appeared as the third volume of the "Travels," in 1727, was printed from a French work called "L'Histoire des Sévrambes;" ascribed to a M. Alletz, though Bayle had written the "History of the Sevrambians," a sort of republican novel, which Mandeville translated into English, and which surpasses the "Sethos" of Terrason, or the "Gaudetio di Luca" of the Italian. That Swift was in some measure indebted

* A new edition by W. C. Taylor, LL.D. of Trinity college, Dublin, with copious notes, a life of the author, and an essay on satirical fiction, and enriched with upwards of 400 wood engravings from designs by Grandville. In his estimate of Swift's genius and peculiarities we are happy to agree with a writer so esteemed and so acute as Dr. Taylor, but from his views of the dean's life and character we entirely dissent.

to preceding works of this kind, as well as to Rabelais, little doubt we think can be entertained; and a copy of the French *Lucian*, as he has been called, with Swift's MS. notes, is known to have been sold at the sale of his books in 1746. At a later period of his life Swift is stated to have undertaken a revision of "Gulliver's Travels," and to have made some bitter additions wherever the law or its professors are mentioned. The copy in which these emendations were made^a came into the possession of Mr. Theophilus Swift, and from him passed into the hands of the bishop of Ossory; but it is confidently believed that all or most of the alterations have been transferred to the latter editions, so as to have become only a matter of literary curiosity.

It was to be regretted that Swift's newly-acquired popularity, however it may have gratified him for a moment, tended little to soothe the increasing irritability of his mind. His last reception in England rather added to it by having revived his almost expiring hopes of obtaining a settlement in that kingdom—"where," as he observes in a letter to Goy, "he had passed the heat and greatest part of his life, where he had made his friendships and left his desires." With this view he kept up a correspondence with Mrs. Howard, of whose situation he availed himself to pay civilities to the princess of Wales, who had expressed some wish to promote his removal. "I desire," he says, in his usual frank but dictatorial tone, "you will order her royal highness to go to Richmond as soon as she can this summer, because she will have the pleasure of my neighbourhood; for I hope to be in London by the middle of March, and I do not love you much when you are there." Having left Mrs. Johnson in a somewhat improved state of health, Swift accordingly arrived once more in England about the period he mentioned. The princess received him with her usual complacency; but the coolness of Walpole, as might be expected, had now assumed a more decided character than before. In a letter to his friend Sheridan he observes, "I have at last seen the princess twice this week by her own command; she retains her old civility, and I my old freedom. . . . I am in high displeasure with Walpole and his partisans. A great man who was very kind to me last year doth not take the least notice of me at the prince's court, and there has not been one of them to see me." Swift, however, does not express his surprise at this change, easy enough to be accounted for in a great minister and a court whose adherents had been represented in so unfavourable a light in some passages of his late work—without seeking other causes of this unhappy enmity, which not only shut the door of promotion, but of comfort and consolation under broken health and declining years. For some time past the dean entertained a design of spending a short time in France for the recovery of his health, and is said to have been upon the point of carrying it into execution, when the death of the king, and an expected change of measures, induced him to postpone it. The Tories having, upon the breach between the late king and the prince, been well received at Leicester-house, it was supposed they would at all events come in for a share of the royal favour. But once more the ex-

pectations of Swift and his friends were doomed to be disappointed; and to give his own feelings on this important occasion we extract another passage from his letter to Dr. Sheridan (Jan. 24, 1727):—"The talk is now for a moderating scheme, wherein nobody shall be used worse or better for being called Whig and Tory; and the king hath received both with great equality, showing civilities to several who are openly known to be the latter. I prevailed with a dozen that we should go in a line to kiss the king's and queen's hands. We have now done with re-pining, if we shall be used well, and not hated as formerly; we all agree in it, and if things do not mend it is not our faults; we have made our offers; if otherwise we are as we were. It is agreed the ministry will be changed; but the others will have a soft fall; although the king must be excessive generous if he forgives the treatment of some people."

Swift adds, in a letter to lady Betty Germaine, that upon this occasion he was particularly distinguished by the queen; but that he had not formed a correct idea of the money-power and low court tact of Walpole, was very speedily shown by the result. His baneful star still held the ascendant; and notwithstanding the coarse, offensive language, too gross to be repeated, applied to the new queen when princess, he was reinstated in all his offices, and appeared with a new skin, more sleek and glossy than before.

In a little time, however, Swift entertained less sanguine expectations, as appears from the following passage in one of his letters to the same friend (July 1, 1727):—"Here are a thousand schemes wherein they would have me engaged, which I embraced but coldly, because I liked none of them."

Having at the same time been afflicted with some return of his disorder, he renewed his intention of visiting the continent; but he soon again changed his mind, being persuaded, he says, by certain persons with great vehemence, whom he could not disobey. He alludes to lord Bolingbroke and his friend Mrs. Howard. "There would not be common sense," wrote the former, "in your going into France at this juncture, even if you intended to stay there long enough to draw the sole pleasure and profit which I propose you should have in the acquaintance I am ready to give you there. Much less ought you to think of such an unmeaning journey, when the opportunity of quitting Ireland for England is, I believe, fairly before you." Of the interview also between himself and Mrs. Howard he gives an interesting account: "In a few weeks after the king's death I found myself not well, and was resolved to take a trip to Paris for my health, having an opportunity of doing it with some advantages and recommendations. But my friends advised me first to consult Mrs. Howard, because, as they knew less of courts than I, they were strongly prepossessed that the promise made me might succeed, since a change was all I desired. I wrote to her for her opinion; and particularly conjured her, since I had long done with courts, not to use me like a courtier, but give me her sincere advice, which she did, both in a letter and to some friends. It was 'by all means not to go; it would look singular, and perhaps disaffected'; and my friends enlarged upon the good intentions of the court towards me." Even the small hopes he still seems to have clung to from this source were destined, like so many before them, to be blasted in the bud. He might, by continuing upon the spot, and his frequent interviews with Mrs. Howard and the queen, have ultimately succeeded with them to propitiate Walpole, and have negotiated an exchange of preferments without

^a From all that can be ascertained, this copy is probably the same as the one mentioned by Mr. Crofton Croker as having fallen into the hands of a London bookseller of the name of Broth, but the original MSS. of nearly all the dean's other works are now in the possession of Mr. Edmund Swift, the son of Theophilus Swift, to the last of whom Sir W. Scott was so greatly indebted for much new and valuable matter. Though little or nothing of an original character remains in the hands of the present Mr. Swift, the editor in many other respects is proud to acknowledge his obligations to him.

any mean compliance or compromise of his principles. But a new attack of his frightful disorder, and accounts of Mrs. Johnson's sudden relapse, totally disqualified him for pursuing his views, and hurried him back, in a state of wretched grief and disappointment, to his old residence in Ireland. He took leave of the queen in a polite letter to Mrs. Howard, explaining why it was he was not able to do so in person:—"I am infinitely obliged to you for all your civilities, and shall retain the remembrance of them during my life. I hope you will favour me so far as to prevent my most humble duty to the queen, and to describe to her majesty my sorrow that my disorder was of such a nature as to make me incapable of attending her as she was pleased to permit me. I shall pass the remainder of my life with the utmost gratitude for her majesty's favours," &c.

Swift's distress of mind at this period seems to have been poignant in the extreme. His usual mode of salutation in taking leave of his dearest friends for years before his death partook of that melancholy eccentricity so peculiar to him. "May God bless you!" he said; "I trust that we shall never meet again!" than which perhaps no stronger proof was ever given of a deep-seated and pervading grief of heart and soul. "I beg," he writes to Dr. Sheridan, in expectation of Stella's death, "if you have not written before you get this, to tell me no particulars, but the event in general: my weakness, my age, my friendship, will bear no more." In another letter he says, "I kept your letter an hour in my pocket with all the suspense of a man who expected to hear the worst news that fortune could give him, and at the same time was not able to hold up my head. These are the perquisites of living long: the last act of life is always a tragedy at best; but it is a bitter aggravation to have one's best friend go before one. What have I to do in this world? I never was in such agonies as when I received your letter, and had it in my pocket. I am able to hold up my sorry head no longer." And in a letter to his old acquaintance Mr. Stopford he observes, with his peculiar discrimination between the eventful epochs of human life, "I think there is not a greater folly than that of entering into too strict and particular a friendship, with the loss of which a man must be absolutely miserable; but especially at an age when it is too late to engage in a new friendship. Besides, that was a person of my own rearing and instructing from childhood, who excelled in every good quality that can possibly accomplish a human creature. Dear James, pardon me. I know not what I am saying; but believe me that violent friendship is much more lasting and as much engaging as violent love."

On the dean's arrival he found this beloved friend in the last stage of decay. He had the sorrow of watching over her in this state, of marking day by day and hour by hour (as he had done in his diary of Temple's decline) the gradual approaches of death for a period of five months. He did all that lay in his power—consistent with his strangely adopted resolution in one particular—to soothe the pillow of departing life; he gave his time, his consolation—be sat by, soothed, and prayed with her;

*AN EVENING PRAYER BY DEAN SWIFT,

COMPOSED DURING THE SICKNESS OF STELLA.

"O! Almighty God, the searcher of all hearts, and from whom no secrets are hid, who hast declared that all such as shall draw nigh to thee with their lips when their hearts are far from thee are an abomination unto thee; cleanse, we beseech thee, the thoughts of our hearts, by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, that no wandering, vain, nor idle thoughts may put out of our

yet, with the singular contradiction that marked his character throughout life, he is said to have refused minds that reverence and godly fear that becomes all those who come into thy presence.

"We know, O Lord, that while we are in these bodies we are absent from the Lord, for no man can see thy face and live. The only way that we can draw near unto thee in this life is by prayer; but, O Lord, we know not how to pray, nor what to ask for as we ought. We cannot pretend by our applications or prayers to turn or change thee, for thou art the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; but the coming into thy presence, the drawing near unto thee, is the only means to be changed ourselves, to become like thee in holiness and purity, to be followers of thee as thy dear children. O, therefore, turn not away thy face from us, but let us see so much of the excellencies of thy divine nature, of thy goodness, and justice, and mercy, and forbearance, and holiness, and purity, as may make us hate everything in ourselves that is unlike to thee, that so we may abide and repeat of and forsake those sins that we so often fall into when we forget thee. Lord! we acknowledge and confess we have lived in a course of sin, and folly, and vanity, from our youth up, forgetting our latter end, and our great account that we must one day make, and turning a deaf ear to thy many calls to us, either by thy holy word, by our teachers, or by our own consciences; and even thy more severe messages, by afflictions, sicknesses, crosses, and disappointments, have not been of force enough to turn us from the vanity and folly of our own ways. What then can we expect in justice, when thou shalt enter into judgment with us, but to have our perishing with the hypocrites and unbelievers? to depart for ever from the presence of the Lord; to be turned into hell with those that forget God? But, O God, most holy! O God, most mighty! O holy and most merciful! Serious! deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death, but have mercy upon us, most merciful Father, and forgive us our sins for thy name's sake; for thou hast declared thyself to be a God slow to anger, full of goodness, forbearance, and long-suffering, and forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin. O Lord, therefore show thy mercy upon us. O let it be in pardoning our sins past, and in changing our natures, be giving us a new heart and a new spirit, that we may lead a new life, and walk before thee in newness of life, that so sin may not have dominion over us for the time to come. O let thy good Spirit, without which we can do nothing, O let that work in us both to will and do such things as may be well pleasing to thee. O let it change our thoughts and minds, and take them off the vain pleasures of this world, and place them there where the only true joys are to be found. O fill our minds every day more and more with the happiness of that blessed state of living for ever with thee, that we may make it our great work and business to work out our salvation,—to improve in the knowledge of thee, whom to know is life eternal. But, Lord, since we cannot know thee but by often drawing near unto thee and coming into thy presence, which in this life we can do only by prayer, O make us therefore ever sensible of these great benefits of prayer, that we may rejoice at all opportunities of coming into thy presence, and may ever find ourselves the better and more heavenly-minded by it, and may never wilfully neglect any opportunity of thy worship and service. Awaken thoroughly in us a serious sense of these things, that so to-day, while it is called to-day, we may see and know the things that belong to our peace, before they be hid from our eyes—before that long night cometh when no man can work. O that every night may so effectually put us in mind of our last, that we may every day take care so to live as we shall then wish we had lived when we come to die; that so, when that eighth shall come, we may as willingly put off these bodies as we now put off our clothes, and may rejoice to rest from our labours, and that our war with the world, the devil, and our own corrupt nature is at an end. In the mean while, we beseech thee to take us, and ours, and all that belongs to us, into thy fatherly care this night. Let thy holy angels be our guard, while we are not in a condition to defend ourselves, that we may not be under the power of devils or wicked men; and preserve us also, O Lord, from every evil accident, that, after a comfortable and refreshing sleep, we may find ourselves, and all that belongs to us, in peace and safety. And now, O Lord, being ourselves still in the body, and compassed about with infirmities, we can neither be ignorant nor unmindful of the sufferings of our fellow-creatures. O Lord, we must acknowledge that they are all but the effects of sin; and therefore we beseech thee so to sanctify their several chastisements to them, that at length they may bring forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness, and then be thou graciously pleased to remove thy heavy and afflicting hand from them. And O that the rest of mankind, who are not under such trials, may by thy goodness be led to repentance, that the consciences of hard-hearted sinners may be awakened, and the understandings of poor ignorant creatures enlightened, and that all that love and fear thee may ever find the joy and comfort of a good conscience beyond all the satisfactions that this world can afford. And now, blessed Lord, from whom every good gift comes, it is meet, right, and our bounden duty, that we should offer up unto thee our thanks and praise for all thy goodness towards us, for pre-

the expiring being whom he so much loved the poor consolation of being considered as his wife, and of preserving her reputation from the slightest breath of future scandal by being permitted to die within the deanery—the spot which, if she were indeed married to one whose friendship was so fatal to her sex, she had a right to consider her own home. He is even stated to have given directions to Dr. Sheridan and Mr. Worrall that she might not be removed thither, because it would be improper, and evil-minded persons might put a bad interpretation upon it. Nay, it has been placed on record that within a few days of her dissolution, in the presence of Dr. Sheridan, she entreated Swift, in the most pathetic terms, to grant her dying request. Swift, it is added, made no reply, but, turning on his heel, walked silently out of the room, and never saw her more. Indignant, we are told, at this barbarity, she however summoned sufficient fortitude to make her will, by which she bequeathed her whole fortune, by her own name, to charitable uses.

Swift's whole plan of life was now changed, and all his domestic comforts vanished. Although he still continued to complain of living in a nation of slaves, his anxiety for removing appears in a great measure abated. Overwhelmed as he was with private griefs and disappointments, as a public character it was not in his nature to despond; and by those who knew him best he is stated to have directed his future cares and exertions to the relief of the indigent, to the endowment of charities, and to the support of the injured and oppressed. He moreover resumed his pen; he exposed in a great variety of publications the causes of the distresses under which Ireland laboured, at the same time recommending to the British government the means by which they might be removed. He promoted the usefulness of the best public charities that ever were planned; and in obedience to the great scripture truths he gave largely to the poor, and created a fund purposely to advance the interests of small tradesmen, and those who from unavoidable causes stood in need of temporary accommodation to rescue them from ruin. Even to the poorest he was a friend, and from those who would borrow "he turned not away;" and not a few anecdotes are mentioned which convey an idea of his eccentricity in the least matters. The dean was accustomed to give money to several necessitous persons whose

history he knew, and whom he met in his walks. With his ready wit he used to give to each the name most appropriate to her condition, means of livelihood, and some peculiarity of manner, or even bodily infirmity. He would accost them as Cancerina, Stumpanympha, Pallagowna, Floranella, Stumpanthes, &c.; and in one of his letters he says, "Cancerina is dead, and I let her go to her grave too without a coffin." He relieved them while living.

With a liberal and generous disposition towards others, Swift observed a plan of strict economy and even of self-denial in regard to himself and those elegancies and luxuries he might have commanded. He paid off with conscientious punctuality the heavy charges on his induction, and others relating to the deanery, which he left far more flourishing than he found it; and afterwards dividing his income into three parts, he devoted one to his domestic expenses; the second to a provision against the accidents of life, to go into some charitable foundation at his death; and the third in charities to the poor and distressed. It is asserted by Sheridan that many families in Dublin now living in great credit owed the foundation of their fortunes to the sums first borrowed from the dean's charitable fund. Small as the spring was, yet, by continual flowing, it watered and enriched the bumble vale through which it ran, still extending and widening its course. His reputation for wisdom and integrity was so great that he was consulted by several corporations in regard to trade; and they were happy who could obtain him for an umpire in their decisions. From his sentence there was no appeal: he had an eye to remove all public nuisances, and his strict vigilance and extended information in great measure supplied a city police. He maintained his remarkable ascendancy over the mind and temper of the Irish people, and was universally recognised as a sort of pope or spiritual ruler by the title of *The Dean*. His extraordinary reputation gave him the power of a censor-general, and he made it as formidable and more useful than that of ancient Rome. Whatever the dean said or did was received without question as infallibly right; and we may judge of the strange impression of his power from a passage in a letter from the lord-lieutenant himself (Carteret), in which he says (March 24, 1732), "I know by experience how much the city of Dublin thinks itself under your protection, and how strictly they used to obey all orders fulminated from the sovereignty of St. Patrick's." In the postscript also to another letter he says (March 24, 1736), "When people ask me how I governed Ireland, I say that I pleased Dr. Swift." It is at this period that the genuine qualities of the dean's mind—as in his more prosperous political day, when, instead of arrogance and conceit, the virtues of religious humility, compassion, and beneficence, shone so conspicuous—appeared in their native force and brilliancy. He had resigned all ambitious views; he knew that Walpole was bitterly exasperated against him for the strictness severity of his poems, especially the "Epistle to a Lady," and a "Rhapsody on Poetry;" besides that terrific character of the statesman in an "Account of the Court and Empire of Japan;" add to which some forged letters (like so many others springing doubtless from the paid hirelings of Walpole) in favour of Mrs. Barber, bearing the dean's signature, and which strongly excited the queen's displeasure. It is singular that, in the position in which the parties stood, with Walpole's known enmity and consequent jealousy of Swift's influence with the queen, or at least the pleasant understanding existing between them, his different biographers

serving peace in our land, the light of thy gospel, and the true religion in our churches; for giving us the fruits of the earth in due season, and preserving us from the plague and sickness that rage in other lands. We bless thee for that support and maintenance which thou art pleased to afford us, and that thou givest us a heart to be sensible of this thy goodness, and to return our thanks at this time for the same; and as to our persons, for that measure of health that any of us do enjoy, which is more than any of us do deserve. We bless thee, more particularly, for thy protection over us this day past; that thy good spirit has kept us from falling into even the greatest sins, which, by our wicked and corrupt nature, we should greedily have been hurried into; and that, by the guard of thy holy angels, we have been kept safe from any of those evils that might have befallen us, and which many are now groaning under who rose up to the morning in safety and peace as well as we. That above all, for that great mercy of contriving and affecting our redemption, by the death of our Saviour Jesus Christ, whom, of thy great love to mankind, thou dost send into this world, to take upon him our flesh, to teach as thy will, and to bear the guilt of our transgressions, to die for our sins, and to rise again for our justification; and for enabling us to lay hold of that salvation, by the gracious assistance of thy Holy Spirit. Lord, grant that the sense of this wonderful love of thine to us may effectually encourage us to walk in thy fear and live to thy glory, that so, when we shall put off this mortal state, we may be made partakers of that glory that shall then be revealed, which we beg of thee for the sake of thy Son Jesus Christ who died to procure it for us, and in whose name and words we do offer up the desires of our souls unto thee, saying,

"Our Father &c."

should have agreed in attributing the forgeries to less interested quarters. Sir W. Scott is thus of opinion that Pilkington was the originator of them with a similar view, while Mr. Croker is inclined to think that Barber was the forger; but when we recall to mind the affair of the intercepted letter, and the base views attributed to Swift from the same source, suspicion naturally falls on him who had most to gain by calumniating so formidable an adversary, whose dreadful bolts would be rendered innocuous if the "Jupiter Fulminans" was levelled with the earth.

But vast as was now the dean's popularity, surpassing all that he had attained in England, it was in Ireland chiefly confined to the middle and lower classes; and hence probably his well-known maxim, "that the little virtue left in the world is chiefly to be found among the middle rank of mankind, who are neither allured out of her paths by ambition nor driven by poverty." Though a sound churchman, he had the greatest reverence for civil freedom, with unforgotten hatred of the base trickeries of the court and government of that venal day, when a queen deigned, for a ministerial bribe, to return an answer to the man who had heaped on her the most opprobrious terms that would now be thought to disgrace a common prostitute. But the better class to which the dean alluded he could govern as with a silken thread; while by the populace he was revered almost as a being of superior order. If inclined to be mischievous, or engaged in a squabble or skirmish, the approach of the dean was sufficient to scatter the most refractory, without either civil or military aid; and more than once a mob was seen to disperse like schoolboys at the sight of their master, who, as he himself said, if he had lifted up his little finger, would have torn his enemy to pieces. With regard to the higher class, as it is termed, he is said to have looked upon them as wholly incorrigible, and latterly he refused to hold further intercourse with them except upon some unavoidable business. He declares he had little personal acquaintance with any lord spiritual or temporal in the kingdom; he regarded the members of the existing house of commons as a set of needy venal prostitutes, who sacrificed principle, character, and the interests of their country to the lure of the tempter of their avarice and ambition. With these, as he vowed at the outset of his career, he carried on a perpetual war, striking deep into their corrupt mass the stings of his keen, relentless satire, which being enabled only to return with secret hatred and vengeance, they retaliated upon him by every species of obloquy they could invent. During the dean's life, however, he uniformly made them repent their folly; and we are presented with some exquisitely amusing details of the last campaign of this glorious old assessor of Ireland's liberties with corrupt sycophants, tyrant ministers, and a prostituted court.

The royal personages themselves affected to consider the refined irony with which he held up the court proceedings to scorn and ridicule, in a literal sense; and, aware how ill and ungratefully the great patriot had been treated by a corrupt and brutal government and how well they had merited resentment, wisely pocketed the compliment as it stood. But it was different with Walpole, who, lashed into rage by the dean's relentless strokes repeated upon the tenderest parts of his character, resolved to retort by the only means he had in his power. He had the editor, printer, and publishers of the two poems all arrested; and prosecutions were immediately commenced. Possessing evidence that Swift was the author, he conceived he should at last be able to wreak his full vengeance; and ordered a warrant to be made out for

his apprehension, and being conducted to England to take his trial.

The messenger is said to have been ready in waiting, when, fortunately perhaps for both parties, a friend of Walpole, well acquainted with the state of Ireland, being informed of his intention, inquired what army was to accompany the messenger, and whether he could conveniently spare ten thousand men at that moment; for no less a number would succeed in bringing the Drapier a prisoner out of that kingdom. Walpole, it is added, upon this recovered his senses, and was induced, with some reluctance, to abandon his design. "Had the poor fellow," says Sheridan, "attempted to execute his commission, he would most assuredly have been hanged by the mob; and this might have involved the two countries in a contest which it was by no means the interest of a minister to engage in."

The obnoxious poems, it seems, were sent to Mrs. Barber, then in London, by Pilkington, in order that she might turn them to the best account she could, being at that time in distressed circumstances. He also obtained from the dean letters of recommendation to alderman ———, lord-mayor elect, by whom in consequence of such recommendation he was appointed city chaplain. Yet this man had the baseness to turn informer, says Sheridan, against his benefactor as the author, and Mrs. Barber as the editor; who thereupon was confined for some time in the house of a king's messenger. But upon examination the gentlemen of the long robe could discover nothing in the poems that came under the denomination of a libel, or incurred any legal punishment; and according to this version of the case, the publishers were released and the prosecution was dropped.

Upon the subject of the forged letters he writes to his friend Pope in the language of an injured man conscious of his own rectitude and fearless of any evil consequences, as insinuated by some of those friends who were aware of the extent of the conspiracy to rob the dean of his fair and honest fame:—"As to those three forged letters you mention, supposed to be written by me to the queen on Mrs. Barber's account, especially the letter which bears my name; I can only say the apprehensions one may be apt to have of a friend's doing a foolish thing is an effect of kindness: and God knows who is free from playing the fool some time or other. But in such a degree as to write to the queen, who has used me ill without any cause, and to write in such a manner as the letter you sent me, and in such a style, and to have so much zeal for one almost a stranger; and to make such a description of a woman as to prefer her before all mankind; and to instance it as one of the greatest grievances of Ireland that her majesty has not encouraged Mrs. Barber, a woollen-draper's wife, declining in the world, because she has a knack of verifying; was to suppose or fear a folly so transcendent that no man could be guilty of who was not fit for Bedlam. You know the letter you sent enclosed is not my hand, and why I should disguise my hand and yet sign my name is unaccountable. If the queen had not an inclination to think ill of me, she knows me too well to believe in her own heart that I should be such a coxcomb."

In his communication with Mrs. Howard on the same subject he observes—"I find, from several instances, I am under the queen's displeasure; and, as it is usual among princes, without any manner of reason. I am told there were three letters sent to her majesty, in relation to one Mrs. Barber, who is now in London and soliciting for a subscription to her poems. It seems the queen thinks that these letters were written by me; and I scorn to defend myself even to her majesty, grounding my scorn upon the opinion

I had of her justice, her taste, and good sense; especially when the last of those letters, whereof I have just received the original from Mr. Pope, was signed with my name; and why I should disguise my hand, which you know very well, and yet sign my name, is both ridiculous and unaccountable. I am sensible I owe a great deal of this usage to *sir Robert Walpole*," &c.

From this and other passages of Swift's letters at this period, it is evident he attributes the displeasure he had incurred at court to the art of Walpole, and in nearly all his latter poems he gives full scope to his resentment. His residence in, and the unhappy condition of, the country he had made so many efforts to regenerate, tended to embitter his declining years. In one of his letters to Bolingbroke he deprecates the irritation of mind which the continual sight of misery he was unable to alleviate, owing to the infliction of unjust laws, made him unable to control. "I find myself," he says, "disposed every year, or rather every month, to be more angry and revengeful; and my rage is so ignoble that it descends even to resent the folly and baseness of the enslaved people among whom I live . . . but you think, as I ought to think, that it is time for me to have done with the world; and so I would if I could get into a better, before I was called into the best, and not die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole."

And in another to Pope, speaking of his letters, he observes, "None of them have anything to do with party, of which you are the clearest of all men by your religion and the whole tenor of your life; while I am raging every moment against the corruptions in both kingdoms, and especially of this, such is my weakness."—The aversion he had so long felt for his continued residence in Ireland is still more strongly expressed in a passage of a confidential letter to Dr. Sheridan, which contained the singular request that the doctor would attend his body, when he was dead, as far as Holyhead, to see it interred there; "for," he observes, with a spirit worthy the best patriots of antiquity, "I would not willingly lie in a country of slaves."

About the year 1736 the dean's memory became more and more impaired; and those brilliant faculties which had enlightened and entertained the world gave signs of evident decay. He was engaged in composing the poem of the "Legion Club," when one of his fits of giddiness and deafness returned with such violence that he never recovered from the consequences. From that moment he seldom attempted any composition that required much thinking or more than a single sitting to complete; a melancholy proof of his rapid decline. That melancholy was fearfully increased by his knowledge that the approaching calamity of loss of intellect was the effect of disease, not of age and time; a strange and fatal disorder which had attended him like his shadow, or pursued him like an assassin, by whose dagger he knew he must fall, while vainly hurrying to escape from place to place. No affliction can be imagined more terrible than that with which so sunlike and clear an intellect, so piercing a wit, and so grand and powerful a mind were thus threatened. His misery was increased by the strength of his imagination brooding over the unhappy scene he foresaw must be his lot. He was often heard to offer up earnest prayers to God, "to take him away from the evil to come;" and as each lamented day of his birth came round, he would recur to his bible in an agony of spirit, and repeat the solemn and awfully grand adjurations of afflicted Job. To put the climax to his sufferings, his passions, always of a violent character, tended further to weaken and pervert his understanding; and that

he was himself perfectly conscious of the hopeless state of his health was shown by his observation to a brother clergyman upon occasion of a narrow escape from death. They had been standing conversing immediately below a large heavy mirror, and had just removed when the cords that supported it suddenly gave way, and it fell with great violence to the ground. His friend immediately uttered an ejaculation of gratitude for his providential escape; and Swift's reply was very remarkable: "Had I been alone," he said, "I could have wished I had not removed." Dr. Young has recorded another instance of this sad presence in the mind of the unfortunate dean. When walking out with some friends, about a mile from Dublin, it was observed that he had suddenly disappeared: Dr. Young turned back, and found Swift at some distance gazing intently at the top of a lofty elm, the head of which had been blasted. Upon his friend's approach he pointed to it, significantly adding, "I shall be like that tree, and die first at the top." "An unusually long fit of deafness soon disqualified him for conversation," says Sheridan, "and made him lose all relias for society; few were desirous of visiting him in that deplorable state." He could no longer amuse himself with writing; and having formed a resolution of never wearing spectacles, he was equally prevented from reading. Without employment or amusement of any kind, the time wore heavily along; and not a ray, except derived from religious hope in the intervals of pain, pierced the surrounding gloom. We hasten in sorrow, as from some unavoidable calamity, over the closing scene. The state of his mind is vividly described in a few sentences to his friend and comforter, Mrs. Whiteway:—"I have been very miserable all night, and to-day extremely deaf and full of pain. I am so stupid and confounded that I cannot express the mortification I am under both in body and in mind. All I can say is, I am not in torture, but I daily and hourly expect it. Pray, let me know how your health is, and your family. I hardly understand one word I write. I am sure my days will be very few; few and miserable they must be.—I am, for those few days, yours entirely, J. SWIFT. If I do not blunder, it is Saturday."

Yet, near as he naturally supposed he was to his end, he survived upwards of five years after the date of these lines. His understanding wholly failed; and it was found necessary to appoint legal guardians of his person and estate. As if doomed to exhaust the catalogue of human miseries beyond those incident to infirmity or age, he was only relieved from a fit of lunacy which continued several months, by sinking into a state of idiocy which lasted till his death. This event took place October 19th, 1745. No sooner were the tidings known than the citizens of Dublin gathered from all quarters, and gave unfeigned testimony of the respect, and even veneration, in which he was held. They forced their way into the deanery, to pay the last tribute of grief to their departed benefactor; and happy were they who first got into the chamber where that noble heart lay still from the indignant griefs which had torn it, to procure locks of his hair, or the least memento, to hand down as sacred reliques to their children and their far posterity. "So eager were these numbers, that in less than an hour," says Sheridan, "his venerable head was entirely stripped of all its silver ornaments, till not a hair remained." There were to be heard nothing but lamentations round the

* "Yea, beg a hair of him for memory.
And dying mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue."

precincts where he lived, as if he had been suddenly cut off in the flower of his years."

He was buried in the most private manner, according to the directions in his will, in the great aisle of St. Patrick's cathedral; and by way of monument, a slab of black marble was placed against the wall, on which was engraved the following Latin epitaph, written by himself:—

*He depositum est corpus
JONATHAN. SWIFT. S. T. P.
Hujus Ecclesie Cathedralis
Decani
Ubi sæva indignatio
Ulterius cor lacere nequit;
Alibi viator
Et insulare si poteris.
Strenuum pro virili libertatis vindicem.
Obiit anno (1745)
Mensis (Octobris) die (19)
Ætatis anno (78).*

"The later letters of Swift," it is observed by Dr. Warton, "are curious and interesting, as they give us an account of the gradual decay of his intellect and temper and strength of mind and body, and fill us with many melancholy but useful reflections. We see the steps by which this great genius sunk into discontent, into peevishness, into indignity, into torpor, into insanity." In the accounts of his latter state some curious facts have also been preserved, which show that he had occasional intervals of sense. His physician used to accompany him out for the air; and on one of these days Swift remarked a new building he had not before seen, and inquired for what it was designed, to which Dr. Kingbury replied, "That, Mr. Dean, is the magazine for arms and powder for the security of the city." "Oh, oh!" said the dean, pulling out his pocket-book, "let me take an item of this; it is worth remarking. 'My tablets,' as Hamlet says, 'my tablets; memory, put down that;' " which led to the following epigram, supposed to be the last verses which he produced:—

*"Behold a proof of Irish sense,
Here Irish wit is seen
When nothing's left that's worth defence,
We build a magazine."*

In the very singular exhortation, likewise, addressed to the sub-dean and chapter of St. Patrick's, as late as January, 1741, he displayed some of those gleams and even flashes of peculiar humour which shone in his best days, though fast verging upon imbecility.

By Swift's will, which is dated in May, 1740, a short time before he sunk into comparative unconsciousness, he left about 1200*l.* in legacies, and the bulk of his fortune, upwards of 11,000*l.*, to erect and endow an hospital for idiots and lunatics.

Nearly all the biographers of this illustrious but eccentric genius have found reason to remark that his character was so various and so contradictory as to render it difficult to convey a clear and accurate idea of it as a whole. It is a magnificent picture, composed of strong lights and shadows, hot in which the grandeur of design, the rich and varied composition, the general effect and splendid colours, become only more powerful from the occasional contrast of the depth of shadows giving relief to other parts of the subject. His conduct in the discharge of what he conceived to be his public duties, the greatness and disinterestedness of his literary character, and his general benevolence, far outweigh the less estimable traits of his singular and powerful mind. As a public man, indeed, no one in similar circumstances ever evinced more true greatness and disinterestedness of conduct; he provided for all who applied to him deserving his support, before he received any recompense for his arduous labours in

the cause, as he esteemed it, of the religion and liberties of his country. Perhaps his crowning merit, coming immediately after the days of our Charleses and Jameses, was to teach literary men not only to respect themselves, but by consistent principle, manly independence, and long assiduous intellectual cultivation, to claim respect and equality of mind instead of patronage from superiors only in rank and station. The same elevation of intellect, the same moral strength and resolution, will be found to animate the whole circle of his duties. The bold asserter of civil liberty combined with the highest religious doctrine, he was also the strenuous supporter of the rights of the Anglican church as of his own cathedral, and in attention to its economy and revenues he was most strict and exemplary. Here, if carried no further, is fame enough for any one. In the words of his friend Pope it may in this respect be said—

*"Honour and fame from no condition rise;
Act well your part—there all the honour lies."*

With a rare sense of justice, presenting a pattern to greater members of the church, he consulted the interest of his successors in preference to his own, and diverted not the renewal of leases to family purposes. Another excellent feature of his religious character was, that no one more detested the vice of hypocrisy; and his great anxiety that no stain of the kind should attach to his memory betrayed him into a certain boldness and plainness of manners which gave offence in high quarters, and often proved distasteful to those who were not aware at the time of his pure and lofty motives. Lord Bolingbroke on this head declared, with great justice, that Swift's conduct through life was that of hypocrisy reversed; and in real love of peace, of good-will to men, and charity to all ranks and creeds (as witness his friend Pope and so many others), he was surpassed by few, and in the still higher christian virtues of truth and fidelity by none. His piety, by the admission of his worst enemies, was sincere; he regularly attended public worship, and always read prayers to the members of his household in the morning and in the evening.

Next in importance, if considered as a citizen and a patriot, he was uniformly steady and vigilant in his duty, directed by the best motives, though he may sometimes have mistaken the means, in his intense eagerness to punish vice and folly by a public exposure of details before considered safe from the shafts of satire, and left to conscience or Heaven to discharge.

In his wonderful efforts to correct the arraneous system so long pursued by the government of Ireland, his conduct, like his writings, did him immortal honour and gave him deserved perpetuity of fame. His ambition and greatness of spirit allowed him to make no distinction with regard to persons, he spoke as he thought, and told the greatest the severest truths; and his wise opinions were always received with respect, if not reverence, although seldom obeyed. He was fearless to a fault in the stern unflinching assertion of his cause, and never shrunk from the eye or withering frown of power; no prosecution could make him even withdraw from public notice, much less silence the restless eloquence of his tongue and pen. Nor did the unanimous applause of a grateful nation for the successful efforts of the Drapier appear to change or to exalt him in his own eyes; it even failed to administer balm to his suffering mind.

In point of natural disposition, Swift had all the irritability and more than the unhappiness peculiar to a richly-gifted intellect. Then disappointment, the most disastrous combination of circumstances,

and consequent discontent, haunted him almost from his childhood, soured his temper towards the close of life, and prevented him from enjoying real happiness. "I remember," he says to lord Bolingbroke, "when I was a little boy I felt a great fish at the end of my line, which I drew up almost on the ground, but it dropped in, and the disappointment vexes me to this very day; and I believe it was the type of all my future disappointments." That Swift's unhappy feelings and views were wholly sincere and unaffected there can be no doubt, from the sad effects produced upon those he most loved and upon his own mind; it was the evil spirit of his destiny, which no exorcism of love, or flume, or success beyond the fondest hopes of genius, could ever expel; it tore his heart with cruel indignation, and seemed a part of his very nature:—

"*Naturam expellat furor inuenitque recurret.*"

It might appear from some portion of his letters that the charge of misanthropy brought against Swift is not wholly unfounded; but when we turn on the other hand to his warm and constant friendship and wide-spread charity, we are inclined to think that it springs, as he has himself recorded, "from his rage and resentment at the mortifying sight of the slavery, folly, and baseness about him, and among which he was forced to live." He informs Dr. Sharridan, with the air of an anxious friend, that "he would every day find his description of yahoos more resembling. You should think and deal with every man as a villain, without calling him so or valuing him less. This is an old true lesson."

In these maxims we can evidently trace the results of disappointment, disease, and age. Though Swift was so well acquainted with human nature from its highest to its lowest scene, still his knowledge was that of the poet rather than of the philosopher—a fatal dower of the imagination, morbid in some respects, rather than derived from the process of reasoning and founded upon experience and facts. In its main character, indeed, it is the knowledge of Shakespeare, Homer, Dante, Cervantes, Fielding, and Scott, rather than of Aristotle, Locke, or of men attached to philosophy, science, taste, and virtue.

With regard to the peculiarities of his style, vigour, simplicity, and conscientiousness assuredly take the lead. He was the first writer who expressed his meaning without any display of subsidiary epithets or expletives of any kind, tending to weaken the impression of simple truth. In the use of synonyms he was even more sparing than Addison, and devoted his attention to illustrate the force of his ideas; and it is thus that metaphor is so seldom met with in his works. But he abounds in clear and beautiful allegory, and his images are always just and new. In political discussion, his favourite study, he was superior to any man of his time, not excepting Addison. His poems, like his masterly political allegories, are a series of general and particular satires, and were mostly written for some special occasion. Even before the complimentary lines of Pope he had taken his rank as the Rabelais of England:—

"Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair."

If less learned, his wit was more piercing and his satire more close and trenchant. His ideas flowed with ease and rapidity, and he used to say "when he set down to write a letter he never leaved his head upon his elbow till he had finished it." *Cum magnis viris* appears to have been no less his favourite motto than it was that of Horace, and his letters everywhere attest his high ambition of intellectual rule, and his proud desire of dictating them

to the most eminent and great. His Journal and letters are the most genuine and valuable transcripts of his mind; for in these he threw off all party trammels, and his extraordinary and often contradictory qualities shine forth without alloy. They display complete knowledge of the world, combined with innumerable traits of benevolence, fierce resentment, and an indignation at the sufferings and oppression of the people, which hurried him into misanthropy. Though lofty and commanding with his superiors in rank, towards his equals he was full of social ease, wit, and spirit; and though rough in appearance, was really and condescendingly kind to his inferiors. While economical and saving, he devoted his money to the noblest purposes; and he appears in this respect to have modelled his conduct upon his excellent observation to lord Bolingbroke, "that a wise man should have money in his head, but not in his heart;" but in his declining years he is thought to have furnished some proof of his distinguished friend's reply, "that a wise man should take care how he lets money get too much into his head, for it would assuredly descend to the heart, the seat of the passions."

Swift was celebrated for his amusing anecdote as well as surpassing wit and repartee, and he had an excellent way of telling a story; always brief and pithy, as if careful not to engross the whole time and conversation of the company. Addicted to no vice, he seemed to rise superior to the meaner temptations and pleasures of the world; he was heard to declare that on no occasion was he intoxicated—neither, it might be added, with wine nor power; while from women and gaming he appears to have kept himself free, from choice as well as principle.

Swift was of middle stature, inclining to tall, robust, and manly, with strongly marked and regular features. He had a high forehead, a handsome nose, and large piercing blue eyes, which retained their lustre to the last. He had an extremely agreeable and expressive countenance, which, in the words of the unfortunate Vanessa, sometimes shone with a divine compassion,—at others, the most engaging vivacity, indignation, fearful passion, and striking awe. His mouth was pleasing, he had a fine regular set of teeth, a round double chin with a small dimple; his complexion, a light olive or pale brown. His voice was sharp, strong, high-toned; but he was a bad reader, especially of verses, and disliked music. His mien was erect, his head firm, and his whole deportment commanding. There was a sternness and severity in his aspect, which wit and gaiety did not entirely remove. When pleased he would smile, but never laughed aloud.

In his diet Swift was abstemious; he preferred plain dishes, generally hashed; and in drinking he seldom exceeded a pint of claret. In his person he was neat and clean even to superstition, and appeared regularly dressed in his gown every morning, to receive the visits of his most familiar friends.

No man, it is agreed by all his biographers, ever appreciated with greater tact the qualities and sincerity of his friends; and the better to assist his judgment, he formed a sort of calendar of friendship, in which he arranged them under the heads of *ungrateful*, *indifferent*, *doubtful*; and it is mortifying to think he should have found reason to class so many, even among those whom he had benefited, under the former head.

With regard to Swift's natural disposition, his love of study, his sagacious knowledge of mankind, it has been well observed by Scott that Shakespeare's description of Cassius will apply to him admirably:—

* He reads much,
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men.—
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,
That could be moved to smile at anything."

In his latter days Swift was an early riser, though at one period of his life he was said to lie in bed and think of wit for the day. Of his learning it has been said that it was not that of a professed scholar. Dr. J. Warton pointed out the errors of quantity in his Latin verse. His Latin prose is far from classical. His letter to Pope on his translation of Homer does not show any familiar acquaintance with the original; and his "Letter to Lord Oxford on the Improvement of the English Language" is almost superficial. In his controversy on Phalaris he had wit and sarcasm in abundance, but little learning, to bring to the support of his friend Temple. In the same way, his observations on the character of Brutus are very inferior to the masterly review of the character in the third volume of Gibbon's "Memoirs." In Greek his knowledge is said to have enabled him to read the best authors with tolerable facility, but not more; and as regarded Latin, it did not enter into the critical niceties of the language. Our great Chaucer's flow of wit, the amenity and graces of his frank joyous spirit, were Swift's early admiration and study; he even made a selection of a number of epithets in alphabetical order, with references, and a list of the oaths used by the different characters in his stories. Like most other men of genius and active mind, he is said to have been fond of old romances, and to have carefully studied them—a fact that rather surprises us—with close attention. His collection of books, however,* comprehended none of the older dramatists, not even a copy of Shakspeare, and the modern plays of Wycherly and Rowe were presented by the authors. History was his leading pursuit, and in the decline of life he confined his attention nearly altogether to Clarendon. Like most men of genius, Swift was fond of residing in the country, though not at all susceptible to the charms of what is termed romantic, picturesque, or grand scenery. He detested field-sports and cruelty of all kinds, but delighted in planting and rural scenery, for the freedom it gave him from restraint, the open air, and exercise, of which he was excessively fond. His independent but wayward character often made him appear, to those unacquainted with him, full of contradictions. A zealous churchman, he had the highest respect for the rights of his order, though he wrote with a spirit of satire and a levity bordering upon profaneness. The object in view being good, he was not over-scrupulous with regard to the means of effecting it; and though a friend to liberty, he ranged himself on the side of the Tories. This choice, between two of the least evils, led to many impositions and forgeries on the side of his foes, who attributed to him a thousand meannesses and follies which he never said or did. Perhaps the strongest instance is to be found in the "Courtier's Creed," which, with all its clever application, contains that air of profaneness which Swift conscientiously avoided; but it is well invented. "I believe," it runs, "in King George II., the greatest captain and the wisest monarch between heaven and earth; and in Sir Robert Walpole, his only minister, our lord, who was begotten of Barret, the attorney, born of Mrs. W. of Houghton, accused of corruption, con-

victed, expelled, and imprisoned. He went down into Norfolk; the third year he came up again; he ascended into the administration, and sitteth at the head of the treasury, from whence he shall pay all those who shall vote as they are commanded. I believe in Horace's [his brother's] treaty, the sanctity of the bishops, the independency of the lords, the integrity of the commons, restitution from Spain, resurrection of credit, discharge of the public debts, and peace everlasting. Amen."

Swift's public spirit and extensive charities failed to protect him from the charges of parsimony and avarice, though even Johnson admitted they were never suffered to encroach upon his virtue; for though frugal by inclination, he was liberal by principle. "Wealth," he said, "is liberty, and liberty is a blessing fittest for a philosopher. Gay is a slave just by 2000*l*, too little, but he could not live *sine dignitate*; he declares it would kill him in a month to make any abatement in his liberalities." He writes also to Pope—"Your wants are so few that you need not be rich to supply them, and my wants are so many that a king's 7,000,000 of guineas would not support me."

The dean's singularities were indulged even in the most refined society, for, though a perfect master of aristocratic and court manners, he nevertheless put them aside, and assumed a frankness and bluntness which beat down all defence, and proved at first intolerably annoying. He once insisted upon lady Burlington singing for him, though she expressed repeated wishes to be excused, and not knowing her tormentor, at length burst into tears; while it is recorded that Vanessa actually struck him for his freedom of manner the first time she was in his company. Sometimes he carried his peevishness to a ludicrous or insulting length, especially towards ladies if they showed any want of attention or respect. Dining at a house where part of the tablecloth next him happened to have a small hole, he tore it as wide as he could, so as to eat his soup through it. The reason assigned for such behaviour was to mortify the lady of the house, and to teach her to pay a proper attention to housewifery. Though steady in his friendships, his aversion, as in the instances of Somers, Wharton, and Marlborough, was carried even beyond the grave, and he pursued their funeral trains with keen satirical epigrams. He levelled sarcasms at Steele in his "Rhapsody on Poetry;" and seized upon chief-justice Whitshed like a fierce terrier upon some noxious vermin, which he tears and worries after it is killed. By a reiterated fire of lampoons, squibs, and epitaphs, he made him odious and contemptible in the eyes of the people, considering it his duty, as in the case of Wood, to make him an example to all future ages, and coupling his name with that of Anytus, the accuser of Socrates. His satire covered the lawyer Bettesworth with such ridicule and contempt that he declared feelingly in the house of commons that he had deprived him of full 1200*l*. a-year; no trifle, especially at that period.

Swift often submitted his MS. productions to the correction of his friends, and weighed their objections with candour and impartiality. He made numerous alterations in the poem of "Bancis and Philemon" at Addison's suggestion. He put one of his pamphlets into the hands of a clergyman, and consented to strike out a number of passages; but on seeing the publication the critic became aware of the injudicious alterations, and expressed his regret. "Sir," replied Swift, "I considered them of no very great consequence; but had I stood up in their defence you might have imputed it to an an-

* Many of which are at this time in the hands of his descendant, Mr. Edmund Swift, conservator of the regalia in the Tower, who possesses also a portrait of the dean taken when he was in advanced years, and some other curiosities appertaining to his celebrated relative, especially the original MSS. of Swift's political treatises and poems previously published.

thor's vanity. By my compliance you will at all times hereafter be the more open and free in your remarks."

Of Swift's general merits as an author we cannot convey a more correct idea than by giving some passages from the able and impartial estimate for which we are indebted to the pen of one of his most enlightened biographers—sir W. Scott:—"As an author there are three peculiarities in the character of Swift: the first is the distinguished attribute of originality; and it cannot be refused him by the most severe critic. Even Johnson has allowed no author can be found who has borrowed so little. . . . There was indeed nothing written before his time which could serve for his model, and the few hints which he has adopted from other authors bear no more resemblance to his compositions than the green flax to the cable which is formed from it.

"The second peculiarity is his total indifference to literary fame. Swift executed his various and numerous works as a carpenter forms wedges, mallets, or other implements of his art—not with the purpose of distinguishing himself by the workmanship of the tools themselves, but solely in order to render them fit for accomplishing a certain purpose, beyond which they were of no value in his eyes. He is often anxious about the success of his argument, and jealous of those who debate the principles and the purpose for which he assumes the pen; but he evinces on all occasions an unaffected indifference for the fate of his writings, provided the end of their publication was answered. The careless mode in which Swift suffered his works to get to the public, his refusing them the credit of his name, and his renouncing all connexion with the profits of literature, indicate his disdain of the character of a professional writer.

"The third distinguishing mark of Swift's literary character is, that, with the exception of history (for his fugitive attempts in Pindaric and Latin verse are too unimportant to be noticed), he has never attempted a style of composition in which he has not attained a distinguished pitch of excellence. We may often think the immediate mode of exercising his talents trifling, and sometimes coarse and offensive; but his Anglo-Latin verses, his riddles, his indelicate descriptions, and his violent political satires, are in their various departments as excellent as the subject admitted; and only leave us occasion to regret that so much talent was not uniformly employed on nobler topics."—(Scott's "Memoirs," &c.)

It has been observed by Horace Walpole that Swift's style was excellent, though without grace, and that it was more correct than Dryden's or Addison's. Hume, in a letter to Robertson, observes, "What the d—I had you to do with that old-fashioned, dangling word, *wherewith*? I should as soon take hack *wherewupon*, *wherewunto*, *wherewithal*. I think the only tolerable decent gentleman of the family is *wherewin*, and I should not eboose to be often seen in his company; but I know your affection for *wherewith* proceeds from your partiality to *dean Swift*, whom I can often laugh with, whose style I can even

approve—surely never admire. It has no harmony, no eloquence, no ornament, and not much correctness, whatever the English may imagine. Were not their literature still in a somewhat barbarous state, that author's place would not be so high among their classics."

The English, however, may afford to smile even at the classical Hume's strictures; for after Swift's own attacks upon the Scotch—perhaps as injudicious as they are often undeserved—it is too much to expect that he should be either loved or admired by the writers of that nation.^a

One of Swift's truest friends, Dr. Delany, after summing up his merits in reply to the reflections of lord Orrery, concludes with the following excellent observations:—"All this considered, the character of his life will appear like that of his writings; they will both bear to be re-considered and re-examined with the utmost attention, and always discover new beauties and excellencies upon every examination. They will bear to be considered as the sun, in which the brightness will hide the blemishes; and whenever petulant ignorance, pride, malice, malignity, or envy interposes to cloud or sully his fame, I take upon me to pronounce that the eclipse will not last long.

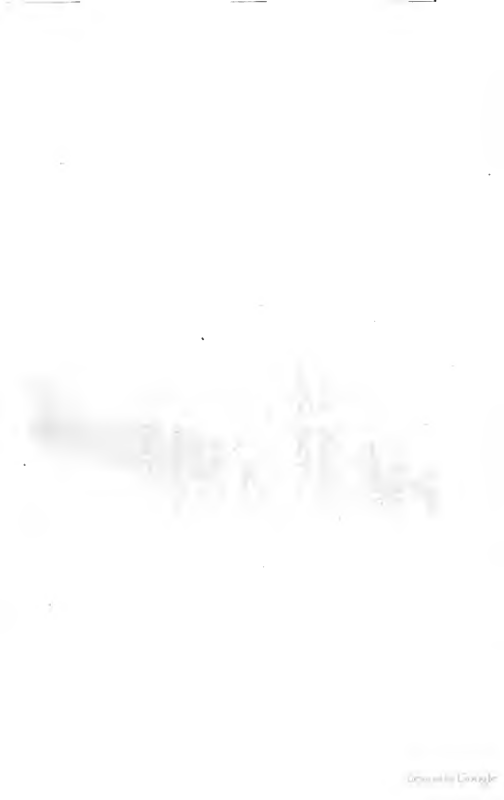
"To conclude, no man ever deserved better of any country than Swift did of his:—a steady, persevering, inflexible friend; a wise, a watchful, and a faithful counsellor, under many severe trials and bitter persecutions, to the manifest hazard both of his liberty and his fortune. He lived a blessing; he died a benefactor; and his name will ever live an honour to Ireland."

In order to observe to the close that impartial spirit and love of truth which actuated the views of a Scott and a Mason in their admirable biographies of the celebrated dean, we give the counter opinion of another commentator^b on his life and writings, by no means of so favourable a character as the preceding:—"Upon the whole, Swift lived a melancholy instance of the fall of human greatness. His life is a mournful and striking example of the power of disappointment totally to subvert natural cheerfulness, to take away the value of every good, and aggravate real by imaginary evil. The miseries to which human nature is subject made him often think it better never to have existed at all; and this sentiment led him to adopt as a maxim, '*Non nasci homini longè optimum est.*' It was under this persuasion that he always read the third chapter of Job upon his birthday; and whoever visited him then was sure to see that part of the bible lying open before him. . . .

"In short, he lived an honour to the human mind, and died, as he had lived in his latter years, a sad monument of the infirmities incident to it; and a melancholy, mortifying memento to the vanity of pride of parts. His death eclipsed the gaiety of his native country, and impoverished the scanty stock of public virtue."

^a See a critique in the *Edinburgh Review* (No. III. p. 34) as an example.

^b The author of the "*Swiftians*."



To The Rev The Rectors of the
Cathedral Church of St. Patrick's Dublin

The Memorial of Do John Hawkshaw

Hewett

That the said John Hawkshaw's Grandfather
did at his own expense after a tedious five years
law suit (in amount to the purchase of 7 c. lands)
recover unto the Rectors of the Cathedral Church
the now held from you by lease & that he has
survived at his death about forty two years.

TRAVELS

INTO SEVERAL REMOTE NATIONS OF THE WORLD,

BY

LEMUEL GULLIVER,

FIRST A SLEEPOON, AND THEN A CAPTAIN OF SEVERAL SHIPS.

IN FOUR PARTS.

I. A VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT.—II. A VOYAGE TO BROBDINGNAG.—III. A VOYAGE TO LAPUTA, BALNIBARBI, LOGGONAGG, GLUBBOGUBBSIS, AND JAPAN.—IV. A VOYAGE TO THE COUNTRY OF THE HOUGHNHUIMS.

Splendid mendax.—Hos.

Johnson, Warton, and Hawkesworth, made the following observations on the work:—

"This important year sent into the world 'Gulliver's Travels,' a production so new and so strange, that it filled the reader with a mingled emotion of admiration and amazement. It was received with such avidity, that the price of the first edition was raised before the second could be made: it was read by the high and the low, the learned and illiterate. Criticism was, for a while, lost in wonder. No rules of judgment were applied to a book written in open defiance of truth and regularity. But when distinctions came to be made, the part which gave least pleasure was that which describes the Flying Island, and that which gave most disgust must be the history of the Honyahams. While Swift was enjoying the reputation of his new work the news of the king's death arrived; and he kissed the hands of the new king and queen three days after their accession."

"'Gulliver's Travels' and the 'Tale of a Tub' are indisputably the two most capital works of Swift."

"From the whole of those two voyages to Lilliput and Brobdingnag arises one general remark, which, however obvious, has been overlooked by those who consider them as little more than the sport of a wanton imagination. When human actions are ascribed to pygmies and giants, there are few that do not excite either contempt, disgust, or horror; to ascribe them, therefore, to such beings, was perhaps the most prosaic method of engaging the mind to examine them with attention, and judge of them with impartiality, by suspending the fascination of habit, and exhibiting familiar objects in a new light. The use of the fable, then, is not less apparent than important and extensive; and that this use was intended by the author can be doubted only by those who are disposed to affirm that order and regularity are the effects of chance."

"To mortify pride, which, indeed, was not made for man, and produces not only the most ridiculous follies, but the most extensive calamity, appears to have been one general view of the author in every part of these Travels. Personal strength and beauty, the wisdom and the virtue of mankind, become objects, not of pride, but of humility, in the diminutive stature and contemptible weakness of the Lilliputians, in the horrid deformity of the Brobdingnagians, in the learned folly of the Laputians, and in the parallel drawn between our manners and those of the Honyahams."

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

THE author of these Travels, Mr. Lemuel Gulliver, is my ancient and intimate friend; there is likewise some relation between us on the mother's side. About three years ago, Mr. Gulliver, growing weary of the concourse of curious people coming to him at his house in Redriff, made a small purchase of land, with a conventual house, near Newark, in Nutting-hamshire, his native country, where he now lives retired, yet in good esteem among his neighbours.

Although Mr. Gulliver was born in Nottinghamshire, where his father dwelt, yet I have heard him say his family came from Oxfordshire; to confirm which, I have observed in the churchyard at Banbury, in that county, several tombs and monuments of the Gullivers.

Before he quitted Redriff he left the custody of the following papers in my hands, with the liberty to dispose of them as I should think fit. I have carefully perused them three times. The style is

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very plain and simple; and the only fault I find is, that the author, after the manner of travellers, is a little too circumstantial. There is an air of truth apparent through the whole; and, indeed, the author was so distinguished for his veracity, that it became a sort of proverb among his neighbours at Redriff, when any one affirmed a thing, to say "it was as true as if Mr. Gulliver had spoken it."

By the advice of several worthy persons, to whom, with the author's permission, I communicated these papers, I now venture to send them into the world, hoping they may be, at least for some time, a better entertainment to our young noblemen than the common scribbles of politics and party.

This volume would have been at least twice as large, if I had not made bold to strike out innumerable passages relating to the winds and tides, as well as to the variations and bearings in the several voyages, together with the minute descriptions of the management of the ship in storms, in the style of sailors; likewise the account of longitudes and latitudes; wherein I have reason to apprehend that Mr. Gulliver may be a little dissatisfied: but I was resolved to fit the work as much as possible to the general capacity of readers. However, if my own ignorance in sea affairs shall have led me to commit some mistakes, I alone am answerable for them; and if any traveller has a curiosity to see the whole work at large, as it came from the hands of the author, I will be ready to gratify him.

As far as any further particulars relating to the author, the reader will receive satisfaction from the first pages of the book.

RICHARD SYMPSON.

A LETTER FROM CAPTAIN GULLIVER TO HIS COUSIN SYMPSON, WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1727.

I NOW you will be ready to own publicly, whenever you shall be called to it, that, by your great and frequent urgency, you prevailed on me to publish a very loose and uncorrect account of my travels, with direction to hire some young gentlemen of either university to put them in order, and correct the style, as my cousin Dampier did, by my advice, in his book called "A Voyage Round the World." But I do not remember I gave you power to consent that anything should be omitted, and much less that anything should be inserted: therefore, as to the latter, I do here renounce everything of that kind, particularly a paragraph about her majesty queen Anne, of most pious and glorious memory, although I did reverence and esteem her more than any of the human species. But you, or your interpolator, ought to have considered that, as it was not my inclination, so was it not decent, to praise any animal of our composition before my master Houghnhum;

and, besides, the fact was altogether false; for to my knowledge, being in England during some part of her majesty's reign, she did govern by a chief minister; nay, even by two successively: the first whereof was the lord of Godolphin, and the second the lord of Oxford; so that you have made me say the thing that was not. Likewise, in the account of the academy of projectors, and several passages of my discourse to my master *Houyhnhnm*, you have either omitted some material circumstances, or minced or changed them in such a manner that I do hardly know my own work. When I formerly hinted to you something of this in a letter, you were pleased to answer, "that you were afraid of giving offence; that people in power were very watchful over the press, and apt not only to interpret but to punish everything which looked like an *inuen*do" (as I think you call it). But, pray, how could that which I spoke so many years ago, and at above five thousand leagues distance, in another reign, be applied to any of the *Yahoos* who now are said to govern the herd; especially at a time when I little thought on or feared the unhappiness of living under them? Have not I the most reason to complain, when I see these very *Yahoos* carried by *Houyhnhnms* in a vehicle, as if these were brutes, and those the rational creatures? Aud, indeed, to avoid so monstrous and detestable a sight was one principal motive of my retirement hither.

Thus much I thought proper to tell you in relation to yourself, and to the trust I reposed in you.

I do, in the next place, complain of my own great want of judgment, in being prevailed upon, by the entreaties and false reasonings of you and some others, very much against my own opinion, to suffer my travels to be published. Pray bring to your mind how often I desired you to consider, when you insisted on the motive of public good, that the *Yahoos* were a species of animals utterly incapable of amendment by precepts or example; and so it has proved: for, instead of seeing a full stop put to all abuses and corruptions, at least in this little island, as I had reason to expect,—behold, after above six months' warning, I cannot learn that my book has produced one single effect according to my intentions. I desired you would let me know, by a letter, when party and faction were extinguished; judges learned and upright; pleaders honest and modest, with some tincture of common sense, and *Smithfield* blazing with pyramids of law-books; the young nobility's education entirely changed; the physicians banished; the female *Yahoos* abounding in virtue, honour, truth, and good sense; courts and levees of great ministers thoroughly weeded and swept; wit, merit, and learning rewarded; all disgracers of the press, in prose and verse, condemned to eat nothing but their own cotton, and quench their thirst with their own ink. These and a thousand other reformations I firmly counted upon by your encouragement; as, indeed, they were plainly deducible from the precepts delivered in my book. And it must be owned that seven months were a sufficient time to correct every vice and folly to which *Yahoos* are subject, if their natures had been capable of the least disposition to virtue or wisdom. Yet, so far have you been from answering my expectation in any of your letters, that, on the contrary, you are loading our carrier every week with libels, and keys, and reflections, and memoirs, and second parts; wherein I see myself accused of reflecting upon great state folks; of degrading human nature, (for so they have still the confidence to style it,) and of abusing the female sex. I find, likewise, that the writers of those bundles are not agreed among them-

selves; for some of them will not allow me to be the author of my own travels, and others make me author of books to which I am wholly a stranger.

I find, likewise, that your printer has been so careless as to confound the times, and mistake the dates, of my several voyages and returns; neither assigning the true year, nor the true month, nor day of the month; and I hear the original manuscript is all destroyed since the publication of my book: neither have I any copy left. However, I have sent you some corrections, which you may insert, if ever there should be a second edition; and yet I cannot stand to them, but shall leave that matter to my judicious and candid readers, to adjust it as they please.

I bear some of our sea *Yahoos* find fault with my sea language, as not proper in many parts, nor now in use. I cannot help it. In my first voyages while I was young, I was instructed by the oldest mariners, and learned to speak as they did. But I have since found that the sea *Yahoos* are apt, like the land ones, to become new-fangled in their words, which the latter change every year; inasmuch, as I remember, upon each return to my own country, their old dialect was so altered, that I could hardly understand the new. And I observe, when any *Yahoo* comes from London, out of curiosity, to visit me at my house, we neither of us are able to deliver our conceptions in a manner intelligible to the other.

If the censure of the *Yahoos* could anyway affect me, I should have great reason to complain that some of them are so bold as to think my book of travels a mere fiction out of mine own brain; and have gone so far as to drop hints, that the *Houyhnhnms* and *Yahoos* have no more existence than the inhabitants of Utopia.

Indeed I must confess that, as to the people of *Lilliput*, *Broddingnag*, (for so the word should have been spelt, and not erroneously *Broddingnag*;) and *Laputa*, I have never yet heard of any *Yahoo* so presumptuous as to dispute their being, or the facts I have related concerning them; because the truth immediately strikes every reader with conviction. And is there less probability in my account of the *Houyhnhnms* or *Yahoos*, when it is manifest, as to the latter, there are so many thousands, even in this country, who only differ from their brother brutes in *Houyhnhnm-land* because they use a sort of jargon, and do not go naked? I wrote for their amendment, and not their approbation. The united praise of the whole race would be of less consequence to me than the neighing of those two degenerate *Houyhnhnms* I keep in my stable; because from these, degenerate as they are, I still improve in some virtues, without any mixture of vice.

Do these miserable animals presume to think that I am so degenerated as to defend my veracity? *Yahoo* as I am, it is well known through all *Houyhnhnm-land* that, by the instructions and example of my illustrious master, I was able, in the compass of two years, (although, I confess, with the utmost difficulty,) to remove that infernal habit of lying, shuffling, deceiving, and equivocating, so deeply rooted in the very souls of all my species, especially the Europeans.

I have other complaints to make upon this vexatious occasion; but I forbear troubling myself or you any further. I must freely confess that since my last return some corruptions of my *Yahoo* nature have revived in me, by conversing with a few of your species, and particularly those of my own family, by an unavoidable necessity; else I should never have attempted so absurd a project as that of reforming the *Yahoo* race in this kingdom: but I have now done with all such visionary schemes for ever.

PART THE FIRST.

A VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT.

CHAPTER I.

The author gives some account of himself and family. His first inducements to travel. He is shipwrecked, and swims for his life. Gets safe on shore in the country of Lilliput. Is made a prisoner, and carried up the country.

My father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire; I was the third of five sons. He sent me to Emanuel College in Cambridge, at fourteen years old, where I resided three years, and applied myself close to my studies; but the charge of maintaining me, although I had a very scanty allowance, being too great for a narrow fortune, I was bound apprentice to Mr. James Bates, an eminent surgeon in London, with whom I continued four years: my father now and then sending me small sums of money, I laid them out in learning navigation, and other parts of the mathematics, useful to those who intend to travel, as I always believed it would be, some time or other, my fortune to do. When I left Mr. Bates I went down to my father, where, by the assistance of him and my uncle John, and some other relations, I got forty pounds, and a promise of thirty pounds a year to maintain me at Leyden: there I studied physic two years and seven months, knowing it would be useful in long voyages.

Soon after my return from Leyden I was recommended by my good master, Mr. Bates, to be surgeon to the Swallow, captain Abraham Paunel, commander, with whom I continued three years and a half, making a voyage or two into the Levant, and some other parts. When I came back I resolved to settle in London, to which Mr. Bates my master encouraged me, and by him I was recommended to several patients. I took part of a small house in the Old Jewry; and, being advised to alter my condition, I married Miss Mary Burton, second daughter to Mr. Edmund Burton, hosier, in Newgate-street, with whom I received four hundred pounds for a portion.

But my good master Bates dying in two years after, and I having few friends, my business began to fail; for my conscience would not suffer me to imitate the bad practice of too many among my brethren. Having therefore consulted with my wife and some of my acquaintance, I determined to go again to sea. I was surgeon successively in two ships, and made several voyages, for six years, to the East and West Indies, by which I got some addition to my fortune. My hours of leisure I spent in reading the best authors, ancient and modern, being always provided with a good number of books; and when I was a-shore, in observing the manners and dispositions of the people, as well as learning their language, wherein I had a great facility, by the strength of my memory.

The last of these voyages not proving very fortunate, I grew weary of the sea, and intended to stay at home with my wife and family. I removed from the Old Jewry to Fetter-lane, and from thence to Wapping, hoping to get business among the sailors; but it would not turn to account. After three years' expectation that things would mend, I accepted an advantageous offer from captain William Prichard, master of the Antelope, who was making a voyage to the South Sea. We set sail from Bristol

May 4, 1699, and our voyage at first was very prosperous.

It would not be proper, for some reasons, to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures in those seas: let it suffice to inform him that, in our passage from thence to the East Indies, we were driven by a violent storm to the north-west of Van Diemen's Land. By an observation we found ourselves in the latitude of $30^{\circ} 2'$ south. Twelve of our crew were dead by immoderate labour and ill food; the rest were in a very weak condition. On the 5th of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock within half a cable's length of the ship; but the wind was so strong that we were driven directly upon it, and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship and the rock. We rowed, by my computation, about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labour while we were in the ship. We therefore trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves, and in about half an hour the boat was overset by a sudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as of those who escaped on the rock, or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell, but conclude they were all lost. For my own part, I swam as Fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and could feel no bottom; but when I was almost gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth, and by this time the storm was much abated. The declivity was so small that I walked near a mile before I got to the shore, which I conjectured was about eight o'clock in the evening. I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any sign of houses or inhabitants; at least I was in so weak a condition that I did not observe them. I was extremely tired, and with that and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank as I left the ship, I found myself much inclined to sleep. I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remembered to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned, about nine hours, for when I awaked it was just daylight. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir; for, as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground, and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my arm-pits to my thighs. I could only look upwards; the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me, but, in the posture I lay, could see nothing except the sky. In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which, advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost to my chin; when, bending my eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back. In the mean time, I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) ful-

lowing the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned; and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out, in a shrill but distinct voice, *Hekinah degul*; the others repeated the same words several times; but I then knew not what they meant. I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness. At length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings, and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground; for, by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me, and, at the same time, with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches. But the creatures ran off a second time before I could seize them; whereupon there was a great shout, in a very shrill accent, and, after it ceased, I heard one of them cry aloud, *Tolgo phowac*; when, in an instant, I felt above an hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles; and besides, they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many, I suppose, fell on my body (though I felt them not), and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand. When this shower of arrows was over I fell a-groaning with grief and pain; and then, striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley, larger than the first, and some of them attempted, with spears, to stick me in the sides; but, by good luck, I had on me a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce. I thought it the most prudent method to lie still; and my design was to continue so till night, when, my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself; and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest army they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size with him that I saw. But fortune disposed otherwise of me. When the people observed I was quiet they discharged no more arrows; but by the noise I heard I knew their numbers increased; and about four yards from me, over against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work, when, turning my head that way as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it; from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable. But I should have mentioned that, before the principal person began his oration, he cried out three times, *Langro dekul san* (these words and the former were afterwards repeated and explained to me); whereupon, immediately, about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of observing the person and gesture of him that was to speak. He appeared to be of a middle age, and taller than any of the other three who attended him; whereof one was a page, that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger; the other two stood one on each side to support him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness. I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting

up my left hand and both my eyes to the sun, as calling him for a witness; and being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me that I could not forbear showing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency), by putting my finger frequently to my mouth, to signify that I wanted food. The *Surgo* (for so they call a great lord, as I afterwards learned) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which above a hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me. I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I eat them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket-bullets. They supplied me as fast as they could, showing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite. I then made another sign, that I wanted drink. They found by my eating that a small quantity would not suffice me; and, being a most ingenious people, they slung up, with great dexterity, one of their largest hogheads, then rolled it towards my hand, and beat out the top; I drank it off at a draught, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hoghead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more, but they had none to give me. When I had performed these wonders they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeating several times, as they did at first, *Hekinah degul*. They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hogheads, but first warning the people below to stand out of the way, crying aloud, *Borack mcolah*; and when they saw the vessels in the air, there was a universal shout of *Hekinah degul*. I confess I was often tempted, while they were passing backwards and forwards on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach, and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honour I made them—for so I interpreted my submissive behaviour—soon drove out these imaginations. Besides, I now considered myself as bound by the laws of hospitality to a people who had treated me with so much expense and magnificence. However, in my thoughts I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals, who durst venture to mount and walk upon my body, while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature as I must appear to them. After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank from his imperial majesty. His excellency, having mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced forwards up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue; and, producing his credentials, under the signet-royal, which he applied close to my eyes, spoke about ten minutes without any signs of anger, but with a kind of determined resolution, often pointing forwards, which, as I afterwards found, was towards the capital city, about half a mile distant; whither it was agreed by his majesty in council that I must be conveyed. I

answered in a few words, but to no purpose, and made a sign with my hand that was loose, putting it to the other (but over his excellency's head, for fear of hurting him or his train), and then to my own head and body, to signify that I desired my liberty. It appeared that he understood me well enough, for he shook his head by way of disapprobation, and held his hand in a posture to show that I must be carried as a prisoner. However, he made other signs, to let me know that I should have meat and drink enough, and very good treatment. Whereupon I once more thought of attempting to break my bonds; but again, when I felt the smart of the arrows upon my face and hands, which were all in blisters, and many of the darts still sticking in them, and observing likewise that the number of my enemies increased, I gave tokens to let them know that they might do with me what they pleased. Upon this the *huryo* and his train withdrew, with much civility and cheerful countenances. Soon after I heard a general shout, with frequent repetitions of the words, *Peploim selan*; and I felt great numbers of people on my left side, relaxing the cords to such a degree that I was able to turn upon my right, and to ease myself with making water, which I very plentifully did, to the great astonishment of the people, who, conjecturing by my motion what I was going to do, immediately opened to the right and left on that side, to avoid the torrent which fell with noise and violence from me. But before this they had dashed my face and both my hands with a sort of ointment, very pleasant to the smell, which, in a few minutes, removed all the smart of their arrows. These circumstances, added to the refreshment I had received by their victuals and drink, which were very nourishing, disposed me to sleep. I slept about eight hours, as I was afterwards assured; and it was no wonder, for the physicians, by the emperor's order, had mingled a sleepy potion in the hogheads of wine.

It seems that, upon the first moment I was discovered sleeping on the ground after my landing, the emperor had early notice of it by an express, and determined, in council, that I should be tied in the manner I have related (which was done in the night, while I slept), that plenty of meat and drink should be sent to me, and a machine prepared to carry me to the capital city.

This resolution, perhaps, may appear very bold and dangerous, and, I am confident, would not be imitated by any prince in Europe on the like occasion. However, in my opinion, it was extremely prudent, as well as generous; for, supposing these people had endeavoured to kill me with their spears and arrows while I was asleep, I should certainly have awaked with the first sense of smart, which might so far have roused my rage and strength as to have enabled me to break the strings wherewith I was tied; after which, as they were not able to make resistance, so they could expect no mercy.

These people are most excellent mathematicians, and arrived to a great perfection in mechanics, by the countenance and encouragement of the emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning. This prince has several machines fixed on wheels, for the carriage of trees and other great weights. He often builds his largest men-of-war, whereof some are nine feet long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines three or four hundred yards to the sea. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set at work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood raised three inches from the ground, about seven feet long, and four wide, moving upon twenty-two

wheels. The shout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine, which, it seems, set out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me as I lay. But the principal difficulty was to raise and place me in this vehicle. Eighty poles, each of one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords, of the bigness of pack-thread, were fastened by hooks to many bauldages which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords, by many pulleys fastened on the poles; and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised and slung into the engine, and there tied fast. All this I was told; for, while the whole operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep, by the force of that soporiferous medicine infused into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to draw me towards the metropolis, which, as I said, was half a mile distant.

About four hours after we began our journey, I awaked by a very ridiculous accident; for the carriage being stopped awhile, to adjust something that was out of order, two or three of the young natives had the curiosity to see how I looked when I was asleep; they climbed up into the engine, and, advancing very softly to my face, one of them, an officer in the guards, put the sharp end of his halberd-pike a good way up into my left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze violently; whereupon they stole off unperceived, and it was three weeks before I knew the cause of my waking so suddenly. We made a long march the remaining part of the day, and rested at night with five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches and half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot me if I should offer to stir. The next morning at sunrise we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city-gates about noon. The emperor, and all his court, came out to meet us; but his great officers would by no means suffer his majesty to endanger his person by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopped there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the whole kingdom; which, having been polluted some years before by an unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of those people, looked upon as profane, and therefore had been applied to common use, and all the ornaments and furniture carried away. In this edifice it was determined I should lodge. The great gate fronting to the north was about four feet high, and almost two feet wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side of the gate was a small window, not above six inches from the ground: into that on the left side the king's smith conveyed fourscore and eleven chains, like those that hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg with six-and-thirty padlocks. Over against this temple, on the other side of the great highway, at twenty feet distance, there was a turret at least five feet high. Here the emperor ascended, with many principal lords of his court, to have an opportunity of viewing me, as I was told, for I could not see them. It was reckoned that above a hundred thousand inhabitants came out of the town upon the same errand; and, in spite of my guards, I believe there could not be fewer than ten thousand at several times, who mounted my body by the help of ladders. But a proclamation was soon issued to forbid it upon pain of death. When the workmen found it was impossible for me to break loose, they

cut all the strings that bound me; whereupon I rose up with as melancholy a disposition as ever I had in my life. But the noise and astonishment of the people at seeing me rise and walk are not to be expressed. The chains that held my left leg were about two yards long, and gave me not only the liberty of walking backwards and forwards in a semicircle, but, being fixed within four inches of the gate, allowed me to creep in, and lie at my full length in the temple.

CHAPTER II.

The emperor of Lilliput, attended by several of the nobility, comes to see the author in his confinement. The emperor's person and habit described. Learned men appointed to teach the author their language. He gains favour by his mild disposition. His pockets are searched, and his sword and pistols taken from him.

WHEN I found myself on my feet I looked about me, and most confess I never beheld a more entertaining prospect. The country around appeared like a continued garden, and the enclosed fields, which were generally forty feet square, resembled so many beds of flowers. These fields were intermingled with woods of half a *stang* [a pole or perch, $5\frac{1}{2}$ yds.], and the tallest trees, as I could judge, appeared to be seven feet high. I viewed the town on my left hand, which looked like the painted scene of a city in a theatre.

I had been for some hours extremely pressed by the necessities of nature, which was no wonder, it being almost two days since I had last disburdened myself. I was under great difficulties between urgency and shame. The best expedient I could think on was to creep into my house, which I accordingly did; and, shutting the gate after me, I went as far as the length of my chain would suffer, and discharged my body of that uneasy load. But this was the only time I was ever guilty of so uncleanly an action, for which I cannot but hope the candid reader will give some allowance, after he has maturely and impartially considered my case, and the distress I was in. From this time my constant practice was, as soon as I rose, to perform that business in open air, at the full extent of my chain; and due care was taken every morning before company came that the offensive matter should be carried off in wheelbarrows, by two servants appointed for that purpose. I would not have dwelt so long upon a circumstance that, perhaps, at first sight, may appear not very momentous, if I had not thought it necessary to justify my character, in point of cleanliness, to the world, which, I am told, some of my maligners have been pleased, upon this and other occasions, to call in question.

When this adventure was at an end I came back out of my house, having occasion for fresh air. The emperor was already descending from the tower, and advancing on horseback towards me, which had like to have cost him dear; for the beast, though very well trained, yet wholly unused to such a sight, which appeared as if a mountain moved before him, reared up on his hinder feet; but that prince, who is an excellent horseman, kept his seat till his attendants ran in and held the bridle while his majesty had time to dismount. When he alighted he surveyed me round with great admiration, but kept beyond the length of my chain. He ordered his cooks and butlers, who were already prepared, to give me victuals and drink, which they pushed forward in a sort of vehicles upon wheels, till I could reach them. I took these vehicles, and soon emptied them all; twenty of them were filled with meat, and ten with liquor, each of the former afforded me two

or three good mouthful; and I emptied the liquor of ten vessels, which was contained in earthen vials, into one vehicle, drinking it off at a draught; and so I did with the rest. The empress and young princes of the blood of both sexes, attended by many ladies, sat at some distance in their chairs; but upon the accident that happened to the emperor's horse they alighted, and came near his person, which I am now going to describe. He is taller, by almost the breadth of my nail, than any of his court, which alone is enough to strike an awe into his beholders. His features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip and arched nose, his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, all his motions graceful, and his deportment majestic. He was then past his prime, being twenty-eight years and three quarters old, of which he had reigned about seven in great felicity, and generally victorious. For the better convenience of beholding him I lay on my side, so that my face was parallel to his, and he stood but three yards off; however, I have had him since many times in my hand, and therefore cannot be deceived in the description. His dress was very plain and simple, and the fashion of it between the Asiatic and the European; but he had on his head a light helmet of gold, adorned with jewels, and a plume on the crest. He held his sword drawn in his hand to defend himself if I should happen to break loose; it was almost three inches long; the hilt and scabbard were gold enriched with diamonds. His voice was shrill, but very clear and articulate; and I could distinctly hear it when I stood up. The ladies and courtiers were all most magnificently clad; so that the spot they stood upon seemed to resemble a petticoat spread on the ground, embroidered with figures of gold and silver. His imperial majesty spoke often to me, and I returned answers; but neither of us could understand a syllable. There were several of his priests and lawyers present (as I conjectured by their habits), who were commanded to address themselves to me; and I spoke to them in as many languages as I had the least smattering of, which were high and low Dutch, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, and Lingua Franca, but all to no purpose. After about two hours the court retired, and I was left with a strong guard to prevent the impertinence, and probably the malice, of the rabble, who were very impatient to crowd about me as near as they durst; and some of them had the impudence to shoot their arrows at me as I sat on the ground by the door of my house, whereof one very narrowly missed my left eye. But the colonel ordered six of the ringleaders to be seized, and thought no punishment so proper as to deliver them bound into my hands; which some of his soldiers accordingly did, pushing them forward with the butt-ends of their pikes into my reach. I took them all in my right hand, put five of them into my coat-pocket, and as to the sixth, I made a countenance as if I would eat him alive. The poor man squaled terribly, and the colonel and his officers were in much pain, especially when they saw me take out my pen-knife; but I soon put them out of fear, for, looking mildly and immediately cutting the strings he was bound with, I set him gently on the ground, and away he ran. I treated the rest in the same manner, taking them one by one out of my pocket; and I observed both the soldiers and people were highly delighted at this mark of my clemency, which was represented very much to my advantage at court.

Towards night I got with some difficulty into my house, where I lay on the ground, and continued to do so about a fortnight; during which time the

emperor gave orders to have a bed prepared for me. Six hundred beds of the common measure were brought in carriages, and worked up in my house; a hundred and fifty of their beds, sewn together, made up the breadth and length; and these were four double, which, however, kept me but very indifferently from the hardness of the floor, that was of smooth stone. By the same computation they provided me with sheets, blankets, and coverlets, tolerable enough for one who had been so long inured to hardships.

As the news of my arrival spread through the kingdom, it brought prodigious numbers of rich, idle, and curious people to see me, so that the villages were almost emptied; and great neglect of tillage and household affairs must have ensued if his imperial majesty had not provided, by several proclamations and orders of state, against this inconvenience. He directed that those who had already beheld me should return home, and not presume to come within fifty yards of my house without licence from the court; whereby the secretaries of state got considerable fees.

In the mean time the emperor held frequent councils to debate what course should be taken with me; and I was afterwards assured by a particular friend, a person of great quality, who was as much in the secret as any, that the court was under many difficulties concerning me. They apprehended my breaking loose; that my diet would be very expensive, and might cause a famine. Sometimes they determined to starve me, or at least to shoot me in the face and hands with poisoned arrows, which would soon despatch me; but again they considered that the stench of so large a carcase might produce a plague in the metropolis, and probably spread through the whole kingdom. In the midst of these consultations several officers of the army went to the door of the great council-chamber, and two of them, being admitted, gave an account of my behaviour to the six criminals above mentioned, which made so favourable an impression in the breast of his majesty and the whole board in my behalf, that an imperial commission was issued out, obliging all the villages, nine hundred yards round the city, to deliver in every morning six bees, forty sheep, and other victuals, for my sustenance; together with a proportionable quantity of bread, and wine and other liquors; for the due payment of which his majesty gave assignments upon his treasury; for this prince lives chiefly upon his own dimesnes; seldom, except upon great occasions, raising any subsidies upon his subjects, who are bound to attend him in his wars at their own expense. An establishment was also made of six hundred persons to be my domestics, who had board wages allowed for their maintenance, and tents built for them, very conveniently on each side of my door. It was likewise ordered that three hundred tailors should make me a suit of clothes after the fashion of the country; that six of his majesty's greatest scholars should be employed to instruct me in their language; and lastly, that the emperor's horses, and those of the nobility and troops of guards, should be frequently exercised in my sight, to accustom themselves to me. All these orders were duly put in execution; and in about three weeks I made a great progress in learning their language; during which time the emperor frequently honoured me with his visits, and was pleased to assist my masters in teaching me. We began already to converse together in some sort; and the first words I learnt were to express my desire "that he would please to give me my liberty;" which I every day repeated

on my knees. His answer, as I could apprehend it, was, "that this must be a work of time, but to be thought on without the advice of his council, and that first I must *lamos kelain peso desmar los em-pozo*;" that is, swear a peace with him and his kingdom. However, that I should be used with all kindness. And he advised me to "acquire, by my patience and discreet behaviour, the good opinion of himself and his subjects." He desired "I would not take it ill if he gave orders to certain proper officers to search me; for probably I might carry about me several weapons which must needs be dangerous things, if they answered the hulk of so prodigious a person." I said, "his majesty should be satisfied, for I was ready to strip myself and turn up my pockets before him." This I delivered part in words and part in signs. He replied, "that by the laws of the kingdom I must be searched by two of his officers; that he knew this could not be done without my consent and assistance; and he had so good an opinion of my generosity and justice as to trust their persons in my hands; that whatever they took from me should be returned when I left the country, or paid for at the rate which I would set upon them." I took up the two officers in my hands, put them first into my coat-pockets, and then into every other pocket about me, except my two fobs, and another secret pocket, which I had no mind should be searched, wherein I had some little necessities that were of no consequence to any but myself. In one of my fobs there was a silver watch, and in the other a small quantity of gold in a purse. These gentlemen, having pen, ink, and paper about them, made an exact inventory of everything they saw; and when they had done desired I would set them down, that they might deliver it to the emperor. This inventory I afterwards translated into English, and is, word for word, as follows:—

"*Imprimis*, in the right coat-pocket of the great Man-mountain (for so I interpret the words *giantus festrin*), after the strictest search, we found only one great piece of coarse cloth, large enough to be a footcloth for your majesty's chief room of state. In the left pocket we saw a huge silver chest, with a cover of the same metal, which we the searchers were not able to lift. We desired it should be opened, and one of us stepping into it found himself up to the mid-leg in a sort of dust, some part whereof, flying up to our faces, set us both sneezing for several times together. In his right waistcoat-pocket we found a prodigious bundle of white thin substances, folded one over another, about the bigness of three men, tied with a strong cable, and marked with black figures, which we humbly conceive to be writings, every letter almost half as large as the palm of our hands. In the left there was a sort of engine, from the back of which were extended twenty long poles, resembling the palisades before your majesty's court, wherewith we conjecture the Man-mountain combs his head; for we did not always trouble him with questions, because we found it a great difficulty to make him understand us. In the large pocket, on the right side of his middle cover (so I translate the word *ran-fu-lo*, by which they meant my breeches), we saw a hollow pillar of iron, about the length of a man, fastened to a strong piece of timber larger than the pillar; and upon one side of the pillar were huge pieces of iron sticking out cut into strange figures, which we know not what to make of. In the left pocket another engine of the same kind. In the smaller pocket, on the right side, were several round flat pieces of white and red metal, of different bulk; some of the white, which seemed to be silver, were

so large and heavy that my comrade and I could hardly lift them. In the left pocket were two black pillars irregularly shaped; we could not, without difficulty, reach the top of them as we stood at the bottom of his pocket. One of them was covered, and seemed all of a piece; but at the upper end of the other there appeared a white round substance, about twice the bigness of our heads. Within each of these was enclosed a prodigious plate of steel; which, by our orders, we obliged him to show us, because we apprehended they might be dangerous engines. He took them out of their cases, and told us that, in his own country, his practice was to shave his beard with one of these, and cut his meat with the other. There were two pockets which we could not enter; these he called his fobs; they were two large slits cut into the top of his middle cover, but squeezed close by the pressure of his belly. Out of the right fob hung a great silver chain, with a wonderful kind of engine at the bottom. We directed him to draw out whatever was at the end of that chain, which appeared to be a globe, half silver, and half of some transparent metal; for, on the transparent side, we saw certain strange figures circularly drawn, and thought we could touch them, till we found our fingers stopped by that lucid substance. He put this engine to our ears, which made an incessant noise, like that of a water-mill; and we conjecture it is either some unknown animal, or the god that he worships; but we are more inclined to the latter opinion, because he assured us (if we understood him right, for he expressed himself very imperfectly) that he seldom did anything without consulting it. He called it his oracle, and said it pointed out the time for every action of his life. From the left fob he took out a net, almost large enough for a fisherman, but contrived to open and shut like a purse, and served him for the same use; we found therein several massy pieces of yellow metal, which, if they be real gold, must be of immense value.

"Having thus, in obedience to your majesty's commands, diligently searched all his pockets, we observed a girdle about his waist, made of the hide of some prodigious animal, from which, on the left side, hung a sword of the length of five men; and on the right, a bag or pouch divided into two cells, each cell capable of holding three of your majesty's subjects. In one of these cells were several globes, or balls, of a most ponderous metal, about the bigness of our heads, and required a strong hand to lift them; the other cell contained a heap of certain black grains, but of no great bulk or weight, for we could hold above fifty of them in the palms of our hands.

"This is an exact inventory of what we found about the body of the Man-mountain, who used us with great civility, and due respect to your majesty's commission. Signed and sealed on the fourth day of the eighty-ninth moon of your majesty's auspicious reign.

"CLEYRIN FRELOCK, MARSI FRELOCK."

When this inventory was read over to the emperor, he directed me, although in very gentle terms, to deliver up the several particulars. He first called for my scymitar, which I took out, scabbard and all. In the mean time he ordered three thousand of his choicest troops (who then attended him) to surround me, at a distance, with their bows and arrows just ready to discharge; but I did not observe it, for mine eyes were wholly fixed upon his majesty. He then desired me to draw my scymitar, which, although it had got some rust by the sea-water, was in most parts exceeding bright. I did so, and immediately all the troops gave a

shout between terror and surprise; for the sun shone clear, and the reflection dazzled their eyes as I waved the scymitar to and fro in my hand. His majesty, who is a most magnanimous prince, was less daunted than I could expect; he ordered me to return it to the scabbard, and cast it on the ground as gently as I could, about six feet from the end of my chain. The next thing he demanded was one of the hollow iron pillars, by which he meant my pocket pistols. I drew it out, and, at his desire, as well as I could, expressed to him the use of it; and, charging it only with powder, which, by the closeness of my pouch, happened to escape wetting in the sea (an inconvenience against which all prudent mariners take special care to provide), I first cautioned the emperor not to be afraid, and then I let it off in the air. The astonishment here was much greater than at the sight of the scymitar. Hundreds fell down as if they had been struck dead; and even the emperor, although he stood his ground, could not recover himself for some time. I delivered up both my pistols in the same manner as I had done my scymitar, and then my pouch of powder and bullets; begging him that the former might be kept from fire, for it would kindle with the smallest spark, and blow up his imperial palace into the air. I likewise delivered up my watch, which the emperor was very curious to see, and commanded two of his tallest yeomen of the guards to bear it on a pole upon their shoulders, as draymen in England do a barrel of ale. He was amazed at the continual noise it made, and the motion of the minute-hand, which he could easily discern, for their sight is much more acute than ours; he asked the opinions of his learned men about it, which were various and remote, as the reader may well imagine, without my repeating; although, indeed, I could not very perfectly understand them. I then gave up my silver and copper money, my purse with nine large pieces of gold, and some smaller ones; my knife and razor, my comb and silver snuff-box, my handkerchief and journal-book. My scymitar, pistols, and pouch, were conveyed in carriages to his majesty's stores; but the rest of my goods were returned me.

I had, as I before observed, one private pocket, which escaped their search, wherein there was a pair of spectacles (which I sometimes use for the weakness of mine eyes), a pocket perspective, and some other little conveniences; which, being of no consequence to the emperor, I did not think myself bound in honour to discover, and I apprehended they might be lost or spoiled if I ventured them out of my possession.

CHAPTER III.

The author diverts the emperor, and his mobility of both sexes, in a very uncommon manner. The diversions of the court of Lilliput described. The author has his liberty granted him upon certain conditions.

My gentleness and good behaviour had gained so far on the emperor and his court, and indeed upon the army and people in general, that I began to conceive hopes of getting my liberty in a short time. I took all possible methods to cultivate this favourable disposition. The natives came, by degrees, to be less apprehensive of any danger from me. I would sometimes lie down, and let fire or six of them dance on my hand; and at last the boys and girls would venture to come and play at hide-and-seek in my hair. I had now made a good progress in understanding and speaking the language. The emperor had a mind one day to entertain me with several of the country shows, wherein they exceed all nations I

have known, both for dexterity and magnificence. I was diverted with none so much as that of the rope-dancers, performed upon a slender white thread, extended about two feet, and twelve inches from the ground. Upon which I shall desire liberty, with the reader's patience, to enlarge a little.

This diversion is only practised by those persons who are candidates for great employments and high favour at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth or liberal education. When a great office is vacant, either by death or disgrace, (which often happens,) five or six of those candidates petition the emperor to entertain his majesty and the court with a dance on the rope; and whoever jumps the highest, without falling, succeeds in the office. Very often the chief ministers themselves are commanded to show their skill, and to convince the emperor that they have not lost their faculty. Flimnap, the treasurer,* is allowed to cut a caper on the straight rope at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the summerset several times together, upon a trencher fixed on a rope which is no thicker than a common packthread in England. My friend Redresdal, principal secretary for private affairs, is, in my opinion, if I am not partial, the second after the treasurer; the rest of the great officers are much upon a par.

These diversions are often attended with fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myself have seen two or three candidates break a limb. But the danger is much greater when the ministers themselves are commanded to show their dexterity; for, by contending to excel themselves and their fellows, they strain so far, that there is hardly one of them who have not received a fall, and some of them two or three. I was assured that, a year or two before my arrival, Flimnap would infallibly have broke his neck, if one of the king's cushions, that accidentally lay on the ground, had not weakened the force of his fall.^b

There is likewise another diversion, which is only shown before the emperor and empress and first minister, upon particular occasions. The emperor lays on the table three fine silken threads of six inches long; one is blue, the other red, and the third green. These threads are proposed as prizes for those persons whom the emperor has a mind to distinguish by a peculiar mark of his favour. The ceremony is performed in his majesty's great chamber of state, where the candidates are to undergo a trial of dexterity, very different from the former, and such as I have not observed the least resemblance of in any other country of the new or old world. The emperor holds a stick in his hands, both ends parallel to the horizon, while the candidates, advancing one by one, sometimes leap over the stick sometimes creep under it, backward and forward, several times, according as the stick is advanced or depressed. Sometimes the emperor holds one end of the stick, and his first minister the other; sometimes the minister has it entirely to himself. Whoever performs his part with most agility, and holds out the longest in leaping and creeping, is rewarded with the blue-coloured silk; the red is given to the next, and the green to the third, which they all wear girt twice round about the middle; and you see few great persons about this court who are not adorned with one of these girdles.^c

* Doubtless sir Robert Walpole, then Prime Minister.

^b This alludes to his dismissal in 1717, through the intrigues of Sunderland and Stanhope. The cushion was no doubt his great interest with the duchess of Kendal, the favourite of George I.

^c Sir Robert Walpole was distinguished by the orders of the Garter and the Bath, here so strongly ridiculed.

The horses of the army, and those of the royal stables, having been daily led before me, were no longer shy, but would come up to my very feet without starting. The riders would leap them over my hand, as I held it on the ground; and one of the emperor's huntsmen, upon a large courser, took my foot, shoe and all; which was indeed a prodigious leap. I had the good fortune to divert the emperor one day after a very extraordinary manner. I desired he would order several sticks of two feet high, and the thickness of an ordinary cane, to be brought me; whereupon his majesty commanded the master of his woods to give directions accordingly; and the next morning six woodmen arrived with as many carriages, drawn by eight horses to each. I took nine of these sticks, and fixing them firmly in the ground in a quadrangular figure, two feet and a half square, I took four other sticks, and tied them parallel at each corner, about two feet from the ground; then I fastened my handkerchief to the nine sticks that stood erect, and extended it on all sides till it was tight as the top of a drum; and the four parallel sticks, rising about five inches higher than the handkerchief, served as ledges on each side. When I had finished my work I desired the emperor to let a troop of his best horse, twenty-four in number, come and exercise upon this plain. His majesty approved of the proposal, and I took them up, one by one, in my hands, ready mounted and armed, with the proper officers to exercise them. As soon as they got into order, they divided into two parties, performed mock skirmishes, discharged blunt arrows, drew their swords, fled and pursued, attacked and retired, and, in short, discovered the best military discipline I ever beheld. The parallel sticks secured them and their horses from falling over the stage; and the emperor was so much delighted, that he ordered this entertainment to be repeated several days, and once was pleased to be lifted up and give the word of command; and with great difficulty persuaded even the empress herself to let me hold her in her close chair within two yards of the stage, when she was able to take a full view of the whole performance. It was my good fortune that no ill accident happened in these entertainments; only once a fiery horse, that belonged to one of the captains, pawing with his hoof, struck a hole in my handkerchief, and, his foot slipping, he overthrew his rider and himself; but I immediately relieved them both, and, covering the hole with one hand, I set down the troops with the other, in the same manner as I took them up. The horse that fell was strained in the left shoulder, but the rider got no hurt; and I repaired my handkerchief as well as I could; however, I would not trust to the strength of it any more in such dangerous enterprises.

About two or three days before I was set at liberty, as I was entertaining the court with this kind of feats, there arrived an express to inform his majesty that some of his subjects, riding near the place where I was first taken up, had seen a great black substance lying on the ground, very oddly shaped, extending its edges round, as wide as his majesty's bedchamber, and rising up in the middle as high as a man; that it was no living creature, as they at first apprehended, for it lay on the grass without motion, and some of them had walked round it several times; that, by mounting upon each other's shoulders, they had got to the top, which was flat and even, and, stamping upon it, they found that it was hollow within; that they humbly conceived it might be something belonging to the man-mountain, and, if his majesty pleased, they would undertake to bring it with only five horses. I presently knew what they meant, and was glad at heart to receive this in-

telligence. It seems, upon my first reaching the shore after our shipwreck, I was in such confusion, that, before I came to the place where I went to sleep, my hat, which I had fastened with a string to my head while I was rowing, and had stuck on all the time I was swimming, fell off after I came to land; the string, as I conjecture, breaking by some accident, which I never observed, but thought my hat had been lost at sea. I entreated his imperial majesty to give orders it might be brought to me as soon as possible, describing to him the use and the nature of it; and the next day the waggoners arrived with it, but not in a very good condition; they had bored two holes in the brim, within an inch and half of the edge, and fastened two books in the holes; these books were tied by a long cord to the harness, and thus my hat was dragged along for above half an English mile; but, the ground in that country being extremely smooth and level, it received less damage than I expected.

Two days after this adventure, the emperor, having ordered that part of his army which quarters in and about his metropolis to be in readiness, took a fancy of diverting himself in a very singular manner. He desired I would stand like a Colossus, with my legs as far asunder as I conveniently could. He then commanded his general (who was an old experienced leader, and a great patron of mine) to draw up the troops in close order, and march them under me; the foot by twenty-four abreast, and the horse by sixteen, with drums beating, colours flying, and pikes advanced. This body consisted of three thousand foot and a thousand horse. His majesty gave orders, upon pain of death, that every soldier in his march should observe the strictest decency with regard to my person; which, however, could not prevent some of the younger officers from turning up their eyes as they passed under me: and, to confess the truth, my breeches were at that time in so ill a condition, that they afforded some opportunities for laughter and admiration.

I had sent so many memorials and petitions for my liberty, that his majesty at length mentioned the matter, first in the cabinet, and then in a full council, where it was opposed by none except Skyesb Bolgolam, who was pleased, without any provocation, to be my mortal enemy. But it was carried against him by the whole board, and confirmed by the emperor. That minister was *gabel*, or admiral of the realm, very much in his master's confidence, and a person well versed in affairs, but of a morose and sour complexion. However, he was at length persuaded to comply, but prevailed that the articles and conditions upon which I should be set free, and to which I must swear, should be drawn up by himself. These articles were brought to me by Skyesb Bolgolam in person, attended by two under-secretaries and several persons of distinction. After they were read, I was demanded to swear to the performance of them; first in the manner of my own country, and afterwards in the method prescribed by their laws, which was, to hold my right foot in my left hand, and to place the middle finger of my right hand on the crown of my head, and my thumb on the tip of my right ear. But, because the reader may be curious to have some idea of the style and manner of expression peculiar to that people, as well as to know the articles upon which I recovered my liberty, I have made a translation of the whole instrument, word for word, as near as I was able, which I here offer to the public:—

“Golbato Momarem Eviane Gurdilo Shefin Mully Ullly Gue, most mighty emperor of Lilliput, delight and terror of the universe, whose dominions extend

five thousand *blustrugs* (about twelve miles in circumference) to the extremities of the globe; monarch of all monarchs, taller than the sons of men; whose feet press down to the centre, and whose head strikes against the sun; at whose nod the princes of the earth shake their knees; pleasant as the spring, comfortable as the summer, fruitful as autumn, dreadful as winter. His most sublime majesty proposes to the man-mountain, lately arrived at our celestial dominions, the following articles, which, by a solemn oath, he shall be obliged to perform:—

“1st, The man-mountain shall not depart from our dominions without our licence under our great seal.

“2nd, He shall not presume to come into our metropolis without our express order; at which time the inhabitants shall have two hours' warning to keep within doors.

“3rd, The said man-mountain shall confine his walks to our principal high-roads, and not offer to walk or lie down in a meadow or field of corn.

“4th, As he walks the said roads, he shall take the utmost care not to trample upon the bodies of any of our loving subjects, their horses, or carriages, nor take any of our subjects into his hands without their own consent.

“5th, If an express requires an extraordinary despatch, the man-mountain shall be obliged to carry, in his pocket, the messenger and horse a six days' journey, once in every moon, and return the said messenger back (if so required) safe to our imperial presence.

“6th, He shall be our ally against our enemies in the island of Blefuscu,* and do his utmost to destroy their fleet, which is now preparing to invade us.

“7th, That the said man-mountain shall, at his leisure, be aiding and assisting to our work-men, in helping to raise certain great stones towards covering the wall of the principal park, and other our royal buildings.

“8th, That the said man-mountain shall, in two moons' time, deliver in an exact survey of the circumference of our dominions, by a computation of his own paces round the coast.

“Lastly, That upon his solemn oath to observe all the above articles, the said man-mountain shall have a daily allowance of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1724 of our subjects, with free access to our royal person, and other marks of our favour. Given at our palace at Belfaborac, the twelfth day of the ninety-first moon of our reign.”

I swore and subscribed to these articles with great cheerfulness and content, although some of them were not so honourable as I could have wished, which proceeded wholly from the malice of Skyesb Bolgolam, the high-admiral; whereupon my chains were immediately unlocked, and I was at full liberty. The emperor himself, in person, did me the honour to be by at the whole ceremony. I made my acknowledgments by prostrating myself at his majesty's feet: but he commanded me to rise; and after many gracious expressions, which, to avoid the censure of vanity, I shall not repeat, he added, “that he hoped I should prove a useful servant, and well deserve all the favours he had already conferred upon me, or might do for the future.”

The reader may please to observe that, in the last article for the recovery of my liberty, the emperor stipulates to allow me a quantity of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1724 Lilliputians. Some time after, asking a friend at court how they came to

* In his description of Lilliput, he had England in view; in that of Bleuscu, France.

fix on that determined number, he told me that his majesty's mathematicians, having taken the height of my body by the help of a quadrant, and finding it to exceed theirs in the proportion of twelve to one, they concluded, from the similarity of their bodies, that mine must contain at least 1724 of theirs, and consequently would require as much food as was necessary to support that number of Lilliputians. By which the reader may conceive an idea of the ingenuity of that people, as well as the prudent and exact economy of so great a prince.

CHAPTER IV.

Mildendo, the metropolis of Lilliput, described, together with the emperor's palace. A conversation between the author and a principal secretary, concerning the affairs of that empire. The author's offer to serve the emperor in his wars.

THE first request I made, after I had obtained my liberty, was, that I might have licence to see Mildendo, the metropolis; which the emperor easily granted me, but with a special charge to do no hurt either to the inhabitants or their houses. The people had notice, by proclamation, of my design to visit the town. The wall which encompassed it is two feet and a half high, and at least eleven inches broad, so that a coach and horses may be driven very safely round it; and it is flanked with strong towers, at ten feet distance. I stepped over the great western gate, and passed very gently and sideling through the two principal streets, only in my short waistcoat, for fear of damaging the roofs and eaves of the houses with the skirts of my coat. I walked with the utmost circumspection, to avoid treading on any stragglers who might remain in the streets, although the orders were very strict that all people should keep in their houses, at their own peril. The garret windows and tops of houses were so crowded with spectators, that I thought in all my travels I had not seen a more populous place. The city is an exact square, each side of the wall being five hundred feet long. The two great streets, which run across, and divide it into four quarters, are five feet wide. The lanes and alleys, which I could not enter, but only viewed them as I passed, are from twelve to eighteen inches. The town is capable of holding five hundred thousand souls: the houses are from three to five stories: the shops and markets well provided.

The emperor's palace is in the centre of the city, where the two great streets meet. It is enclosed by a wall of two feet high, and twenty feet distance from the buildings. I had his majesty's permission to step over this wall; and the space being so wide between that and the palace, I could easily view it on every side. The outward court is a square of forty feet, and includes two other courts: in the inmost are the royal apartments, which I was very desirous to see, but found it extremely difficult; for the great gates, from one square into another, were but eighteen inches high, and seven inches wide. Now the buildings of the outer court were at least five feet high, and it was impossible for me to stride over them without infinite damage to the pile, though the walls were strongly built of hewn stone, and four inches thick. At the same time the emperor had a great desire that I should see the magnificence of his palace; but this I was not able to do till three days after, which I spent in cutting down with my knife some of the largest trees in the royal park, about a hundred yards distance from the city. Of these trees I made two stools, each about three feet high, and strong enough to bear my weight. The people having received notice a second time, I went again through the city to the palace with my two stools in my hands.

When I came to the side of the outer court, I stood upon one stool, and took the other in my hand; this I lifted over the roof, and gently set it down on the space between the first and second court, which was eight feet wide. I then stepped over the building very conveniently from one stool to the other, and drew up the first after me with a hooked stick. By this contrivance I got into the inmost court; and, lying down upon my side, I applied my face to the windows of the middle stories, which were left open on purpose, and discovered the most splendid apartments that can be imagined. There I saw the empress and the young princes, in their several lodgings, with their chief attendants about them. Her imperial majesty was pleased to smile very graciously upon me, and gave me out of the window her hand to kiss.

But I shall not anticipate the reader with further descriptions of this kind, because I reserve them for a greater work, which is now almost ready for the press; containing a general description of this empire, from its first erection, through a long series of princes; with a particular account of their wars and politics, laws, learning, and religion; their plants and animals, their peculiar manners and customs, with other matters very curious and useful; my chief design at present being only to relate such events and transactions as happened to the public or to myself during a residence of about nine months in that empire.

One morning, about a fortnight after I had obtained my liberty, Reldresam, principal secretary (as they style him) for private affairs, came to my house attended only by one servant. He ordered his coach to wait at a distance, and desired I would give him an hour's audience; which I readily consented to, on account of his quality and personal merits, as well as of the many good offices he had done me during my solicitations at court. I offered to lia down, that he might the more conveniently reach my ear; but he chose rather to let me hold him in my hand during our conversation. He began with compliments on my liberty; said, "he might pretend to some merit in it;" but, however, added, "that if it had not been for the present situation of things at court, perhaps I might not have obtained it so soon. For," said he, "as flourishing a condition as we may appear to be in to foreigners, we labour under two mighty evils; a violent faction at home, and the danger of an invasion, by a most potent enemy, from abroad. As to the first, you are to understand that for above seventy moons past there have been two straggling parties in this empire, under the names of *Trameckan* and *Slameckan**, from the high and low heels of their shoes, by which they distinguish themselves. It is alleged, indeed, that the high heels are most agreeable to our ancient constitution; but, however this be, his majesty has determined to make use only of low heels in the administration of the government, and all offices in the gift of the crown, as you cannot but observe; and particularly, that his majesty's imperial heels are lower at least by a *drury* than any of his court (*drury* is a measure about the fourteenth part of an inch). The animosities between these two parties run so high, that they will neither eat, nor drink, nor talk with each other. We compute the *Trameckan*, or high heels, to exceed us in number; but the power is wholly on our side. We apprehend his imperial highness, the heir to the crown, to have some tendency towards the high heels; at least, we can plainly discover that one of his heels is higher

* High church and low church, or whig and tory.

than the other, which gives him a hobble in his gait". Now, in the midst of these intestine disquiets, we are threatened with an invasion from the island of Blefuscu, which is the other great empire of the universe, almost as large and powerful as this of his majesty. For, as to what we have heard you affirm, that there are other kingdoms and states in the world, inhabited by human creatures as large as yourself, our philosophers are in much doubt, and would rather conjecture that you dropped from the moon, or one of the stars: because it is certain that a hundred mortals of your bulk would in a short time destroy all the fruits and cattle of his majesty's dominions: besides, our histories of six thousand moons make no mention of any other regions than the two great empires of Lilliput and Blefuscu. Which two mighty powers have, as I was going to tell you, been engaged in a most obstinate war for six-and-thirty moons past. It began upon the following occasion: it is allowed on all hands that the primitive way of breaking eggs, before we eat them, was upon the larger end; but his present majesty's grandfather, while he was a boy, going to eat an egg, and breaking it according to the ancient practice, happened to cut one of his fingers. Whereupon the emperor his father published an edict, commanding all his subjects, upon great penalties, to break the smaller end of their eggs*. The people so highly resented this law, that our histories tell us there have been six rebellions raised on that account; wherein one emperor lost his life, and another his crown. These civil commotions were constantly fomented by the monarchs of Blefuscu; and when they were quelled, the exiles always fled for refuge to that empire. It is computed that eleven thousand persons have at several times suffered death, rather than submit to break their eggs at the smaller end. Many hundred large volumes have been published upon this controversy: but the books of the big-endians have been long forbidden, and the whole party rendered incapable by law of holding employments. During the course of these troubles, the emperors of Blefuscu did frequently expostulate by their ambassadors, accusing us of making a schism in religion, by offending against a fundamental doctrine of our great prophet Lustrog, in the fifty-fourth chapter of the Blunderdell (which is their Alcoran). This, however, is thought to be a mere strain upon the text; for the words are these: that all true believers break their eggs at the convenient end. And which is the convenient end seems, in my humble opinion, to be left to every man's conscience, or at least in the power of the chief magistrate to determine. Now, the big-endian exiles have found so much credit in the emperor of Blefuscu's court, and so much private assistance and encouragement from their party here at home, that a bloody war had been carried on between the two empires for six-and-thirty moons, with various success: during which time we have lost forty capital ships and a much greater number of smaller vessels, together with thirty thousand of our best seamen and soldiers; and the damage received by the enemy is reckoned to be somewhat greater than ours. However, they have now equipped a numerous fleet, and are just preparing to make a descent upon us; and his imperial majesty, placing great confidence in your valour and strength, has commanded me to lay this account of his affairs before you."

I desired the secretary to present my humble duty

* George II., then heir apparent, who is thus represented hobbling between the two political creeds.

b Papists and protestants are the big-endians and small endians.

to the emperor; and to let him know "that I thought it would not become me, who was a foreigner, to interfere with parties; but I was ready, with the hazard of my life, to defend his person and state against all invaders."

CHAPTER V.

The author, by an extraordinary stratagem, prevents an invasion. A high tide of honour is conferred upon him. Ambassadors arrive from the emperor of Blefuscu, and sue for peace. The empress's apartment on fire by accident: the author instrumental in saving the rest of the palace.

THE empire of Blefuscu is an island situated to the north-east of Lilliput, from which it is parted only by a channel of eight hundred yards wide. I had not yet seen it, and, upon this notice of an intended invasion, I avoided appearing on that side of the coast, for fear of being discovered by some of the enemy's ships, who had received no intelligence of me; all intercourse between the two empires having been strictly forbidden during the war, upon pain of death, and an embargo laid by our emperor upon all vessels whatsoever. I communicated to his majesty a project I had formed of seizing the enemy's whole fleet; which, as our scouts assured us, lay at anchor in the harbour, ready to sail with the first fair wind. I consulted the most experienced seamen upon the depth of the channel, which they had often plumbed; who told me that in the middle, at high water, it was seventy *glumgluffs* deep, which is about six feet of European measure; and the rest of it fifty *glumgluffs* at most. I walked toward the north-east coast, over against Blefuscu, where, lying down behind a billock, I took out my small perspective glass, and viewed the enemy's fleet at anchor, consisting of about fifty men-of-war, and a great number of transports: I then came back to my house, and gave orders (for which I had a warrant) for a great quantity of the strongest cable and bars of iron. The cable was about as thick as packthread, and the bars of the length and size of a knitting-needle. I trebled the cable to make it stronger, and for the same reason I twisted three of the iron bars together, bending the extremities into a hook. Having thus fixed fifty hooks to as many cables, I went back to the north-east coast, and, putting off my coat, shoes, and stockings, walked into the sea, in my leathern jerkin, about half an hour before high water. I waded with what haste I could, and swam in the middle about thirty yards, till I felt ground. I arrived at the fleet in less than half an hour. The enemy was so frightened when they saw me, that they leaped out of their ships, and swam to shore, where there could not be fewer than thirty thousand souls: I then took my tackling, and, fastening a hook to the hole at the prow of each, I tied all the cords together at the end. While I was thus employed the enemy discharged several thousand arrows, many of which stuck in my hands and face; and, besides the excessive smart, gave me much disturbance in my work. My greatest apprehension was for mine eyes, which I should have infallibly lost if I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I kept, among other little necessities, a pair of spectacles in a private pocket, which, as I observed before, had escaped the emperor's searchers. These I took out, and fastened as strongly as I could upon my nose, and, thus armed, went on boldly with my work, in spite of the enemy's arrows; many of which struck against the glasses of my spectacles, but without any other effect further than a little to discompose them. I had now fastened all the hooks, and, taking the knot in my hand, began to pull; but not a ship would stir, for they were

all too fast held by their anchors, so that the holdest part of my enterprise remained. I therefore let go the cord, and, leaving the books fixed to the ships, I resolutely cut with my knife the cables that fastened the anchors, receiving about two hundred shots in my face and hands; then I took up the knotted end of the cables, to which my hooks were tied, and with great ease drew fifty of the enemy's largest men-of-war after me.

The Blefuscuans, who had not the least imagination of what I intended, were at first confounded with astonishment. They had seen me cut the cables, and thought my design was only to let the ships run adrift, or full foul on each other; but when they perceived the whole fleet moving in order, and saw me pulling at the end, they set up such a scream of grief and despair as it is almost impossible to describe or conceive. When I had got out of danger, I stopped awhile to pick out the arrows that stuck in my hands and face; and rubbed on some of the same ointment that was given me at my first arrival, as I formerly mentioned. I then took off my spectacles, and, waiting about an hour, till the tide was a little fallen, I waded through the middle with my cargo, and arrived safe at the royal port of Lilliput.

The emperor and his whole court stood on the shore, expecting the issue of this great adventure. They saw the ships move forward in a large half-moon, but could not discern me, who was up to my breast in water. When I advanced to the middle of the channel they were yet more in pain, because I was under water to my neck. The emperor concluded me to be drowned, and that the enemy's fleet was approaching in a hostile manner; but he was soon eased of his fears; for, the channel growing shallower at every step I made, I came in a short time within hearing, and, holding up the end of the cable, by which the fleet was fastened, I cried in a loud voice, "Long live the most puissant king of Lilliput!" This great prince received me at my landing with all possible encomiums, and created me a *nardac* upon the spot, which is the highest title of honour among them.

His majesty desired I would take some other opportunity of bringing all the rest of his enemy's ships into his ports. And so unmeasurable is the ambition of princes, that he seemed to think of nothing less than reducing the whole empire of Blefuscu into a province, and governing it by a viceroy; of destroying the big-endian exiles, and compelling that people to break the smaller end of their eggs, by which he would remain the sole monarch of the whole world. But I endeavoured to divert him from this design, by many arguments drawn from the topics of policy as well as justice; and I plainly protested "that I would never be an instrument of bringing a free and brave people into slavery." And, when the matter was debated in council, the wisest part of the ministry were of my opinion.

This open, bold declaration of mine was so opposite to the schemes and politics of his imperial majesty, that he could never forgive me. He mentioned it in a very artful manner at council, where I was told that some of the wisest appeared, at least by their silence, to be of my opinion; but others, who were my secret enemies, could not forbear some expressions, which, by a side-wind, reflected on me. And from this time began an intrigue between his majesty and a junto of ministers, maliciously bent against me, which broke out in less than two months, and had like to have ended in my utter destruction. Of so little weight are the greatest services to princes, when put into the balance with a refusal to gratify their passions.

About three weeks after this exploit, there arrived a solemn embassy from Blefuscu, with humble offers of a peace; which was soon concluded, upon conditions very advantageous to our emperor, where-with I shall not trouble the reader. There were six ambassadors, with a train of about five hundred persons; and their entry was very magnificent, suitable to the grandeur of their master and the importance of their business. When their treaty was finished, wherein I did them several good offices by the credit I now had, or at least appeared to have, at court, their excellencies, who were privately told how much I had been their friend, made me a visit in form. They began with many compliments upon my valour and generosity, invited me to that kingdom in the emperor their master's name, and desired me to show them some proofs of my prodigious strength, of which they had heard so many wonders; wherein I readily obliged them, but shall not trouble the reader with the particulars.

When I had for some time entertained their excellencies, to their infinite satisfaction and surprise, I desired they would do me the honour to present my most humble respects to the emperor their master, the renown of whose virtues had so justly filled the whole world with admiration, and whose royal person I resolved to attend before I returned to my own country. Accordingly, the next time I had the honour to see our emperor, I desired his general licence to wait on the Blefuscuian monarch, which he was pleased to grant me, as I could plainly perceive, in a very cold manner; but could not guess the reason till I had a whisper from a certain person, "that Flimnap and Bolgolam had represented my intercourse with those ambassadors as a mark of disaffection;" from which I am sure my heart was wholly free. And this was the first time I began to conceive some imperfect idea of courts and ministers.

It is to be observed that these ambassadors spoke to me by an interpreter, the languages of both empires differing as much from each other as any two in Europe, and each nation priding itself upon the antiquity, beauty, and energy of their own tongues, with an avowed contempt for that of their neighbour: yet our emperor, standing upon the advantage he had got by the seizure of their fleet, obliged them to deliver their credentials and make their speech in the Lilliputian tongue. And it must be confessed, that, from the great intercourse of trade and commerce between both realms, from the continual reception of sailes, which is mutual among them, and from the custom, in each empire, to send their young nobility and richer gentry to the other, in order to polish themselves by seeing the world and understanding men and manners, there are few persons of distinction, or merchants, or seamen, who dwell in the maritime parts, but what can hold conversation in both tongues; as I found some weeks after, when I went to pay my respects to the emperor of Blefuscu, which, in the midst of great misfortunes, through the malice of my enemies, proved a very happy adventure to me, as I shall relate in its proper place.

The reader may remember that, when I signed those articles upon which I recovered my liberty, there were some which I disliked, upon account of their being too servile; neither could anything but an extreme necessity have forced me to submit. But being now a *nardac* of the highest rank in that empire, such offices were looked upon as below my dignity, and the emperor (to do him justice) never once mentioned them to me. However, it was not long before I had an opportunity of doing his ma-

jeasty, at least as I then thought, a most signal service. I was alarmed at midnight with the cries of many hundred people at my door; by which being suddenly awaked, I was in some kind of terror. I heard the word *burglars* repeated incessantly: several of the emperor's court making their way through the crowd entreated me to come immediately to the palace where her imperial majesty's apartment was on fire, by the carelessness of a maid of honour, who fell asleep while she was reading a romance. I got up in an instant; and orders being given to clear the way before me, and it being likewise a moon-shine night, I made a shift to get to the palace without trampling on any of the people. I found they had already applied ladders to the walls of the apartment, and were well provided with buckets, but the water was at some distance. These buckets were about the size of large thimbles, and the poor people supplied me with them as fast as they could; but the flame was so violent that they did little good. I might easily have staid it with my coat, which I unfortunately left behind me for haste, and came away only in my leathern jerkin. The case seemed wholly desperate and deplorable: and this magnificent palace would have infallibly been burnt down to the ground if, by a presence of mind unusual to me, I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I had the evening before drunk plentifully of a most delicious wine called *glindyrin*, (the Bilefucudians call it *fluer*, but ours is esteemed the better sort,) which is very diuretic. By the luckiest chance in the world I had not discharged myself of any part of it. The heat I had excited by coming very near the flames, and by my labouring to quench them, made the wine begin to operate by urine; which I voided in such a quantity, and applied so well to the proper places, that in three minutes the fire was wholly extinguished, and the rest of that noble pile, which had cost so many ages in erecting, preserved from destruction.

It was now daylight, and I returned to my house without waiting to congratulate with the emperor; because, although I had done a very eminent piece of service, yet I could not tell how his majesty might resent the manner by which I had performed it: for, by the fundamental laws of the realm, it is capital in any person, of what quality soever, to make water within the precincts of the palace. But I was a little comforted by a message from his majesty, "that he would give orders to the grand justiciary for passing my parol in form:" which, however, I could not obtain. And I was privately assured "that the empress, conceiving the greatest abhorrence of what I had done, removed to the most distant side of the court, firmly resolved that those buildings should never be repaired for her use; and, in the presence of her chief confidants, could not forbear vowing revenge."

CHAPTER VI.

Of the inhabitants of Lilliput; their learning, laws, and customs: the manner of educating their children. The Author's way of living in that country. His vindication of a great lady.

ALTHOUGH I intend to leave the description of this empire to a particular treatise, yet, in the mean time, I am content to gratify the curious reader with some general ideas. As the common size of the natives is somewhat under six inches high, so there is an exact proportion in all other animals, as well as plants and trees; for instance, the tallest horses and oxen are between four and five inches in height, the sheep an inch and half, more or less; their geese about the bigness of a sparrow, and so

the several gradations downwards, till you come to the smallest, which, to my sight, were almost invisible; but nature has adapted the eyes of the Lilliputians to all objects proper for their view; they see with great exactness, but at no great distance. And, to show the sharpness of their sight towards objects that are near, I have been much pleased with observing a cook pulling a lark, which was not so large as a common fly; and a young girl threading an invisible needle with invisible silk. Their tallest trees are about seven feet high; I mean some of those in the royal park, the tops whereof I could but just reach with my fist clinched. The other vegetables are in the same proportion: but this I leave to the reader's imagination.

I shall say but little at present of their learning, which for many ages has flourished in all its branches among them; but their manner of writing is very peculiar, being neither from the left to the right, like the Europeans; nor from the right to the left, like the Arabians; nor from up to down, like the Chinese; but slant, from one corner of the paper to the other, like ladies in England.

They bury their dead with their heads directly downward, because they hold an opinion that in eleven thousand moons they are all to rise again; in which period the earth (which they conceive to be flat) will turn upside down, and by this means they shall at their resurrection be found ready standing on their feet. The learned among them confess the absurdity of this doctrine, but the practice still continues, in compliance to the vulgar.

There are some laws and customs in this empire very peculiar, and, if they were not so directly contrary to those of my own dear country, I should be tempted to say a little in their justification. It is only to be wished they were as well executed. The first I shall mention relates to informers. All crimes against the state are punished here with the utmost severity; but, if the person accused makes his innocence plainly to appear upon his trial, the accuser is immediately put to an ignominious death; and out of his goods or lands the innocent person is quadruply recompensed for the loss of his time, for the danger he underwent, for the hardship of his imprisonment, and for all the charges he has been at in making his defence. Or, if that fund be deficient, it is largely supplied by the crown. The emperor also confers on him some public mark of his favour, and proclamation is made of his innocence through the whole city.

They look upon fraud as a greater crime than theft, and therefore seldom fail to punish it with death; for they allege that care and vigilance, with a very common understanding, may preserve a man's goods from thieves, but honesty has no fence against superior cunning; and, since it is necessary that there should be a perpetual intercourse of buying and selling, and dealing upon credit, where fraud is permitted and connived at, or has no law to punish it, the honest dealer is always undone, and the knave gets the advantage. I remember, when I was once interceding with the king for a criminal who had wronged his master of a great sum of money, which he had received by order, and ran away with; and happening to tell his majesty, by way of extenuation, that it was only a breach of trust, the emperor thought it monstrous in me to offer as a defence the greatest aggravation of the crime; and truly I had little to say in return, further than the common answer, that different nations had different customs; for, I confess, I was heartily ashamed.

Although we usually call reward and punishment

the two hinges upon which all government turns, yet I could never observe this maxim to be put in practice by any nation, except that of Lilliput. Whoever can there bring sufficient proof that he has strictly observed the laws of his country for seventy-three moons, has a claim to certain privileges, according to his quality or condition of life, with a proportionable sum of money out of a fund appropriated for that use; he likewise acquires the title of *anipall*, or legal, which is added to his name, but does not descend to his posterity. And these people thought it a prodigious defect of policy among us, when I told them that our laws were enforced only by penalties, without any mention of reward. It is upon this account that the image of Justice, in their courts of judicature, is formed with six eyes, two before, as many behind, and on each side one, to signify circumspection; with a bag of gold open in her right hand, and a sword sheathed in her left, to show she is more disposed to reward than to punish.

In choosing persons for all employments, they have more regard to good morals than to great abilities; for, since government is necessary to mankind, they believe that the common size of human understanding is fitted to some station or other; and that Providence never intended to make the management of public affairs a mystery to be comprehended only by a few persons of sublime genius, of which there seldom are three born in an age; but they suppose truth, justice, temperance, and the like, to be in every man's power; the practice of which virtues, assisted by experience and a good intention, would qualify any man for the service of his country, except where a course of study is required. But they thought the want of moral virtues was so far from being supplied by superior endowments of the mind, that employments could never be put into such dangerous hands as those of persons so qualified; and, at least, that the mistakes committed by ignorance, in a virtuous disposition, would never be of such fatal consequence to the public weal as the practices of a man whose inclinations led him to be corrupt, and who had great abilities to manage, to multiply, and defend his corruptions.

In like manner, the disbelief of a Divine Providence renders a man incapable of holding any public station; for, since kings avow themselves to be the deputies of Providence, the Lilliputians think nothing can be more absurd than for a prince to employ such men as disown the authority under which he acts.

In relating these and the following laws, I would only be understood to mean the original institutions, and not the most scandalous corruptions into which these people are fallen by the degenerate nature of man. For, as to that infamous practice of acquiring great employments by dancing on the ropes, or badges of favour and distinction by leaping over sticks and creeping under them, the reader is to observe that they were first introduced by the grandfather of the emperor now reigning, and grew to the present height by the gradual increase of party and faction.

Ingratitude is among them a capital crime, as we read it to have been in some other countries; for they reason thus, that whoever makes ill returns to his benefactor must needs be a common enemy to the rest of mankind, from whom he has received no obligation, and therefore such a man is not fit to live.

Their notions relating to the duties of parents and children differ extremely from ours. For, since the conjunction of male and female is founded upon the great law of nature, in order to propagate and continue the species, the Lilliputians will needs have it

that men and women are joined together, like other animals, by the motives of concupiscence; and that their tenderness towards their young proceeds from the like natural principle: for which reason they will never allow that a child is under any obligation to his father for begetting him, or to his mother for bringing him into the world; which, considering the miseries of human life, was neither a benefit in itself, nor intended so by his parents, whose thoughts in their love encounters were otherwise employed. Upon these and the like reasonings, their opinion is, that parents are the last of all others to be trusted with the education of their own children: and therefore they have in every town public nurseries, where all parents, except cottagers and labourers, are obliged to send their infants of both sexes to be reared and educated, when they come to the age of twenty moons, at which time they are supposed to have some rudiments of docility. These schools are of several kinds, suited to different qualities and to both sexes. They have certain professors, well skilled in preparing children for such a coalition of life as befits the rank of their parents, and their own capacities, as well as inclinations. I shall first say something of the male nurseries, and then of the female.

The nurseries for males of noble or eminent birth are provided with grave and learned professors, and their several deputies. The clothes and food of the children are plain and simple. They are bred up in the principles of honour, justice, courage, modesty, clemency, religion, and love of their country; they are always employed in some business, except in times of eating and sleeping, which are very short, and two hours for diversions consisting of bodily exercises. They are dressed by men till four years of age, and then are obliged to dress themselves, although their quality be ever so great; and the women attendants, who are aged proportionably to ours at fifty, perform only the most menial offices. They are never suffered to converse with servants, but go together in smaller or greater numbers to take their diversions, and always in the presence of a professor or one of his deputies: whereby they avoid those early bad impressions of folly and vice to which our children are subject. Their parents are suffered to see them only twice a-year; the visit is to last but an hour; they are allowed to kiss the child at meeting and parting; but a professor, who always stands by on those occasions, will not suffer them to whisper, or use any fondling expressions, or bring any presents of toys, sweetmeats, and the like.

The pension from each family for the education and entertainment of a child, upon failure of due payment, is levied by the emperor's officers.

The nurseries for children of ordinary gentlemen, merchants, traders, and handicrafts, are managed proportionably after the same manner; only those designed for trades are put out apprentices at eleven years old; whereas those of persons of quality continue in their exercises till fifteen, which answers to twenty-one with us; but the confinement is gradually lessened for the last three years.

In the female nurseries, the young girls of quality are educated much like the males, only they are dressed by orderly servants of their own sex, but always in the presence of a professor or deputy, till they come to dress themselves, which is at five years old. And if it be found that these nurses ever presume to entertain the girls with frightful or foolish stories, or the common follies practised by chambermaids among us, they are publicly whipped thrice about the city, imprisoned for a year, and banished for life to the most desolate part of the country.

Thus, the young ladies there are as much ashamed of being cowards and fools as the men, and despise all personal ornaments beyond decency and cleanliness: neither did I perceive any difference in their education made by their difference of sex, only that the exercises of the females were not altogether so robust, and that some rules were given them relating to domestic life, and a smaller compass of learning was enjoined them: for their maxim is, that among people of quality a wife should be always a reasonable and agreeable companion, because she cannot always be young. When the girls are twelve years old, which among them is the marriageable age, their parents or guardians take them home, with great expressions of gratitude to the professors, and seldom without tears of the young lady and her companions.

In the nurseries of females of the meaner sort, the children are instructed in all kinds of works proper for their sex and their several degrees: those intended for apprentices are dismissed at seven years old, the rest are kept till eleven.

The meaner families who have children at these nurseries are obliged, beside their annual pension, which is as low as possible, to return to the steward of the nursery a small monthly share of their gettings, to be a portion for the child; and therefore all parents are limited in their expenses by the law. For the Lilliputians think nothing can be more unjust than for people, in subservience to their own appetites, to bring children into the world, and leave the burden of supporting them on the public. As to persons of quality, they give security to appropriate a certain sum for each child, suitable to their condition; and these funds are always managed with good husbandry and the most exact justice.

The cottagers and labourers keep their children at home, their business being only to till and cultivate the earth, and therefore their education is of little consequence to the public; but the old and diseased among them are supported by hospitals, for begging is a trade unknown in this empire.

And here it may perhaps divert the curious reader to give some account of my domestics, and my manner of living in this country, during a residence of nine months and thirteen days. Having a head mechanically turned, and being likewise forced by necessity, I had made for myself a table and chair convenient enough, out of the largest trees in the royal park. Two hundred sempstresses were employed to make me shirts and linen for my bed and table, all of the strongest and coarsest kind they could get; which however they were forced to quilt together in several folds, for the thickest was some degrees finer than lawn. Their linen is usual three inches wide, and three feet make a piece. The sempstresses took my measure as I lay on the ground, one standing at my neck, and another at my mid-leg, with a strong cord extended, that each held by the end, while a third measured the length of the cord with a rule of an inch long. Then they measured my right thumb, and desired no more; for, by a mathematical computation that twice round the thumb is once round the wrist, and so on to the neck and the waist; and by the help of my old shirt, which I displayed on the ground before them for a pattern, they fitted me exactly. Three hundred tailors were employed in the same manner to make me clothes, but they had another contrivance for taking my measure. I kneeled down, and they raised a ladder from the ground to my neck; upon this ladder one of them mounted, and let fall a plumb-line from my collar to the floor, which just answered the length of my coat, but my waist and arms I mea-

sured myself. When my clothes were finished, which was done in my house, (for the largest of theirs would not have been able to hold them,) they looked like the patch-work made by the ladies in England, only that mine were all of a colour.

I had three hundred cooks to dress my victuals, in little convenient huts built about my house, where they and their families lived, and prepared me two dishes apiece. I took up twenty waiters in my hand, and placed them on the table: a hundred more attended below on the ground, some with dishes of meat, and some with barrels of wine and other liquors slung on their shoulders; all which the waiters above drew up as I wanted, in a very ingenious manner, by certain cords, as we draw the bucket up a well in Europe. A dish of their meat was a good mouthful, and a barrel of their liquor a reasonable draught. Their mutton yields to ours, but their beef is excellent. I have had a sirloin so large that I have been forced to make three hits of it, but this is rare. My servants were astonished to see me eat it, bones and all, as in our country we do the leg of a lark. Their geese and turkeys I usually eat at a mouthful, and I confess they far exceeded ours. Of their smaller fowl I could take up twenty or thirty at the end of my knife.

One day his imperial majesty, being informed of my way of living, desired "that himself and his royal consort, with the young princes of the blood of both sexes, might have the happiness," as he was pleased to call it, "of dining with me." They came accordingly, and I placed them in chairs of state upon my table, just over against me, with their guards about them. Flimnap, [sir Rt. Walpole,] the lord high treasurer, attended there likewise with his white staff; and I observed he often looked on me with a sour countenance, which I would not seem to regard, but eat more than usual, in honour to my dear country, as well as to fill the court with admiration. I have some private reasons to believe that this visit from his majesty gave Flimnap an opportunity of doing me ill offices to his master. That minister had always been my secret enemy, though he outwardly cursed me more than was usual to the moroseness of his nature. He represented to the emperor "the low condition of his treasury; that he was forced to take up money at a great discount; that each year his bills would not circulate under nine per cent. below par; that I had cost his majesty above a million and a half of *springs* (their greatest gold coin, about the bigness of a spangle); and, upon the whole, that it would be advisable in the emperor to take the first fair occasion of dismissing me."

I am here obliged to vindicate the reputation of an excellent lady, who was an innocent sufferer upon my account. The treasurer took a fancy to be jealous of his wife, from the malice of some evil tongues, who informed him that her grace had taken a violent affection for my person; and the court scandal ran for some time that she once came privately to my lodging. This I solemnly declare to be a most infamous falsehood, without any grounds, further than that her grace was pleased to treat me with all innocent marks of freedom and friendship. I own she often came to my house, but always publicly, nor ever without three more in the coach, who were usually her sister and young daughter, and some particular acquaintance; but this was common to many other ladies of the court. And I still appeal to my servants round, whether they at any time saw a coach at my door without knowing what persons were in it. On those occasions, when a servant had given the notice, my custom was to go immediately to the door, and, after paying my respects, to take up the

coach and two horses very carefully in my hands, (for, if there were six horses, the postillion always unharnessed four,) and placed them on a table, where I had fixed a moveable rim quite round, of five inches high, to prevent accidents. And I have often had four coaches and horses at once on my table, full of company, while I sat in my chair, leaning my face towards them; and when I was engaged with one set, the coachman would gently drive the others round my table. I have passed many an afternoon very agreeably in these conversations. But I defy the treasurer, or his two informers, (I will name them, and let them make the best of it,) Clustril and Drunlo, to prove that any person ever came to me *incognito*, except the secretary Beldremal, who was sent by express command of his imperial majesty, as I have before related. I should not have dwelt so long upon this particular, if it had not been a point wherein the reputation of a great lady is so nearly concerned, to say nothing of my own; though I then had the honour to be a *nardac*, which the treasurer himself is not; for all the world knows that he is only a *glunghem*, a title inferior by one degree, as that of a *marquis* is to a duke in England; yet I allow he preceded me in right of his post. These false informations, which I afterwards came to the knowledge of by an accident not proper to mention, made the treasurer show his lady for some time an ill countenance, and me a worse; and although he was at last undeceived and reconciled to her, yet I lost all credit with him, and found my interest decline very fast with the emperor himself, who was indeed too much governed by that favourite.

CHAPTER VII.

The author, being informed of a design to secure him of high treason, makes his escape to Blefuscu. His reception there.

BEFORE I proceed to give an account of my leaving this kingdom, it may be proper to inform the reader of a private intrigue which had been for two months forming against me.

I had been hitherto, all my life, a stranger to courts, for which I was unqualified by the meanness of my condition. I had indeed heard and read enough of the dispositions of great princes and ministers, but never expected to have found such terrible effects of them, in so remote a country, governed, as I thought, by very different maxims from those in Europe.

When I was just preparing to pay my attendance on the emperor of Blefuscu, a considerable person at court (to whom I had been very servicable, at a time when he lay under the highest displeasure of his imperial majesty) came to my house very privately at night, in a close chair, and without sending his name desired admittance. The chairmen were dimissed; I put the chair, with his lordship in it, into my coat-pocket: and, giving orders to a trusty servant to say I was indisposed and gone to sleep, I fastened the door of my house, placed the chair on the table, according to my usual custom, and sat down by it. After the common salutations were over, observing his lordship's countenance full of concern, and inquiring into the reason, he desired "I would hear him with patience, in a matter that highly concerned my honour and life." His speech was to the following effect, for I took notes of it as soon as he left me:—

"You are to know," said he, "that several committees of council have been lately called, in the most private manner, on your account; and it is but two days since his majesty came to a full resolution.

"You are very sensible that Nkyresh Bolgoham VOL. I.

(*galbet*, or high-admiral) has been your mortal enemy almost ever since your arrival. His original reasons I know not; but his hatred is increased since your great success against Blefuscu, by which his glory as admiral is much obscured. This lord, in conjunction with Flinnap the high-treasurer, whose enmity against you is notorious on account of his lady, Limtoc the general, Lalcon the chamberlain, and Blannuff the grand justiciary, have prepared articles of impeachment against you, for treason and other capital crimes."

This preface made me so impatient, being conscious of my own merits and innocence, that I was going to interrupt him, when he entreated me to be silent, and thus proceeded:—

"Out of gratitude for the favours you have done me, I procured information of the whole proceedings, and a copy of the articles, wherein I venture my head for your service.

"*Articles of impeachment against QUINBUS FLESTRIN, the Man-Mountain.*

"ARTICLE I.—Whereas, by a statute made in the reign of his imperial majesty Calin Deffur Plume, it is enacted, That whoever shall make water within the precincts of the royal palace shall be liable to the pains and penalties of high treason; notwithstanding, the said Quinbus Flestrin, in open breach of the said law, under colour of extinguishing the fire kindled in the apartment of his majesty's most dear imperial consort, did maliciously, traitorously, and devilishly, by discharge of his urine, put out the said fire kindled in the said apartment, lying and being within the precincts of the said royal palace, against the statute in that case provided, &c., against the duty, &c.

"ARTICLE II.—That the said Quinbus Flestrin, having brought the imperial fleet of Blefuscu into the royal port, and being afterwards commanded by his imperial majesty to seize all the other ships of the said empire of Blefuscu, and reduce that empire to a province, to be governed by a viceroy from hence, and to destroy and put to death, not only all the Big-endian exiles, but likewise all the people of that empire who would not immediately forsake the Big-endian heresy; he, the said Flestrin, like a false traitor against his most auspicious, serene, imperial majesty, did petition to be excused from the said service, upon pretence of unwillingness to force the consciences, or destroy the liberties and lives, of an innocent people.

"ARTICLE III.—That whereas certain ambassadors arrived from the court of Blefuscu to sue for peace in his majesty's court, he, the said Flestrin, did, like a false traitor, aid, abet, comfort, and divert the said ambassadors, although he knew them to be servants to a prince who was lately an open enemy to his imperial majesty, and in an open war against his said majesty.

"ARTICLE IV.—That the said Quinbus Flestrin, contrary to the duty of a faithful subject, is now preparing to make a voyage to the court and empire of Blefuscu, for which he has received only verbal licence from his imperial majesty; and, under colour of the said licence, does falsely and traitorously intend to take the said voyage, and thereby to aid, comfort, and abet the emperor of Blefuscu, so lately an enemy and in open war with his imperial majesty aforesaid.

"There are some other articles; but these are the most important, of which I have read you an abstract.

"In the several debates upon this impeachment, it must be confessed that his majesty gave many

marks of his great lenity; often urging the services you had done him, and endeavouring to extenuate your crimes. The treasurer and admiral insisted that you should be put to the most painful and ignominious death, by setting fire to your house at night; and the general was to attend with twenty thousand men, armed with poisoned arrows, to shoot you on the face and hands. Some of your servants were to have private orders to strew a poisonous juice on your shirts and sheets, which would soon make you tear your own flesh, and die in the utmost torture. The general came into the same opinion, so that for a long time there was a majority against you; but his majesty, resolving if possible to spare your life, at last brought off the chamberlain.

"Upon this incident, Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, who always approved himself your true friend, was commanded by the emperor to deliver his opinion, which he accordingly did; and therein justified the good thoughts you have of him. He allowed your crimes to be great, but that still there was room for mercy, the most commendable virtue in a prince, and for which his majesty was so justly celebrated. He said, the friendship between you and him was so well known to the world, that perhaps the most honourable board might think him partial; however, in obedience to the command he had received, he would freely offer his sentiments. That if his majesty, in consideration of your services, and pursuant to his own merciful disposition, would please to spare your life, and only give orders to put out both your eyes, he humbly conceived that, by this expedient, justice might in some measure be satisfied, and all the world would applaud the lenity of the emperor, as well as the fair and generous proceedings of those who have the honour to be his counsellors. That the loss of your eyes would be no impediment to your bodily strength, by which you might still be useful to his majesty—that blindness is an addition to courage, by concealing dangers from us—that the fear you had for your eyes was the greatest difficulty in bringing over the enemy's fleet; and it would be sufficient for you to see by the eyes of the ministers, since the greatest princes do no more.

"This proposal was received with the utmost disapprobation by the whole board. Bolgolam, the admiral, could not preserve his temper; but, rising up in a fury, said, he wondered how the secretary durst presume to give his opinion for preserving the life of a traitor; that the services you had performed were, by all true reasons of state, the great aggravation of your crimes; that you, who were able to extinguish the fire by discharge of urine in her majesty's apartment (which he mentioned with horror), might at another time raise an inundation by the same means, to drown the whole palace; and the same strength which enabled you to bring over the enemy's fleet might serve, upon the first discontent, to carry it back: that he had good reasons to think you were a Big-endian in your heart, and as treason begins in the heart before it appears in overt acts, so he accused you as a traitor on that account, and therefore insisted you should be put to death.

"The treasurer was of the same opinion: he showed to what straits his majesty's revenue was reduced by the charge of maintaining you, which would soon grow insupportable: that the secretary's expedient of putting out your eyes was so far from being a remedy against this evil, that it would probably increase it, as is manifest from the common practice of blinding some kinds of fowls, after which they fed the fatter and grew sooner fat: that his sacred majesty and the council, who are your judges,

were in their own consciences fully convinced of your guilt, which was a sufficient argument to condemn you to death, without the formal proofs required by the strict letter of the law.

"But his imperial majesty, fully determined against capital punishment, was graciously pleased to say that, since the council thought the loss of your eyes too easy a censure, some other may be inflicted hereafter. And your friend the secretary, humbly desiring to be heard again in answer to what the treasurer had objected concerning the great charge his majesty was at in maintaining you, said, that his excellency, who had the sole disposal of the emperor's revenue, might easily provide against that evil by gradually lessening your establishment; by which, for want of sufficient food, you will grow weak and flint, and lose your appetite, and consume in a few months; neither would the stench of your carcase be then so dangerous when it should become more than half diminished; and immediately upon your death, five or six thousand of his majesty's subjects might, in two or three days, cut the flesh from your bones, take it away by cart-loads, and bury it in distant parts to prevent infection; leaving the skeleton as a monument of admiration to posterity.

"Thus, by the great friendship of the secretary, the whole affair was compromised. It was strictly enjoined that the project of starving you by degrees should be kept a secret; but the sentence of putting out your eyes was entered on the books: none dissenting, except Bolgolam the admiral, who, being a creature of the empress, was perpetually instigated by her majesty to insist upon your death, she having borne perpetual malice against you on account of that infamous and illegal method you took to extinguish the fire in her apartment.

"In three days your friend the secretary will be directed to come to your house, and read before you the articles of impeachment; and then to signify the great lenity and favour of his majesty and council, whereby you are only condemned to the loss of your eyes, which his majesty does not question you will gratefully and humbly submit to; and twenty of his majesty's surgeons will attend, in order to see the operation well performed, by discharging very sharp-pointed arrows into the balls of your eyes, as you lie on the ground.

"I leave to your prudence what measures you will take; and, to avoid suspicion, I must immediately return in as private a manner as I came."

His lordship did so; and I remained alone, under many doubts and perplexities of mind.

It was a custom introduced by this prince and his ministry (very different, as I have been assured, from the practice of former times), that after the court had decreed any cruel execution, either to gratify the monarch's resentment or the malice of a favourite, the emperor always made a speech to his whole council, expressing his great lenity and tenderness, as qualities known and confessed by all the world. This speech was immediately published throughout the kingdom; nor did anything terrify the people so much as those encomiums on his majesty's mercy; because it was observed, that the more these praises were enlarged and insisted on the more inhuman was the punishment, and the sufferer more innocent. Yet, as to myself, I must confess, having never been designed for a courtier, either by my birth or education, I was so ill a judge of things that I could not discover the lenity and favour of this sentence, but conceived it (perhaps erroneously) rather to be rigorous than gentle. I sometimes thought of standing my trial; for, al-

though I could not deny the facts alleged in the several articles, yet I hoped they would admit of some extenuation. But, having in my life perused many state-trials, which I ever observed to terminate as the judges thought fit to direct, I durst not rely on so dangerous a decision, in so critical a juncture, and against such powerful enemies. Once I was strongly bent upon resistance; for, while I had liberty, the whole strength of that empire could hardly subdue me, and I might easily with stones pelt the metropolis to pieces; but I soon rejected that project with horror, by remembering the oath I had made to the emperor, the favours I received from him, and the high title of *nardac* he conferred upon me. Neither had I so soon learned the gratitude of courtiers, to persuade myself that his majesty's present severities acquitted me of all past obligations.

At last I fixed upon a resolution for which it is probable I may incur some censure, and not unjustly; for I confess I owe the preserving of my eyes, and consequently my liberty, to my own great rashness and want of experience; because, if I had then known the nature of princes and ministers, which I have since observed in many other courts, and their methods of treating criminals less obnoxious than myself, I should, with great alacrity and readiness, have submitted to so easy a punishment.*

But, hurried on by the precipitancy of youth, and having his imperial majesty's licence to pay my attendance upon the emperor of Blefuscu, I took this opportunity, before the three days were elapsed, to send a letter to my friend the secretary, signifying my resolution of setting out that morning for Blefuscu, pursuant to the leave I had got; and, without waiting for an answer, I went to that side of the island where our fleet lay. I seized a large man-of-war, tied a cable to the prow, and, lifting up the anchors, I stripped myself, put my clothes (together with my coverlet, which I carried under my arm) into the vessel, and, drawing it after me, between wading and swimming, arrived at the royal port of Blefuscu, where the people had long expected me: they lent me two guides to direct me to the capital city, which is of the same name. I held them in my hands, till I came within two hundred yards of the gate, and desired them "to signify my arrival to one of the secretaries, and let him know I there waited his majesty's command." I had an answer in about an hour, "that his majesty, attended by the royal family and great officers of the court, was coming out to receive me." I advanced a hundred yards. The emperor and his train alighted from their horses, the empress and ladies from their coaches, and I did not perceive they were in any fright or concern. I lay on the ground to kiss his majesty's and the empress's hands. I told his majesty "that I was come, according to my promise, and with the licence of the emperor my master, to have the honour of seeing so mighty a monarch, and to offer him any service in my power, consistent with my duty to my own prince;" not mentioning a word of my disgrace, because I had hitherto no regular information of it, and might suppose myself wholly ignorant of any such design: neither could I reasonably conceive that the emperor would discover the secret while I was out of his power; wherein, however, it soon appeared I was deceived.

I shall not trouble the reader with the particular account of my reception at this court, which was suitable to the generosity of so great a prince; nor of the difficulties I was in for want of a house and

bed, being forced to lie on the ground, wrapped up in my coverlet.

CHAPTER VIII.

The author, by a lucky accident, finds means to leave Blefuscu; and after some difficulties returns safe to his native country.

THREE days after my arrival, walking out of curiosity to the north-east coast of this island, I observed, about half a league off in the sea, somewhat that looked like a boat overturned. I pulled off my shoes and stockings, and wading two or three hundred yards, I found the object to approach nearer by force of the tide; and then plainly saw it to be a real boat, which I supposed might by some tempest have been driven from a ship; whereupon I returned immediately towards the city, and desired his imperial majesty to lend me twenty of the tallest vessels he had left, after the loss of his fleet, and three thousand seamen, under the command of his vice-admiral. This fleet sailed round, while I went back the shortest way to the coast, where I first discovered the boat. I found the tide had driven it still nearer. The seamen were all provided with cordage, which I had beforehand twisted to a sufficient strength. When the ships came up I stripped myself, and waded till I came within a hundred yards of the boat, after which I was forced to swim till I got up to it. The seamen threw me the end of the cord, which I fastened to a hole in the fore-part of the boat, and the other end to a man-of-war; but I found all my labour to little purpose; for, being out of my depth, I was not able to work. In this necessity, I was forced to swim behind, and push the boat forward, as often as I could, with one of my hands; and the tide favouring me, I advanced so far that I could just hold up my chin and feel the ground. I rested two or three minutes, and then gave the boat another shove, and so on, till the sea was no higher than my arm-pits; and now the most laborious part being over, I took out my other cables, which were stowed in one of the ships, and fastened them first to the boat, and then to nine of the vessels which attended me; the wind being favourable, the seamen towed and I shoved, until we arrived within forty yards of the shore; and, waiting till the tide was out, I got dry to the boat, and by the assistance of two thousand men, with ropes and engines, I made a shift to turn it on its bottom, and found it was but little damaged.

I shall not trouble the reader with the difficulties I was under, by the help of certain paddles, which cost me ten days making, to get my boat to the royal port of Blefuscu, where a mighty concourse of people appeared upon my arrival, full of wonder at the sight of so prodigious a vessel. I told the emperor "that my good fortune had thrown this boat in my way, to carry me to some place whences I might return into my native country; and begged his majesty's orders for getting materials to fit it up, together with his licence to depart;" which, after some kind expostulations, he was pleased to grant.

I did very much wonder, in all this time, not to have heard of any express relating to me from our emperor to the court of Blefuscu. But I was afterwards given privately to understand that his imperial majesty, never imagining I had the least notice of his designs, believed I was only gone to Blefuscu in performance of my promise, according to the licence he had given me, which was well known at our court, and would return in a few days, when the ceremony was ended. But he was at last in pain at my long absence; and, after consulting with the treasurer and the rest of that cabal, a person of

* Alluding to the proceedings against Oxford, Bellinbrooke, and Alibury.

quality was despatched with the copy of the articles against me. This envoy had instructions to represent to the monarch of Belfuscu "the great lenity of his master, who was content to punish me no further than with the loss of mine eyes; that I had fled from justice; and if I did not return in two hours I should be deprived of my title of *nardac*, and declared a traitor." The envoy further added, "that in order to maintain the peace and amity between both empires, his master expected that his brother of Belfuscu would give orders to have me sent back to Lilliput, bound hand and foot, to be punished as a traitor."

The emperor of Belfuscu, having taken three days to consult, returned an answer consisting of many civilities and excuses. He said "that, as for sending me bound, his brother knew it was impossible; that, although I had deprived him of his fleet, yet he owed great obligations to me for many good offices I had done him in making the peace. That, however, both their majesties would soon be made easy; for I had found a prodigious vessel on the shore, able to carry me on the sea, which he had given orders to fit up, with my own assistance and direction; and he hoped, in a few weeks, both empires would be freed from so insupportable an incumbrance."

With this answer the envoy returned to Lilliput; and the monarch of Belfuscu related to me all that had passed; offering me, at the same time, (but under the strictest confidence,) his gracious protection, if I would continue in his service; wherein although I believed him sincere, yet I resolved never more to put any confidence in princes or ministers, where I could possibly avoid it; and therefore, with all due acknowledgments for his favourable intentions, I humbly begged to be excused. I told him "that, since fortune, whether good or evil, had thrown a vessel in my way, I was resolved to venture myself on the ocean, rather than be an occasion of difference between two such mighty monarchs." Neither did I find the emperor at all displeased; and I discovered, by a certain accident, that he was very glad of my resolution, and so were most of his ministers.

These considerations moved me to hasten my departure somewhat sooner than I intended; to which the court, impatient to have me gone, very readily contributed. Five hundred workmen were employed to make two sails to my boat, according to my directions, by quilting thirteen folds of their strongest linen together. I was at the pains of making ropes and cables, by twisting ten, twenty, or thirty, of the thickest and strongest of theirs. A great stone that I happened to find, after a long search, by the seashore, served me for an anchor. I had the tallow of three hundred cows, for greasing my boat, and other uses. I was at incredible pains in cutting down some of the largest timber-trees for oars and masts, wherein I was, however, much assisted by his majesty's ship-carpenters, who helped me in smoothing them after I had done the rough work.

In about a month, when all was prepared, I sent to receive his majesty's commands, and to take my leave. The emperor and royal family came out of the palace; I lay down on my face to kiss his hand, which he very graciously gave me; so did the empress and young princes of the blood. His majesty presented me with fifty purses of two hundred *aprys* a-piece, together with his picture at full length, which I put immediately into one of my gloves, to keep it from being hurt. The ceremonies at my departure were too many to trouble the reader with at this time.

I stored the boat with the carcasses of an hundred oxen and three hundred sheep, with bread and

drink proportionable, and as much meat ready dressed as four hundred cooks could provide. I took with me six cows and two bulls alive, with as many ewes and rams, intending to carry them into my own country, and propagate the breed. And to feed them on board, I had a good bundle of hay and a bag of corn. I would gladly have taken a dozen of the natives, but this was a thing the emperor would by no means permit, and, besides a diligent search into my pockets, his majesty engaged my honour "not to carry away any of his subjects, although with their own consent and desire."

Having thus prepared all things as well as I was able, I set sail on the twenty-fourth day of September, 1701, at six in the morning; and when I had gone about four leagues to the northward, the wind being at south-east, at six in the evening I descried a small island, about half a league to the north-west. I advanced forward, and cast anchor on the lee-side of the island, which seemed to be uninhabited. I then took some refreshment, and went to my rest. I slept well, and, as I conjecture, at least six hours, for I found the day broke in two hours after I awaked. It was a clear night. I eat my breakfast before the sun was up; and heaving anchor, the wind being favourable, I steered the same course that I had done the day before, wherein I was directed by my pocket compass. My intention was to reach, if possible, one of those islands which I had reason to believe lay to the north-east of Van Diemen's Land. I discovered nothing all that day; but upon the next, about three in the afternoon, when I had, by my computation, made twenty-four leagues from Belfuscu, I descried a sail steering to the south-east; my course was due east. I hailed her, but could get no answer; yet I found I gained upon her, for the wind slackened. I made all the sail I could, and in half an hour she spied me, then hung out her ancient and discharged a gun. It is not easy to express the joy I was in upon the unexpected hope of once more seeing my beloved country and the dear pledges I left in it. The ship slackened her sails, and I came up with her between five and six in the evening, September 26th; but my heart leapt within me to see her English colours. I put my cows and sheep into my coat-pockets, and got on board with all my little cargo of provisions. The vessel was an English merchantman, returning from Japan by the North and South Seas; the captain, Mr. John Biddel of Deptford, a very civil man and an excellent sailor. We were now in the latitude of 30 degrees south; there were about fifty men in the ship; and here I met an old comrade of mine, one Peter Williams, who gave me a good character to the captain. This gentleman treated me with kindness, and desired I would let him know what place I came from last, and whither I was bound; which I did in a few words, but he thought I was raving, and that the dangers I had undergone had disturbed my head; whereupon I took my black cattle and sheep out of my pocket, which, after great astonishment, clearly convinced him of my veracity. I then showed him the gold given me by the emperor of Belfuscu, together with his majesty's picture at full length, and some other rarities of that country. I gave him two purses of two hundred *aprys* each, and promised, when we arrived in England, to make him a present of a cow and a sheep big with young.

I shall not trouble the reader with a particular account of this voyage, which was very prosperous for the most part. We arrived in the Downs on the 13th of April, 1702. I had only one misfortune, that the rats on board carried away one of my

sheep; I found her bones in a hole, picked clean from the flesh. The rest of my cattle I got safe ashore, and set them a grazing in a bowling-green at Greenwich, where the fineness of the grass made them feed very heartily, though I had always feared the contrary; neither could I possibly have preserved them in so long a voyage, if the captain had not allowed me some of his best biscuit, which, rubbed to powder, and mingled with water, was their constant food. The short time I continued in England I made a considerable profit by showing my cattle to many persons of quality and others; and before I began my second voyage I sold them for six hundred pounds. Since my last return I find the breed is considerably increased, especially the sheep, which I hope will prove much to the advantage of the woollen manufacture, by the fineness of the fleeces.

I stayed but two months with my wife and family; for my insatiable desire of seeing foreign countries would suffer me to continue no longer. I left fif-

teen hundred pounds with my wife, and fixed her in a good house at Redriff. My remaining stock I carried with me, part in money and part in goods, in hopes to improve my fortunes. My eldest uncle John had left me an estate in land, near Epping, of about thirty pounds a year; and I had a long lease of the Black Bull in Fetter-lane, which yielded me as much more; so that I was not in any danger of leaving my family upon the parish. My son Johnny, named so after his uncle, was at the grammar-school, and a towardsy child. My daughter Betty (who is now well married, and has children) was then at her needle-work. I took my leave of my wife, and boy and girl, with tears on both sides, and went on board the *Adventure*, a merchant-ship of three hundred tons, bound for Surat, captain John Nicholas, of Liverpool, commander. But my account of this voyage must be referred to the second part of my travels.

PART THE SECOND.

A VOYAGE TO BROBADINGNAG.

CHAPTER I.

A great storm described, the long-boat sent to fetch water, the author goes with it to discover the country. He is left on shore, seized by one of the natives, and carried to a farmer's house. His reception, with several accidents that happened there. A description of the inhabitants.

HAVING been condemned by nature and fortune to an active and restless life, in two months after my return I again left my native country, and took shipping in the *Dowry* on the 20th day of June, 1702, in the *Adventure*, captain John Nicholas, a Cornishman, commander, bound for Surat. We had a very prosperous gale till we arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, where we landed for fresh water; but discovering a leak we unshipped our goods, and wintered there; for the captain falling sick of an ague, we could not leave the Cape till the end of March. We then set sail, and had a good voyage till we passed the Straits of Madagascar; but having got northward of that island, and to about five degrees south latitude, the winds, which in those seas are observed to blow a constant equal gale between the north and west, from the beginning of December to the beginning of May, on the 19th of April began to blow with much greater violence, and more westerly than usual, continuing so for twenty days together: during which time we were driven a little to the east of the Molucca Islands, and about three degrees northward of the line, as our captain found by an observation he took the 2nd of May, at which time the wind ceased, and it was a perfect calm, whereat I was not a little rejoiced. But he, being a man well experienced in the navigation of those seas, bid us all prepare against a storm, which accordingly happened the day following: for the southern wind, called the southern monsoon, began to set in.

Finding it was likely to overblow, [what follows is a happy parody of the sea-terms in old voyages] we took in our sprit-sail, and stood by to hand the foresail; but making foul weather, we looked the guns were all fast, and handed the main. The ship lay very broad off, so we thought it better spooning before the sea than trying or hulling. We reefed the foresail, and set him, and hauled aft the foresheet; the helm was hard a-weather. The ship wore bravely. We belayed the fore dunnage; but the sail was split, and we hauled down the yard, and got the

sail into the ship, and unbound all the things clear of it. It was a very fierce storm; the sea broke strange and dangerous. We hauled off upon the lanyard of the whiptaff, and helped the main at the helm. We could not get down our topmast, but let all stand, because she scudded before the sea very well, and we knew that the topmast being aloft the ship was the wholesomer, and made better way through the sea, seeing we had sea-room. When the storm was over, we set foresail and mainsail, and brought the ship to. Then we set the main, main-top-sail, and the fore-top-sail. Our course was east-north-east, the wind was at south-west. We got the starboard tacks aboard, we cast off our weather-braces and lifts; we set in the lee-braces, and hauled forward by the weather-bow-ling, and hauled them tight, and belayed them, and hauled over the main tack to windward, and kept her full and by as near as she would lie.

During this storm, which was followed by a strong wind west-south-west, we were carried, by my computation, about five hundred leagues to the east, so that the oldest sailor on board could not tell in what part of the world we were. Our provisions held out well, our ship was stanch, and our crew all in good health; but we lay in the utmost distress for water. We thought it best to hold on the same course, rather than turn more northerly, which might have brought us to the north-west part of Great Tartary, and into the Frozen Sea.

On the 16th day of June, 1703, a boy on the top-mast discovered land. On the 17th we came in full view of a great island, or continent, (for we knew not whether), on the south side whereof was a small neck of land jutting out into the sea, and a creek too shallow to hold a ship of above one hundred tons. We cast anchor within a league of this creek, and our captain sent a dozen of his men well armed in the long-boat, with vessels for water, if any could be found. I desired his leave to go with them, that I might see the country, and make what discoveries I could. When we came to land we saw no river or spring, nor any sign of inhabitants. Our men therefore wandered on the shore to find out some fresh water near the sea, and I walked alone about a mile on the other side, where I observed the country all barren and rocky. I now began to be weary, and, seeing nothing to entertain

my curiosity, I returned gently down towards the creek; and the sea being full in my view, I saw our men already got into the boat, and rowing for life to the ship. I was going to holla after them, although it had been to little purpose, when I observed a huge creature walking after them in the sea, as fast as he could; he waded not much deeper than his knees, and took prodigious strides: but our men had the start of him half a league, and, the sea thereabouts being full of sharp pointed rocks, the monster was not able to overtake the boat. This I was afterwards told, for I durst not stay to see the issue of the adventure; but ran as fast as I could the way I first went, and then climbed up a steep hill, which gave me some prospect of the country. I found it fully cultivated; but that which first surprised me was the length of the grass, which, in those grounds that seemed to be kept for hay, was about twenty feet high.

I fell into a high road, for so I took it to be, though it served to the inhabitants only as a footpath through a field of harley. Here I walked on for some time, but could see little on either side, it being now near harvest, and the corn rising at least forty feet. I was an hour walking to the end of this field, which was fenced in with a hedge of at least one hundred and twenty feet high, and the trees so lofty that I could make no computation of their altitude. There was a stile to pass from this field into the next. It had four steps, and a stone to cross over when you came to the uppermost. It was impossible for me to climb this stile, because every step was six feet high, and the upper stone about twenty. I was endeavouring to find some gap in the hedge, when I discovered one of the inhabitants in the neat field, advancing towards the stile, of the same size with him whom I saw in the sea pursuing our boat. He appeared as tall as an ordinary spire-steeple, and took about ten yards at every stride, as near as I could guess. I was struck with the utmost fear and astonishment, and ran to bide myself in the corn, whence I saw him at the top of the stile, looking back into the neat field on the right hand, and heard him call in a voice many degrees louder than a speaking-trumpet; but the noise was so high in the air, that at first I certainly thought it was thunder. Whereupon seven monsters, like himself, came towards him with reaping-hooks in their hands, each hook about the largeness of six scythes. These people were not so well clad as the first, whose servants or labourers they seemed to be; for, upon some words he spoke, they went to reap the corn in the field where I lay. I kept from them at as great a distance as I could, but was forced to move with extreme difficulty, for the stalks of the corn were sometimes not above a foot distant, so that I could hardly squeeze my body betwixt them. However, I made a shift to go forward, till I came to a part of the field where the corn had been laid by the rain and wind. Here it was impossible for me to advance a step, for the stalks were so interwoven that I could not creep through, and the beards of the fallen ears so strong and pointed that they pierced through my clothes into my flesh. At the same time I heard the reapers not above a hundred yards behind me. Being quite dispirited with toil, and wholly overcome by grief and despair, I lay down between two ridges, and heartily wished I might there end my days. I bemoaned my desolate widow and fatherless children. I lamented my own folly and wilfulness, in attempting a second voyage, against the advice of all my friends and relations. In this terrible agitation of mind, I could not forbear thinking of Lilliput, whose inhabitants looked upon me as the greatest

prodigy that ever appeared in the world; where I was able to draw an imperial fleet in my hand, and perform those other actions which will be recorded for ever in the chronicles of that empire, while posterity shall hardly believe them, although attested by millions. I reflected what a mortification it must prove to me to appear as incon siderable in this nation as one single Lilliputian would be among us. But this I conceived was to be the least of my misfortunes; for, as human creatures are observed to be more savage and cruel in proportion to their bulk, what could I expect but to be a morsel in the mouth of the first among these enormous barbarians that should happen to seize me! Undoubtedly philosophers are in the right when they tell us that nothing is great or little otherwise than by comparison. It might have pleased fortune to have let the Lilliputians find some nation where the people were as diminutive with respect to them as they were to me. And who knows but that even this prodigious race of mortals might be equally overmatched in some distant part of the world, whereof we were yet no discovery!

Scared and confounded as I was, I could not forbear going on with these reflections, when one of the reapers, approaching within ten yards of the ridge where I lay, made me apprehend that with the next step I should be squashed to death under his foot, or cut in two with his reaping-book. And therefore, when he was again about to move, I screamed as loud as fear could make me; whereupon the huge creature trod short, and looking round about under him for some time, at last espied me as I lay on the ground. He considered a while, with the caution of one who endeavours to lay hold on a small dangerous animal in such a manner that it shall not be able either to scratch or to bite him, as I myself have sometimes done with a weasel in England. At length he ventured to take me bebind, by the middle, between his fore-finger and thumb, and brought me within three yards of his eyes, that he might behold my shape more perfectly. I guessed his meaning, and my good fortune gave me so much presence of mind, that I resolved not to struggle in the least as he held me in the air above sixty feet from the ground, although he grievously pinched my sides, for fear I should slip through his fingers. All I ventured was to raise mine eyes toward the sun, and place my hands together in a supplicating posture, and to speak some words in an humble, melancholy tone, suitable to the condition I then was in: for I apprehended every moment that he would dash me against the ground, as we usually do any little hateful animal, which we have a mind to destroy. But my good star would have it that he appeared pleased with my voice and gestures, and began to look upon me as a curiosity, much wondering to hear me pronounce articulate words, although he could not understand them. In the mean time, I was not able to forbear groaning and shedding tears, and turning my head towards my sides; letting him know, as well as I could, how cruelly I was hurt by the pressure of his thumb and finger. He seemed to apprehend my meaning; for lifting up the lappet of his coat, he put me gently into it, and immediately ran along with me to his master, who was a substantial farmer, and the same person I had first seen in the field.

The farmer, baving (as I suppose by their talk) received such an account of me as his servant could give him, took a piece of a small straw, about the size of a walking staff, and therewith lifted up the lappets of my coat; which, it seems, he thought to be some kind of covering that nature had given me. He blew my hairs aside to take a better view of my face,

He called his hinds about him, and asked them, as I afterwards learned, "Whether they had ever seen in the fields any little creature that resembled me?" He then placed me softly on the ground upon all four, but I got immediately up, and walked slowly backward and forward, to let those people see I had no intent to run away. They all sat down in a circle about me, the better to observe my motions. I pulled off my hat, and made a low bow towards the farmer. I fell on my knees, and lifted up my hands and eyes, and spoke several words as loud as I could; I took a purse of gold out of my pocket, and humbly presented it to him. He received it on the palm of his hand, then applied it close to his eye to see what it was, and afterwards turned it several times with the point of a pin, (which he took out of his sleeve,) but could make nothing of it. Whereupon I made a sign that he should place his hand on the ground. I then took the purse, and opening it poured all the gold into his palm. There were six Spanish pieces of four pistoles each, besides twenty or thirty smaller coins. I saw him wet the tip of his little finger upon his tongue, and take up one of my largest pieces, and then another; but he seemed to be wholly ignorant what they were. He made me a sign to put them again into my purse, and the purse again into my pocket, which, after offering it to him several times, I thought it best to do.

The farmer, by this time, was convinced I must be a rational creature. He spoke often to me; but the sound of his voice pierced my ears like that of a water-mill, yet his words were articulate enough. I answered as loud as I could in several languages, and he often laid his ear within two yards of me; but all in vain, for we were wholly unintelligible to each other. He then sent his servants to their work, and taking his handkerchief out of his pocket, he doubled and spread it on his left hand, which he placed flat on the ground, with the palm upward, making me a sign to step into it, as I could easily do, for it was not above a foot in thickness. I thought it my part to obey; and, for fear of falling, laid myself at full length upon the handkerchief, with the remainder of which he lapped me up to the head for further security, and in this manner carried me home to his house. There he called his wife, and showed me to her; but she screamed and ran back, as women in England do at the sight of a toad or a spider. However, when she had awhile seen my behaviour, and how well I observed the signs her husband made, she was soon reconciled, and by degrees grew extremely tender of me.

It was about twelve at noon, and a servant brought in dinner. It was only one substantial dish of meat, (fit for the plain condition of a husbandman), in a dish of about four-and-twenty feet diameter. The company were, the farmer and his wife, three children, and an old grandmother. When they were sat down, the farmer placed me at some distance from him on the table, which was thirty feet high from the floor. I was in a terrible fright, and kept as far as I could from the edge, for fear of falling. The wife minced a bit of meat, then crumbled some bread on a trencher, and placed it before me. I made her a low bow, took out my knife and fork, and fell to eat, which gave them exceeding delight. The mistress sent her maid for a small drum cup which held about two gallons, and filled it with drink; I took up the vessel with much difficulty in both hands, and in a most respectful manner drank to her ladyship's health, expressing the words as loud as I could in English, which made the company laugh so heartily, that I was almost deafened with the noise.

This liquor tasted like a small cider, and was not unpleasant. Then the master made me a sign to come to his trencher side; but as I walked on the table, being in great surprise all the time, as the indulgent reader will easily conceive and excuse, I happened to stumble against a crust, and fell flat on my face, but received no hurt. I got up immediately, and observing the good people to be in much concern, I took my hat, (which I held under my arm out of good manners,) and waving it over my head, made three huzzas, to show I had got no mischief by my fall. But advancing forward towards my master (as I shall henceforth call him), his youngest son, who sat next to him, an arch boy of about ten years old, took me up by the legs, and held me so high in the air, that I trembled every limb; but his father snatched me from him, and at the same time gave him such a box on the left ear as would have felled an European troop of horse to the earth, ordering him to be taken from the table. But being afraid the boy might owe me a spite, and well remembering how mischievous all children among us naturally are to sparrows, rabbits, young kittens, and puppy-dogs, I fell on my knees, and, pointing to the boy, made my master to understand, as well as I could, that I desired his son might be pardoned. The father complied, and the lad took his seat again, whereupon I went to him and kissed his hand, which my master took, and made him stroke me gently with it.

In the midst of dinner, my mistress's favourite cat leaped into her lap. I heard a noise behind me like that of a dozen stocking-weavers at work; and turning my head I found it proceeded from the purring of that animal, who seemed to be three times larger than an ox, as I computed by the view of her head and one of her paws, while her mistress was feeding and stroking her. The fierceness of this creature's countenance altogether discomposed me; though I stood at the farther end of the table, about fifty feet off; and, although my mistress held her fast, for fear she might give a spring, and seize me in her talons. But it happened there was no danger; for the cat took me the least notice of me when my master placed me within three yards of her. And, as I have been always told, and found true by experience in my travels, that flying or discovering fear before a fierce animal is a certain way to make it pursue or attack you, so I resolved, in this dangerous juncture, to show no manner of concern. I walked with intrepidity five or six times before the very head of the cat, and came within half a yard of her; whereupon she drew herself back, as if she were more afraid of me. I had less apprehension concerning the dogs, whereof three or four came into the room, as it is usual in farmer's houses: one of which was a mastiff, equal in bulk to four elephants, and a greyhound, somewhat taller than the mastiff, but not so large.

When dinner was almost done, the nurse came in with a child of a year old in her arms, who immediately spied me, and began a squall that you might have heard from London-bridge to Chelsea, after the usual oratory of infants, to get me for a plaything. The mother, out of pure indulgence, took me up, and put me towards the child, who presently seized by the middle, and got my head into his mouth, where I roared so loud that the urchin was frightened, and let me drop, and I should infallibly have broke my neck, if the mother had not held her apron under me. The nurse, to quiet her babe, made use of a rattle, which was a kind of hollow vessel filled with great stones, and fastened by a cable to the child's waist: but all in vain, so that she was forced to apply the last remedy by giving it suck. I must confess no object ever disgusted me so much as the

sight of her monstrous breast, which I cannot tell what to compare with, so as to give the curious reader an idea of its bulk, shape, and colour. It stood prominent six feet, and could not be less than sixteen in circumference. The nipple was about half the bigness of my head, and the hue, both of that and the dug, so varied with spots, pimples, and freckles, that nothing could appear more nauseous: for I had a near sight of her, she sitting down, the more conveniently to give suck, and I standing on the table. This made me reflect upon the fair skins of our English ladies, who appear so beautiful to us only because they are of our own size, and their defects not to be seen but through a magnifying glass; where we find by experiment that the smoothest and whitest skins look rough, and coarse, and ill-coloured.

I remember, when I was at Lilliput, the complexions of those diminutive people appeared to me the fairest in the world; and talking upon this subject with a person of learning there, who was an intimate friend of mine, he said that my face appeared much fairer and smoother when he looked on me from the ground than it did upon a nearer view when I took him up in my hand and brought him close, which he confessed was at first a very shocking sight. He said, "he could discover great holes in my skin; that the stumps of my beard were ten times stronger than the bristles of a boar, and my complexion made up of several colours altogether disagreeable;" although I must beg leave to say for myself that I am as fair as most of my sex and country, and very little sunburnt by all my travels. On the other side, discoursing of the ladies in that emperor's court, he used to tell me, "one had freckles, another too wide a mouth, a third too large a nose;" nothing of which I was able to distinguish. I confess, this reflection was obvious enough; which, however, I could not forbear, lest the reader might think those vast creatures were actually deformed: for I must do them the justice to say they are a comely race of people; and particularly the features of my master's countenance, although he were but a farmer, when I beheld him from the height of sixty feet, appeared very well proportioned.

When dinner was done my master went out to his labourers, and, as I could discover by his voice and gestures, gave his wife a strict charge to take care of me. I was very much tired, and disposed to sleep, which my mistress perceiving, she put me on her own bed, and covered me with a clean white handkerchief, but larger and coarser than the main-sail of a man-of-war.

I slept about two hours, and dreamt I was at home with my wife and children, which aggravated my sorrows when I awaked and found myself alone in a vast room, between two and three hundred feet wide, and above two hundred high, lying in a bed twenty yards wide. My mistress was gone about her household affairs, and had locked me in. The bed was eight yards from the floor. Some natural necessities required me to get down; I durst not presume to call; and if I had, it would have been in vain, with such a voice as mine, at so great a distance as from the room where I lay to the kitchen where the family kept. While I was under these circumstances, two rats crept up the curtains, and ran smelling backwards and forwards on the bed. One of them came up almost to my face, whereupon I rose in a fright, and drew out my hanger to defend myself. These horrible animals had the boldness to attack me on both sides, and one of them held his forefoot at my collar; but I had the good fortune to rip up his belly, before he could do me any mischief.

He fell down at my feet; and the other, seeing the fate of his comrade, made his escape, but not without one good wound on the back, which I gave him as he fled, and made the blood run trickling from him. After this exploit, I walked gently to and fro on the bed, to recover my breath and loss of spirits. These creatures were of the size of a large mastiff, but infinitely more nimble and fierce; so that, if I had taken off my belt before I went to sleep, I must have infallibly been torn to pieces and devoured. I measured the tail of the dead rat, and found it to be two yards long, wanting an inch; but it went against my stomach to drag the carcass off the bed, where it lay still bleeding; I observed it had yet some life, but with a strong slash across the neck, I thoroughly despatched it.

Soon after my mistress came into the room, who, seeing me all bloody, ran and took me up in her hand. I pointed to the dead rat, smiling and making other signs to show I was not hurt; whereas she was extremely rejoiced, calling the maid to take up the dead rat with a pair of tongs, and throw it out of the window. Then she set me on a table, where I showed her my hanger all bloody, and, wiping it on the lappet of my coat, returned it to the scabbard. I was pressed to do more than one thing which another could not do for me, and therefore endeavoured to make my mistress understand, that I desired to be set down on the floor; which, after she had done, my bashfulness would not suffer me to express myself further than by pointing to the door and bowing several times. The good woman, with much difficulty, at last perceived what I would be at, and, taking me up again in her hand, walked into the garden, where she set me down. I went on one side about two hundred yards, and hearkening to her not to look or to follow me, I hid myself between two leaves of sorrel, and there discharged the necessities of nature.

I hope the gentle reader will excuse me for dwelling on these and the like particulars, which, however insignificant they may appear to grovelling vulgar minds, yet will certainly help a philosopher to enlarge his thoughts and imagination, and apply them to the benefit of public as well as private life, which was my sole design in presenting this and other accounts of my travels to the world: wherein I have been chiefly studious of truth, without affecting any ornaments of learning or of style. But the whole scene of this voyage made so strong an impression on my mind, and is so deeply fixed in my memory, that, in committing it to paper, I did not omit one material circumstance: however, upon a strict review, I blotted out several passages of less moment, which were in my first copy, for fear of being censured as tedious and trifling, whereof travellers are often, perhaps not without justice, accused.

CHAPTER II.

A description of the farmer's daughter. The author carried to a market-town, and then to the metropolis. The particulars of his journey.

My mistress had a daughter of nine years old, a child of towards parts for her age, very dexterous at her needle, and skilful in dressing her baby. Her mother and she contrived to fit up the baby's cradle for me against night; the cradle was put into a small drawer of a cabinet, and the drawer placed upon a hanging shelf for fear of the rats. This was my bed all the time I staid with those people, though made more convenient by degrees, as I began to learn their language and make my wants known. This young girl was so handy, that, after I had once

or twice pulled off my clothes before her, she was able to dress and undress me, though I never gave her that trouble when she would let me do either myself. She made me seven shirts, and some other linen, of as fine cloth as could be got, which indeed was coarser than sackcloth; and these she constantly washed for me with her own hands. She was likewise my schoolmistress, to teach me the language; when I pointed to anything she told me the name of it in her own tongue, so that in a few days I was able to call for whatever I had a mind to. She was very good-natured, and not above forty feet high, being little for her age. She gave me the name of *Grildrig*, which the family took up, and afterwards the whole kingdom. The word imports that the Latins call *manusculus*, the Italians *homunculetino*, and the English *mannikin*. To her I chiefly owe my preservation in that country; we never parted while I was there; I called her my *Glumdalclitch*, or little nurse; and should be guilty of great ingratitude if I omitted this honourable mention of her care and affection towards me, which I heartily wish it lay in my power to requite as she deserves, instead of being the innocent but unhappy instrument of her disgrace, as I have too much reason to fear.

It now began to be known and talked of in the neighbourhood that my master had found a strange animal in the field, about the bigness of a *spacowick*, but exactly shaped in every part like a human creature, which it likewise imitated in all its actions, seemed to speak in a little language of its own, had already learned several words of theirs, went erect upon two legs, was tame and gentle, would come when it was called, do whatever it was bid, had the finest limbs in the world, and a complexion fairer than a nobleman's daughter of three years old. Another farmer, who lived hard by, and was a particular friend of my master, came on a visit on purpose to inquire into the truth of this story. I was immediately produced and placed upon a table, where I walked as I was commanded, drew my hanger, put it up again, made my reverence to my master's guest, asked him, in his own language, how he did, and told him *he was welcome*, just as my little nurse had instructed me. This man, who was old and dim-sighted, put on his spectacles to behold me better, at which I could not forbear laughing very heartily, for his eyes appeared like the full moon shining into a chamber at two windows. Our people, who discovered the cause of my mirth, bore me company in laughing, at which the old fellow was so far enough to be angry and out of countenance. He had the character of a great miser; and, to my misfortune, he well deserved it, by the cursed advice he gave my master to show me as a sight upon a market-day in the next town, which was half an hour's riding, about two-and-twenty miles from our house. I guessed there was some mischief contriving when I observed my master and his friend whispering long together, sometimes pointing at me; and my fears made me fancy that I overheard and understood some of their words. But the next morning *Glumdalclitch*, my little nurse, told me the whole matter, which she had cunningly picked out from her mother. The poor girl laid me on her bosom, and fell a-weeping with shame and grief. She apprehended some mischief would happen to me from rude vulgar folks, who might squeeze me to death or break one of my limbs by taking me in their hands. She had also observed how modest I was in my nature, how nicely I regarded my honour, and what an indignity I should conceive it to be exposed for money as a

public spectacle to the meanest of the people. She said her papa and mamma had promised that *Grildrig* should be hers; but now she found they meant to serve her as they did last year, when they pretended to give her a lamb, and yet, as soon as it was fat, sold it to a butcher. For my own part, I may truly affirm that I was less concerned than my nurse. I had a strong hope, which never left me, that I should one day recover my liberty; and, as to the ignominy of being carried about for a monster, I considered myself to be a perfect stranger in the country, and that such a misfortune could never be charged upon me as a reproach if ever I should return to England, since the king of Great Britain himself, in my condition, must have undergone the same distress.

My master, pursuant to the advice of his friend, carried me in a box the next market-day to the neighbouring town, and took along with him his little daughter, my nurse, upon a pillion behind him. The box was close on every side, with a little door for me to go in and out, and a few gimlet-holes to let in air. The girl had been so careful as to put the quilt of her baby's bed into it for me to lie down on. However, I was terribly shaken and discomposed in this journey, though it were but of half an hour; for the horse went about forty feet at every step, and trotted so high that the agitation was equal to the rising and falling of a ship in a great storm, but much more frequent. Our journey was somewhat farther than from London to St. Alban's. My master alighted at an inn which he used to frequent; and, after consulting a while with the innkeeper, and making some necessary preparations, he bired the *grudrad*, or crier, to give notice through the town of a strange creature to be seen at the sign of the Green Eagle, not so big as a *spacowick* (an animal in that country very finely shaped, about six feet long), and in every part of the body resembling a human creature, could speak several words, and perform a hundred diverting tricks.

I was placed upon a table in the largest room of the inn, which might be near three hundred feet square. My little nurse stood on a low stool close to the table, to take care of me and direct what I should do. My master, to avoid a crowd, would suffer only thirty people at a time to see me. I walked about on the table as the girl commanded; she asked me questions as far as she knew my understanding of the language reached, and I answered them as loud as I could. I turned about several times to the company, paid my humble respects, said *they were welcome*, and used some other speeches I had been taught. I took up a thimble filled with liquor, which *Glumdalclitch* had given me for a cup, and drank their health. I drew out my hanger, and flourished with it after the manner of fencers in England. My nurse gave me a part of a straw, which I exercised as a pike, having learnt the art in my youth. I was that day shown to twelve sets of company, and as often forced to act over again the same fopperies, till I was half dead with weariness and vexation; for those who had seen me made such wonderful reports that the people were ready to break down the doors to come in. My master, for his own interest, would not suffer any one to touch me except my nurse; and to prevent danger benches were set round the table at such a distance as to put me out of everybody's reach. However, an unlucky school-boy aimed a hazel-nut directly at my head, which very narrowly missed me, otherwise it came with so much violence that it would have infallibly knocked out my brains, for it was

almost as large as a small pumpkin; but I had the satisfaction to see the young rogue well beaten and turned out of the room.

My master gave public notice that he would show me again the next market-day; and in the meantime he prepared a more convenient vehicle for me, which he had reason enough to do; for I was so tired with my first journey, and with entertaining company for eight hours together, that I could hardly stand upon my legs or speak a word. It was at least three days before I recovered my strength; and that I might have no rest at home all the neighbouring gentlemen, from a hundred miles round, hearing of my fame, came to see me at my master's own house. There could be no fewer than thirty persons, with their wives and children (for the country is very populous); and my master demanded the rate of a full room whenever he showed me at home, although it was only to a single family; so that, for some time, I had but little ease every day of the week (except Wednesday, which is their Sabbath), although I were not carried to the town.

My master, finding how profitable I was likely to be, resolved to carry me to the most considerable cities of the kingdom. Having therefore provided himself with all things necessary for a long journey, and settled his affairs at home, he took leave of his wife; and, upon the 17th of August, 1703, about two months after my arrival, we set out for the metropolis, situate near the middle of that empire, and about three thousand miles distance from our house. My master made his daughter Glumdalclitch ride behind him. She carried me on her lap, in a box tied about her waist. The girl had lined it on all sides with the softest cloth she could get, well quilted underneath, furnished it with her baby's bed, provided me with linen and other necessities, and made everything as convenient as she could. We had no other company but a boy of the house, who rode after us with the luggage.

My master's design was to show me in all the towns by the way, and to step out of the road, for fifty or a hundred miles, to any village or person of quality's house where he might expect esteem. We made easy journeys, of not above seven or eight score miles a-day, for Glumdalclitch, on purpose to spare me, complained she was tired with the trotting of the horse. She often took me out of my box, at my own desire, to give me air and show me the country, but always held me fast by a leading-string. We passed over five or six rivers, many degrees broader and deeper than the Nile or the Ganges; and there was hardly a rivulet so small as the Thames at London-bridge. We were ten weeks in our journey, and I was shown in eighteen large towns, besides many villages and private families.

On the 26th day of October we arrived at the metropolis, called in their language *Lorbrulgrad*, or Pride of the Universe. My master took a lodging in the principal street of the city, not far from the royal palace, and put out hills in the usual form, containing an exact description of my person and parts. He hired a large room between three and four hundred feet wide. He provided a table sixty feet in diameter, upon which I was to set my part, and palisaded it round three feet from the edge, and as many high, to prevent my falling over. I was shown ten times a-day, to the wonder and satisfaction of all people. I could now speak the language tolerably well, and perfectly understood every word that was spoken to me. Besides, I had learnt their alphabet, and could make a shift to explain a sentence here and there; for Glumdalclitch had

been my instructor while we were at home, and at leisure hours during our journey. She carried a little book in her pocket not much larger than a Sanson's Atlas; it was a common treatise for the use of young girls, giving a short account of their religion: out of this she taught me my letters, and interpreted the words.

CHAPTER III.

The author is sent for to court. The queen buys him of his master the farm, and presents him to the king. He disputes with his majesty's great scholars. An apartment at court provided for the author. He is in high favour with the queen. He stands up for the honour of his own country. His quarrels with the queen's dwarf.

THE frequent labours I underwent every day made in a few weeks a very considerable change in my health: the more my master got by me the more insatiable he grew. I had quite lost my stomach, and was almost reduced to a skeleton. The farmer observed it, and concluding I must soon die, resolved to make as good a hand of me as he could. While he was thus reasoning and resolving with himself, a *sardral*, or gentleman-usher, came from court, commanding my master to carry me immediately thither for the diversion of the queen and her ladies. Some of the latter had already been to see me, and reported strange things of my beauty, behaviour, and good sense. Her majesty, and those who attended her, were beyond measure delighted with my demeanour. I fell on my knees, and begged the honour of kissing her imperial foot; but this gracious princess held out her little finger towards me, after I was set on a table, which I embraced in both my arms, and put the tip of it with the utmost respect to my lip. She made me some general questions about my country and my travels, which I answered as distinctly and in as few words as I could. She asked, "Whether I would be content to live at court?" I bowed down to the board of the table, and humbly answered, "That I was my master's slave; but, if I were at my own disposal, I should be proud to devote my life to her majesty's service." She then asked my master, "Whether he was willing to sell me at a good price?" He, who apprehended I could not live a month, was ready enough to part with me, and demanded a thousand pieces of gold, which were ordered him on the spot, each piece being about the bigness of eight hundred moldores; but allowing for the proportion of all things between that country and Europe, and the high price of gold among them, was hardly so great a sum as a thousand guineas would be in England. I then said to the queen, "Since I was now her majesty's most humble creature and vassal, I must beg the favour that Glumdalclitch, who had always tended me with so much care and kindness, and understood to do it so well, might be admitted into her service, and continue to be my nurse and instructor."

Her majesty agreed to my petition, and easily got the farmer's consent, who was glad enough to have his daughter preferred at court, and the poor girl herself was not able to hide her joy. My late master withdrew, bidding me farewell, and saying he had left me in a good service; to which I replied not a word, only making him a slight bow.

The queen observed my coldness; and, when the farmer was gone out of the apartment, asked me the reason. I made bold to tell her majesty "That I owed no other obligation to my late master than his not dishing out the brains of a poor harmless creature, found by chance in his field; which obligation was amply recompensed by the gain he had made

in showing me through half the kingdom, and the price he had now sold me for. That the life I had since led was laborious enough to kill an animal of ten times my strength. That my health was much impaired by the continual drudgery of entertaining the rabble every hour of the day; and that, if my master had not thought my life in danger, her majesty would not have got so cheap a bargain. But as I was out of all fear of being ill treated, under the protection of so great and good an empress, the ornament of nature, the darling of the world, the delight of her subjects, the phoenix of the creation; so I hoped my late master's apprehensions would appear to be groundless; for I already found my spirits revive by the influence of her most august presence."

This was the sum of my speech, delivered with great improprieties and hesitation. The latter part was altogether framed in the style peculiar to that people, whereof I learned some phrases from Glumdalclitch while she was carrying me to court.

The queen, giving great allowance for my defectiveness in speaking, was, however, surprised at so much wit and good sense in so diminutive an animal. She took me in her own hand and carried me to the king, who was then retired to his cabinet. His majesty, a prince of much gravity and austere countenance, not well observing my shape at first view, asked the queen, after a cold manner, "How long it was since she grew fond of a *splinesuact*?" for such, it seems, he took me to be, as I lay upon my breast in her majesty's right hand. But this princess, who has an infinite deal of wit and humour, set me gently on my feet upon the scrutoire, and commanded me to give his majesty an account of myself, which I did in a very few words: and Glumdalclitch, who attended at the cabinet door, and could not endure I should be out of her sight, being admitted, confirmed all that had passed from my arrival at her father's house.

The king, although he be as learned a person as any in his dominions, had been educated in the study of philosophy, and particularly in mathematics; yet when he observed my shape exactly, and saw me walk erect, before I began to speak, conceived I might be a piece of clock-work (which is in that country arrived to a very great perfection) contrived by some ingenious artist. But when he heard my voice, and found what I delivered to be regular and rational, he could not conceal his astonishment. He was by no means satisfied with the relation I gave him of the manner I came into his kingdom, but thought it a story concerted between Glumdalclitch and her father, who had taught me a set of words to make me sell at a better price. Upon this imagination, he put several other questions to me, and still received rational answers; no otherwise defective than by a foreign accent, and an imperfect knowledge in the language, with some rustic phrases which I had learned at the farmer's house, and did not suit the polite style of a court.

His majesty sent for three great scholars who were then in their weekly waiting, according to the custom in that country. These gentlemen, after they had awhile examined my shape with much nicety, were of different opinions concerning me. They all agreed that I could not be produced according to the regular laws of nature, because I was not framed with a capacity of preserving my life, either by swiftness, or climbing of trees, or digging holes in the earth. They observed by my teeth, which they viewed with great exactness, that I was a carnivorous animal; yet, next quadrupeds being an over-match for me, and field-mice, with some others, too nimble, they

could not imagine how I should be able to support myself, unless I fed upon snails and other insects, which they offered, by many learned arguments, to evince that I could not possibly do. One of these virtuosi seemed to think that I might be an embryo, or abortive birth. But this opinion was rejected by the other two, who observed my limbs to be perfect and finished; and that I had lived several years, as it was manifest from my beard, the stamps whereof they plainly discovered through a magnifying-glass; they would not allow me to be a dwarf, because my littleness was beyond all degrees of comparison; for the queen's favourite dwarf, the smallest ever known in that kingdom, was near thirty feet high. After much debate, they concluded unanimously that I was only *replum scalanth*, which is interpreted literally *luna natura*; a determination exactly agreeable to the modern philosophy of Europe, whose professors, disdaining the old evasion of occult causes, whereby the followers of Aristotle endeavoured in vain to disguise their ignorance, have invented this wonderful solution of all difficulties, to the unspeakable advancement of human knowledge.

After this decisive conclusion I entreated to be heard a word or two. I applied myself to the king, and assured his majesty "that I came from a country which abounded with several millions of both sexes, and of my own stature; where the animals, trees, and houses were all in proportion, and where, by consequence, I might be as able to defend myself and to find sustenance as any of his majesty's subjects could do here; which I took for a full answer to those gentlemen's arguments." To this they only replied with a smile of contempt, saying "that the farmer had instructed me very well in my lesson."* The king, who had a much better understanding, dismissing his learned men, sent for the farmer, who, by good fortune, was not yet gone out of town. Having, therefore, first examined him privately, and then confronted him with me and the young girl, his majesty began to think that what we told him might possibly be true. He desired the queen to order that a particular care should be taken of me; and was of opinion that Glumdalclitch should still continue in her office of tending me, because he observed we had a great affection for each other. A convenient apartment was provided for her at court; she had a sort of governess appointed to take care of her education, a maid to dress her, and two other servants for menial offices; but the care of me was wholly appropriated to herself. The queen commanded her own cabinet-maker to contrive a box, that might serve me for a bed-chamber, after the model that Glumdalclitch and I should agree upon. This man was a most ingenious artist, and, according to my direction, in three weeks, finished for me a wooden chamber of sixteen feet square, and twelve high, with sash-windows, a door, and two closets, like a London bed-chamber. The board that made the ceiling was to be lifted up and down by two hinges, to put in a bed ready furnished by her majesty's upholsterer, which Glumdalclitch took out every day to air, made it with her own hands, and, letting it down at night, locked up the roof over me. A nice workman, who was famous for little curiosities, undertook to make me two chairs, with backs and frames, of a substance not unlike ivory, and two tables, with a cabinet to put my things in. The room was quilted on all sides, as well as the floor and the ceiling, to prevent any accident from the carelessness of those who carried me, and to break the force of a jolt, when I

* Levelled against all who reject facts for which they cannot account.

went in a coach. I desired a lock for my door, to prevent rats and mice from coming in. The smith, after several attempts, made the smallest that ever was seen among them, for I have known a larger at the gate of a gentleman's house in England. I made a shift to keep the key in a pocket of my own, fearing Glumdalclitch might lose it. The queen likewise ordered the thinnest silks that could be gotten, to make me clothes, not much thicker than an English blanket, very cumbersome till I was accustomed to them. They were after the fashion of the kingdom, partly resembling the Persian, and partly the Chinese, and are a very grave and decent habit.

The queen became so fond of my company, that she could not dine without me. I had a table placed upon the same at which her majesty eat, just at her left elbow, and a chair to sit on. Glumdalclitch stood on a stool on the floor near my table, to assist and take care of me. I had an entire set of silver dishes and plates, and other necessaries, which, in proportion to those of the queen, were not much bigger than what I have seen in a London toy-shop, for the furniture of a baby-house: these my little nurse kept in her pocket in a silver box, and gave me at meals as I wanted them, always cleaning them herself. No person dined with the queen but the two princesses royal, the elder sixteen years old, and the younger at that time thirteen and a month. Her majesty used to put a bit of meat upon one of my dishes, out of which I carved for myself, and her diversion was to see me eat in miniature; for the queen (who had indeed but a weak stomach) took up at one mouthful as much as a dozen English farmers could eat at a meal, which to me was, for some time, a very nauseous sight. She would crumple the wing of a lark, bones and all, between her teeth, although it were nine times as large as that of a full-grown turkey; and put a bit of bread in her mouth as big as two twopenny loaves. She drank out of a golden cup, above a hoghead at a draught. Her knives were twice as long as a scythe, set straight upon the handle. The spoons, forks, and other instruments, were all in the same proportion. I remember when Glumdalclitch carried me, out of curiosity, to see some of the tables at court, where ten or a dozen of those enormous knives and forks were lifted up together, I thought I had never, till then, beheld so terrible a sight.

It is the custom that every Wednesday (which, as I have observed, is their sabbath) the king and queen, with the royal issue of both sexes, dine together in the apartment of his majesty, to whom I was now become a great favourite; and at these times, my little chair and table were placed at his left hand, before one of the salt-cellars. This prince took a pleasure in conversing with me, inquiring into the manners, religion, laws, government, and learning of Europe; wherein I gave him the best account I was able. His apprehension was so clear, and his judgment so exact, that he made very wise reflections and observations upon all I said. But I confess that, after I had been a little too copious in talking of my own beloved country, of our trade, and wars by sea and land, of our schisms in religion, and parties in the state, the prejudices of his education prevailed so far, that he could not forbear taking me up in his right hand, and stroking me gently with the other, after a hearty fit of laughing, asked me "Whether I was a Whig or Tory?" Then turning to his first minister, who waited behind him with a white staff, near as tall as the mainmast of the Royal Sovereign, he observed, "How contemptible a thing was human grandeur, which could be mimicked by such diminutive insects as I! and yet," says he, "I dare can-

gage, these creatures have their titles and distinctions of honour; they contrive little nests and burrows, that they call houses and cities; they make a figure in dress and equipage; they love, they fight, they dispute, they cheat, they betray!" And thus he continued on, while my colour came and went several times, with indignation, to bear our noble country, the mistress of arts and arms, the scourge of France, the arbitress of Europe, the seat of virtue, piety, bonour, and truth, the pride and envy of the world, so contemptuously treated.

But as I was not in a condition to resent injuries, so, upon mature thoughts, I began to doubt whether I was injured or no. For, after having been accustomed several months to the sight and converse of this people, and observed every object upon which I cast mine eyes to be of proportionable magnitude, the horror I had at first conceived from their bulk and aspect was so far worn off, that, if I had then beheld a company of English lords and ladies in their finery and birthday clothes, acting their several parts in the most courtly manner of strutting, and bowing, and prating; to say the truth, I should have been strongly tempted to laugh as much at them as the king and his grandees did at me. Neither, indeed, could I forbear smiling at myself, when the queen used to place me upon her hand towards a looking-glass, by which both our persons appeared before me in full view together; and there could be nothing more ridiculous than the comparison: so that I really began to imagine myself dwindled many degrees below my usual size.

Nothing angered and mortified me so much as the queen's dwarf; who, being of the lowest stature that was ever in that country (for I verily think he was not full thirty feet high), became so insolent at seeing a creature so much beneath him, that he would always affect to swagger and look big as he passed by me in the queen's antechamber, while I was standing on some table talking with the lords or ladies of the court, and be seldom failed of a smart word or two upon my littleness; against which I could only revenge myself by calling him *brother*, challenging him to wrestle, and such repartees as are usually in the mouths of court pages. One day, at dinner, this malicious little cub was so nettled with something I had said to him, that, raising himself upon the frame of her majesty's chair, he took me up by the middle, as I was sitting down, not thinking any harm, and let me drop into a large silver bowl of cream, and then ran away as fast as he could. I fell over head and ears, and, if I had not been a good swimmer, it might have gone very hard with me; for Glumdalclitch in that instant happened to be at the other end of the room, and the queen was in such a fright that she wanted presence of mind to assist me. But my little nurse ran to my relief, and took me out, after I had swallowed above a quart of cream. I was put to bed; however, I received no other damage than the loss of a suit of clothes, which was utterly spoiled. The dwarf was soundly whipped, and, as a further punishment, forced to drink up the bowl of cream into which he had thrown me: neither was he ever restored to favour; for soon after the queen bestowed him on a lady of high quality, so that I saw him no more, to my very great satisfaction; for I could not tell to what extremity such a malicious urchin might have carried his resentment.

He had before served me a scurvy trick, which set the queen a-laughing, although at the same time she was heartily vexed, and would have immediately cashiered him, if I had not been so generous as to intercede. Her majesty had taken a marrow-bone

upon her plate, and, after knocking out the marrow, placed the bone again in the dish erect, as it stood before; the dwarf, watching his opportunity while Glumdalclitch was gone to the sideboard, mounted the stool that she stood on to take care of me at meals, took me up in both hands, and squeezing my legs together, wedged them into the marrow-bone above my waist, where I stuck for some time, and made a very ridiculous figure. I believe it was near a minute before any one knew what was become of me; for I thought it below me to cry out. But as princes seldom get their meat hot, my legs were not scalded, only my stockings and breeches in a sad condition. The dwarf, at my entreaty, had no other punishment than a sound whipping.

I was frequently rallied by the queen upon account of my fearfulness; and she used to ask me whether the people of my country were as great cowards as myself? The occasion was this: the kingdom is much pestered with flies in summer; and these odious insects, each of them as big as a Dunstable lark, hardly gave me any rest while I sat at dinner, with their continual humming and buzzing about mine ears. They would sometimes alight upon my viands, and leave their loathsome excrement or spaw behind, which to me was very visible, though not to the natives of that country, whose large optics were not so acute as mine in viewing smaller objects. Sometimes they would fix upon my nose or forehead, where they stung me to the quick, smelling very offensively; and I could easily trace that vicious matter, which, our naturalists tell us, enables those creatures to walk with their feet upwards upon a ceiling. I had much ado to defend myself against these detestable animals, and could not forbear starting when they came on my face. It was the common practice of the dwarf to catch a number of those insects in his hand, as schoolboys do among us, and let them out suddenly under my nose, on purpose to frighten me and divert the queen. My remedy was to cut them in pieces with my knife, as they flew in the air, wherein my dexterity was much admired.

I remember, one morning, when Glumdalclitch had set me in a box upon a window, as she usually did in fair days to give me air (for I durst not venture to let the box be hung on a nail out of the window, as we do with cages in England), after I had lifted up one of my sashes, and sat down at my table to eat a piece of sweet cake for my breakfast, above twenty wasps, allured by the smell, came flying into the room, humming louder than the drones of as many bagpipes. Some of them seized my cake, and carried it piecemeal away; others flew about my head and face, confounding me with the noise, and putting me in the utmost terror of their stings. However, I had the courage to rise and draw my hanger, and attack them in the air. I despatched four of them, but the rest got away, and I presently shut my window. These insects were as large as partridges; I took out their stings, found them as long and a half long, and as sharp as needles. I carefully preserved them all; and having since shown them, with some other curiosities, in several parts of Europe, upon my return to England I gave three of them to Gresham College, and kept the fourth for myself.

CHAPTER IV.

The country described. A proposal for correcting modern maps. The king's palace, and some account of the metropolis. The author's way of travelling. The chief temple described.

I now intend to give the reader a short description of this country, as far as I travelled in it, which was

not above two thousand miles round Lorbrulgrud the metropolis, for the queen, whom I always attended, never went further when she accompanied the king in his progresses, and there stayed till his majesty returned from viewing his frontiers. The whole extent of this prince's dominions reaches about six thousand miles in length, and from three to five in breadth: whence I cannot but conclude that our geographers of Europe are in a great error, by supposing nothing but sea between Japan and California; for it was ever my opinion that there must be a balance of earth to counterpoise the great continent of Tartary; and, therefore, they ought to correct their maps and charts, by joining this vast tract of land to the north-west parts of America, wherein I shall be ready to lend them my assistance.

The kingdom is a peninsula terminated to the north-east by a ridge of mountains thirty miles high, which are altogether impassable, by reason of the volcanoes upon the tops: neither do the most learned know what sort of mortals inhabit beyond those mountains, or whether they be inhabited at all. On the three other sides it is bounded by the ocean. There is not one seaport in the whole kingdom; and those parts of the coasts into which the rivers issue are so full of pointed rocks, and the sea generally so rough, that there is no venturing with the smallest of their boats; so that these people are wholly excluded from any commerce with the rest of the world. But the large rivers are full of vessels, and abound with excellent fish; for they seldom get any from the sea, because the sea-fish are of the same size with those in Europe, and consequently not worth catching; whereby it is manifest that nature, in the production of plants and animals of so extraordinary a bulk, is wholly confined to this continent, of which I leave the reasons to be determined by philosophers. However, now and then they take a whale that happens to be dashed against the rocks, which the common people feed on heartily. These whales I have known so large, that a man could hardly carry one upon his shoulders; and sometimes, for curiosity, they are brought in hampers to Lorbrulgrud: I saw one of them in a dish at the king's table, which passed for a rarity, but I did not observe he was fond of it; for I think, indeed, the bigness disgusted him, although I have seen one somewhat larger in Greenland.

The country is well inhabited, for it contains fifty-one cities, near a hundred walled towns, and a great number of villages. To satisfy my curious reader, it may be sufficient to describe Lorbrulgrud. This city stands upon almost two equal parts, on each side the river that passes through. It contains above eighty thousand houses, and about six hundred thousand inhabitants. It is in length three *glomglungs* (which make about fifty-four English miles), and two and a half in breadth; as I measured it myself in the royal map, made by the king's order, which was laid on the ground on purpose for me, and extended a hundred feet: I paced the diameter and circumference several times barefoot, and, computing by the scale, measured it pretty exactly.

The king's palace is no regular edifice, but a heap of building, about seven miles round: the chief rooms are generally two hundred and forty feet high, and broad and long in proportion. A coach was allowed to Glumdalclitch and me, wherein her governess frequently took her out to see the town, or go among the shops; and I was always of the party, carried in my box: although the girl, at my own desire, would often take me out, and hold me in her hand. That I might more conveniently view the houses and the people as we passed along the streets. I reckoned

our coach to be about a square of Westminster-hall, but not altogether so high; however, I cannot be very exact. One day the governess ordered our coachman to stop at several shops, where the beggars, watching their opportunity, crowded to the sides of the coach, and gave me the most horrible spectacles that ever a European eye beheld. There was a woman with a cancer in her breast, swelled to a monstrous size, full of holes, in two or three of which I could have easily crept and covered my whole body. There was a fellow with a wen in his neck larger than five woolpacks; and another with a couple of wooden legs, each about twenty feet high. But the most hateful sight of all was the lice crawling on their clothes. I could see distinctly the limbs of these vermin with my naked eye much better than those of an European louse through a microscope, and their snouts, with which they routed like swine. They were the first I had ever beheld, and I should have been curious enough to dissect one of them, if I had had proper instruments, which I unluckily left behind me in the ship, although, indeed, the sight was so nauseous that it perfectly turned my stomach.

Besides the large box in which I was usually carried, the queen ordered a smaller one to be made for me, of about twelve feet square and ten high, for the convenience of travelling, because the other was somewhat too large for Glumdaclitch's lap, and cumbersome in the coach; it was made by the same artist, whom I directed in the whole contrivance. This travelling-closet was an exact square, with a window in the middle of three of the squares, and each window was latticed with iron wire on the outside, to prevent accidents in long journeys. On the fourth side, which had no window, two strong staples were fixed, through which the person that carried me, when I had a mind to be on horseback, put a leathern belt and buckled it about his waist. This was always the office of some grave trusty servant in whom I could confide, whether I attended the king and queen in their progresses, or were disposed to see the gardens, or pay a visit to some great lady or minister of state in the court, when Glumdaclitch happened to be out of order, for I soon began to be known and esteemed among the greatest officers; I suppose more upon account of their majesties' favour than any merit of my own. In journeys when I was weary of the coach a servant on horseback would buckle on my box and place it upon a cushion before him, and there I had a full prospect of the country on three sides from my three windows. I had in this closet a field-bed and a hammock hung from the ceiling, two chairs and a table neatly screwed to the floor to prevent being tossed about by the agitation of the horse or the coach; and having been long used to sea-voyages, those motions, although sometimes very violent, did not much discompose me.

Whenever I had a mind to see the town, it was always in my travelling closet; which Glumdaclitch held in her lap in a kind of open sedan, after the fashion of the country, borne by four men and attended by two others in the queen's livery. The people, who had often heard of me, were very curious to crowd about the sedan, and the girl was complaisant enough to make the bearers stop and to take me in her hand that I might be more conveniently seen.

I was very desirous to see the chief temple, and particularly the tower belonging to it, which is reckoned the highest in the kingdom. Accordingly one day my nurse carried me thither, but I may truly say I came back disappointed; for the height is not above three thousand feet, reckoning from the

ground to the highest pinnacle top; which, allowing for the difference between the size of those people and us in Europe, is no great matter for admiration, nor at all equal in proportion (if I rightly remember) to Salisbury steeple. But not to detract from a nation to which during my life I shall acknowledge myself extremely obliged, it must be allowed that, whatever this famous tower wants in height, it is amply made up in beauty and strength. For the walls are near a hundred feet thick, built of hewn stone, whereof each is about forty feet square and adorned on all sides with statues of gods and emperors cut in marble, larger than the life, placed in their several niches; I measured a little finger which had fallen down from one of these statues, and lay unperceived among some rubbish, and found it exactly four feet and an inch in length. Glumdaclitch wrapped it up in her handkerchief, and carried it home in her pocket, to keep among other trinkets, of which the girl was very fond, as children at her age usually are.

The king's kitchen is indeed a noble building, vaulted at top, and about six hundred feet high. The great oven is not so wide, by ten paces, as the eupoin at St. Paul's; for I measured the latter on purpose after my return. But if I should describe the kitchen-grate, the prodigious pots and kettles, the joints of meat turning on the spits, with many other particulars, perhaps I should be hardly believed; at least a severe critic would be apt to think I enlarged a little, as travellers are often suspected to do. To avoid which censure, I fear I have run too much into the other extreme; and that, if this treatise should happen to be translated into the language of Brobdingnag (which is the general name of that kingdom), and transmitted thither, the king and his people would have reason to complain that I had done them an injury by a false and diminutive representation.

His majesty seldom keeps above six hundred horses in his stables: they are generally from fifty-four to sixty feet high. But when he goes abroad on solemn days he is attended for state by a militia guard of five hundred horse, which indeed I thought was the most splendid sight that could be ever beheld, till I saw part of his army in battalia, whereof I shall find another occasion to speak.

CHAPTER V.

Several adventures that happened to the author. The execution of a criminal. The author shows his skill in navigation.

I SHOULD have lived happy enough in that country if my littleness had not exposed me to several ridiculous and troublesome accidents; some of which I shall venture to relate. Glumdaclitch often carried me into the gardens of the court in my smaller box, and would sometimes take me out of it, and hold me in her hand, or set me down to walk. I remember, before the dwarf left the queen, he followed us one day into those gardens, and my nurse having set me down, he and I being close together near some dwarf apple-trees, I must needs show my wit by a silly allusion between him and the trees, which happens to hold in their language as it does in ours. Whereupon the malicious rogue, watching his opportunity when I was walking under one of them, shook it directly over my head, by which a dozen apples, each of them near as large as a Bristol barrel, came tumbling about my ears; one of them hit me on the back as I chanced to stoop, and knocked me down flat on my face: but I received no other hurt, and the dwarf was pardoned at my desire because I had given the provocation.

Another day Glumdalclitch left me on a smooth grass plot to divert myself, while she walked at some distance with her governess. In the mean time, there suddenly fell such a violent shower of hail, that I was immediately by the force of it struck to the ground; and when I was down the hailstones gave me such cruel bangs all over the body, as if I had been pelted with tennis-balls: however, I made a shift to creep on all four and shelter myself by lying flat on my face, on the lee-side of a border of lemon-thyme, but so bruised from head to foot that I could not go abroad in ten days. Neither is this at all to be wondered at, because, nature in that country observing the same proportion through all her operations, a hailstone is near eighteen hundred times as large as one in Europe; which I can assert upon experience, having been so curious to weigh and measure them.

But a more dangerous accident happened to me in the same garden, when my little nurse, believing she had put me in a secure place (which I often entreated her to do, that I might enjoy my own thoughts), and having left my box at home to avoid the trouble of carrying it, went to another part of the garden with her governess and some ladies of her acquaintance. While she was absent and out of hearing, a small white spaniel belonging to one of the chief gardeners, having got by accident into the garden, happened to range near the place where I lay: the dog followed the scent, came directly up, and taking me in his mouth ran straight to his master wagging his tail, and set me gently on the ground. By good fortune he had been so well taught, that I was carried between his teeth without the least hurt, or even tearing my clothes. But the poor gardener, who knew me well, and had a great kindness for me, was in a terrible fright: he gently took me up in both his hands and asked me bow I did! but I was so amazed and out of breath that I could not speak a word. In a few minutes I came to myself, and he carried me safe to my little nurse, who by this time had returned to the place where she left me, and was in cruel agonies when I did not appear, nor answer when she called. She severely reprimanded the gardener on account of his dog. But the thing was hushed up and never known at court, for the girl was afraid of the queen's anger; and truly, as to myself, I thought it would not be for my reputation that such a story should go about.

This accident absolutely determined Glumdalclitch never to trust me abroad for the future out of her sight. I had been long afraid of this resolution, and therefore concealed from her some little unlucky adventures that happened in those times when I was left by myself. Once a kite hovering over the garden made a stoop at me, and if I had not resolutely drawn my hanger and run under a thick espalier, he would have certainly carried me away in his talons. Another time, walking to the top of a fresh mole-hill, I fell to my neck in the hole through which that animal had cast up the earth, and coined some lie not worth remembering to excuse myself for spoiling my clothes. I likewise broke my right shin against the shell of a snail which I happened to stumble over, as I was walking alone and thinking on poor England.

I cannot tell whether I was more pleased or mortified to observe in those solitary walks that the smaller birds did not appear to be at all afraid of me, but would hop about within a yard's distance, looking for worms and other food with as much indifference and security as if no creature at all were near them. I remember a thrush had the confi-

dence to snatch out of my hand with his bill a piece of cake that Glumdalclitch had just given me for my breakfast. When I attempted to catch any of these birds they would holdly turn against me, endeavouring to peck my fingers, which I durst not venture within their reach; and then they would hop back unconcerned to hunt for worms or snails, as they did before. But one day I took a thick cudgel, and threw it with all my strength so luckily at a finnet, that I knocked him down, and seizing him by the neck with both my hands, ran with him in triumph to my nurse. However, the bird, who had only been stunned, recovering himself, gave me so many boxes with his wings on both sides of my head and body, though I held him at arm's length, and was out of the reach of his claws, that I was twenty times thinking to let him go. But I was soon relieved by one of our servants, who wrung off the bird's neck, and I had him next day for dinner by the queen's command. This finnet, as near as I can remember, seemed to be somewhat larger than an English swan.

The maids of honour often invited Glumdalclitch to their apartments, and desired she would bring me along with her, on purpose to have the pleasure of seeing and touching me. They would often strip me naked from top to toe, and lay me at full length in their bosoms, wherewith I was much disgusted, because, to say the truth, a very offensive smell came from their skins, which I do not mention or intend to the disadvantage of those excellent ladies, for whom I have all manner of respect; but I conceive that my sense was more acute in proportion to my littleness, and that those illustrious persons were no more disagreeable to their lovers, or to each other, than people of the same quality are with us in England. And after all, I found their natural smell was much more supportable than when they used perfumes, under which I immediately swooned away. I cannot forget that an intimate friend of mine in Lilliput took the freedom in a warm day, when I had used a good deal of exercise, to complain of a strong smell about me, although I am as little faulty that way as most of my sex; but I suppose his faculty of smelling was as nice with regard to me as mine was to that of this people. Upon this point I cannot forbear doing justice to the queen my mistress, and Glumdalclitch my nurse, whose persons were as sweet as those of any lady in England.

That which gave me most uneasiness among these maids of honour (when my nurse carried me to visit them) was, to see them use me without any manner of ceremony, like a creature who had no sort of consequence, for they would strip themselves to the skin and put on their smocks in my presence, while I was placed on their toilet directly before their naked bodies, which I am sure to me was very far from being a tempting sight, or from giving me any other emotions than those of horror and disgust; their skins appeared so coarse and uneven, so variously coloured when I saw them near, with a mole here and there as broad as a trencher, and hairs hanging from it thicker than packthreads, to say nothing further concerning the rest of their persons. Neither did they at all scruple, while I was by, to discharge what they had drank, to the quantity of at least two hogheads, in a vessel that held above three tuns. The handsomest among these maids of honour, a pleasant frolicsome girl of sixteen, would sometimes set me astride upon one of her nipples, with many other tricks wherein the reader will excuse me for not being over particular. But I was so much displeased, that I cutreated

Glumdalclitch to contrive some excuse for not seeing that young lady any more.

One day a young gentleman, who was nephew to my nurse's governess, came and pressed them both to see an execution. It was of a man who had murdered one of that gentleman's intimate acquaintance. Glumdalclitch was prevailed on to be of the company, very much against her inclination, for she was naturally tender-hearted; and as for myself, although I abhorred such kind of spectacles, yet my curiosity tempted me to see something that I thought must be extraordinary. The malefactor was fixed on a chair upon a scaffold erected for that purpose, and his head cut off at one blow, with a sword of about forty feet long. The veins and arteries spouted up such a prodigious quantity of blood, and so high in the air, that the great *jet-d'eau* at Versailles was not equal for the time it lasted; and the head, when it fell on the scaffold floor, gave such a bounce as made me start, although I were at least half an English mile distant.

The queen, who often used to bear me talk of my sea-voyages, and took all occasions to divert me when I was melancholy, asked me whether I understood how to bandle a sail or an oar, and whether a little exercise of rowing might not be convenient for my health! I answered that I understood both very well; for although my proper employment had been to be surgeon or doctor to the ship, yet often, upon a pinch, I was forced to work like a common mariner. But I could not see how this could be done in their country, where the smallest wherry was equal to a first-rate man-of-war among us; and such a boat as I could manage would never live in any of their rivers. Her majesty said, "If I would contrive a boat her own joluer should make it, and she would provide a place for me to sail in." The fellow was an ingenious workman, and by my instructions, in ten days, finished a pleasure-boat, with all its tackling, able conveniently to hold eight Europeans. When it was finished, the queen was so delighted that she ran with it in her lap to the king, who ordered it to be put into a cistern full of water, with me in it, by way of trial, where I could not manage my two sculls, or little oars, for want of room. But the queen had before contrived another project. She ordered the joiner to make a wooden trough of three hundred feet long, fifty broad, and eight deep, which, being well pitched to prevent leaking, was placed on the floor, along the wall, in an outer room of the palace. It had a cock near the bottom to let out the water when it began to grow stale; and two servants could easily fill it in half an hour. Here I often used to row for my own diversion, as well as that of the queen and her ladies, who thought themselves well entertained with my skill and agility. Sometimes I would put up my sail, and then my business was only to steer, while the ladies gave me a gale with their fans; and, when they were weary, some of their pages would blow my sail forward with their breath, while I showed my art by steering starboard or larboard as I pleased. When I had done, Glumdalclitch always carried back my boat into her closet, and bang it on a nail to dry.

In this exercise I once met an accident which had like to have cost me my life; for, one of the pages having put my boat into the trough, the governess who attended Glumdalclitch very officiously lifted me up to place me in the boat; but I happened to slip through her fingers, and should infallibly have fallen down forty feet upon the floor, if, by the luckiest chance in the world, I had not been stopped by a corking-pin that stuck in the good

gentlewoman's stomacher; the head of the pin passed between my shirt and the waistband of my breeches, and thus I was held by the middle in the air till Glumdalclitch ran to my relief.

Another time one of the servants, whose office it was to fill my trough every third day with fresh water, was so careless as to let a huge frog (not perceiving it) slip out of his pail. The frog lay concealed till I was put into my boat, but then, seeing a resting-place, climbed up, and made it lean so much on one side that I was forced to balance it with all my weight on the other, to prevent overturning. When the frog was got in it bopped at once half the length of the boat, and then over my head, backward and forward, daubing my face and clothes with its odious slime. The largeness of its features made it appear the most deformed animal that can be conceived. However, I desired Glumdalclitch to let me deal with it alone. I banged it a good while with one of my sculls, and at last forced it to leap out of the boat.

But the greatest danger I ever underwent in that kingdom was from a monkey, who belonged to one of the clerks of the kitchen. Glumdalclitch had locked me up in her closet while she went somewhere upon business or a visit. The weather being very warm, the closet-window was left open, as well as the windows and the door of my bigger box, in which I usually lived, because of its largeness and convenience. As I sat quietly meditating at my table I heard something bounce in at the closet-window, and skip about from one side to the other: whereat, although I was much alarmed, yet I ventured to look out, but not stirring from my seat; and then I saw this frolicsome animal frisking and leaping up and down, till at last he came to my box, which he seemed to view with great pleasure and curiosity, peeping in at the door and every window. I retreated to the farther corner of my room or box; but the monkey, looking in at every side, put me into such a fright that I wanted presence of mind to conceal myself under the bed, as I might easily have done. After some time spent in peeping, grinning, and chattering, he at last espied me; and reaching one of his paws in at the door as a cat does when she plays with a mouse, although I often shifted place to avoid him, he at length seized the lapel of my coat (which being made of that country silk was very thick and strong), and dragged me out. He took me up in his right fore-foot, and held me as a nurse does a child she is going to suckle, just as I have seen the same sort of creature do with a kitten in Europe; and when I offered to struggle he squeezed me so hard that I thought it more prudent to submit. I have good reason to believe that he took me for a young one of his own species, by his often stroking my face very gently with his other paw. In these diversions he was interrupted by a noise at the closet-door, as if somebody were opening it; whereupon he suddenly leaped up to the window at which he had come in, and thence upon the leads and gutters, walking upon three legs, and holding me in the fourth till he clambered up to a roof that was next to ours. I heard Glumdalclitch give a shriek at the moment he was carrying me out. The poor girl was almost distracted; that quarter of the palace was all in uproar; the servants ran for ladders; the monkey was seen by hundreds in the court, sitting upon the ridge of a building, holding me like a baby in one of his fore-paws, and feeding me with the other, by cramming into my mouth some victuals he had squeezed out of the bag on one side of his chaps, and patting me when I would not eat; whereat

many of the rabble below could not forbear laughing; neither do I think they justly ought to be blamed, for without question the sight was ridiculous enough to every body but myself. Some of the people threw up stones, hoping to drive the monkey down; but this was strictly forbidden, or else, very probably, my brains had been dashed out.

The ladders were now applied, and mounted by several men; which the monkey observing, and finding himself almost encompassed, not being able to make speed enough with his three legs, let me drop on a ridge tile, and made his escape. Here I sat for some time, five hundred yards from the ground, expecting every moment to be blown down by the wind, or to fall by my own giddiness, and come tumbling over and over from the ridge to the eaves; but an honest lad, one of my nurse's footmen, climbed up, and, putting me into his breeches-pocket, brought me down safe.

I was almost choked with the filthy stuff the monkey had crammed down my throat; but my dear little nurse picked it out of my mouth with a small needle, and then I fell a-vomiting, which gave me great relief. Yet I was so weak and bruised in the sides with the squeezes given me by this odious animal, that I was forced to keep my bed a fortnight. The king, queen, and all the court, sent every day to enquire after my health; and her majesty made me several visits during my sickness. The monkey was killed, and an order made that no such animal should be kept about the palace.

When I attended the king after my recovery, to return him thanks for his favours, he was pleased to rally me a good deal upon this adventure. He asked me, "what my thoughts and speculations were while I lay in the monkey's paw; how I liked the victuals he gave me; his manner of feeding; and whether the fresh air on the roof had sharpened my stomach?" He desired to know "what I would have done upon such an occasion in my own country?" I told his majesty, "that in Europe we had no monkeys except such as were brought for curiosities from other places, and so small that I could deal with a dozen of them together if they presumed to attack me. And as for that monstrous animal with whom I was so lately engaged (it was indeed as large as an elephant), if my fears had suffered me to think so far as to make use of my hanger (looking fiercely, and clapping my hand upon the hilt as I spoke), when he poked his paw into my chamber, perhaps I should have given him such a wound as would have made him glad to withdraw it with more haste than he put it in." This I delivered in a firm tone, like a person who was jealous lest his courage should be called in question. However, my speech produced nothing else beside a loud laughter, which all the respect due to his majesty from those about him could not make them contain. This made me reflect how vain an attempt it is for a man to endeavour to do himself honour among those who are out of all degree of equality or comparison with him. And yet I have seen the moral of my own behaviour very frequent in England since my return; where a little contemptible varlet, without the least title to birth, person, wit, or common sense, shall presume to look with importance, and put himself upon a foot with the greatest persons of the kingdom.

I was every day furnishing the court with some ridiculous story; and Glumdalclitch, although she loved me to excess, yet was arch enough to inform the queen whenever I committed any folly that she thought would be diverting to her majesty. The girl, who had been out of order, was carried by her

governess to take the air about an hour's distance, or thirty miles from town. They alighted out of the coach near a small footpath in a field, and Glumdalclitch, setting down my travelling box, I went out of it to walk. There was a crowding in the path, and I must need try my activity by attempting to leap over it. I took a run, but unfortunately jumped short, and found myself just in the middle, up to my knees. I waded through with some difficulty, and one of the footmen wiped me as clean as he could with his handkerchief, for I was filthily besmeared; and my nurse confined me to my box till we returned home, where the queen was soon informed of what had passed, and the footmen spread it about the court, so that all the mirth for some days was at my expense.

CHAPTER VI.

Several contrivances of the author to please the king and queen. He shows his skill in music. The king inquires into the state of England, which the author relates to him. The king's observations thereon.

I USED to attend the king's levee once or twice a-week, and had often seen him under the barber's hand, which, indeed, was at first very terrible to behold; for the razor was almost twice as long as an ordinary scythe. His majesty, according to the custom of the country, was only shaved twice a-week. I once prevailed on the barber to give me some of the scuds or lather, out of which I picked forty or fifty of the strongest stumps of hair. I then took a piece of fine wood, and cut it like the back of a comb, making several holes in it, at equal distances, with as small a needle as I could get from Glumdalclitch. I fixed in the stumps so artificially, scraping and sloping them with my knife toward the points, that I made a very tolerable comb, which was a seasonable supply, my own being so much broken in the teeth that it was almost useless; neither did I know any artist in that country so nice and exact as would undertake to make me another.

And this puts me in mind of an amusement wherein I spent many of my leisure hours. I desired the queen's woman to save for me the combings of her majesty's hair, whereof in time I got a good quantity; and consulting with my friend the cabinet-maker, who had received general orders to do little jobs for me, I directed him to make two chair-frames, no larger than those I had in my box, and to bore little holes with a fine awl round those parts where I designed the backs and seats; through these holes I wove the strongest hairs I could pick out, just after the manner of cane chairs in England. When they were finished I made a present of them to her majesty, who kept them in her cabinet, and used to show them for curiosities, as indeed they were the wonder of every one that beheld them. The queen would have me sit upon one of these chairs, but I absolutely refused to obey her, protesting I would rather die a thousand deaths than place a dishonourable part of my body on those precious hairs that once adorned her majesty's head. Of these hairs (as I had always a mechanical genius) I likewise made a neat little purse, about five feet long, with her majesty's name deciphered in gold letters, which I gave to Glumdalclitch by the queen's consent. To say the truth, it was more for show than use, being not of strength to bear the weight of the larger coins, and therefore she kept nothing in it but some little toys that girls are fond of.

The king, who delighted in music, had frequent concerts at court, to which I was sometimes carried, and set in my box on a table to hear them; but the noise was so great that I could hardly distinguish

the tunes. I am confident that all the drums and trumpets of a royal army, hesting and sounding together just at your ears, could not equal it. My practice was to have my box removed from the place where the performers sat, as far as I could, then to shut the doors and windows of it, and draw the window-curtains; after which I found their music not disagreeable.

I had learned in my youth to play a little upon the spinet. Glumdalclitch kept one in her chamber, and a master attended twice a-week to teach her: I called it a spinet, because it somewhat resembled that instrument, and was played upon in the same manner. A fancy came into my head that I would entertain the king and queen with an English tune upon this instrument. But this appeared extremely difficult: for the spinet was nearly sixty feet long, each key being almost a foot wide, so that with my arms extended I could not reach to above five keys, and to press them down required a good smart stroke with my fist, which would be too great a labour and to no purpose. The method I contrived was this: I prepared two round sticks about the bigness of common cudgels; they were thicker at one end than the other, and I covered the thicker ends with pieces of a mouse's skin, that by rapping on them I might neither damage the tops of the keys nor interrupt the sound. Before the spinet a bench was placed, about four feet below the keys, and I was put upon the bench. I ran sideling upon it, that way and this, as fast as I could, banging the proper keys with my two sticks, and made a shift to play a jig to the great satisfaction of both their majesties, but it was the most violent exercise I ever underwent: and yet I could not strike above sixteen keys, nor consequently play the bass and treble together as other artists do; which was a great disadvantage to my performance.

The king, who as I before observed, was a prince of excellent understanding, would frequently order that I should be brought in my box, and set upon the table in his closet: he would then command me to bring one of my chairs out of the box, and sit down within three yards distance upon the top of the cabinet, which brought me almost to a level with his face. In this manner I had several conversations with him. I one day took the freedom to tell his majesty "that the contempt he discovered towards Europe, and the rest of the world, did not seem answerable to those excellent qualities of mind that he was master of; that reason did not extend itself with the bulk of the body; on the contrary, we observed in our country that the tallest persons were usually the least provided with it; that among other animals, bees and ants had the reputation of more industry, art, and sagacity, than many of the larger kinds; and that, as inconsiderable as he took me to be, I hoped I might live to do his majesty some signal service." The king heard me with attention, and began to conceive a much better opinion of me than he had ever before. He desired "I would give him as exact an account of the government of England as I possibly could; because, as fond as princes commonly are of their own customs, (for so he conjectured of other monarchs by my former discourses,) he should be glad to bear of anything that might deserve imitation."

Imagine with thyself, courteous reader, how often I then wished for the tongue of Demosthenes or Cicero, that might have enabled me to celebrate the praise of my own dear native country, in a style equal to its merits and felicity.

I began my discourse by informing his majesty that our dominions consisted of two islands, which composed three mighty kingdoms, under one sove-

reign, besides our plantations in America. I dwelt long upon the fertility of our soil, and the temperance of our climate. I then spoke at large upon the constitution of an English parliament; partly made up of an illustrious body, called the House of Peers—persons of the noblest blood, and of the most ancient and ample patrimonies. I described that extraordinary care always taken of their education in arts and arms, to qualify them for being counsellors both to the king and kingdom; to have a share in the legislature; to be members of the highest court of judicature, whence there can be no appeal; and to be champions always ready for the defence of their prince and country, by their valour, conduct, and fidelity. That these were the ornament and bulwark of the kingdom, worthy followers of their most renowned ancestors, whose honour had been the reward of their virtue, from which their posterity were never once known to degenerate. To these were joined several holy persons, as part of that assembly, under the title of bishops; whose peculiar business it is to take care of religion, and of those who instruct the people therein. These were searched and sought out through the whole nation, by the prince and his wisest counsellors, among such of the priesthood as were most deservedly distinguished by the sanctity of their lives, and the depth of their erudition; who were indeed the spiritual fathers of the clergy and the people.

That the other part of the parliament consisted of an assembly, called the House of Commons, who were all principal gentlemen, freely picked and culled out by the people themselves, for their great abilities and love of their country, to represent the wisdom of the whole nation. And that these two bodies made up the most august assembly in Europe; to whom, in conjunction with the prince, the whole legislature is committed.

I then descended to the courts of justice; over which the judges, those venerable sages and interpreters of the law, presided, for determining the disputed rights and properties of men, as well as for the punishment of vice and protection of innocence. I mentioned the prudent management of our treasury; the valour and achievements of our forces by sea and land. I computed the number of our people, by reckoning how many millions there might be of each religious sect or political party among us. I did not omit even our sports and pastimes, or any other particular which I thought might redound to the honour of my country. And I finished all with a brief historical account of affairs and events in England for about a hundred years past.

This conversation was not ended under five audiences, each of several hours; and the king heard the whole with great attention, frequently taking notes of what I spoke, as well as memorandums of what questions he intended to ask me.

When I had put an end to these long discourses his majesty, in a sixth audience, consulting his notes, proposed many doubts, queries, and objections upon every article. He asked, "What methods were used to cultivate the minds and bodies of our young nobility, and in what kind of business they commonly spent the first and teachable part of their lives? What course was taken to supply that assembly, when any noble family became extinct? What qualifications were necessary in those who are to be created new lords: whether the bounty of the prince, a sum of money to a court lady, or a prime minister, or a design of strengthening a party opposite to the public interest, ever happened to be motives in those advancements? What arose as

knowledge these lords had in the laws of their country, and how they came by it, so as to enable them to decide the properties of their fellow-subjects in the last resort! Whether they were always so free from avarice, partialities, or want, that a bribe, or some other sinister view, could have no place among them? Whether those holy lords I spoke of were always promoted to that rank upon account of their knowledge in religious matters and the sanctity of their lives; had never been compliers with the times, while they were common priests; or slavish prostitute chaplains to some noblemen, whose opinions they continued servilely to follow, after they were admitted into that assembly?"

He then desired to know, "What arts were practised in electing those whom I called commoners: whether a stranger, with a strong purse, might not influence the vulgar voters to choose him before their own landlord, or the most considerable gentleman in the neighbourhood? How it came to pass, that people were so violently bent upon getting into this assembly, which I allowed to be a great trouble and expense, often to the ruin of their families, without any salary or pension; because this appeared such an exalted strain of virtue and public spirit, that his majesty seemed to doubt it might possibly not be always sincere?" And he desired to know, "Whether such zealous gentlemen could have any views of refunding themselves for the charges and trouble they were at, by sacrificing the public good to the designs of a weak and vicious prince in conjunction with a corrupted ministry?" He multiplied his questions, and sifted me thoroughly upon every part of this head, proposing numberless inquiries and objections, which I think it not prudent or convenient to repeat.

Upon what I said in relation to our courts of justice, his majesty desired to be satisfied in several points: and this I was the better able to do, having been formerly almost ruined by a long suit in Chancery, which was decreed for me with costs. He asked, "What time was usually spent in determining between right and wrong, and what degree of expense? Whether advocates and orators had liberty to plead in causes manifestly known to be unjust, vexatious, or oppressive? Whether party, in religion or politics, were observed to be of any weight in the scale of justice? Whether those pleading orators were persons educated in the general knowledge of equity, or only in provincial, national, and other local customs? Whether they or their judges had any part in penning those laws, which they assumed the liberty of interpreting and glossing upon at their pleasure? Whether they had ever, at different times, pleaded for and against the same cause, and cited precedents to prove contrary opinions? Whether they were a rich or a poor corporation? Whether they received any pecuniary reward for pleading or delivering their opinions? And particularly whether they were ever admitted as members in the lower senate?"

He fell next upon the management of our treasury, and said, "He thought my memory had failed me, because I computed our taxes at about five or six millions a-year, and when I came to mention the issues, he found they sometimes amounted to more than double; for the notes he had taken were very particular in this point, because he hoped, as he told me, that the knowledge of our conduct might be useful to him, and he could not be deceived in his calculations. But, if what I told him were true, he was still at a loss how a kingdom could run out of its estate, like a private person." He asked me, "Who were our creditors, and where

we found money to pay them?" He wondered to hear me talk of such chargeable and expensive wars; "That certainly we must be a quarrelsome people, or live among very bad neighbours, and that our generals must needs be richer than our kings." He asked, "What business we had out of our own islands, unless upon the score of trade or treaty, or to defend the coasts with our fleet?" Above all, he was amazed to hear me talk of a mercenary standing army, in the midst of peace and among a free people. He said, "If we were governed by our own consent, in the persons of our representatives, he could not imagine of whom we were afraid, or against whom we were to fight; and would bear my opinion, whether a private man's house might not better be defended by himself, his children, and family, than by half a dozen rascals, picked up at a venture in the streets for small wages, who might get a hundred times more by cutting their throats!"

He laughed at my "odd kind of arithmetic," as he was pleased to call it, "in reckoning the numbers of our people by a computation drawn from the several sects among us in religion and politics." He said, "He knew no reason why those who entertain opinions prejudicial to the public should be obliged to change, or should not be obliged to conceal them. And as it was tyranny in any government to require the first, so it was weakness not to enforce the second; for a man may be allowed to keep poisons in his closet, but not to vend them about for cordials."

He observed, "That among the diversions of our nobility and gentry I had mentioned gaming: he desired to know, at what age this entertainment was usually taken up, and when it was laid down; how much of their time it employed; whether it ever went so high as to affect their fortunes; whether mean, vicious people, by their dexterity in that art, might not arrive at great riches, and sometimes keep our very nobles in dependence, as well as habituate them to vile companions; wholly take them from the improvement of their minds, and force them, by the losses they sustained, to learn and practise that infamous dexterity upon others."

He was perfectly astonished with the historical account I gave him of our affairs during the last century; protesting, "It was only a heap of conspiracies, rebellions, murders, massacres, revolutions, banishments, the very worst effects that avarice, faction, hypocrisy, perfidiousness, cruelty, rage, madness, hatred, envy, lust, malice, and ambition, could produce."

His majesty, in another audience, was at the pains to recapitulate the sum of all I had spoken; compared the questions he made with the answers I had given: then taking me into his hands, and stroking me gently, delivered himself in these words, which I shall never forget, nor the manner he spoke them in: "My little friend Gildrig, you have made a most admirable panegyric upon your country; you have clearly proved, that ignorance, idleness, and vice, are the proper ingredients for qualifying a legislator; that laws are best explained, interpreted, and applied, by those whose interest and abilities lie in perverting, confounding, and eluding them. I observe among you some lines of an institution, which, in its original, might have been tolerable, but these half erased, and the rest wholly blurred and blotted by corruptions. It does not appear, from all you have said, how any one perfection is required, toward the procurement of any one station among you; much less, that men are ennobled on account of their virtue: that priests are advanced for their piety or learning; soldiers, for their conduct or

valour; judges, for their integrity; senators, for the love of their country; or counsellors, for their wisdom. As for yourself," continued the king, "who have spent the greatest part of your life in travelling, I am well disposed to hope you may hitherto have escaped many vices of your country. But by what I have gathered from your own relation, and the answers I have with much pains wringed and extorted from you, I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth."

CHAPTER VII.

The author's love of his country. He makes a proposal of much advantage to the king, which is rejected. The king's great ignorance in politics. The learning of that country very imperfect and confined. The laws and military affairs, and parties in the state.

Nothing but an extreme love of truth could have hindered me from concealing this part of my story. It was in vain to discover my resentments, which were always turned into ridicule; and I was forced to rest with patience, while my noble and beloved country was so injuriously treated. I am as heartily sorry as any of my readers can possibly be, that such an occasion was given: but this prince happened to be so curious and inquisitive upon every particular, that it could not consist either with gratitude or good manners, to refuse giving him what satisfaction I was able. Yet thus much I may be allowed to say in my own vindication, that I artfully eluded many of his questions, and gave to every point a more favourable turn, by many degrees, than the strictness of truth would allow; for I have always borne that audible partiality to my own country, which Dionysius Halicarnassensis, with so much justice, recommends to an historian: I would hide the frailties and deformities of my political mother, and place her virtues and beauties in the most advantageous light. This was my sincere endeavour, in those many discourses I had with that monarch, although it unfortunately failed of success.

But great allowances should be given to a king who lives wholly secluded from the rest of the world, and must therefore be altogether unacquainted with the manners and customs that prevail in other nations: the want of which knowledge will ever produce many prejudices, and a certain narrowness of thinking, from which we, and the politer countries of Europe are wholly exempted. And it would be hard indeed, if so remote a prince's notions of virtue and vice were to be offered as a standard for all mankind.

To confirm what I have now said, and further to show the miserable effects of a confined education, I shall here insert a passage which will hardly obtain belief. In hopes to ingratiate myself further into his majesty's favour, I told him of "an invention, discovered between three and four hundred years ago, to make a certain powder, into a heap of which the smallest spark of fire falling would kindle the whole in a moment, although it were as big as a mountain, and make it all fly up in the air together, with a noise and agitation greater than thunder. That a proper quantity of this powder, rammed into a hollow tube of brass or iron, according to its bigness, would drive a ball of iron or lead with such violence and speed, as nothing was able to sustain its force. That the largest balls thus discharged would not only destroy whole ranks of an army at once, but batter the strongest walls to the ground, sink down ships with a thousand men in each, to the bottom of the sea; and when linked together by a chain, would cut through masts and rigging, divide hundreds of bodies in the middle, and lay all waste before them. That we often put this powder into

large, hollow halls of iron, and discharged them by an engine into some city we were besieging, which would rip up the pavements, tear the houses to pieces, burst, and throw splinters on every side, dashing out the brains of all who came near. That I knew the ingredients very well, which were cheap and common; I understood the manner of compounding them, and could direct his workmen how to make those tubes, of a size proportionable to all other things in his majesty's kingdom, and the largest need not be above a hundred feet long; twenty or thirty of which tubes, charged with the proper quantity of powder and balls, would batter down the walls of the strongest town in his dominions in a few hours, or destroy the whole metropolis, if ever it should pretend to dispute his absolute commands. This I humbly offered to his majesty, as a small tribute of acknowledgment, in return of so many marks that I had received of his royal favour and protection."

The king was struck with horror at the description I had given of those terrible engines, and the proposal I had made. "He was amazed, how so impotent and grovelling an insect as I," (these were his expressions), "could entertain such inhuman ideas, and in so familiar a manner, as to appear wholly unmoved at all the scenes of blood and desolation which I had painted, as the common effects of those destructive machines; whereof," he said, "some evil genius, enemy to mankind, must have been the first contriver. As for himself, he protested, that although few things delighted him so much as new discoveries in art or in nature, yet he would rather lose half his kingdom than be privy to such a secret; which he commanded me, as I valued my life, never to mention any more."

A strange effect of narrow principles and views! that a prince, possessed of every quality which procures veneration, love, and esteem; of strong parts, great wisdom, and profound learning, endued with admirable talents, and almost adored by his subjects, should, from a nice, unnecessary scruple, whereof in Europe, we can have no conception, let slip an opportunity put into his hands, that would have made him absolute master of the lives, the liberties, and the fortunes of his people! Neither do I say this with the least intention to detract from the many virtues of that excellent king, whose character I am sensible will on this account be very much lessened in the opinion of an English reader; but I take this defect among them to have risen from their ignorance, by not having hitherto reduced politics into a science, as the more acute wits of Europe have done. For I remember very well in a discourse one day with the king when I happened to say, "there were several thousand books among us written upon the art of government," it gave him (directly contrary to my intention) a very mean opinion of our understandings. He professed both to abominate and despise all mystery, refinement, and intrigue, either in a prince or a minister. He could not tell what I meant by secrets of state, where an enemy, or some rival nation, were not in the case. He confined the knowledge of governing within very narrow bounds, to common sense and reason, to justice and lenity, to the speedy determination of civil and criminal causes; with some other obvious topics, which are not worth considering. And he gave it for his opinion, "That whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together."

The learning of this people is very defective, consisting only in morality, history, poetry, and mathe-

matics, wherein they must be allowed to excel. But the last of these is wholly applied to what may be useful in life, to the improvement of agriculture, and all mechanical arts, so that, among us, it would be little esteemed. And as to ideas, entities, abstractious, and transcendentials, I could never drive the least conception into their heads.

No law of that country must exceed in words the number of letters in their alphabet, which consists only of two-and-twenty. But indeed few of them extend even to that length. They are expressed in the most plain and simple terms, wherein those people are not mercurial enough to discover above one interpretation; and to write a comment upon any law is a capital crime. As to the decision of civil causes, or proceedings against criminals, their precedents are so few, that they have little reason to boast of any extraordinary skill in either.

They have had the art of printing, as well as the Chinese, time out of mind: but their libraries are not very large; for that of the king, which is reckoned the largest, does not amount to above a thousand volumes, placed in a gallery of twelve hundred feet long, whence I had liberty to borrow what books I pleased. The queen's joiner had contrived, in one of Glumdalclitch's rooms, a kind of wooden machine, five-and-twenty feet high, formed like a standing ladder; the steps were each fifty feet long. It was indeed a moveable pair of stairs, the lowest end placed at ten foot distance from the wall of the chamber. The book I had a mind to read was put up leaning against the wall; I first mounted to the upper step of the ladder, and turning my face towards the book, began at the top of the page, and so walking to the right and left about eight or ten paces, according to the length of the lines, till I had gotten a little below the level of mine eyes, and then descending gradually till I came to the bottom; after which I mounted again, and began the other page in the same manner, and so turned over the leaf, which I could easily do with both my hands, for it was as thick and stiff as pasteboard, and in the largest folios not above eighteen or twenty feet long.

Their style is clear, masculine, and smooth, but not florid; for they avoid nothing more than multiplying unnecessary words, or using various expressions. I have perused many of their books, especially those in history and morality. Among the rest I was much diverted with a little old treatise, which always lay in Glumdalclitch's bed-chamber, and belonged to her governess, a grave elderly gentlewoman, who dealt in writings of morality and devotion. The book treats of the weakness of human kind, and is in little esteem, except among the women and the vulgar. However, I was curious to see what an author of that country could say upon such a subject. This writer went through all the usual topics of European moralists, showing "how diminutive, contemptible, and helpless an animal was man in his own nature; how unable to defend himself from inclemencies of the air, or the fury of wild beasts: how much he was excelled by one creature in strength, by another in speed, by a third in foresight, by a fourth in industry." He added "that nature was degenerated in these latter declining ages of the world, and could now produce only small abortive births, in comparison of those in ancient times." He said, "it was very reasonable to think, not only that the species of men were originally much larger, but also that there must have been giants in former ages; which, as it is asserted by history and tradition, so it has been confirmed by huge bones and skulls, casually dug up in several parts of the kingdom, far exceeding the

common dwindled race of men in our days." He argued, "that the very laws of nature absolutely required we should have been made, in the beginning, of a size more large and robust; not so liable to destruction from every little accident, of a tile falling from a house, or a stone cast from the hand of a boy, or being drowned in a little brook." From this way of reasoning, the author drew several moral applications, useful in the conduct of life, but needless only to repeat. For my own part, I could not avoid reflecting how universally this talent was spread, of drawing lectures in morality, or indeed rather matter of discontent and repining, from the quarrels we raise with nature. And I believe, upon a strict inquiry, those quarrels might be shown as ill grounded among us as they are among that people.*

As to their military affairs, they boast that the king's army consists of a hundred and seventy-six thousand foot, and thirty-two thousand horse: if that may be called an army, which is made up of tradesmen in the several cities and farmers in the country, whose commanders are only the nobility and gentry, without pay or reward. They are indeed perfect enough in their exercises and under very good discipline, wherein I saw no great merit: for how should it be otherwise, where every farmer is under the command of his own landlord, and every citizen under that of the principal men in his own city, chosen after the manner of Venice, by ballot?

I have often seen the militia of Lorbrulgrud drawn out to exercise in a great field near the city, of twenty miles square. They were in all not above twenty-five thousand foot and six thousand horse; but it was impossible for me to compute their number, considering the space of ground they took up. A cavalier mounted on a large steed might be about ninety feet high. I have seen this whole body of horse upon a word of command draw their swords at once and brandish them in the air. Imagination can figure nothing so grand, so surprising, and so astonishing! It looked as if ten thousand flashes of lightning were darting at the same time from every quarter of the sky.

I was curious to know how this prince, to whose dominions there is no access from any other country came to think of armies, or to teach his people the practice of military discipline. But I was soon informed, both by conversation and reading their histories; for in the course of many ages, they have been troubled with the same disease to which the whole race of mankind is subject: the nobility often contending for power, the people for liberty, and the king for absolute dominion. All which, however happily tempered by the laws of that kingdom, have been sometimes violated by each of the three parties, and have more than once occasioned civil wars; the last whereof was happily put an end to by this prince's grandfather, in a general composition; and the militia, then settled with common consent, has been ever since kept in the strictest duty.

CHAPTER VIII.

The king and queen make a progress to the frontiers. The author attends them. The manner in which he leaves the country very particularly related. He returns to England.

I HAD always a strong impulse that I should some time recover my liberty, though it was impossible to conjecture by what means, or to form any project with the least hope of succeeding. The ship in which I sailed was the first ever known to be driven within sight of that coast, and the king had given strict orders, "that if at any time another appeared, it should be taken ashore, and with all its crew and

* The author's zeal to justify Providence here is shown.

passengers brought in a tumbrel to Lorbrulgrud." He was strongly bent to get me a woman of my own size, by whom I might propagate the breed; but I think I should rather have died than undergone the disgrace of leaving a posterity to be kept in cages, like tame canary birds, and perhaps in time, sold about the kingdom to persons of quality for curiosities. I was indeed treated with much kindness; I was the favourite of a great king and queen, and the delight of the whole court; but it was upon such a foot as ill became the dignity of humankind. I could never forget those domestic pledges I had left behind me. I wanted to be among people with whom I could converse upon even terms, and walk about the streets and fields without being afraid of being trod to death like a frog or a young puppy. But my deliverance came sooner than I expected, and in a manner not very common; the whole story and circumstances of which I shall faithfully relate.

I had now been two years in this country; and about the beginning of the third, Glumdaclitch and I attended the king and queen in a progress to the south coast of the kingdom. I was carried as usual in my travelling box, which as I have already described was a very convenient closet, of twelve feet wide. And I had ordered a hammock to be fixed, by silken ropes, from the four corners at the top, to break the jolts when a servant carried me before him on horseback, as I sometimes desired; and would often sleep in my hammock, while we were upon the road. On the roof of my closet, not directly over the middle of the hammock, I ordered the joiner to cut out a hole of a foot square, to give me air in hot weather, as I slept: which hole I shut at pleasure with a board that drew backward and forward through a groove.

When we came to our journey's end, the king thought proper to pass a few days at a palace he has near Fianflaanic, a city within eighteen English miles of the sea-side. Glumdaclitch and I were much fatigued; I had gotten a small cold, but the poor girl was so ill as to be confined to her chamber. I longed to see the ocean, which must be the only scene of my escape, if ever it should happen. I pretended to be worse than I really was, and desired leave to take the fresh air of the sea, with a page I was very fond of, and who had been sometimes trusted with me. I shall never forget with what unwillingness Glumdaclitch consented, nor the strict charge she gave the page to be careful of me, hurrying at the same time into a flood of tears, as if she had some foreboding of what was to happen. The boy took me out in my box, about half an hour's walk from the palace, towards the rocks on the sea-shore. I ordered him to set me down, and lifting up one of the sashes, cast many a wistful melancholy look towards the sea. I found myself not very well, and told the page that I had a mind to take a nap in my hammock, which I hoped would do me good. I got in, and the boy shut the window close down to keep out the cold. I soon fell asleep, and all I can conjecture is, that while I slept, the page thinking no danger could happen, went among the rocks to look for birds' eggs, having before observed him from my window searching about and picking up one or two in the clefts. Be that as it will, I found myself suddenly awakened with a violent pull upon the ring, which was fastened at the top of my box for the convenience of carriage. I felt my box raised very high in the air, and then borne forward with prodigious speed. The first jolt had like to have shaken me out of my hammock, but afterwards the motion was easy enough. I called out several times, as loud as I could raise my voice, but all to no purpose.

I looked towards my windows and could see nothing but the clouds and sky. I heard a noise just over my head, like the clapping of wings, and then began to perceive the woful condition I was in; that some eagle had got the ring of my box in his beak, with an intent to let it fall on a rock, like a tortoise in a shell, and then pick out my body and devour it; for the sagacity and smell of this bird enabled him to discover his quarry at a great distance, though better concealed than I could be within a two-inch board.

In a little time, I observed the noise and flutter of wings to increase very fast, and my box was tossed up and down like a sign in a windy day. I heard several bangs or buffets, as I thought given to the eagle, (for such I am certain it must have been that held the ring of my box in his beak,) and then, all on a sudden, felt myself falling perpendicularly down, for above a minute, but with such incredible swiftness that I almost lost my breath. My fall was stopped by a terrible squab that sounded louder to my ears than the cataract of Niagara;* after which I was quite in the dark for another minute, and then my box began to rise so high, that I could see light from the tops of the windows. I now perceived I was fallen into the sea. My box by the weight of my body, the goods that were in, and the broad plates of iron fixed for strength at the four corners of the top and bottom, floated about five feet deep in water. I did then, and do now suppose, that the eagle who flew away with my box was pursued by two or three others, and forced to let me drop, while he defended himself against the rest, who hoped to share in the prey. The plates of iron fastened at the bottom of the box (for those were the strongest) preserved the balance while it fell, and hindered it from being broken on the surface of the water. Every joint of it was well grooved; and the door did not move on hinges, but up and down like a sash, which kept my closet so tight, that very little water came in. I got with much difficulty out of my hammock, having first ventured to draw back the slip board on the roof already mentioned, contrived on purpose to let in air, for want of which I found myself almost stifled.

How often did I then wish myself with my dear Glumdaclitch, from whom one single hour had so far divided me! And I may say with truth, that in the midst of my own misfortunes, I could not forbear lamenting my poor nurse, the grief she would suffer for my loss, the displeasure of the queen, and the ruin of her fortune. Perhaps many travellers have not been under greater difficulties and distress than I was at this juncture, expecting every moment to see my box dashed to pieces, or at least overset by the first violent blast, or rising wave. A breach in one single pane of glass would have been immediate death: nor could anything have preserved the windows, but the strong lattice wires placed on the outside, against accidents in travelling. I saw the water ooze in at several crannies, although the leaks were not considerable, and I endeavoured to stop them as well as I could. I was not able to lift up the roof of my closet, which otherwise I certainly should have done, and sat on the top of it; where I might at least preserve myself some hours longer, than by being shut up (as I may call it) in the hold. Or, if I escaped these dangers for a day or two, what could I expect but a miserable death of cold and hunger? I was for four hours under these circumstances, expecting, and indeed wishing, every moment to be my last.

* The height of which is 1371 feet; and it is said to have been heard 40 miles.

I have already told the reader that there were two strong staples fixed upon that side of my box which had no window, and into which the servant who used to carry me on horseback would put a leathern belt, and buckle it about his waist. Being in this disconsolate state, I heard, or at least thought I heard, some kind of grating noise on that side of my box where the staples were fixed; and soon after I began to fancy that the box was pulled or towed along the sea; for I now and then felt a sort of tugging, which made the waves rise near the tops of my windows, leaving me almost in the dark. This gave me some faint hopes of relief, although I was not able to imagine how it could be brought about. I ventured to unscrew one of my chairs, which were always fastened to the floor; and having made a hard shift to screw it down again, directly under the slipping-board that I had lately opened, I mounted on the chair, and putting my mouth as near as I could to the hole, I called for help in a loud voice, and in all the languages I understood. I then fastened my handkerchief to a stick I usually carried, and thrusting it up the hole, waved it several times in the air, that if any boat or ship were near, the seamen might conjecture some unhappy mortal to be shut up in the box.

I found no effect from all I could do, but plainly perceived my closet to be moved along; and in the space of an hour, or better, that side of the box where the staples were, and had no windows, struck against something that was hard. I apprehended it to be a rock, and found myself tossed more than ever. I plainly heard a noise upon the cover of my closet, like that of a cable, and the grating of it as it passed through the ring. I then found myself hoisted up by degrees, at least three feet higher than I was before. Whereupon I again thrust up my stick and handkerchief, calling for help till I was almost hoarse. In return to which, I heard a great shout repeated three times, giving me such transports of joy as are not to be conceived but by those who feel them. I now heard a trampling over my head, and somebody calling through the hole with a loud voice, in the English tongue, "If there be any body below, let them speak." I answered, "I was an Englishman, drawn by ill fortune into the greatest calamity that ever any creature underwent, and begged by all that was moving to be delivered out of the dungeon I was in." The voice replied, "I was safe, for my box was fastened to their ship; and the carpenter should immediately come and saw a hole in the cover, large enough to pull me out." I answered "that was needless, and would take up too much time; for there was no more to be done, but let one of the crew put his finger into the ring, and take the box out of the sea into the ship, and so into the captain's cabin." Some of them upon hearing me talk so wildly, thought I was mad; others laughed; for indeed it never came into my head that I was now got among people of my own stature and strength. The carpenter came, and in a few minutes saw a passage about four feet square, then let down a small ladder, upon which I mounted, and thence was taken into the ship in a very weak condition.

The sailors were all in amazement, and asked me a thousand questions, which I had no inclination to answer. I was equally confounded at the sight of so many pigmies, for such I took them to be, after having so long accustomed mine eyes to the monstrous objects I had left. But the captain, Mr. Thomas Willocks, an honest worthy Shropshire man, observing I was ready to faint, took me into his cabin, gave me a cordial to comfort me, and made me turn in upon his own bed, advising me to take a

little rest, of which I had great need. Before I went to sleep I gave him to understand that I had some valuable furniture in my box, too good to be lost; a fine hammock; a handsome field-bed, two chairs, a table, and a cabinet. That my closet was hung on all sides, or rather quilted with silk and cotton; that if he would let one of the crew bring up my closet into his cabin, I would open it there before him and show him my goods. The captain hearing me utter these absurdities, concluded I was raving; however (I suppose to pacify me) he promised to give order as I desired, and going upon deck, sent some of his men down into my closet, whence (as I afterwards found), they drew up all my goods, and stripped off the quilting, but the chairs, cabinet, and bedstead, being screwed to the floor, were much damaged by the ignorance of the seamen, who tore them up by force. Then they knocked off some of the boards for the use of the ship, and when they got all they had a mind for, let the hull drop into the sea, which by reason of many hatches made in the bottom and sides, sunk to rights. And indeed I was glad not to have been a spectator of the havoc they made, because I am confident it would have sensibly touched me, by bringing former passages into my mind, which I would rather have forgot.

I slept some hours, but perpetually disturbed with dreams of the place I had left, and the dangers I had escaped. However, upon waking I found myself much recovered. It was now about eight o'clock at night, and the captain ordered supper immediately, thinking I had already fasted too long. He entertained me with great kindness, observing me not to look wildly, or talk inconsistently; and when we were left alone, desired I would give him a relation of my travels, and by what accident I came to be set adrift in that monstrous wooden chest. He said, "That about twelve o'clock at noon, as he was looking through his glass he spied it at a distance, and thought it was a sail, which he had a mind to make, being not much out of his course, in hopes of huying some biscuit, his own beginning to fall short. That, upon coming nearer, and finding his error, he sent out his long boat to discover what it was; that his men came back in a fright, swearing they had seen a swimming house. That he laughed at their folly, and went himself in the boat, ordering his men to take a strong cable along with them. That the weather being calm, he rowed round me several times, observed my windows, and wire lattices that defended them. That he discovered two staples upon one side, which was all of boards, without any passage for light. He then commanded his men to row up to that side, and fastening a cable to one of the staples, ordered them to tow my chest, as they called it, towards the ship. When it was there, he gave directions to fasten another cable to the ring fixed in the cover, and to raise up my chest with pulleys, which all the sailors were not able to do above two or three feet. He said they saw my stick and handkerchief thrust out of the hole, and concluded that some unhappy man must be shut up in the cavity." I asked, "Whether he or the crew had seen any prodigious birds in the air, about the time he first discovered me?" To which he answered, "That discoursing this matter with the sailors while I was asleep, one of them said, he had observed three eagles flying towards the north, but remarked nothing of their being larger than the usual size;" which I suppose must be imputed to the great height they were at; and he could not guess the reason of my question. I then asked the captain, "How far he reckoned we might be from land?" He said, "By the best computation he could make, we were at

least a hundred leagues." I assured him "That he must be mistaken by almost half, for I had not left the country whence I came above two hours before I dropped into the sea." Whereupon he began again to think that my brain was disturbed, of which he gave me a hint, and advised me to go to bed in a cabin he had provided. I assured him "I was well refreshed with his good entertainment and company, and as much in my senses as ever I was in my life." He then grew serious, and desired to ask me freely "Whether I were not troubled in my mind by the consciousness of some enormous crime, for which I was punished, at the command of some prince, by exposing me in that chest; as great criminals in other countries have been forced to sea in a leaky vessel without provisions: for, although he should be sorry to have taken so ill a man into his ship, yet he would engage his word to set me safe ashore in the first port where we arrived." He added "that his suspicions were much increased, by some very absurd speeches I had delivered at first to his sailors, and afterwards to himself in relation to my closet or chest, as well as by my odd looks and behaviour while I was at supper."

I begged his patience to hear me tell my story, which I faithfully did from the last time I left England to the moment he first discovered me. And as truth always forces its way into rational minds, so this honest, worthy gentleman, who had some tincture of learning, and very good sense, was immediately convinced of my candour and veracity. But further, to confirm all I have said, I entreated him to give order that my cabinet should be brought, of which I had the key in my pocket; for he had already informed me how the seamen disposed of my closet. I opened it in his own presence, and showed him the small collection of rarities I made in the country from which I had been so strangely delivered. There was the comb I had contrived out of the stumps of the king's beard, and another of the same materials, but fixed into the paring of her majesty's thumb-nail, which served for the back. There was a collection of needles and pins from a foot to half-an-yard long; four wasps' stings like joiners' tacks; some combings of the queen's hair; a gold ring, which one day she made me a present of in a most obliging manner, taking it from her little finger and throwing it over my head like a collar. I desired the captain would please to accept this ring in return of his civilities, which he absolutely refused. I showed him a corn that I had cut off, with my own hand, from a maid of honour's toe; it was about the bigness of a Kentish pipkin, and grown so hard, that when I returned to England I got it hollowed into a cup, and set in silver. Lastly, I desired him to see the breeches I had then on, which were made of a mouse's skin.

I could force nothing on him but a footman's tooth, which I observed him to examine with great curiosity, and found he had a fancy for it. He received it with abundance of thanks, more than such a trifle could deserve. It was drawn by an unskilful surgeon in a mistake from one of Glumdalclitch's men, who was afflicted with the toothach, but it was as sound as any in his head. I got it cleaned, and put it into my cabinet. It was about a foot long, and four inches in diameter.

The captain was very well satisfied with this plain relation I had given him, and said, "He hoped, when we returned to England, I would oblige the world by putting it on paper and making it public." My answer was, "That I thought we were already overstocked with books of travels: that nothing could now pass which was not extraordinary; wherein I doubted some authors less consulted truth than

their own vanity or interest, or the diversion of ignorant readers; that my story could contain little beside common events, without those ornamental descriptions of strange plants, trees, birds, and other animals; or, of the barbarous customs and idolatry of savage people, with which most writers abound. However, I thanked him for his good opinion, and promised to take the matter into my thoughts."

He said, "He wondered at one thing very much, which was, to hear me speak so loud;" asking me, "Whether the king or queen of that country were thick of hearing?" I told him, "It was what I had been used to for above two years past, and that I admired as much at the voices of him and his men, who seemed to me only to whisper, and yet I could hear them well enough. But when I spoke in that country it was like a man talking in the streets to another looking out from the top of a steeple, unless when I was placed on a table, or held in any person's hand." I told him "I had likewise observed another thing, that when I first got into the ship, and the sailors stood all about me, I thought they were the most little contemptible creatures I had ever beheld." For indeed while I was in that prince's country, I could never endure to look in a glass after mine eyes had been accustomed to such prodigious objects, because the comparison gave me so despicable a conceit of myself. The captain said, "That while we were at supper he observed me to look at everything with a sort of wonder, and that I often seemed hardly able to contain my laughter, which he knew not well how to take, but imputed it to some disorder in my brain." I answered, "It was very true; and I wondered how I could forbear, when I saw his dishes of the size of a silver three-pence, a leg of pork hardly a mouthful, a cup not so big as a nut-shell;" and so I went on describing the rest of his household-stuff and provisions, after the same manner. For although the queen had ordered a little equipage of all things necessary for me while I was in her service, yet my ideas were wholly taken up with what I saw on every side of me, and I winked at my own littleness, as people do at their own faults. The captain understood my railery very well, and merrily replied with the old English proverb, "That he doubted mine eyes were bigger than my belly, for he did not observe my stomach so good, although I had fasted all day;" and continuing in his mirth, protested "he would have gladly given a hundred pounds, to have seen my closet in the eagle's bill, and afterwards in its fall from so great a height into the sea; which would certainly have been a most astonishing object, worthy to have the description of it transmitted to future ages;" and the comparison of Phaëton was so obvious, that he could not forbear applying it, although I did not much admire the conceit.

The captain having been at Tonquin, was, in his return to England, driven north-eastward to the latitude of 44 degrees, and longitude of 143. But meeting a trade-wind two days after I came on board him, we sailed southward a long time, and coasting New Holland, kept our course west-south-west, and then south-south-west, till we doubled the Cape of Good Hope. Our voyage was very prosperous, but I shall not trouble the reader with a journal of it. The captain called in at one or two ports, and sent in his long-boat for provisions and fresh water; but I never went out of the ship till we came into the Downs, which was on the third day of June, 1706, about nine months after my escape. I offered to leave my goods in security for payment of my freight; but the captain protested he would not receive one for thing. We took a kind leave of each other, and I made him promise he would come to see me at my house in

Rodriff. I hired a horse and guide for five shillings, which I horrowed of the captain.

As I was on the road, observing the littleness of the houses, the trees, the cattle, and the people, I began to thiuk myself in Lilliput. I was afraid of trampling on every traveller I met, and often called aloud to have them stand out of the way, so that I had like to have gotten one or two broken beads for my impertinence.

When I came to my own house, for which I was forced to inquire, one of the servants opening the door, I bent down to go in, (like a goose under a gate), for fear of striking my head. My wife ran out to embrace, but I stooped lower than her knees, thinking she could otherwise never be able to reach my mouth. My daughter kneeled to ask my blessing, but I could not see her till she arose, having been so long used to stand with my head and eyes erect to

above sixty feet; and then I went to take her up with one hand by the waist. I looked down upon the servants, and one or two friends who were in the house, as if they had been pigmies and I a giant. I told my wife "She had been too thrifty, for I found she had starved herself and her daughter to nothing." In short, I behaved myself so unaccountably that they were all of the captain's opinion when he first saw me, and concluded I had lost my wits. This I mention as an instance of the great power of habit and prejudice.

In a little time I and my family and friends came to a right understanding; but my wife protested "I should never go to sea any more;" although my evil destiny so ordered, that she had not power to hinder me, as the reader may know hereafter. In the mean time, I here conclude the second part of my unfortunate voyages.

PART THE THIRD.

A VOYAGE TO LAPUTA, BALNIBARBI, LUGGNAGG, GLUBBUBDRIB, AND JAPAN.*

CHAPTER I.

The author sets out on his third voyage. Is taken by pirates. The malice of a Dutchman. His arrival at an island. His reception into Laputa.

I HAD not been at home above ten days when captain William Robinson, a Cornish man, commander of the Hopewell, a stout ship of three hundred tons, came to my house. I had formerly been surgeon of another ship, where he was master and a fourth part owner, in a voyage to the Levant. He had always treated me more like a brother than an inferior officer; and bearing of my arrival made me a visit, as I apprehended, only out of friendship, for nothing passed more than what is usual after long absences. But repeating his visits often, expressing his joy to find me in good health, asking, "Whether I were now settled for life?" adding, "That he intended a voyage to the East Indies in two months;" at last he plainly invited me, though with some apologies, to be surgeon of the ship; "That I should have another surgeon under me, beside our two mates; that my salary should be double to the usual pay; and that, having experienced my knowledge in sea affairs to be at least equal to his, he would enter into any engagement to follow my advice, as much as if I had shared in the command."

He said so many other obliging things, and I knew him to be so honest a man, that I could not reject his proposal; the thirst I had of seeing the world, notwithstanding my past misfortunes, continuing as violent as ever. The only difficulty that remained was to persuade my wife, whose consent, however, I at last obtained, by the prospect of advantage she proposed to her children.

We set out the 5th day of August, 1706, and arrived at Fort St. George the 11th of April, 1707. We stayed there three weeks to refresh our crew, many of whom were sick. From thence we went to Tonquin, where the captain resolved to continue some time, because many of the goods he intended to buy were not ready, nor could be expected to be despatched in several months. Therefore, in hopes to defray some of the charges he must be at, he bought a sloop, loaded it with several sorts of goods,

wherewith the Tonquinese usually trade to the neighbouring islands, and putting fourteen men on board, whereof three were of the country, he appointed me master of the sloop, and gave me power to traffic, while he transacted his affairs at Tonquin.

We had not sailed above three days when, a great storm arising, we were driven five days to the north-north-east, and then to the east; after which we had fair weather, but still with a pretty strong gale from the west. Upon the tenth day we were chased by two pirates, who soon overtook us; for my sloop was so deep laden that she sailed very slow; neither were we in a condition to defend ourselves.

We were boarded about the same time by both the pirates, who entered furiously at the head of their men; but, finding us all prostrate upon our faces, (for so I gave order,) they pinioned us with strong ropes, and, setting a guard upon us, went to search the sloop.

I observed among them a Dutchman, who seemed to be of some authority, though he was not commander of either ship. He knew us by our countenances to be Englishmen, and, jabbering to us in his own language, swore we should be tied back to back and thrown into the sea. I spoke Dutch tolerably well: I told him who we were, and begged him, in consideration of our being Christians and Protestants, of neighbouring countries in strict alliance, that he would move the captains to take some pity on us. This inflamed his rage; he repeated his threatenings, and, turning to his companions, spoke with great vehemence in the Japanese language, as I suppose, often using the word *Christianos*.

The largest of the two pirate ships was commanded by a Japanese captain, who spoke a little Dutch, but very imperfectly. He came up to me, and, after several questions, which I answered in great humility, he said "We should not die." I made the captain a very low bow, and then turning to the Dutchman said, "I was sorry to find more mercy in a heathen than in a brother Christian." But I had soon reason to repent those foolish words; for that malicious reprobate, having often endeavoured in vain to persuade both the captains that I might be thrown into the sea, (which they would not yield to after the promise made me that I should not die,) however, prevailed so far, as to have a punishment inflicted on me worse, in all human ap-

* Swift has borrowed hints, in his *Voyage to Laputa*, from a work by Dr. Francis Godwin, bishop of Landaff, called "The Man in the Moon, or a Discourse of a Voyage thither; by Domingo Gonsales."

pearance, than death itself. My men were sent by an equal division into both the pirate ships, and my sloop new manned. As to myself, it was determined that I should be set adrift in a small canoe, with paddles and a sail, and four days' provisions; which last the Japanese captain was so kind to double out of his own stores, and would permit no man to search me. I got down into the canoe, while the Dutchman, standing upon the deck, loaded me with all the curses and injurious terms his language could afford.

About an hour before we saw the pirates I had taken an observation, and found we were in the latitude of 46 N. and longitude of 183. When I was at some distance from the pirates, I discovered by my pocket glass several islands to the south-east. I set up my sail, the wind being fair, with a design to reach the nearest of those islands, which I made a shift to do in about three hours. It was all rocky; however I got many birds' eggs; and, striking fire, I kindled some heath and dry sea-weed, by which I roasted my eggs. I ate no other supper, being resolved to spare my provisions as much as I could. I passed the night under the shelter of a rock, strewing some heath under me, and slept pretty well.

The next day I sailed to another island, and thence to a third and fourth, sometimes using my sail and sometimes my paddles. But not to trouble the reader with a particular account of my distresses, let it suffice, that on the fifth day I arrived at the last island in my sight, which lay south-east to the former.

This island was at a greater distance than I expected, and I did not reach it in less than five hours. I encompassed it almost round before I could find a convenient place to land in; which was a small creek, about three times the wideness of my canoe. I found the island to be all rocky, only a little intermingled with tufts of grass and sweet-smelling herbs. I took out my small provisions, and after having refreshed myself I secured the remainder in a cave, whereof there were great numbers. I gathered plenty of eggs upon the rocks, and got a quantity of dry sea-weed and parched grass, which I designed to kindle the next day, and roast my eggs as well as I could; for I had about me my flint, steel, match, and burning-glass. I lay all night in the cave where I had lodged my provisions. My bed was the same dry grass and sea-weed which I intended for fuel. I slept very little, for the disquiets of my mind prevailed over my weariness, and kept me awake. I considered how impossible it was to preserve my life in so desolate a place, and how miserable my end must be; yet found myself so listless and desponding, that I had not the heart to rise; and before I could get spirits enough to creep out of my cave the day was far advanced. I walked a while among the rocks: the sky was perfectly clear, and the sun so hot that I was forced to turn my face from it; when, all on a sudden, it became obscure, as I thought, in a manner very different from what happens by the interposition of a cloud. I turned back, and perceived a vast opaque body between me and the sun, moving forwards towards the island: it seemed to be about two miles high; and hid the sun six or seven minutes, but I did not observe the air to be much colder, or the sky more darkened, than if I had stood under the shade of a mountain. As it approached nearer over the place where I was, it appeared to be a firm substance, the bottom flat, smooth, and shining very bright, from the reflection of the sea below. I stood upon a height about two hundred yards from the shore, and saw this vast body descending almost to a parallel

with me, at less than an English mile distance. I took out my pocket-perspective, and could plainly discover numbers of people moving up and down the sides of it, which appeared to be sloping; but what those people were doing I was not able to distinguish.

The natural love of life gave me some inward motion of joy, and I was ready to entertain a hope, that this adventure might, some way or other, help to deliver me from the desolate place and condition I was in. But, at the same time, the reader can hardly conceive my astonishment to behold an island in the air, inhabited by men, who were able (as it should seem) to rise or sink, or put it in progressive motion, as they pleased. But not being at that time in a disposition to philosophise upon this phenomenon I rather chose to observe what course the island would take, because it seemed for a while to stand still. Yet, soon after, it advanced nearer, and I could see the sides of it encompassed with several gradations of galleries, and stairs, at certain intervals, to descend from one to the other. In the lowest gallery I beheld some people fishing with long angling rods, and others looking on. I waved my cap (for my hat was long since worn out) and my handkerchief towards the island; and upon its nearer approach I called and shouted with the utmost strength of my voice; and then looking circumspectly, I beheld a crowd gather to that side which was most in my view. I found, by their pointing towards me and to each other, that they plainly discovered me, although they made no return to my shouting. But I could see four or five men running in great haste up the stairs, to the top of the island, who then disappeared. I happened rightly to conjecture that these were sent for orders to some person in authority, upon this occasion.

The number of people increased, and in less than half an hour the island was moved and raised in such a manner, that the lowest gallery appeared in a parallel of less than a hundred yards' distance from the height where I stood. I then put myself into the most supplicating postures, and spoke in the humblest accent, but received no answer. Those who stood nearest over against me seemed to be persons of distinction, as I supposed by their habit. They conferred earnestly with each other, looking often upon me. At length one of them called out in a clear, polite, smooth dialect, not unlike in sound to the Italian; and, therefore, I returned an answer in that language, hoping, at least, that the cadence might be more agreeable to his ears. Although neither of us understood the other, yet my meaning was easily known, for the people saw the distress I was in.

They made signs for me to come down from the rock and go towards the shore, which I accordingly did; and the flying island being raised to a convenient height, the verge directly over me, a chain was let down from the lowest gallery, with a seat fastened to the bottom, to which I fixed myself and was drawn up by pulleys.

CHAPTER II.

The humours and dispositions of the Lapytians described. An account of their learning. Of the king and his court. The Author's reception there. The inhabitants subject to fear and disquiétudes. An account of the women.

As my alighting, I was surrounded with a crowd of people, but those who stood nearest seemed to be of better quality. They beheld me with all the marks and circumstances of wonder; neither indeed was I much in their debt, having never till then seen a race of mortals so singular in their shapes,

habits, and countenances. Their heads were all reclined, either to the right or the left: one of their eyes turned inward, and the other directly up to the zenith. Their outward garments were adorned with the figures of suns, moons, and stars. Interwoven with those of fiddles, flutes, harps, trumpets, guitars, harpsichords and many other instruments of music unknown to us in Europe. I observed here and there many in the habit of servants, with a blown bladder fastened like a flail to the end of a stick, which they carried in their hands. In each bladder was a small quantity of dried pease, or little pebbles, as I was afterwards informed. With these bladders they now and then flapped the mouths and ears of those who stood near them, of which practice I could not then conceive the meaning. It seems the minds of these people are so taken up with intense speculations, that they neither can speak nor attend to the discourses of others, without being roused by some external action upon the organs of speech and hearing; for which reason, those persons who are able to afford it, always keep a flapper (the original is *climenole*;) in their family, as one of their domestics, nor ever walk abroad or make visits without him. And the business of this officer is, when two, three, or more persons are in company, gently to strike with his bladder the mouth of him who is to speak, and the right ear of him or them to whom the speaker addresses himself. This flapper is likewise employed diligently to attend his master in his walks, and upon occasion to give him a soft flap on his eyes, because he is always so wrapped up in cogitation, that he is in manifest danger of falling down every precipice, and bouncing his head against every post; and in the streets of jostling others or being jostled himself into the kennel.

It was necessary to give the reader this information, without which he would be at the same loss with me to understand the proceedings of these people, as they conducted me up the stairs to the top of the island, and from thence to the royal palace. While we were ascending they forgot several times what they were about, and left me to myself till their memories were again roused by their flappers; for they appeared altogether unmoved by the sight of my foreign habit and countenance, and by the shouts of the vulgar, whose thoughts and minds were more disengaged.

At last we entered the palace and proceeded into the chamber of presence, where I saw the king seated on his throne, attended on each side by persons of prime quality. Before the throne was a large table filled with globes and spheres and mathematical instruments of all kinds. His majesty took not the least notice of us, although our entrance was not without sufficient noise, by the concourse of all persons belonging to the court. But he was then deep in a problem, and we attended at least an hour before he could solve it. There stood by him on each side a young page with flaps in their hands, and when they saw he was at leisure, one of them gently struck his month, and the other his right ear; at which he startled like one awaked on the sudden, and looking towards me and the company I was in, recollected the occasion of our coming, whereof he had been informed before. He spoke some words, whereupon immediately a young man with a flap came up to my side, and flapped me gently on the right ear; but I made signs as well as I could that I had no occasion for such an instrument; which as I afterwards found, gave his majesty and the whole court a very mean opinion of my understanding. The king as far as I could com-

jecture asked me several questions, and I addressed myself to him in all the languages I had. When it was found I could neither understand nor be understood, I was conducted by his order to an apartment in his palace, (this prince being distinguished above all his predecessors for his hospitality to strangers,) where two servants were appointed to attend me. My dinner was brought, and four persons of quality whom I remembered to have seen very near the king's person, did me the honour to dine with me. We had two courses of three dishes each. In the first course there was a shoulder of mutton cut into an equilateral triangle, a piece of beef into a rhomboides, and a pudding into a cycloid. The second course was two ducks trussed up in the form of fiddles, sausages and puddings resembling flutes and hautboys, and a breast of veal in the shape of a harp. The servants cut our bread into cones, cylinders, parallelograms, and several other mathematical figures.

While we were at dinner, I made bold to ask the names of several things in their language, and those noble persons by the assistance of their flappers delighted to give me answers, hoping to raise my admiration of their great abilities if I could be brought to converse with them. I was soon able to call for bread or drink or whatever else I wanted.

After dinner my company withdrew, and a person was sent to me by the king's order attended by a flapper. He brought with him pen, ink, and paper, and three or four books, giving me to understand by signs that he was sent to teach me the language. We sat together four hours, in which time I wrote down a great number of words in columns, with the translations over against them; I likewise made a shift to learn several short sentences. For my tutor would order one of my servants to fetch something, to turn about, to make a how, to sit, or to stand or walk, and the like. Then I took down the sentence in writing. He showed me also in one of his books the figures of the sun, moon and stars, the zodiac, the tropics and polar circles, together with the denominations of many planes and solids. He gave me the names and descriptions of all the musical instruments, and the general terms of art in playing on each of them. After he had left me, I placed all my words with their interpretation in alphabetical order. And thus in a few days by the help of a very faithful memory I got some insight into their language.

The word which I interpret the flying or floating island, is in the original *Laputa*, whereof I could never learn the true etymology. *Lap*, in the old obsolete language signifies high; and *utuk*, a governor; from which they say by corruption was derived *Laputa*, from *Laputuk*. But I do not approve of this derivation, which seems to be a little strained. I ventured to offer to the learned among them a conjecture of my own that *Laputa* was *quasi lap outid*; *lap* signifying properly the dancing of the sun-beams in the sea, and *outid*, a wing; which however I shall not obtrude, but submit to the judicious reader.

Those to whom the king had entrusted me observing how ill I was clad, ordered a tailor to come next morning and take measure for a suit of clothes. This operator did his office after a different manner from those of his trade in Europe. He first took my altitude by aquedant, and then with rule and compasses described the dimensions and outlines of my whole body; all which he entered upon paper, and in six days brought my clothes, very ill made, and quite out of shape, by happening to mistake a figure in the calculation. But my comfort was that I ob-

served such accidents very frequent and little regarded.

During my confinement for want of clothes, and by an indisposition that held me some days longer, I much enlarged my dictionary; and when I went next to court was able to understand many things the king spoke, and to return him some kind of answers. His majesty had given orders that the island should move north-east and by cast to the vertical point over Lagado, the metropolis of the whole kingdom below upon the firm earth. It was about ninety leagues distant, and our voyage lasted four days and a half. I was not in the least sensible of the progressive motion made in the air by the island. On the second morning about eleven o'clock, the king himself in person, attended by his nobility, courtiers and officers, having prepared all their musical instruments, played on them for three hours without intermission, so that I was quite stunned with the noise; neither could I possibly guess the meaning till my tutor informed me. He said "that the people of their island had their ears adapted to hear the music of the spheres, which always played at certain periods, and the court was now prepared to hear their part in whatever instrument they most excelled."

In our journey towards Lagado, the capital city, his majesty ordered that the island should stop over certain towns and villages, from whence he might receive the petitions of his subjects. And to this purpose several packthreads were let down with small weights at the bottom. On these packthreads the people strung their petitions, which mounted up directly like the scraps of paper fastened by school-boys at the end of the string that holds their kite. Sometimes we received wine and victuals from below, which were drawn up by pulleys.

The knowledge I had in mathematics gave me great assistance in acquiring their phraseology, which depended much upon that science and music; and in the latter I was not unskilled. Their ideas are perpetually conversant in lines and figures. If they would for example praise the beauty of a woman or any other animal, they describe it by rhombs, circles, parallelograms, ellipses and other geometrical terms, or by words of art drawn from music, needless here to repeat. I observed in the king's kitchen all sorts of mathematical and musical instruments, after the figures of which they cut up the joints that were served to his majesty's table.

Their houses are very ill built, the walls bevel without one right angle in any apartment, and this defect arises from the contempt they bear to practical geometry, which they despise as vulgar and mechanic; those instructions they give being too refined for the intellects of their workmen, which occasions perpetual mistakes. And although they are dexterous enough upon a piece of paper, in the management of the rule, the pencil and the divider, yet in the common actions and behaviour of life I have not seen a more clumsy, awkward and unhandy people, nor so slow and perplexed in their conceptions upon all other subjects except those of mathematics and music. They are very hard reasoners, and vehemently given to opposition, unless when they happen to be of the right opinion, which is seldom their case. Imagination, fancy, and invention they are wholly strangers to, nor have any words in their language by which those ideas can be expressed, the whole compass of their thoughts and mind being shut up within the two forementioned sciences.

Most of them, and especially those who deal in the astronomical part, have great faith in judicial

astrology, although they are ashamed to own it publicly. But what I chiefly admired and thought altogether unaccountable, was the strong disposition I observed in them towards news and politics, perpetually inquiring into public affairs, giving their judgments in matters of state, and passionately disputing every inch of a party opinion. I have indeed observed the same disposition among most of the mathematicians I have known in Europe, although I could never discover the least analogy between the two sciences; unless those people suppose that because the smallest circle has as many degrees as the largest, therefore the regulation and management of the world require no more abilities than the handling and turning of a globe: but I rather take this quality to spring from a very common infirmity of human nature, inclining us to be most curious and conceited in matters where we have least concern, and for which we are least adapted by study or nature.

These people are under continual disquietudes, never enjoying a minute's peace of mind; and their disturbances proceed from causes which very little affect the rest of mortals. Their apprehensions arise from several changes they dread in the celestial bodies. For instance, that the earth by the continual approaches of the sun towards it must in course of time be absorbed or swallowed up. That the face of the sun will by degrees be encrusted with its own effluvia, and give no more light to the world. That the earth very narrowly escaped a brush from the tail of the last comet, which would have infallibly reduced it to ashes; and that the next, which they have calculated for one-and-thirty years hence, will probably destroy us. For, if in its perihelion it should approach within a certain degree of the sun, (as by their calculations they have reason to dread,) it will receive a degree of heat ten thousand times more intense than that of red-hot glowing iron, and in its absence from the sun carry a blazing tail ten hundred thousand and fourteen miles long; through which if the earth should pass at the distance of one hundred thousand miles from the nucleus or main body of the comet, it must in its passage be set on fire and reduced to ashes. That the sun daily spending its rays without any nutriment to supply them, will at last be wholly consumed and annihilated; which must be attended with the destruction of this earth, and of all the planets that receive their light from it.

They are so perpetually alarmed with the apprehensions of these, and the like impending dangers, that they can neither sleep quietly in their beds, nor have any relish for the common pleasures and amusements of life. When they meet an acquaintance in the morning, the first question is about the sun's health, how he looked at his setting and rising, and what hopes they have to avoid the stroke of the approaching comet. This conversation they are apt to run into with the same temper that boys discover in delighting to hear terrible stories of spirits and hobgoblins, which they greedily listen to and dare not go to bed for fear.

The women of the island have abundance of vivacity; they condemn their husbands, and are exceedingly fond of strangers, whereof there is always a considerable number from the continent below, attending at court either upon affairs of the several towns and corporations, or their own particular occasions, but are much despised, because they want the same endowments. Among these the ladies choose their gallants; but the vexation is, that they act with too much ease and security; for the husband is always so wrapt in speculation, that

the mistress and lover may proceed to the greatest familiarities before his face, if he be but provided with paper and implements, and without his flapper at his side.

The wives and daughters lament their confinement to the island, although I think it the most delicious spot of ground in the world; and although they live here in the greatest plenty and magnificence, and are allowed to do whatever they please, they long to see the world, and take the diversions of the metropolis, which they are not allowed to do without a particular licence from the king; and this is not easy to be obtained, because the people of quality have found by frequent experience, how hard it is to persuade their women to return from below. I was told that a great court lady who had several children, is married to the prime minister, the richest subject in the kingdom, a very graceful person, extremely fond of her, and lives in the finest palace of the island; went down to Lagado on the pretence of health, there hid herself for several months, till the king sent a warrant to search for her; and she was found in an obscure eating house, all in rags, having pawned her clothes to maintain an old deformed footman, who beat her every day, and in whose company she was taken much against her will. And although her husband received her with all possible kindness, and without the least reproach, she soon after contrived to steal down again with all her jewels to the same gullant, and has not been heard of since.

This may perhaps pass with the reader rather for an European or English story, than for one of a country so remote. But he may please to consider, that the caprices of womankind are not limited by any climate or nation, and that they are much more uniform than can be easily imagined.

In about a month's time I had made a tolerable proficiency in their language, and was able to answer most of the king's questions, when I had the honour to attend him. His majesty discovered not the least curiosity to inquire into the laws, government, history, religion, or manners of the countries where I had been; but confined his questions to the state of mathematics, and received the account I gave him with great contempt and indifference, though often roused by his flapper on each side.

CHAPTER III.

A phenomenon solved by modern philosophy and astronomy. The Laputians' great improvements in the latter. The king's method of suppressing Insurrections.

I DESIRED leave of this prince to see the curiosities of the island, which he was graciously pleased to grant, and ordered my tutor to attend me. I chiefly wanted to know, to what cause, in art or nature, it owed its several motions, whereof I will now give a philosophical account to the reader.

The flying or floating island is exactly circular, its diameter 7837 yards, or about four miles and a half, and consequently contains ten thousand acres. It is three hundred yards thick. The bottom, or under-surface, which appears to those who view it below, is one even regular plate of adamant, shooting up to the height of about two hundred yards. Above it lie the several minerals in their usual order, and over all is a coat of rich mould, ten or twelve feet deep. The declivity of the upper surface, from the circumference to the centre, is the natural cause why all the dews and rains which fall upon the island are conveyed in small rivulets toward the middle, where they are emptied into four large basins, each of about half-a-mile in circuit, and two hundred yards distant from the centre. From these

basins the water is continually exhaled by the sun in the day-time, which effectually prevents their overflowing. Besides, as it is in the power of the monarch to raise the island above the region of clouds and vapours, he can prevent the falling of dews and rain whenever he pleases; for the highest clouds cannot rise above two miles, as naturalists agree, at least they were never known to do so in that country.

At the centre of the island there is a chasm, about fifty yards in diameter, whence the astronomers descend into a large dome, which is therefore called *Standona gognole*, or the astronomer's cave, situated at the depth of a hundred yards beneath the upper surface of the adamant. In this cave are twenty lamps continually burning, which, from the reflection of the adamant, cast a strong light into every part. The place is stored with great variety of sextants, quadrants, telescopes, astrolabes, and other astronomical instruments. But the greatest curiosity upon which the fate of the island depends, is a loadstone of a prodigious size, in shape resembling a weaver's shuttle. It is in length six yards, and in the thickest part at least three yards over. This magnet is sustained by a very strong axle of adamant passing through its middle, upon which it plays and is poised so exactly, that the weakest hand can turn it. It is hooped round with a hollow cylinder of adamant, four feet deep, as many thick, and twelve yards in diameter, placed horizontally, and supported by eight adamantine feet, each six yards high. In the middle of the concave side there is a groove twelve inches deep, in which the extremities of the axle are lodged, and turned round as there is occasion.

The stone cannot be moved from its place by any force, because the hoop and its feet are one continued piece with that body of adamant which constitutes the bottom of the island.

By means of this loadstone the island is made to rise and fall, and move from one place to another; for with respect to that part of the earth over which the monarch presides, the stone is endued at one of its sides with an attractive power, and at the other with a repulsive. Upon placing the magnet erect, with its attracting end towards the earth, the island descends; but when the repelling extremity points downwards the island mounts directly upwards. When the position of the stone is oblique, the motion of the island is so too; for in this magnet the forces always act in lines parallel to its direction.

By this oblique motion the island is conveyed to different parts of the monarch's dominions. To explain the manner of its progress, let *AB* represent a line drawn across the dominions of Balnibarbi, let the line *cd* represent the loadstone, of which let *d* be the repelling end, and *c* the attracting end, the island being over *C*; let the stone be placed in position *c d*, with its repelling end downwards; then the island will be driven upwards obliquely towards *D*. When it is arrived at *D*, let the stone be turned upon its axle till its attracting end points towards *E*, and then the island will be carried obliquely towards *E*; where, if the stone be again turned upon its axle, till it stands in the position *E F*, with its repelling point downwards, the island will rise obliquely towards *F*, where, by directing the attracting end towards *G*, the island may be carried to *G*, and from *G* to *H*, by turning the stone so as to make its repelling extremity point directly downward. And thus, by changing the situation of the stone as often as there is occasion, the island is made to rise and fall by turns in an oblique direc-

tion, and by those alternate risings and fallings (the obliquity being not considerable) is conveyed from one part of the dominions to the other.

But it must be observed that this island cannot move beyond the extent of the dominions below, nor can it rise above the height of four miles. For which the astronomers (who have written large systems concerning the stone) assign the following reason; that the magnetic virtue does not extend beyond the distance of four miles, and that the mineral which acts upon the stone in the bowels of the earth, and in the sea about six leagues distant from the shore, is not diffused through the whole globe, but terminated with the limits of the king's dominions; and it was easy, from the great advantage of such a superior situation, for a prince to bring under his obedience whatever country lay within the attraction of that magnet.

When the stone is put parallel to the plane of the horizon the island stands still; for in that case the extremities of it being at equal distance from the earth, act with equal force, the one in drawing downwards, the other in pushing upwards, and consequently no motion can ensue.

This loadstone is under the care of certain astronomers, who from time to time give it such positions as the monarch directs. They spend the greatest part of their lives in observing the celestial bodies, which they do by the assistance of glasses, far exceeding ours in goodness; for although their largest telescopes do not exceed three feet they magnify much more than those of a hundred with us, and show the stars with greater clearness. This advantage has enabled them to extend their discoveries much further than our astronomers in Europe; for they have made a catalogue of ten thousand fixed stars, whereas the largest of ours do not contain above one-third part of that number. They have likewise discovered two lesser stars, or satellites, which revolve about Mars, whereof the innermost is distant from the centre of the primary planet exactly three of his diameters, and the outermost five; the former revolves in the space of ten hours, and the latter in twenty-one and a half; so that the squares of their periodical times are very near in the same proportion with the cubes of their distance, from the centre of Mars; which evidently shows them to be governed by the same law of gravitation that influences the other heavenly bodies.

They have observed ninety-three different comets, and settled their periods with great exactness. If this be true (and they affirm it with great confidence), it is much to be wished that their observations were made public, whereby the theory of comets, which at present is very lame and defective, might be brought to the same perfection with other parts of astronomy.

The king would be the most absolute prince in the universe if he could but prevail on a ministry to join with him; but these having their estates below on the continent, and considering that the office of a favourite has a very uncertain tenure, would never consent to the enslaving of their country.

If any town should engage in rebellion or mutiny, fall into violent factions, or refuse to pay the usual tribute, the king has two methods of reducing them to obedience. The first, and the mildest course is, by keeping the island hovering over such a town, and the lands about it, whereby he can deprive them of the benefit of the sun and the rain, and consequently afflict the inhabitants with dearth and diseases. And if the crime deserve it, they are at the same time pelted from above with great stones, against which they have no defence but by creeping

into cellars or caves, while the roofs of their houses are beaten to pieces. But if they still continue obstinate, or offer to raise insurrections, he proceeds to the last remedy, by letting the island drop directly upon their heads, which makes an universal destruction both of houses and men. However, this is an extremity to which the prince is seldom driven, neither indeed is he willing to put it in execution; nor dare his ministers advise him to an action which, as it would render them odious to the people, so it would be a great damage to their own estates, which lie all below; for the island is the king's demesne.

But there is still indeed a more weighty reason why the kings of this country have been always averse from executing so terrible an action, unless upon the utmost necessity; for, if the town intended to be destroyed should have in it any tall rocks, as it generally falls out in the larger cities, a situation probably chosen at first with a view to prevent such a catastrophe; or if it abound in high spires or pillars of stone, a sudden fall might endanger the bottom or under surface of the island, which, although it consist, as I have said, of one entire adamant two hundred yards thick, might happen to crack by too great a shock, or burst, by approaching too near the fires from the houses below, as the backs both of iron and stone will often do in our chimneys. Of all this the people are well apprised, and understand how far to carry their obstinacy, where their liberty or property is concerned. And the king, when he is highest provoked, and most determined to press a city to rubbish, orders the island to descend with great gentleness, out of a pretence of tenderness to his people, but indeed for fear of breaking the adamantine bottom; in which case it is the opinion of all their philosophers that the loadstone could no longer hold it up, and the whole mass would fall to the ground.

By a fundamental law of this realm, neither the king nor either of his two elder sons are permitted to leave the island; nor the queen, till she is past child-bearing.

CHAPTER IV.

The author leaves Laputa; is conveyed to Balnibarbi; arrives at the metropolis. A description of the metropolis and the country adjoining. The author hospitably received by a great lord. His conversation with that lord.

ALTHOUGH I cannot say that I was ill treated in this island, yet I must confess I thought myself too much neglected, not without some degree of contempt; for neither prince nor people appeared to be curious in any part of knowledge, except mathematics and music, wherein I was far their inferior, and upon that account very little regarded.

On the other side, after having seen all the enclivities of the island, I was very desirous to leave it, being heartily weary of those people. They were indeed excellent in two sciences, for which I have great esteem, and wherein I am not unversed; but at the same time so abstracted and involved in speculation that I never met with such disagreeable companions. I conversed only with women, tradesmen, flappers, and court-pages, during two months of my abode there; by which at last I rendered myself extremely contemptible; yet these were the only people from whom I could ever receive a reasonable answer.

I had obtained, by hard study, a good degree of knowledge in their language; I was weary of being confined to an island where I received so little

countenance, and resolved to leave it with the first opportunity.

There was a great lord at court, nearly related to the king, and for that reason alone used with respect. He was universally reckoned the most ignorant and stupid person among them. He had performed many eminent services for the crown, had great natural and acquired parts, adorned with integrity and honour; but so ill an ear for music that his detractors reported "he had been often known to beat time in the wrong place;" neither could his tutors without extreme difficulty teach him to demonstrate the most easy proposition in the mathematics. He was pleased to show me many marks of favour, often did me the honour of a visit, desired to be informed in the affairs of Europe, the laws and customs, the manners and learning of the several countries where I had travelled. He listened to me with great attention, and made very wise observations on all I spoke. He had two flappers attending him for state, but never made use of them except at court and in visits of ceremony, and would always command them to withdraw when we were alone together.

I entreated this illustrious person to intercede in my behalf with his majesty, for leave to depart, which he accordingly did, as he was pleased to tell me, with regret; for indeed he had made me several offers very advantageous, which however I refused, with expressions of the highest acknowledgment.

On the 16th of February I took leave of his majesty and the court. The king made me a present to the value of about two hundred pounds English, and my protector his kinsman as much more; together with a letter of recommendation to a friend of his in Lagado, the metropolis: the island being then hovering over a mountain about two miles from it, I was let down from the lowest gallery, in the same manner as I had been taken up.

The continent, as far as it is subject to the monarch of the flying island, passes under the general name of *Bahimbabbi*; and the metropolis, as I said before, is called *Lagado*. I felt some little satisfaction in finding myself on firm ground. I walked to the city without any concern, being clad like one of the natives, and sufficiently instructed to converse with them. I soon found out the person's house to whom I was recommended, presented my letter from his friend the grandee in the island, and was received with much kindness. This great lord, whose name was Munodi, ordered me an apartment in his own house, where I continued during my stay, and was entertained in a most hospitable manner.

The next morning after my arrival he took me in his chariot to see the town, which is about half the bigness of London; but the houses very strangely built, and most of them out of repair. The people in the streets walked fast, looked wild, their eyes fixed, and were generally in rage. We passed through one of the town gates, and went about three miles into the country, where I saw many labourers working with several sorts of tools in the ground, but was not able to conjecture what they were about; neither did I observe any expectation either of corn or grass, although the soil appeared to be excellent. I could not forbear admiring at these odd appearances, both in town and country; and I made bold to desire my conductor that he would be pleased to explain to me what could be meant by so many busy heads, hands, and faces, both in the streets and the fields, because I did not discover any good effects they produced; but on

the contrary I never knew a soil so unhappily cultivated, houses so ill contrived and so ruinous, or a people whose countenances and habit expressed so much misery and want.

This Lord Munodi was a person of the first rank, and had been some years governor of Lagado; but, by a cabal of ministers was discharged for insufficiency. However, the king treated him with tenderness, as a well-meaning man, but of a low contemptible understanding.

When I gave that free censure of the country and its inhabitants, he made no further answer than by telling me "That I had not been long enough among them to form a judgment; and that the different nations of the world had different customs;" with other common topics to the same purpose. But when we returned to his palace he asked me "How I liked the building, what absurdities I observed, and what quarrel I had with the dress or looks of his domestics?" This he might safely do, because everything about him was magnificent, regular, and polite. I answered, "That his excellency's prudence, quality, and fortune, had exempted him from those defects which folly and beggary had produced in others." He said, "If I would go with him to his country-house, about twenty miles distant, where his estate lay, there would be more leisure for this kind of conversation." I told his excellency "That I was entirely at his disposal;" and accordingly we set out next morning.

During our journey he made me observe the several methods used by farmers in managing their lands, which to me were wholly unaccountable; for, except in some very few places, I could not discover one ear of corn or blade of grass. But in three hours' travelling the scene was wholly altered; we came into a most beautiful country; farmers' houses, at small distances, neatly built; the fields enclosed, containing vineyards, corn-grounds, and meadows. Neither do I remember to have seen a more delightful prospect. His excellency observed my countenance to clear up; he told me with a sigh, "That there his estate began, and would continue the same till we should come to his house. That his countrymen ridiculed and despised him for managing his affairs no better, and for setting so ill an example to the kingdom; which however was followed by very few, such as were old, and wilful, and weak, like himself."

We came at length to the house, which was indeed a noble structure, built according to the best rules of ancient architecture. The fountains, gardens, walks, avenues, and groves, were all disposed with exact judgment and taste. I gave due praises to everything I saw, whereof his excellency took not the least notice till after supper; when, there being no third companion, he told me, with a very melancholy air, that he doubted he must throw down his houses in town and country, to rebuild them after the present mode; destroy all his plantations, and cast others into such a form as modern usage required, and give the same directions to all his tenants, unless he would submit to incur the censure of pride, singularity, affectation, ignorance, caprice, and perhaps increase his majesty's displeasure. That the admiration I appeared to be under would cease or diminish when he had informed me of some particulars which, probably, I never heard of at court; the people there being too much taken up in their own speculations to have regard to what passed here below.

The sum of his discourse was to this effect: "That about forty years ago certain persons went

up to Laputa, either upon business or diversion, and after five months' continuance came back with a very little smattering in mathematics, but full of volatile spirits acquired in that airy region. That these persons upon their return began to dislike the management of everything below, and fell into schemes of putting all arts, sciences, languages, and mechanics, upon a new foot. To this end they procured a royal patent for erecting an academy of projectors in Lagado; and the humour prevailed so strongly among the people that there is not a town of any consequence in the kingdom without such an academy. In these colleges the professors contrive new rules and methods of agriculture and building, and new instruments and tools for all trades and manufactures; whereby, as they undertake, one man shall do the work of ten; a palace may be built in a week of materials so durable as to last for ever without repairing. All the fruits of the earth shall come to maturity at whatever season we think fit to choose, and increase a hundred fold more than they do at present; with innumerable other happy proposals. The only inconvenience is, that none of these projects are yet brought to perfection; and in the mean time the whole country lies miserably waste, the houses in ruins, and the people without food or clothes. By all which, instead of being discouraged, they are fifty times more violently bent upon prosecuting their schemes, driven equally on by hope and despair; that as for himself, being not of an enterprising spirit, he was content to go on in the old forms, to live in the houses his ancestors had built, and act as they did in every part of life, without innovation. That some few other persons of quality and gentry had done the same, but were looked on with an eye of contempt and ill-will, as enemies to art, ignorant, and ill commonwealth's men, preferring their own ease and sloth before the general improvement of their country."

His lordship added, "That he would not, by any further particulars, prevent the pleasure I should certainly take in viewing the grand academy, whither he was resolved I should go." He only desired me to observe a ruined building upon the side of a mountain about three miles distant, of which he gave me this account: "That he had a very convenient mill within half a mile of his house, turned by a current from a large river, and sufficient for his own family, as well as a great number of his tenants. That about seven years ago a club of those projectors came to him with proposals to destroy this mill, and build another on the side of that mountain on the long ridge whereof a long canal must be cut, for a repository of water, to be conveyed up by pipes and engines to supply the mill; because the wind and air upon a height agitated the water, and thereby made it fitter for motion; and because the water, descending down a declivity, would turn the mill with half the current of a river, whose course is more upon a level." He said, "That being then not very well with the court, and pressed by many of his friends, he complied with the proposal; and after employing a hundred men for two years, the work miscarried, the projectors went off, laying the blame entirely upon him, railing at him ever since, and putting others upon the same experiment, with equal assurance of success, as well as equal disappointment."

In a few days we came back to town; and his excellency, considering the bad character he had in the academy, would not go with me himself, but recommended me to a friend of his, to bear me company thither. My lord was pleased to represent me as a

great admirer of projects, and a person of much curiosity, and easy belief; which indeed was not without truth; for I had myself been a sort of projector in my younger days.

CHAPTER V.

The author permitted to see the grand academy of Lagado. The academy largely described. The arts wherein the Professors employ themselves.*

THIS academy is not an entire single building, but a continuation of several houses on both sides of a street, which growing waste, was purchased, and applied to that use.

I was received very kindly by the warden, and went for many days to the academy. Every room has in it one or more projectors; and I believe I could not be in fewer than five hundred rooms.

The first man I saw was of a meagre aspect, with sooty hands and face, his hair and beard long, ragged, and singed in several places. His clothes, shirt, and skin, were all of the same colour. He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sun-beams out of cucumbers, which were to be put in phials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw inclement summers. He told me he did not doubt that in eight years more he should be able to supply the governor's gardens with sunshine at a reasonable rate; but he complained that his stock was low, and entreated me "to give him something as an encouragement to ingenuity, especially since this had been a very dear season for cucumbers." I made him a small present, for my lord had furnished me with money on purpose, because he knew their practice of begging from all who go to see them.

I went into another chamber, but was ready to hasten back, being almost overcome with a horrible stink. My conductor pressed me forward, counselling me in a whisper, "to give no offence, which would be highly resented;" and therefore I durst not so much as stop my nose. The projector of this cell was the most ancient student of the academy; his face and beard were of a pale yellow; his hands and clothes daubed over with filth. When I was presented to him, he gave me a close embrace, a compliment I could well have excused. His employment, from his first coming into the academy, was an operation to reduce human excrement to its original food, by separating the several parts, removing the tincture which it receives from the gall, making the ordure exhale, and scumming off the saliva. He had a weekly allowance from the society, of a vessel filled with human ordure, about the bigness of a Bristol barrel.

I saw another at work to calcine ice into gunpowder, who likewise showed me a treatise he had written concerning the malleability of fire, which he intended to publish.

There was a most ingenious architect, who had contrived a new method for building houses, by beginning at the roof, and working downward to the foundation; which he justified to me by the like practice of those two prudent insects, the bee and the spider.

There was a man born blind, who had several apprentices in his own condition: their employment was to mix colours for painters, which their master taught them to distinguish, by feeling and smelling. It was indeed my misfortune to find them at that time not very perfect in their lessons, and the professor himself happened to be generally mistaken.

* The occupations of the professors in the academy of Lagado are copied from Rabelais.

This artist is much encouraged and esteemed by the whole fraternity.

In another apartment, I was highly pleased with a projector who had found a device of ploughing the ground with hogs, to save the charges of ploughs, cattle, and labour. The method is this:—In an acre of ground, you bury, at six inches distance, and eight deep, a quantity of acorns, dates, chestnuts, and other mast or vegetables, whereof these animals are fondest; then you drive six hundred or more of them into the field, where, in a few days, they will root up the whole ground in search of their food, and make it fit for sowing, at the same time manuring it with their dung; it is true upon experiment they found the charge and trouble very great, and they had little or no crop. However, it is not doubted that this invention may be capable of great improvement.

I went into another room, where the walls and ceiling were all hung round with cobwebs, except a narrow passage for the artist to go in and out. At my entrance, he called aloud to me "not to disturb his webs." He lamented "the fatal mistake the world had been so long in, of using silk-worms, while we had such plenty of domestic insects, who infinitely excelled the former, because they understood how to weave, as well as spin." And he proposed further, "That, by employing spiders, the charge of dying silks should be wholly saved;" whereof I was fully convinced, when he shewed me a vast number of flies most beautifully coloured, wherewith he fed his spiders, assuring us, "that the webs would take a tincture for them; and as he had them of all hues, he hoped to fit everybody's fancy, as soon as he could find proper food for the flies, of certain gums, oils, and other glutinous matter, to give a strength and consistence to the threads."

There was an astronomer, who had undertaken to place a sun-dial upon the great weathercock on the town house, by adjusting the annual and diurnal motions of the earth and sun, so as to answer and coincide with all accidental turnings of the wind.

I was complaining of a small fit of the colic, upon which my conductor led me into a room where a great physician resided, who was famous for curing that disease, by contrary operations from the same instrument. He had a large pair of bellows, with a long slender muzzle of ivory; this he conveyed eight inches up the anus, and drawing in the wind, he affirmed he could make the guts as lank as a dried bladder. But when the disease was more stubborn and violent, he let in the muzzle while the bellows were full of wind, which he discharged into the body of the patient; then withdrew the instrument to replenish it, clapping his thumb strongly against the orifice of the fundament; and this being repeated three or four times, the adventitious wind would rush out, bring the noxious along with it, (like water put into a pump,) and the patient recovered. I saw him try both experiments upon a dog, but could not discern any effect from the former. After the latter the animal was ready to burst, and made so violent a discharge as was very offensive to me and my companion. The dog died on the spot, and we left the doctor endeavouring to recover him by the same operation.

I visited many other apartments, but shall not trouble my reader with all the curiosities I observed, being studious of brevity.

I had hitherto seen only one side of the academy, the other being appropriated to the advancers of speculative learning, of whom I shall say something, when I have mentioned one illustrious person more,

who is called among them "the universal artist." He told us "he had been thirty years employing his thoughts for the improvement of human life." He had two large rooms full of wonderful curiosities, and fifty men at work. Some were condensing air into a dry tangible substance, by extracting the nitre, and letting the aqueous or fluid particles percolate; others softening marble for pillows and pin-cushions; others petrifying the hoofs of a living horse to preserve them from foundering. The artist himself was at that time busy upon two great designs; the first, to sow land with chaff, wherein he affirmed the true seminal virtue to be contained, as he demonstrated by several experiments, which I was not skilful enough to comprehend. The other was, by a certain composition of gums, minerals, and vegetables, outwardly applied, to prevent the growth of wool upon two young lambs; and he hoped in a reasonable time to propagate the breed of naked sheep all over the kingdom.

We crossed a walk to the other part of the academy, where, as I have already said, the projectors in speculative learning resided.

The first professor I saw was in a very large room, with forty pupils about him. After salutation, observing me to look earnestly upon a frame, which took up the greatest part of both the length and breadth of the room, he said, "Perhaps I might wonder to see him employed in a project for improving speculative knowledge, by practical mechanical operations. But the world would soon be sensible of its usefulness; and he flattered himself, that a more noble exalted thought never sprang in any other man's head. Every one knew how laborious the usual method is of attaining to arts and sciences; whereas, by his contrivance, the most ignorant person at a reasonable charge, and with little bodily labour, might write books in philosophy, poetry, politics, laws, mathematics, and theology, without the least assistance from genius or study." He then led me to the frame, about the sides whereof all his pupils stood in ranks. It was twenty feet square, placed in the middle of the room. The superficies was composed of several bits of wood, about the bigness of a die, but some larger than others. They were all linked together by slender wires. These bits of wood were covered on every square, with paper pasted on them; and on these papers were written all the words of their language, in their several moods, tenses, and declensions, but without any order. The professor then desired me "to observe; for he was going to set his engine at work." The pupils at his command took each of them hold of an iron handle, whereof there were forty fixed round the edges of the frame, and giving them a sudden turn, the whole disposition of the words was entirely changed. He then commanded six-and-thirty of the lads to read the several lines softly, as they appeared upon the frame; and where they found three or four words together that might make part of a sentence they dictated to the four remaining boys, who were scribes. This work was repeated three or four times, and at every turn the engine was so contrived, that the words shifted into new places, as the square bits of wood moved upside down.

Six hours a-day the young students were employed in this labour; and the professor shewed me several volumes in large folio, already collected, of broken sentences, which he intended to piece together, and out of those rich materials, to give the world a complete body of all arts and sciences; which, however, might be still improved, and much expedited, if the public would raise a fund for making and employing

five hundred such frames in Lsgado, and oblige the managers to contribute in common their several collections.

He assured me, "that this invention had employed all his thoughts from his youth; that he had emptied the whole vocabulary into his frame, and made the strictest computation of the general proportion there is in books between the number of particles, nouns, and verbs, and other parts of speech."

I made my humblest acknowledgment to this illustrious person, for his great communicativeness; and promised, "if ever I had the good fortune to return to my native country, that I would do him justice, as the sole inventor of this wonderful machine;" the form and contrivance of which I desired leave to delineate on paper, as in the figure here annexed. I told him, "although it were the custom of our learned in Europe to steal inventions from each other, who had thereby at least this advantage, that it became a controversy: which was the right owner; yet I would take such caution, that he should have the honour entire, without a rival."

We next went to the school of languages, where three professors sat in consultation upon improving that of their own country.

The first project was to shorten discourse, by cutting polysyllables into one, and leaving out verbs and participles, because, in reality all things imaginable are but nouns.

The other project was a scheme for entirely abolishing all words whatsoever, and this was urged as a great advantage in point of health, as well as brevity. For it is plain, that every word we speak is, in some degree, a diminution of our lungs by corrosion, and consequently contributes to the shortening of our lives. An expedient was therefore offered, "that since words are only names for things, it would be more convenient for all men to carry about them such things as were necessary to express a particular business they are to discourse on." And this invention would certainly have taken place, to the great ease as well as health of the subject, if the women, in conjunction with the vulgar and illiterate, had not threatened to raise a rebellion, unless they might be allowed the liberty to speak with their tongues, after the manner of their forefathers; such constant irreconcilable enemies to science are the common people. However, many of the most learned and wise adhere to the new scheme of expressing themselves by things, which has only this inconvenience attending it, that if a man's business be very great, and of various kinds, he must be obliged in proportion, to carry a greater bundle of things upon his back, unless he can afford one or two strong servants to attend him. I have often beheld two of these sages almost sinking under the weight of their packs, like pedlars among us; who, when they meet in the street, would lay down their loads, open their sacks, and hold conversation for an hour together, then put up their implements, help each other to resume their burdens, and take their leave.

But for short conversations, a man may carry implements in his pockets, and under his arms, enough to supply him; and in his house he cannot be at a loss. Therefore the room where company meet who practise this art is full of all things ready at hand, requisite to furnish matter for this kind of artificial converse.

Another great advantage proposed by this invention was, that it would serve as a universal language to be understood in all civilized nations, whose goods and utensils are generally of the same kind, or nearly resembling, so that their uses might easily be compre-

hended. And thus ambassadors would be qualified to treat with foreign princes, or ministers of state, to whose tongues they were utter strangers.

I was at the mathematical school where the master taught his pupils, after a method scarce imaginable to us in Europe. The proposition and demonstration were fairly written on a thin wafer, with ink composed of a cephalic tincture. This the student was to swallow upon a fasting stomach, and for three days following eat nothing but bread and water. As the wafer digested, the tincture mounted to his brain, hearing the proposition along with it. But the success has not hitherto been answerable, partly by some error in the *quantum* or composition, and partly by the perverseness of lads, to whom this bolus is so nauseous, that they generally steal aside and discharge it upwards, before it can operate; neither have they been yet persuaded to use so long an abstinence as the prescription requires.

CHAPTER VI.

A further account of the academy. The author proposes some improvements, which are honourably received.

IN the school of political projectors I was but ill entertained; the professors appearing, in my judgment, wholly out of their senses, which is a scene that never fails to make me melancholy. These unhappy people were proposing schemes for persuading monarchs to choose favourites upon the score of their wisdom, capacity, and virtue; of teaching ministers to consult the public good; of rewarding merit, great abilities, and eminent services; of instructing princes to know their true interest, by placing it on the same foundation with that of their people; of choosing for employments persons qualified to exercise them; with many other wild impossible chimeras, that never entered before into the heart of man to conceive; and confirmed in me the old observation, "That there is nothing so extravagant and irrational, which some philosophers have not maintained for truth."

But, however, I shall so far do justice to this part of the academy, as to acknowledge that all of them were not so visionary. There was a most ingenious doctor, who seemed to be perfectly versed in the whole nature and system of government. This illustrious person had very usefully employed his studies in finding out effectual remedies for all diseases and corruptions to which the several kinds of public administration are subject, by the vices or infirmities of those who govern, as well as by the licentiousness of those who are to obey. For instance, whereas all writers and reasoners have agreed that there is a strict universal resemblance between the natural and the political body; can there be anything more evident, than that the health of both must be preserved, and the diseases cured by the same prescriptions? It is allowed, that senates and great councils are often troubled with redundant, ebullient, and other peccant humours; with many diseases of the head, and more of the heart; with strong convulsions, with grievous contractions of the nerves and sinews in both hands, but especially the right; with spleen, flatulency, vertigoes, and deliriums; with serofulous tumours, full of fetid purulent matter; with sour frothy ructations; with canine appetites, and cruditates of digestion, besides many others, needless to mention. This doctor, therefore, proposed, "That upon the meeting of the senate, certain physicians should attend at the three first days of their sitting, and at the close of each day debate feel the pulses of every senator; after which, having maturely considered and consulted upon the

nature of the several maladies, and the methods of cure, they should, on the fourth day, return to the senate-house, attended by their apothecaries, stored with proper medicines; and before the members sat, administer to each of them incitives, aperitives, abstersives, corrosives, restringents, palliatives, laxatives, cephalalgics, icterics, apoplegmatics, acoustics, as their several cases required; and, according as these medicines should operate, repeat, alter, or omit them, at the next meeting."

This project could not be of any great expense to the public, and might, in my poor opinion, be of much use for the dispatch of business, in those countries where senates have any share in the legislative power; beget unanimity, shorten debates, open a few mouths which are now closed, and close many more which are now open; curb the petulance of the young, and correct the positiveness of the old; rouse the stupid, and damp the pert.

Again: because it is a general complaint that the favourites of princes are troubled with short and weak memories; the same doctor proposed, "That whoever attended a first minister, after having told his business, with the utmost brevity, and in the plainest words, should, at his departure, give the said minister a tweak by the nose, or a kick on the belly, or tread on his corns, or tug him thrice by both ears, or run a pin into his breach, or pinch his arm black and blue, to prevent forgetfulness; and at every levee day repeat the same operation, till the business were done, or absolutely refused."

He likewise directed, "That every senator in the great council of a nation, after he had delivered his opinion, and argued in the defence of it, should be obliged to give his vote directly contrary; because, if that were done, the result would infallibly terminate in the good of the public."

When parties in a state are violent, he offered a wonderful contrivance to reconcile them. The method is this: you take a hundred leaders of each party; you dispose them into couples of such whose heads are nearest of a size; then let two nice operators saw off the occiput of each couple at the same time, in such a manner, that the brain may be equally divided. Let the occiputs thus cut off be interchanged, applying each to the head of his opposite party-man. It seems indeed to be a work that requires some exactness, but the professor assured us, "That if it were dexterously performed, the cure would be infallible." For he argued thus: "That the two half brains, being left to debate the matter between themselves within the space of one skull, would soon come to a good understanding, and produce that moderation, as well as regularity of thinking, so much to be wished for in the heads of those who imagine they come into the world only to watch and govern its motion: and as to the difference of brains, in quantity or quality, among those who are directors in faction," the doctor assured us, from his own knowledge, "that it was a perfect trifle."

I heard a very warm debate between two professors, about the most commodious and effectual ways and means of raising money, without grieving the subject. The first affirmed, "The justest method would be, to lay a certain tax upon vices and folly; and the sum fixed upon every man to be rated, after the fairest manner, by a jury of his neighbours." The second was of an opinion directly contrary; "to tax those qualities of body and mind, for which men chiefly value themselves; the rate to be more or less, according to the degrees of excellence; the decision whereof should be left entirely to their own breast." The highest tax was upon men who are

the greatest favourites of the other sex, and the assessments, according to the number and nature of the favours they have received; for which they are allowed to be their own vouchers. Wit, valour, and politeness, were likewise proposed to be largely taxed, and collected in the same manner, by every person's giving his own word for the quantum of what he possessed. But as to honour, justice, wisdom and learning they should not be taxed at all, because they are qualifications of so singular a kind, that no man will either allow them in his neighbour, or value them in himself.

The women were proposed to be taxed according to their beauty and skill in dressing, wherein they had the same privilege with the men, to be determined by their own judgment. But constancy, chastity, good sense, and good nature, were not rated, because they would not bear the charge of collecting.

To keep senators in the interest of the crown, it was proposed that the members should raffie for employments; every man first taking an oath, and giving security, that he would vote for the court, whether he won or not; after which, the losers had, in their turn, the liberty of raffling upon the next vacancy. Thus, hope and expectation would be kept alive; none would complain of broken promises, but impute their disappointments wholly to fortune, whose shoulders are broader and stronger than those of a ministry.

Another professor showed me a large paper of instructions for discovering plots and eustasuries against the government. He advised great statesmen to examine into the diet of all suspected persons; their times of eating; upon which side they lay in bed; with which hand they wiped their posteriors; take a strict view of their excrements, and from the colour, the odour, the taste, the consistence, the crudeness, or maturity of digestion, form a judgment of their thoughts and designs; because men are never so serious, thoughtful, and intent, as when they are at stool, which he found by experience; for, in such conjunctures, when he used, merely as a trial, to consider which was the best way of murdering the king, his ordure would have a tincture of green; but quite different when he thought only of raising an insurrection, or burning the metropolis.

The whole discourse was written with great acuteness, containing many observations, both curious and useful for politicians, but as I conceived not altogether complete. This I ventured to tell the author, and offered, if he pleased, to supply him with some additions. He received my proposition with more compliance than is usual among writers, especially those of the projecting species; professing "he would be glad to receive further information."

I told him, "That in the kingdom of Tribnia, [Britain] by the natives called Langdon, [London] where I had sojourned some time in my travels, the bulk of the people consist in a manner wholly of discoverers, witnesses, informers, accusers, prosecutors, evidences, swearers, together with their several subservient and subaltern instruments, all under the colours, the conduct, and the pay of ministers of state, and their deputies.* The plots in that kingdom are usually the workmanship of those persons who desire to raise their own characters of profound politicians; to restore new vigour to a cray administration; to stifle or divert general discontents; to fill their coffers with forfeitures; and raise or sink the opinion of public credit, as either shall best answer their private advantage. It is first agreed and

* The passages which follow refer to the proceedings against Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester. — See *State Trials* in 1723.

settled among them, what suspected persons shall be accused of a plot; then effectual care is taken to secure all their letters and papers and put the owners in chains. These papers are delivered to a set of artists, very dexterous in finding out the mysterious meanings of words, syllables, and letters; for instance, they can discover a close-stool to signify a privy-council; a flock of geese, a senate; a lame dog, an invader; the plague, a standing army; a buzzard, a prime minister; the gout, a high priest; a gibbet, a secretary of state; a chamber-pot, a committee of grandees; a sieve, a court lady; a broom, a revolution; a mouse-trap, an employment; a bottomless-pit, a treasury; a sink, a court; a cap and bells, a favourite; a broken reed, a court of justice; an empty tun, a general; a running sore, the administration.

"When this method fails, they have two others more effectual, which the learned among them call acrostics and anagrams. First, they can decipher all initial letters into political meanings. Thus, N shall signify a plot; B a regiment of horse; L a fleet at sea; or secondly, by transposing the letters of the alphabet in any suspected paper, they can lay open the deepest designs of a discontented party. So, for example, if I should say, in a letter to a friend, 'Our brother Tom has just got the piles,' a skilful decipherer would discover that the same letters which compose that sentence, may be analysed into the following words: 'Resist, — a plot is brought home, — the tour.' And this is the anagrammatic method."*

The professor made me great acknowledgments for communicating these observations, and promised to make honourable mention of me in his treatise.

I saw nothing in this country that could invite me to a longer continuance, and began to think of returning home to England.

CHAPTER VII.

The author leaves Lagado. Arrives at Maldonada. No ship ready. He takes a short voyage to Glubbdubdril. His reception by the Governor.

THE continent, of which this kingdom is a part, extends itself, as I have reason to believe, eastward, to that unknown tract of America westward of California; and north, to the Pacific Ocean, which is not above a hundred and fifty miles from Lagado; where there is a good port, and much commerce with the great island of Luggnagg, situated to the north-west about 29 degrees north latitude, and 140 longitude. This island of Luggnagg stands south-eastward of Japan, about a hundred leagues distant. There is a strict alliance between the Japanese emperor and the king of Luggnagg, which affords frequent opportunities of sailing from one island to the other. I determined therefore to direct my course this way, in order to my return to Europe. I hired two mules, with a guide, to show me the way, and carry my small baggage. I took leave of my noble protector, who had shown me so much favour, and made me a generous present at my departure.

My journey was without any accident or adventure worth relating. When I arrived at the port of Maldonada, (for so it is called,) there was no ship in the harbour bound for Luggnagg, nor likely to be in some time. The town is about as large as Portsmouth. I soon fell into some acquaintance, and was very hospitably received. A gentleman of distinction said to me, "That since the ships bound to Luggnagg could not be ready in less than a month,

* A burlesque on the report of the secret committee, who thus justified the circumstantial evidence which they substituted for proof. — See *Kilate Trials*.

It might be no disagreeable amusement for me to take a trip to the little island of Glubbdubdril, about five leagues off to the south-west." He offered himself and a friend to accompany me, and that I should be provided with a small convenient bark for the voyage.

Glubbdubdril, as nearly as I can interpret the word, signifies the island of sorcerers or magicians.

It is about one third as large as the Isle of Wight, and extremely fruitful: it is governed by the head of a certain tribe, who are all magicians. This tribe marries only among each other, and the eldest in succession is prince or governor. He has a noble palace, and a park of about three thousand acres, surrounded by a wall of hewn stone twenty feet high. In this park are several small enclosures for cattle, corn, and gardening.

The governor and his family are served and attended by domestics of a kind somewhat unusual. By his skill in necromancy, he has a power of calling whom he pleases from the dead, and commanding their service for twenty-four hours, but no longer; nor can he call the same persons up again in less than three months, except upon very extraordinary occasions.

When we arrived at the island, which was about eleven in the morning, one of the gentlemen who accompanied me went to the governor, and desired admittance for a stranger, who came on purpose to have the honour of attending on his highness. This was immediately granted, and we all three entered the gate of the palace between two rows of guards, armed and dressed after a very antient manner, and something in their countenances that made my flesh creep with a horror I cannot express. We passed through several apartments, between servants of the same sort, ranked on each side as before, till we came to the chamber of presence; where, after three profound obeisances, and a few general questions, we were permitted to sit on three stools, near the lowest step of his highness's throne. He understood the language of Balnibarbi, although it were different from that of this island. He desired me to give him some account of my travels; and, to let me see that I should be treated without ceremony, he dismissed all his attendants with a turn of his finger; at which, to my great astonishment, they vanished in an instant, like visions in a dream when we awake on a sudden. I could not recover myself in some time, till the governor assured me "That I should receive no hurt;" and observing my two companions to be under no concern, who had been often entertained in the same manner, I began to take courage, and related to his highness a short history of my several adventures; yet not without some hesitations, and frequently looking behind me to the place where I had seen those domestic spectres. I had the honour to dine with the governor, where a new set of ghosts served up the meat, and waited at table. I now observed myself to be less terrified than I had been in the morning. I stayed till sunset, but humbly desired his highness to excuse me for not accepting his invitation of lodging in the palace. My two friends and I lay at a private house in the town adjoining, which is the capital of this little island; and the next morning we returned to pay our duty to the governor, as he was pleased to command us.

After this manner we continued in the island for ten days, most part of every day with the governor, and, at night in our lodging. I soon grew so familiarised to the sight of spirits, that after the third or fourth time they gave me no emotion at all; or, if I had any apprehensions left, my curiosity pre-

vailed over them. For his highness the governor ordered me "to call up whatever persons I would choose to name, and in whatever numbers, among all the dead from the beginning of the world to the present time, and command them to answer any questions I should think fit to ask; with this condition, that my questions must be confined within the compass of the times they lived in. And one thing I might depend upon, that they would certainly tell me the truth, for lying was a talent of no use in the lower world."

I made my humble acknowledgments to his highness for so great a favour. We were in a chaumber, from whence there was a fair prospect into the park. And because my first inclination was to be entertained with scenes of pomp and magnificence, I desired to see Alexander the Great at the head of his army, just after the battle of Arbela; which, upon a motion of the governor's finger, immediately appeared in a large field, under the window where we stood. Alexander was called up into the room; it was with great difficulty that I understood his Greek, and had but little of my own. He assured me upon his honour "That he was not poisoned, but died of a bad fever by excessive drinking."

Next, I saw Hannibal passing the Alps, who told me, "He had not a drop of vinegar in his camp."

I saw Cæsar and Pompey at the head of their troops, just ready to engage. I saw the former in his last great triumph. I desired that the senate of Rome might appear before me in one large chamber, and a modern representative in counterview, in another. The first seemed to be an assembly of heroes and demi-gods; the other a knot of pedlars, pick-pockets, highwaymen, and bullies.

The governor, at my request, gave the sign for Cæsar and Brutus to advance towards us. I was struck with a profound veneration at the sight of Brutus, and could easily discover the most consummate virtue, the greatest intrepidity and firmness of mind, the truest love of his country, and general benevolence for mankind, in every lineament of his countenance. I observed with much pleasure, that these two persons were in good intelligence with each other; and Cæsar freely confessed to me, "That the greatest actions of his own life were not equal, by many degrees, to the glory of taking it away." I had the honour to have much conversation with Brutus; and was told, "that his ancestor Junius, Socrates, Epaminondas, Cato the younger, Sir Thomas More, and himself, were perpetually together;" a sextumvirate, to which all the ages of the world cannot add a seventh.

It would be tedious to trouble the reader with relating what vast numbers of illustrious persons were called up, to gratify that insatiable desire I had to see the world in every period of antiquity placed before me. I chiefly fed mine eyes with beholding the destroyers of tyrants and usurpers, and the restorers of liberty to oppressed and injured nations. But it is impossible to express the satisfaction I received in my own mind, after such a manner, as to make it a suitable entertainment to the reader.

CHAPTER VIII.

A further account of Glimphadrib. Ancient and modern history corrected.

HAVING a desire to see those ancients who were most renowned for wit and learning, I set apart one

* Livy relates that Hannibal burnt a pile of wood upon a rock that stopped his passage, and when it was thus heated, poured vinegar upon it, by which it was made so soft as to be easily cut through.

day on purpose. I proposed that Homer and Aristotle might appear at the head of all their commentators; but these were so numerous, that some hundreds were forced to attend in the court, and outward rooms of the palace. I knew, and could distinguish those two heroes, at first sight, not only from the crowd, but from each other. Homer was the taller and comelier person of the two, walked very erect for one of his age, and his eyes were the most quick and piercing I ever beheld. Aristotle stooped much, and made use of a staff. His visage was meagre, his hair lank and thin, and his voice hollow.* I soon discovered that both of them were perfect strangers to the rest of the company, and had never seen or heard of them before. And I had a whisper from a ghost, who shall be nameless, "That these commentators always kept in the most distant quarters from their principals, in the lower world, through a consciousness of shame and guilt, because they had so horribly misrepresented the meaning of those authors to posterity." I introduced Didymus and Eustathius to Homer, and prevailed on him to treat them better than perhaps they deserved, for he soon found they wanted a genius to enter into the spirit of a poet. But Aristotle was out of all patience with the account I gave him of Scotus and Ramus, as I presented them to him; and he asked them, "Whether the rest of the tribe were as great dunces as themselves?"

I then desired the governor to call up Descartes and Gassendi, with whom I prevailed to explain their systems to Aristotle. This great philosopher freely acknowledged his own mistakes in natural philosophy, because he proceeded in many things upon conjecture, as all men must do; and he found, that Gassendi, who had made the doctrine of Epicurus as palatable as he could, and the vortices of Descartes were equally to be exploded. He predicted the same fate to attraction, whereof the present learned are such zealous asserters. He said, "That new systems of nature were but new fashions, which would vary in every age; and even those who pretend to demonstrate them from mathematical principles would flourish but a short period of time, and be out of vogue when that was determined."

I spent five days in conversing with many others of the ancient learned. I saw most of the first Roman emperors. I prevailed on the governor to call up Hicogabalus's cooks to dress us a dinner, but they could not show us much of their skill, for want of materials. A helot of Agesilaus made us a dish of Spartan broth, but I was not able to get down a second spoonful.

The two gentlemen, who conducted me to the island, were pressed by their private affairs to return in three days, which I employed in seeing some of the modern dead, who had made the greatest figure, for two or three hundred years past, in our own and other countries of Europe; and having been always a great admirer of old illustrious families, I desired the governor would call up a dozen or two of kings, with their ancestors in order, for eight or nine generations. But my disappointment was grievous and unexpected; for, instead of a long train, with royal diadems, I saw in one family two soldiers, three spruce courtiers, and an Italian prelate. In another, a barber, an abbot, and two cardinals. I have too great a veneration for crowned heads to dwell any longer on so nice a subject. But, as to counts, mar-

* The description of Aristotle represents the true nature of his works. By not having the immortal spirit of Homer, he was unable to keep his body erect; and his staff, which feebly supported him, like his commentators, made this defect more conspicuous.

quises, dukes, earls, and the like, I was not so scrupulous. And I confess, it was not without some pleasure that I found myself able to trace the particular features, by which certain families are distinguished, up to their originals. I could plainly discover whence our family derives a long chin; why a second has abounded with knaves for two generations, and fools for two more; why a third happened to be cracked-brained, and a fourth to be sharper; whence it came, what Polydore Virgil says of a certain great house, *Nec vir fortis, nec femina casta*; how cruelty, falsehood, and cowardice, grew to be characteristics, by which certain families are distinguished as much as by their coat of arms; who first brought the pox into a noble house, which has lineally descended in scrofulous tumours to their posterity. Neither could I wonder at all this, when I saw such an interruption of linages, by pages, lackeys, valets, coachmen, gamesters, fiddlers, players, cantans and pickpockets.

I was chiefly disgusted with modern history; for having strictly examined all the persons of greatest name in the courts of princes, for an hundred years past, I found how the world had been misled by prostitute writers, to ascribe the greatest exploits in war, to cowards; the wisest counsel, to fools; sincerity, to flatterers; Roman virtue, to betrayers of their country; piety to atheists; chastity to sodomites; truth to informers: how many innocent and excellent persons had been condemned to death or banishment, by the practising of great ministers upon the corruption of judges, and the malice of factions; how many villains had been exalted to the highest places of trust, power, dignity, and profit; how great a share in the motions and events of courts, councils, and seates, might be challenged by bawds, whores, pimpa, parasites, and buffoons. How low an opinion I had of human wisdom and integrity, when I was truly informed of the springs and motives of great enterprises and revolutions in the world, and of the contemptible accidents to which they owed their success!

Here I discovered the roguery and ignorance of those who pretend to write anecdotes or secret history; who send so many kings to their graves with a cup of poison; will repeat the discourse between a prince and chief minister, where no witness was by; unlock the thoughts and cabinets of ambassadors and secretaries of state; and have the perpetual misfortune to be mistaken. Here I discovered the true cause of many great events that have surprised the world; how a whore can govern the back-stairs, the back-stairs a council, and the council a senate. A general confessed in my presence, "That he got a victory purely by the force of cowardice and ill-conduct;" and an admiral, "That, for want of proper intelligence he beat the enemy, to whom he intended to betray the fleet."* Three kings protested to me, "That in their whole reigns they never did once prefer any person of merit, unless by mistake, or treachery of some minister in whom they confided; neither would they do it if they were to live again;" and they showed, with great strength of reason, "That the royal throne could not be supported without corruption, because that positive, confident, restive temper, which virtue infused into a man, was a perpetual clog to public business."†

I had the curiosity to inquire, in a particular manner, by what method great numbers had procured to themselves high titles of honour, and prodigious estates; and I confined my inquiry to a very modern

period; however, without graining upon present times, because I would be sure to give no offence even to foreigners, for I hope the reader need not to be told, that I do not in the least intend my own country, in what I say upon this occasion. A great number of persons concerned were called up; and, upon a very slight examination, discovered such a scene of infamy, that I cannot reflect upon it without some seriousness. Perjury, oppression, subornation, fraud, pandeism, and the like infirmities, were among the most excusable arts they had to mention; and for these I gave, as it was reasonable, great allowance. But when some confessed they owed their greatness to sodomy, or incest; others, to the prostituting of their wives and daughters; others, to the betraying of their country or their prince; some, to poisoning; more, to the perverting of justice, in order to destroy the innocent; I hope I may be pardoned, if these discoveries inclined me a little to abate of that profound veneration, which I am naturally apt to pay to persons of high rank, who ought to be treated with the utmost respect due to their sublime dignity, by us their inferiors.

I had often read of some great services done to princes and states, and desired to see the persons by whom those services were performed. Upon inquiry, I was told, "That their names were to be found on no record, except a few of them, whom history has represented as the vilest of rogues and traitors." As to the rest, I had never once heard of them. They all appeared with dejected looks, and in the meanest habit: most of them telling me, "They died in poverty and disgrace, and the rest on a scaffold or a gibbet."

Among others, there was one person, whose case appeared a little singular. He had a youth about eighteen years old standing by his side. He told me, "He had for many years been commander of a ship; and in the sea-fight at Actium had the good fortune to break through the enemy's great line of battle, sink three of their capital ships, and take a fourth, which was the sole cause of Antony's flight, and of the victory that ensued; that the youth standing by him, his only son, was killed in the action." He added, "That upon the confidence of some merit, the war being at an end, he went to Rome, and solicited at the court of Augustus to be preferred to a greater ship, whose commander had been killed; but, without any regard to his pretensions, it was given to a boy who had never seen the sea, the son of Libertina, who waited on one of the emperor's mistresses. Returning back to his own vessel, he was charged with neglect of duty, and the ship given to a favourite page of Publicola, the vice-admiral; whereupon he retired to a poor farm at a great distance from Rome, and there ended his life." I was so curious to know the truth of this story, that I desired Agrippa might be called, who was admiral in that fight. He appeared, and confirmed the whole account: but with much more advantage to the captain, whose modesty had extenuated or concealed a great part of his merit.

I was surprised to find corruption grown so high and so quick in that empire, by the force of luxury so lately introduced, which made me less wonder at many parallel cases in other countries, where vices of all kinds have reigned so much longer, and where the whole praise as well as pillage, has been engrossed by the chief commander, who, perhaps, had the least title to either.

As every person called up made exactly the same appearance he had done in the world, it gave me melancholy reflections to observe how much the

* Perhaps the Admiral Lord Russell.

† The monarchs are Charles II., James II., and William III.

race of humankind was degenerated among us, within these hundred years past. How the pox, under all its consequences and denominations, had altered every lineament of an English countenance, shortened the size of the bodies, unbraced the nerves, relaxed the sinews and muscles, introduced a sallow complexion, and rendered the flesh loose and rancid.

I descended so low as to desire some English yeomen of the old stamp might be summoned to appear, once so famous for the simplicity of their manners, diet, and dress; for justica in their dealings; for their true spirit of liberty; for their valour, and love of their country. Neither could I be wholly unmoved after comparing the living with the dead, when I considered how all these pure native virtues were prostituted for a piece of money by their grandchildren, who, in selling their votes, and managing at elections, have acquired every vice and corruption that can possibly be learned in a court.

CHAPTER IX.

The author returns to Maldonada. Sails to the kingdom of Luggnagg. The author confided. He is sent for to court. The manner of his admittance. The king's great lenity to his subjects.

THE day of our departure being come, I took leave of his highness, the Governor of Glubbdubdrd, and returned with my two companions to Maldonada, where, after a fortnight's waiting, a ship was ready to sail for Luggnagg. The two gentlemen, and some others, were so generous and kind as to furnish me with provisions, and see me on board. I was a month in this voyage. We had one violent storm, and were under a necessity of steering westward, to get into the trade-wind, which holds for above sixty leagues. On the 21st of April, 1708, we sailed into the river of Clumegnig, which is a sea-port town at the south-east point of Luggnagg. We cast anchor within a league of the town, and made a signal for a pilot. Two of them came on board in less than half an hour, by whom we were guided between certain shoals and rocks, which are very dangerous in the passage, to a large basin, where a fleet may ride in safety within a cable's length of the town-wall.

Some of our sailors, whether out of treachery or inadvertence, had informed the pilots, "That I was a stranger and a great traveller; whereof these gave notice to a custom-house officer, by whom I was examined very strictly upon my landing. This officer spoke to me in the language of Balnibarbi, which, by the force of much commerce, is generally understood in that town, especially by seamen and those employed in the customs. I gave him a short account of some particulars, and made my story as plausible and consistent as I could; but I thought it necessary to disguise my country, and call myself a Hollander, because my intentions were for Japan, and I knew the Dutch were the only Europeans permitted to enter into that kingdom. I therefore told the officer, "That having been shipwrecked on the coast of Balnibarbi and cast on a rock, I was received up into Laputa, or the Flying Island, (of which he had often heard,) and was now endeavouring to get to Japan, whence I might find a convenience of returning to my own country." The officer said, I must be confined till he could receive orders from court, for which he would write immediately, and hoped to receive an answer in a fortnight." I was carried to a convenient lodging, with a sentry placed at the door; however, I had the liberty of a large garden, and was treated with humanity enough, being maintained all the time at the king's charge.

I was invited by several persons, chiefly out of curiosity, because it was reported that I came from countries very remote, of which they had never heard.

I hired a young man, who came in the same ship, to be an interpreter; he was a native of Luggnagg, but had lived some years at Maldonada, and was a perfect master of both languages. By his assistance, I was able to hold a conversation with those who came to visit me; but this consisted only of their questions, and my answers.

The dispatch came from court about the time we expected. It contained a warrant for conducting me and my retinue to *Traldragdubh* or *Trildragdubh*, for it is pronounced both ways, as near as I can remember, by a party of ten horse. All my retinue was that poor lad for an interpreter, whom I persuaded into my service, and at my humble request we had each of us a mule to ride on. A messenger was dispatched half a day's journey before us, to give the king notice of my approach, and to desire "That his majesty would please to appoint a day and hour, when it would be his gracious pleasure that I might have the honour to lick the dust before his footstool." This is the court style, and I found it to be more than matter of form. For, upon my admittance, two days after my arrival, I was commanded to crawl upon my belly, and lick the floor as I advanced; but on account of my being a stranger care was taken to have it made so clean that the dust was not offensive. However this was a peculiar grace not allowed to any but persons of the highest rank, when they desire an admittance. Nay, sometimes the floor is strewn with dust on purpose, when the person to be admitted happens to have powerful enemies at court. And I have seen a great lord with his mouth so crammed, that when he had crept to the proper distance from the throne, he was not able to speak a word. Neither is there any remedy, because it is capital for those who receive an audience to spit or wipe their mouths in his majesty's presence.—There is indeed another custom which I cannot altogether approve of; when the king has a mind to put any of his nobles to death in a gentle, indulgent manner, he commands the floor to be strewn with a certain brown powder of a deadly composition, which, being licked up, infallibly kills him in twenty-four hours. But in justice to this prince's great clemency, and the care he has of his subjects' lives, (wherein it were much to be wished that the monarchs of Europe would imitate him,) it must be mentioned for his honour, that strict orders are given to have the infected parts of the floor well washed after every such execution; which, if his domestics neglect, they are in danger of incurring his royal displeasure. I myself heard him give directions that one of his pages should be whipped, whose turn it was to give notice about washing the floor after an execution, but maliciously had omitted it; by which neglect, a young lord of great hopes coming to an audience, was unfortunately poisoned, although the king at that time had no design against his life. But this good prince was so gracious as to forgive the poor page his whipping, upon promise that he would do so no more, without special orders.

To return from this digression; when I had crept within four yards of the throne, I raised myself gently upon my knees, and then striking my forehead seven times against the ground, I pronounced the following words, as they had been taught me the night before, *Inckpung gloffthrobbs aqunt scrumms bhiop mlahndit zwis tnoobalkuffhethiophad gurc-hubb asht*. This is the compliment, established by

the laws of the land, for all persons admitted to the king's presence. It may be rendered into English thus: "May your celestial majesty outlive the sun eleven moons and a half!" To this the king returned some answer, which, although I could not understand, yet I replied as I had been directed: *Flute drin galerick dewldom prastrad mirpush*, which properly signifies "My tongue is in the mouth of my friend;" and, by this expression was meant, that I desired leave to bring my interpreter; whereupon the young man already mentioned was accordingly introduced, by whose intervention I answered as many questions as his majesty could put in above an hour. I spoke in the Balmibarbian tongue, and my interpreter delivered my meaning in that of Luggnagg.

The king was much delighted with my company, and ordered his *bliffmarklub*, or high chamberlain, to appoint a lodging in the court for me and my interpreter, with a daily allowance for my table, and a large purse of gold for my common expenses.

I stayed three months in this country, out of perfect obedience to his majesty, who was pleased highly to favour me, and made me very honourable offers. But I thought it more consistent with prudence and justice to pass the remainder of my days with my wife and family.

CHAPTER X.

The Luggnaggians commended. A particular description of the *struldbrugs*, with many conversations between the author and some eminent persons upon that subject.

THE LUGGNAGGIANS are a polite and generous people; and, although they are not without some share of that pride which is peculiar to all eastern countries, yet they shew themselves courteous to strangers, especially such who are countenanced by the court. I had many acquaintance, and among persons of the best fashion, and being always attended by my interpreter, the conversation we had was not disagreeable.

One day, in much good company, I was asked by a person of quality, "Whether I had seen any of their *struldbrugs*, or immortals?" I said, "I had not;" and desired he would explain to me, "What he meant by such an appellation, applied to a mortal creature." He told me, "That sometimes, though very rarely, a child happened to be born in a family with a red circular spot in the forehead, directly over the left eyebrow, which was an infallible mark that it should never die. The spot," as he described it, "was about the compass of a silver threepence, but in the course of time grew larger, and changed its colour; for at twelve years old it became green, so continued till five-and-twenty, and then turning to a deep blue: at five-and-forty it grew coal-black, and as large as an English shilling, but never admitted any further alteration." He said, "These births were so rare, that he did not believe that there could be above eleven hundred *struldbrugs*, of both sexes, in the whole kingdom, of which he computed above fifty in the metropolis, and, among the rest, a young girl born about three years ago; that these productions were not peculiar to any family, but a mere effect of chance, and the children of the *struldbrugs* themselves were equally mortal with the rest of the people."

I freely own myself to have been struck with inexpressible delight upon hearing this account: and the person who gave it me happening to understand the Balmibarbian language, which I spoke very well, I could not forbear breaking out into expressions perhaps a little too extravagant. I cried out,

as in a rapture, "Happy nation, where every child has a chance for being immortal! Happy people, who enjoy so many living examples of ancient virtue, and have masters ready to instruct them in the wisdom of all former ages! but happiest beyond all comparison, are those excellent *struldbrugs*, who, being born exempt from that universal calamity of human nature, have their minds free and disengaged, without the weight and depression of spirits caused by the continual apprehension of death!" I discovered my admiration, "that I had not observed any of these illustrious persons at court! the black spot on the forehead being so remarkable a distinction, that I could not have easily overlooked it; and it was impossible that his majesty, a most judicious prince, should not provide himself with a good number of such wise and able counsellors. Yet perhaps the virtue of those reverend sages was too stilet for the corrupt and libertine manners of a court. And we often find by experience, that young men are too opinionated and volatile to be guided by the sober dictates of their seniors. However, since the king was pleased to allow me access to his royal person, I was resolved, upon the very first occasion, to deliver my opinion to him on this matter freely and at large, by the help of my interpreter; and whether he would please to take my advice or not, yet in one thing I was determined, that his majesty having frequently offered me an establishment in this country I would, with great thankfulness, accept the favour, and pass my life here in the conversation of those superior beings, the *struldbrugs*, if they would please to admit me."

The gentleman to whom I addressed my discourse, because (as I have already observed) he spoke the language of Balmibarhi, said to me, with a sort of smile, which usually arises from pity to the ignorant, "That he was glad of any occasion to keep me among them, and desired my permission to explain to the company what I had spoke." He did so, and they talked together for some time in their own language, whereof I understood not a syllable, neither could I observe by their countenances what impression my discourse had made on them. After a short silence, the same person told me, "That his friends and mine (so he thought fit to express himself) were very much pleased with the judicious remarks I had made on the great happiness and advantages of immortal life, and they were desirous to know, in a particular manner, what scheme of living I should have formed to myself, if it had fallen to my lot to have been born a *struldbrug*."

I answered, "It was easy to be eloquent on so copious and delightful a subject, especially to me, who had been often apt to amuse myself, with visions of what I should do if I were a king, a general, or a great lord: and upon this very ease I had frequently run over the whole system how I should employ myself, and pass the time if I were sure to live for ever."

"That if it had been my good fortune to come into the world a *struldbrug*, as soon as I could discover my own happiness, by understanding the difference between life and death, I would first resolve, by all arts and methods whatsoever to procure myself riches. In the pursuit of which, by thrift and management, I might reasonably expect in about two hundred years to be the wealthiest man in the kingdom. In the second place I would from my earliest youth apply myself to the study of arts and sciences, by which I should arrive in time to excel all others in learning. Lastly, I would carefully record every action and event of consequence, that

happened in the public, impartially draw the characters of the several successions of princes and great ministers of state, with my own observations on every point. I would exactly set down the several changes in customs, language, fashions of dress, diet, and diversions. By all which requirements, I should be a living treasure of knowledge and wisdom, and certainly become the oracle of the nation.

"I would never marry after threescore, but live in a hospitable manner, yet still on the saving side. I would entertain myself in forming and directing the minds of hopeful young men, by convincing them from my own remembrance, experience and observation, fortified by numerous examples, of the usefulness of virtue in public and private life. But my choice and constant companions should be a set of my own immortal brotherhood; among whom I would elect a dozen from the most ancient, down to my own contemporaries. Where any of these wanted fortunes, I would provide them with convenient lodges round my own estate, and have some of them always at my table; only mingling a few of the most valuable among you mortals whom length of time would harden me to lose with little or no reluctance, and treat your posterity after the same manner; just as a man diverts himself with the annual succession of pinks and tulips in his garden, without regretting the loss of those which withered the preceding year.

"These *struldbrugs* and I would mutually communicate our observations and memorials, through the course of time; remark the several gradations by which corruption steals into the world, and oppose it in every step, by giving perpetual warning and instruction to mankind; which, added to the strong influence of our own example, would probably prevent that continual degeneracy of human nature, so justly complained of in all ages.

"Add to all this the pleasure of seeing the various revolutions of states and empires; the changes in the lower and upper world; ancient cities in ruins, and obscure villages become the seats of kings; famous rivers lessening into shallow brooks; the ocean leaving one coast dry and overwhelming another; the discovery of many countries yet unknown; barbarity overrunning the politest nations, and the most barbarous become civilised. I should then see the discovery of the longitude, the perpetual motion, the universal medicine, and many other great inventions, brought to the utmost perfection.

"What wonderful discoveries should we make in astronomy, by outliving and confirming our own predictions; by observing the progress and returns of comets, with the changes of motion in the sun, moon, and stars!"

I enlarged upon many other topics, which the natural desire of endless life, and sublimary happiness could easily furnish me with. When I had ended, and the sum of my discourse had been interpreted, as before to the rest of the company, there was great deal of talk among them in the language of the country, not without some laughter at my expense. At last the same gentleman who had been my interpreter said, "He was desirous by the rest to set me right in a few mistakes which I had fallen into through the common imbecility of human nature, and upon that allowance was less answerable for them. That this breed of *struldbrugs* was peculiar to their country, for there were no such people either in Bahibarhi or Japan, where he had the honour to be ambassador from his majesty, and found the natives in both those kingdoms very hard to believe that the fact was possible: and it appeared from my astonishment when he had first mentioned the mat-

ter to me, that I received it as a thing wholly new, and scarcely to be credited. That in the two kingdoms above mentioned, where during his residence he had conversed very much, he observed long life to be the universal desire and wish of mankind. That whoever had one foot in the grave was sure to hold back the other as strongly as he could. That the oldest had still hopes of living one day longer, and looked on death as the greatest evil, from which nature always prompted him to retreat. Only in this island of Lagenagg the appetite for living was not so eager, from the continual example of the *struldbrugs* before their eyes.

"That the system of living contrived by me was unreasonable and unjust, because it supposed a perpetuity of youth, health, and vigour, which no man could be so foolish to hope, however extravagant he may be in his wishes. That the question therefore was not, whether a man would choose to be always in the prime of youth attended with prosperity and health; but how he would pass a perpetual life, under all the usual disadvantages which old age brings along with it. For although few men will avow their desires of being immortal, upon such hard conditions, yet in the two kingdoms before mentioned, of Bahibarhi and Japan, he observed that every man desired to put off death some time longer, let it approach ever so late; and he rarely heard of any man who died willingly, except he were incited by the extremity of grief or torture. And he appealed to me, whether in those countries I had travelled, as well as my own, I had not observed the same general disposition."

After this preface, he gave me a particular account of the *struldbrugs* among them. He said, "They commonly acted like mortals, till about thirty years old, after which by degrees they grew melancholy and dejected, increasing in both till they came to fourscore. This he learned from their own confession: for otherwise, there not being above two or three of that species born in an age, they were too few to form a general observation by. When they came to fourscore years, which is reckoned the extremity of living in this country, they had not only all the follies and infirmities of other old men, but many more, which arose from the dreadful prospect of never dying. They were not only opinionative, peevish, covetous, morose, vain, talkative, but incapable of friendship, and dead to all natural affection, which never descended below their grand-children. Envy and impotent desires are their prevailing passions. But those objects against which their envy seems principally directed are the vices of the younger sort, and the deaths of the old. By reflecting on the former, they find themselves cut off from all possibility of pleasure: and whenever they see a funeral, they lament and repine that others are gone to a harbour of rest to which they themselves never can hope to arrive. They have no remembrance of anything, but what they learned and observed in their youth and middle age, and even that is very imperfect. And for the truth or particulars of any fact, it is safer to depend on common tradition, than upon their best recollections. The least miserable among them appear to be those who turn to dotage and entirely lose their memories; these meet with more pity and assistance because they want many bad qualities which abound in others.

"If a *struldbrug* happen to marry one of his own kind, the marriage is dissolved of course, by the courtesy of the kingdom, as soon as the younger of the two comes to be fourscore. For the law thinks it a reasonable indulgence that those who are condemned, without any fault of their own, to a per-

petual continuance in the world should not have their misery doubled by the load of a wife.

"As soon as they have completed the term of eighty years they are looked on as dead in law; their heirs immediately succeed to their estates, only a small pittance is reserved for their support; and the poor ones are maintained at the public charge. After that period they are held incapable of any employment of trust or profit; they cannot purchase lands, or take leases; neither are they allowed to be witnesses in any cause either civil or criminal, not even for the decision of meers and bounds.

"At ninety they lose their teeth and hair; they bave at that age no distinction of taste, but eat and drink whatever they can get, without relish or appetite. The diseases they were subject to still continue, without increasing or diminishing. In talking they forget the common appellation of things, and the names of persons, even of those who are their nearest friends and relations. For the same reason they never can amuse themselves with reading, because their memory will not serve to carry them from the beginning of a sentence to the end; and by this defect, they are deprived of the only entertainment whereof they might otherwise be capable.

"The language of this country being always upon the flux, the *struldbrugs* of one age do not understand those of another; neither are they able, after two hundred years, to hold any conversation (further than by a few general words) with their neighbours the mortals; and thus they lie under the disadvantage of living like foreigners in their own country."

This was the account given me of the *struldbrugs*, as near as I can remember. I afterwards saw five or six of different ages, the youngest not above two hundred years old, who were brought to me at several times by some of my friends; but although they were told "That I was a great traveller, and had seen all the world," they had not the least curiosity to ask me a question; only desired "I would give them *shumakudask*, or a token of remembrance;" which is a modest way of begging, to avoid the law, that strictly forbids it, because they are provided for by the public, although indeed with a scanty allowance.

They are despised and hated by all sorts of people. When one of them is born, it is reckoned ominous, and their birth is recorded very particularly: so that you may know their age by consulting the register, which however has not been kept above a thousand years past, or at least has been destroyed by time or public disturbances. But the usual way of computing how old they are is by asking them what kings or great persons they can remember, and then consulting history; for infallibly the last prince in their mind did not begin his reign after they were four-score years old.

They were the most mortifying sight I ever beheld; and the women more horrible than the men. Besides the usual deformities in extreme old age, they acquired an additional ghastliness, in proportion to their number of years, which is not to be described; and among half a dozen, I soon distinguished which was the eldest, although there was not above a century or two between them.

The reader will easily believe, that from what I had heard and seen, my keen appetite for perpetuity of life was much abated. I grew heartily ashamed of the pleasing visions I had formed, and thought no tyrant could invent a death into which I would not run with pleasure from such a life. The king heard of all that had passed between me and my friends upon this occasion, and rallied me very pleasantly; wishing I could send a couple of *struldbrugs* to my

own country, to arm our people against the fear of death; but this it seems is forbidden by the fundamental laws of the kingdom, or else I should have been well content with the trouble and expense of transporting them.

I could not but agree, that the laws of this kingdom relative to the *struldbrugs*, were founded upon the strongest reasons, and such as any other country would be under the necessity of enacting, in the like circumstances. Otherwise, as avarice is the necessary consequent of old age, those immortals would in time become proprietors of the whole nation, and engross the civil power, which, for want of abilities to manage, must end in the ruin of the public.

CHAPTER XI.

The author leaves Luggnagg, and sails to Japan. From thence he returns in a Dutch ship to Amsterdam, and from Amsterdam to England.

I THOUGHT this account of the *struldbrugs* might be some entertainment to the reader, because it seems to be a little out of the common way; at least I do not remember to have met the like in any book of travels that has come to my hands: and if I am deceived, my excuse must be, that it is necessary for travellers, who describe the same country, very often to agree in dwelling on the same particulars, without deserving the censure of having borrowed or transcribed from those who wrote before them.

There is indeed a perpetual commerce between this kingdom and the great empire of Japan; and it is very probable that the Japanese authors may have given some account of the *struldbrugs*; but my stay in Japan was so short, and I was so entirely a stranger to the language, that I was not qualified to make any inquiries. But I hope the Dutch upon this notice will be curious and able enough to supply my defects.

His majesty having often pressed me to accept some employment in his court, and finding me absolutely determined to return to my native country, was pleased to give me his licence to depart, and honoured me with a letter of recommendation, under his own hand, to the Emperor of Japan. He likewise presented me with four hundred and forty-four large pieces of gold, (this nation delighted in even numbers,) and a red diamond, which I sold in England for eleven hundred pounds.

On the 6th of May, 1709, I took a solemn leave of his majesty and all my friends. This prince was so gracious as to order a guard to conduct me to Glanguenstaid, which is a royal port to the south-west part of the island. In six days I found a vessel ready to carry me to Japan, and spent fifteen days in the voyage. We landed at a small port-town called Xamoschi, situated on the south-east part of Japan; the town lies on the western point, where there is a narrow strait leading northward into a long arm of the sea, upon the north-west part of which Yedo the metropolis stands. At landing, I showed the custom-house officers my letter from the King of Luggnagg to his imperial majesty. They knew the seal perfectly well; it was as broad as the palm of my hand. The impression was, "A king lifting up a lame beggar from the earth." The magistrates of the town, bearing of my letter, received me as a public minister; they provided me with carriages and servants, and bore my charges to Yedo; where I was admitted to an audience, and delivered my letter, which was opened with great ceremony, and explained to the emperor by an interpreter; who then gave me notice, by his majesty's orders "That I should signify my request, and whatever it

were it should be granted, for the sake of his royal brother of Luggnagg." This interpreter was a person employed to transact affairs with the Hollanders; he soon conjectured, by my countenance, that I was an European, and therefore repeated his majesty's commands in low Dutch, which he spoke perfectly well. I answered, as I had before determined, "That I was a Dutch merchant, shipwrecked in a very remote country, whence I had travelled by sea and land to Luggnagg, and then took shipping for Japan; where I knew my countrymen often traded, and with some of these I hoped to get an opportunity of returning into Europe: I therefore most humbly entreated his royal favour, to give order that I should be conducted in safety to Nangasac." To this I added another petition, "That for the sake of my patron the king of Luggnagg, his majesty would condescend to excuse my performing the ceremony imposed on my countrymen, of trampling on the crucifix; because I had been thrown into his kingdom by my misfortunes, without any intention of trading." When this latter petition was interpreted to the emperor he seemed a little surprised, and said, "He believed I was the first of my countrymen who ever made any scruple in this point; and that he began to doubt whether I was a real Hollander or not; but rather suspected I must be a christian. However, for the reasons I had offered, but chiefly to gratify the king of Luggnagg, by an uncommon mark of his favour, he would comply with the singularity of my humour; but the affair must be managed with dexterity, and his officers should be commanded to let me pass, as it were by forgetfulness. For be assured me, that if the secret should be discovered by my countrymen the Dutch, they would cut my throat in the voyage."

I returned my thanks, by the interpreter, for so unusual a favour; and some troops being at that time on their march to Nangasac, the commanding officer had orders to convey me safe thither, with particular instructions about the business of the crucifix.

On the 9th day June, 1700, I arrived at Nanga-

sac, after a very long and troublesome journey. I soon fell into the company of some Dutch sailors belonging to the *Amboyna* of Amsterdam, a stout ship of 450 tons. I had lived long in Holland, pursuing my studies at Leyden, and I spoke Dutch well. The seamen soon knew whence I came last; they were curious to inquire into my voyages and course of life. I made up a story as short and probable as I could, but concealed the greatest part. I knew many persons in Holland; I was able to invent names for my parents, whom I pretended to be obscure people in the province of Gelderland. I would have given the captain (one Theodorus Van-gruit) what he pleased to ask for my voyage to Holland; but understanding I was a surgeon, he was contented to take half the usual rate, on condition that I would serve him in the way of my calling. Before we took shipping I was often asked by some of the crew "Whether I had performed the ceremony above mentioned?" I evaded the question by general answers; "That I had satisfied the emperor and court in all particulars." However, a malicious rogue of a skipper went to an officer, and, pointing to me, told him "I had not yet trampled on the crucifix;" but the other, who had received instructions to let me pass, gave the rascal twenty strokes on the shoulder with a bamboo; after which I was no more troubled with such questions.

Nothing happened worth mentioning in this voyage. We sailed with a fair wind to the Cape of Good Hope, where we stayed only to take in fresh water. On the 10th of April, 1710, we arrived safe at Amsterdam, having lost only three men by sickness in the voyage, and a fourth, who fell from the foremast into the sea, not far from the coast of Guinea. From Amsterdam I soon after set sail for England, in a small vessel belonging to that city.

On the 16th of April we put in at the Downs. I landed next morning, and saw once more my native country, after an absence of five years and six months complete. I went straight to Redriff, where I arrived the same day at two in the afternoon, and found my wife and family in good health.

PART THE FOURTH.

A VOYAGE TO THE COUNTRY OF THE HOUYHNHNMS.

CHAPTER I.

The author sets out as captain of a ship. His men conspire against him: confine him a long time to his cabin; set him on shore in an unknown land. He travels up into the country. The Yahoos, a strange sort of animal, described. The author meets two Houyhnhnms.

I CONTINUED at home with my wife and children about five months, in a very happy condition, if I could have learned the lesson of knowing when I was well. I left my poor wife big with child, and accepted an advantageous offer made me to be captain of the *Adventure*, a stout merchantman of 350 tons: for I understood navigation well, and being grown weary of a surgeon's employment at sea, which however I could exercise upon occasion, I took a skilful young man of that calling, one Robert Purefoy, into my ship. We set sail from Portsmouth upon the 7th day of September, 1710; on the 14th, we met with Captain Pocock of Bristol, at Teneriffe, who was going to the Bay of Camperchy to cut logwood. On the 16th he was parted from us by a storm. I heard, since my return, that his ship foundered, and none escaped but one cabin-boy.

He was an honest man and a good sailor, but a little too positive in his own opinions, which was the cause of his destruction, as it had been of several others; for, if he had followed my advice, he might have been safe at home with his family at this time, as well as myself.

I had several men died in my ship of calentures, so that I was forced to get recruits out of Barbadoes and the Leeward Islands, where I touched, by the direction of the merchants who employed me; which I had soon too much cause to repent: for I found afterwards that most of them had been hucaneers. I had fifty hands on board; and my orders were, that I should trade with the Indians in the South Sea, and make what discoveries I could. These rogues, whom I had picked up, debauched my other men, and they all formed a conspiracy to seize the ship, and secure me; which they did one morning, rushing into my cabin, and binding me hand and foot, and threatening to throw me overboard if I offered to stir. I told them "I was their prisoner, and would submit." This they made me swear to do, and then they unbound me,

only fastening one of my legs with a chain, near my bed, and placed a sentry at my door with his piece charged, who was commanded to shoot me dead if I attempted my liberty. They sent me down victuals and drink, and took the government of the ship to themselves. Their design was to turn pirates and plunder the Spaniards, which they could not do till they got more men. But first they resolved to sell the goods in the ship, and then go to Madagascar* for recruits, several among them having died since my confinement. They sailed many weeks and traded with the Indians; but I knew not what course they took, being kept a close prisoner in my cabin, and expecting nothing less than to be murdered, as they often threatened me.

Upon the 9th day of May, 1711, one James Welch came down to my cabin and said "he had orders from the captain to set me ashore." I expostulated with him, but in vain; neither would he so much as tell me who their new captain was. They forced me into the long-bont, letting me put on my best suit of clothes, which were as good as new, and take a small bundle of linen, but no arms except my hanger; and they were so civil as not to search my pockets into which I conveyed what money I had, with some other little necessities. They rowed about a league, and then set me down on a strand. I desired them to tell me what country it was. They all swore they knew no more than myself; but said, that the captain (as they called him) was resolved, after they had sold the lading, to get rid of me in the first place where they could discover land. They pushed off immediately, advising me to make haste for fear of being overtaken by the tide, and so bade me farewell.

In this desolate condition I advanced forward, and soon got upon firm ground, where I sat down on a bank to rest myself and consider what I had best do. When I was a little refreshed I went up into the country, resolving to deliver myself to the first savages I should meet, and purchase my life from them by some bracelets, glass rings, and other toys, which sailors usually provide themselves with in these voyages, and wherewith I had some about me. The land was divided by long rows of trees not regularly planted, but naturally growing; there was great plenty of grass, and several fields of oats. I walked very circumspectly for fear of being surprised, or suddenly shot with an arrow from behind, or on either side. I fell into a beaten road, where I saw many tracks of human feet, and some of cows, but most of horses. At last I beheld several animals in a field, and one or two of the same kind sitting in trees. Their shape was very singular and deformed, which a little discomposed me, so that I lay down behind a thicket, to observe them better. Some of them coming forward near the place where I lay, gave me an opportunity of distinctly marking their form. Their heads and breasts were covered with a thick hair, some frizzled, and others lank; they had beards like goats, and a long ridge of hair down their backs and the fore parts of their legs and feet; but the rest of their bodies was bare, so that I might see their skins, which were of a brown buff colour. They had no tails, nor any hair at all on their buttocks, except about the anus; which, I presume, nature had placed there to defend them, as they sat on the ground; for this posture they used as well as lying down, and often stood on their hind-feet. They climbed high trees as nimbly as a squirrel, for they had strong extended claws before and behind, terminating in sharp points, and hooked. They would often spring, and bound, and leap, with pro-

* An island resorted to by the pirates called Buccaneers.

digious agility. The females were not so large as the males; they had long lank hair on their bend, but none on their faces, nor anything more than a sort of down on the rest of their bodies, except about the anus and puds. The dogs hung between their fore-feet, and often reached almost to the ground as they walked. The hair of both sexes was of several colours, brown, red, black, and yellow. Upon the whole, I never beheld in all my travels so disagreeable an animal, or one against which I naturally conceived so great an antipathy. So that thinking I had seen enough, full of contempt and aversion, I got up and pursued the beaten road, hoping it might direct me to the cabin of some Indian. I had not got far when I met one of these creatures full in my way, and coming up directly to me. The ugly monster when he saw me, distorted several ways every feature of his visage, and started as at an object he had never seen before; then approaching nearer, lifted up his fore-paw, whether out of curiosity or mischief I could not tell; but I drew my hanger and gave him a good blow with the flat side of it, for I durst not strike with the edge, fearing the inhabitants might be provoked against me, if they should come to know that I had killed or maimed any of their cattle. When the beast felt the smart, he drew back and roared so loud, that a herd of at least forty came flucking about me from the next field, bowling, and making odious faces; but I ran to the body of a tree, and leaning my back against it, kept them off by waving my hanger. Several of this cursed brood getting hold of the branches behind, leapt up into the tree, whence they began to discharge their excrements on my head; however, I escaped pretty well by sticking close to the stem of the tree, but was almost stifled with the filth, which fell about me on every side.

In the midst of this distress, I observed them all to run away on a sudden as fast as they could; at which I ventured to leave the tree and pursue the road, and wondering what it was that could put them into this fright. But looking on my left hand, I saw a horse walking softly in the field, which my persecutors having sooner discovered, was the cause of their flight. The horse started a little when he came near me, but soon recovering himself, looked full in my face with manifest tokens of wonder. He viewed my hands and feet, walking round me several times. I would have pursued my journey, but he placed himself directly in the way, yet looking with very mild aspect, never offering the least violence. We stood gazing at each other for some time; at last I took the boldness to reach my hand towards his neck, with a design to stroke it, using the common style and whistle of jockeys when they are going to handle a strange horse. But this animal seemed to receive my civilities with disdain, shook his head and bent his brows, softly raising up his right fore-foot to remove my hand. Then he neighed three or four times, but in so different a cadence, that I almost began to think he was speaking to himself in some language of his own.

While he and I were thus employed, another horse came up, who applying himself to the first in a very formal manner, they gently struck each other's right hoof before, neighing several times by turns, and varying the sound, which seemed to be almost articulate. They went some paces off, as if it were to confer together, walking side by side, backward and forward, like persons deliberating upon some affair of weight, but often turning their eyes towards me, as it were to watch that I might not escape. I was amazed to see such actions and behaviour in brute beasts, and concluded with my-

self, that if the inhabitants of this country were endued with a proportionable degree of reason, they must needs be the wisest people upon earth. This thought gave me so much comfort that I resolved to go forward, until I could discover some house or village, or meet with any of the natives, leaving the two horses to discourse together as they pleased. But the first, who was a dapple gray, observing me to steal off, neighed after me in so expressive a tone, that I fancied myself to understand what he meant; whereupon I turned back and came near to him, to expect his further commands, but concealing my fear as much as I could, for I began to be in some pain how this adventure might terminate; and the reader will easily believe I did not much like my present situation.

The two horses came up close to me, looking with great earnestness upon my face and hands. The gray steed rubbed my hat all round with his right fore-hoof, and discomposed it so much, that I was forced to adjust it better by taking it off, and settling it again; whereat both he and his companion (who was a brown bay) appeared to be much surprised: the latter felt the lappet of my coat, and finding it to hang loose about me, they both looked with new signs of wonder. He stroked my right hand, seeming to admire the softness and colour, but as he squeezed it so hard between his hoof and his pastern, that I was forced to roar; after which they both touched me with all possible tenderness. They were under great perplexity about my shoes and stockings, which they felt very often, neighing to each other and using various gestures, not unlike those of a philosopher, when he would attempt to solve some new and difficult phenomenon.

Upon the whole, the behaviour of these animals was so orderly and rational, so acute and judicious, that I at last concluded they must needs be magicians who had thus metamorphosed themselves upon some design, and seeing a stranger in the way, resolved to divert themselves with him, or perhaps, were really amazed at the sight of a man so very different in habit, feature, and complexion, from those who might probably live in so remote a climate. Upon the strength of this reasoning, I ventured to address them in the following manner: "Gentlemen, if you be conjurors as I have good cause to believe, you can understand my language; therefore I make bold to let your worships know that I am a poor distressed Englishman, driven by his misfortunes upon your coast; and I entreat one of you to let me ride upon his back, as if he were a real horse, to some house or village where I can be relieved. In return of which favour, I will make you a present of this knife and bracelet," taking them out of my pocket. The two creatures stood silent while I spoke, seeming to listen with great attention; and when I had ended they neighed frequently towards each other, as if they were engaged in serious conversation. I plainly observed that their language expressed the passions very well, and the words might, with little pains, be resolved into an alphabet more easily than the Chinese.

I could frequently distinguish the word *Yahoos*, which was repeated by each of them several times; and although it was impossible for me to conjecture what it meant, yet, while the two horses were busy in conversation, I endeavoured to practise this word upon my tongue; and, as soon as they were silent, I boldly pronounced *Yahoos* in a loud voice, imitating at the same time, as near as I could, the neighing of a horse, at which they were both visibly surprised; and the gray repeated the same word twice, as if he meant to teach me the right accent; wherein I

spoke after him as well as I could, and found myself perceptibly to improve every time, though very far from any degree of perfection. Then the bay tried me with a second word, much harder to be pronounced, but reducing it to the English orthography, may be spelt thus, *Houyhnhnm*. I did not succeed in this so well as in the former; but, after two or three further trials I had better fortune, and they both appeared amazed at my capacity.

After some further discourse, which I then conjectured might relate to me, the two friends took their leave with the same compliment of striking each other's hoof, and the gray made me signs that I should walk before him; wherein I thought it prudent to comply, till I could find a better director. When I offered to slacken my pace, he would cry *Ahuon Ahuon*. I guessed his meaning, and gave him to understand as well as I could, "that I was weary, and not able to walk faster;" upon which he would stand a while to let me rest.

CHAPTER II.

The author conducted by a Houyhnhnam to his house. The house described. The author's reception. The food of the Houyhnhnams. The author in distress for want of medicine; at last relieved. His manner of feeding in this country.

HAVING travelled about three miles we came to a lung kind of building, made of timber stuck in the ground, and wattled across; the roof was low, and covered with straw. I now began to be a little comforted, and took out some toys which travellers usually carry for presents to the savage Indians of America, and other parts, in hopes the people of the house would be thereby encouraged to receive me kindly. The horse made me a sign to go in first. It was a large room with a smooth clay floor, and a rack and manger extending the whole length on one side. There were three nags and two mares, not eating, but some of them sitting down upon their hams, which I very much wondered at, but wondered more to see the rest employed in domestic business; these seemed but ordinary cattle. However, this confirmed my first opinion, that a people who could so far civilise brute animals must needs excel in wisdom all the nations of the world. The gray came in just after, and thereby prevented any ill treatment which the others might have given me. He neighed to them several times in a style of authority, and received answers.

Beyond this room there were three others reaching the length of the house, to which you passed through three doors, opposite to each other in the manner of a vista; we went through the second room towards the third. Here the gray walked in first, beckoning me to attend: I waited in the second room and got ready my presents for the master and mistress of the house; they were two knives, three bracelets of false pearls, a small looking-glass, and a bead necklace. The horse neighed three or four times, and I waited to hear some answers in a human voice, but I heard no other returns than in the same dialect, only one or two a little shriller than his. I began to think that this house must belong to some person of great note among them, because there appeared so much ceremony before I could gain admittance. But that a man of quality should be served all by horses was beyond my comprehension. I feared my brain was disturbed by my sufferings and misfortunes. I roused myself, and looked about me in the room where I was left alone; this was furnished like the first, only after a more elegant manner. I rubbed my eyes often, but the same objects still occurred. I pinched my arms and sides to awake myself, hop-

ing I might be in a dream. I then absolutely concluded that all these appearances could be nothing else but necromancy and magic. But I had no time to pursue these reflections, for the gray horse came to the door and made me a sign to follow him into the third room, where I saw a very comely mare together with a colt and foal, sitting on their haunches upon mats of straw, not unartfully made, and perfectly neat and clean.

The mare soon after my entrance rose from her mat, and coming up close, after having nicely observed my hands and face, gave me a most contemptuous look, and turning to the horse I heard the word *Yahoo* often repeated betwixt them, the meaning of which word I could not then comprehend, although it was the first I had learned to pronounce. But I was soon better informed, to my everlasting mortification; for the horse beckoning to me with his head, and repeating the *Ahunn*, *Ahunn*, as he did upon the road, which I understood was to attend him, led me out into a kind of court where was another building at some distance from the house. Here we entered, and I saw three of those detestable creatures which I first met after my landing, feeding upon roots and the flesh of some animals which I afterwards found to be that of asses and dogs, and now and then a cow dead by accident or disease. They were all tied by the neck with strong withes fastened to a beam; they held their food between the claws of their fore-feet, and tore it with their teeth.

The master horse ordered a sorrel nag, one of his servants, to untie the largest of these animals and take him into the yard. The beast and I were brought close together, and our countenances diligently compared both by master and servant, who thereupon repeated several times the word *Yahoo*. My horror and astonishment are not to be described, when I observed in this abominable animal a perfect human figure; the face of it indeed was flat and broad, the nose depressed, the lips large, and the mouth wide; but these differences are common to all savage nations where the lineaments of the countenance are distorted by the natives suffering their infants to lie grovelling on the earth, or by carrying them on their backs nuzzling with their face against the mother's shoulders. The fore-feet of the *Yahoo* differed from my hands in nothing else but the length of the nails, the coarseness and brownness of the palms, and the hairiness on the backs. There was the same resemblance between our feet, with the same differences, which I knew very well, though the horses did not, because of my shoes and stockings; the same in every part of our bodies except as to hairiness and colour, which I have already described.

The great difficulty that seemed to stick with the two horses, was to see the rest of my body so very different from that of a *Yahoo*; for which I was obliged to my clothes, whereof they had no conception. The sorrel nag offered me a root which he held (after their manner as we shall describe in its proper place) between his hoof and pastern. I took it in my hand, and having smelt it, returned it to him again as civilly as I could. He brought out of the *Yahoo*'s kennel a piece of ass's flesh, but it smelt so offensively that I turned from it with loathing; he then threw it to the *Yahoo*, by whom it was greedily devoured. He afterwards showed me a wisp of hay and a fetlock full of oats, but I shook my head to signify that neither of these were food for me. And indeed I now apprehended that I must absolutely starve if I did not get to some of my own species; for as to those filthy *Yahoos*, although

there were few greater lovers of mankind at that time than myself, yet I confess I never saw any sensitive being so detestable on all accounts, and the more I came near them the more hateful they grew while I stayed in that country. This the master of the horse observed by my behaviour, and therefore sent the *Yahoo* back to his kennel. He then put his fore-hoof to his mouth, at which I was much surprised, although he did it with ease and with a motion that appeared perfectly natural, and made other signs to know what I would eat, but I could not return him such an answer as he was able to apprehend; and if he had understood me, I did not see how it was possible to contrive any way for finding myself nourishment. While we were thus engaged I observed a cow passing by, whereupon I pointed to her and expressed a desire to go and milk her. This had its effect, for he led me back into the house and ordered a mare-servant to open a room, where a good store of milk lay in earthen and wooden vessels after a very orderly and cleanly manner. She gave me a large bowlful, of which I drank very heartily and found myself well refreshed.

About noon I saw coming towards the house a kind of vehicle drawn like a sledge by four *Yahoos*. There was in it an old steed who seemed to be of quality; he alighted with his hind feet forward, having by accident got a hurt in his left fore-foot. He came to dine with our horse, who received him with great civility. They dined in the best room, and had oats boiled in milk for the second course, which the old horse eat warm, but the rest cold. Their mangers were placed circular in the middle of the room, and divided into several partitions, round which they sat on their haunches upon hasses of straw. In the middle was a large rack with angles answering to every partition of the manger, so that each horse and mare eat their own hay and their own mash of oats and milk with much decency and regularity. The behaviour of the young colt and foal appeared very modest, and that of the master and mistress extremely cheerful and complaisant to their guest. The gray ordered me to stand by him, and much discourse passed between him and his friend concerning me, as I found by the stranger's often looking on me, and the frequent repetition of the word *Yahoo*.

I happened to wear my gloves, which the master gray observing, seemed perplexed, discovering signs of wonder what I had done to my fore-feet. He put his hoof three or four times to them, as if he would signify that I should reduce them to their former shape, which I presently did, pulling off both my gloves and putting them into my pocket. This occasioned further talk; and I saw the company was pleased with my behaviour, whereof I soon found the good effects. I was ordered to speak the few words I understood; and while they were at dinner the master taught me the names for oats, milk, fire, water, and some others which I could readily pronounce after him, having from my youth a great facility in learning languages.

When dinner was done the master horse took me aside, and by signs and words made me understand the concern he was in that I had nothing to eat. Oats in their tongue are called *Ahunn*. This word I pronounced two or three times; for although I had refused them at first, yet upon second thoughts I considered that I could contrive to make of them a kind of bread, which might be sufficient with milk to keep me alive till I could make my escape to some other country, and to creatures of my own species. The horse immediately ordered a white mare-servant of his family to bring me a good quan-

tity of osts in a sort of wooden tray. These I heated before the fire as well as I could, and rubbed them till the husks came off, which I made a shift to winnow from the grain; I ground and beat them between two stones, then took water, and made them into a paste or cake, which I toasted at the fire and eat warm with milk. It was at first a very insipid diet, though common enough in many parts of Europe, but grew tolerable by time; and having been often reduced to hard fare in my life, this was not the first experiment I had made how easily nature is satisfied. And I cannot but observe that I never had one hour's sickness while I staid in this island. It is true I sometimes made a shift to catch a rabbit or bird by springs made of *Yahoos'* hair, and I often gathered wholesome herbs, which I boiled, and eat as salads with my bread; and now and then for a rarity I made a little butter and drank the whey. I was at first at a great loss for salt, but custom soon reconciled me to the want of it; and I am confident that the frequent use of salt among us is an effect of luxury, and was first introduced only as a provocative to drink, except where it is necessary for preserving flesh in long voyages or in places remote from great markets; for we observe no animal to be fond of it but man; * and as to myself, when I left this country it was a great while before I could endure the taste of it in anything that I eat.

This is enough to say upon the subject of my diet, wherewith other travellers fill their books, as if the readers were personally concerned whether we fare well or ill. However, it was necessary to mention this matter, lest the world should think it impossible that I could find sustenance for three years, in such a country and among such inhabitants.

When it grew towards evening, the master-horse ordered a place for me to lodge in; it was but six yards from the house, and separated from the stable of the *Yahoos*. Here I got some straw, and covering myself with my own clothes, slept very sound. But I was in a short time better accommodated, as the reader shall know hereafter, when I come to treat more particularly about my way of living.

CHAPTER III.

The author studies to learn the language. The *Houtyhnhms*, his master, assists in teaching him. The language described. Several *Houtyhnhms* of quality come out of curiosity to see the author. He gives his master a short account of his voyage.

My principal endeavour was to learn the language, which my master (for so I shall henceforth call him) and his children, and every servant of his house were desirous to teach me; for they looked upon it as a prodigy that a brute animal should discover such marks of a rational creature. I pointed to everything and inquired the name of it, which I wrote down in my journal-book when I was alone; and corrected my had accent by desiring those of the family to pronounce it often. In this employment a sorrel nag, one of the under servants, was very ready to assist me.

In speaking they pronounce through the nose and throat, and their language approaches nearest to the High Dutch or German of any I know in Europe, but is much more graceful and significant. The Emperor Charles V. made almost the same observation when he said, "That if he were to speak to his horse, it should be in High Dutch."

The curiosity and impatience of my master were

* Many animals will eat salt, and in particular, sheep and oxen. Earl Spencer preserves his cattle from disease by the profuse sprinkling of that inestimable article to all animals over his pastures.

so great, that he spent many hours of his leisure to instruct me. He was convinced (as he afterwards told me) that I must be a *Yahoo*; but my teachableness, civility and cleanliness astonished him; which were qualities altogether opposite to those animals. He was most perplexed about my clothes, reasoning sometimes with himself whether they were a part of my body; for I never pulled them off till the family were asleep, and got them on before they waked in the morning. My master was eager to learn "whence I came—how I acquired those appearances of reason which I discovered in all my actions—and to know my story from my own mouth, which he hoped he should soon do, by the great proficiency I made in learning and pronouncing their words and sentences." To help my memory I formed all I learned into the English alphabet, and writ the words down, with the translations. This last, after some time I ventured to do in my master's presence. It cost me much trouble to explain to him what I was doing, for the inhabitants have not the least idea of books or literature.

In about ten weeks' time I was able to understand most of his questions, and in three months could give him some tolerable answers. He was extremely curious to know "from what part of the country I came, and how I was taught to imitate a rational creature; because the *Yahoos* (whom he saw I exactly resembled in my head, hands, and face, that were only visible), with some appearance of cunning, and the strongest disposition to mischief, were observed to be the most unteachable of all brutes." I answered, "That I came over the sea from a far place, with many others of my own kind, in a great hollow vessel, made of the bodies of trees; that my companions forced me to land on this coast, and then left me to shift for myself." It was with some difficulty, and by the help of many signs, that I brought him to understand me. He replied, "That I must needs be mistaken, or that I said the thing which was not;" for they have no word in their language to express lying or falsehood. He knew it was impossible that there could be a country beyond the sea, or that a parcel of brutes could move a wooden vessel whither they pleased upon water. He was sure no *Houtyhnhms* alive could make such a vessel, nor would trust *Yahoos* to manage it."

The word *Houtyhnhms*, in their tongue, signifies a *horse*, and, in its etymology, the perfection of nature. I told my master, "That I was at a loss for expression, but would improve as fast as I could, and hoped, in a short time, I should be able to tell him wonders." He was pleased to direct his own mare, his colt and foal, and the servants of the family, to take all opportunities of instructing me; and every day, for two or three hours, he was at the same pains himself. Several horses and mares of quality in the neighbourhood came often to our house, upon the report spread of "a wonderful *Yahoo*, that could speak like a *Houtyhnhm*, and seemed, in his words and actions, to discover some glimmerings of reason." These delighted to converse with me; they put many questions, and received such answers as I was able to return. By all these advantages I made so great a progress, that, in five months from my arrival, I understood whatever was spoken, and could express myself tolerably well.

The *Houtyhnhms*, who came to visit my master out of a design of seeing and talking with me, could hardly believe me to be a right *Yahoo*, because my body had a different covering from others of my kind. They were astonished to observe me without the usual hair or skin, except on my head, face, and hands; but I discovered that secret to my

master upon an accident which happened about a fortnight before.

I have already told the reader that every night, when the family were gone to bed, it was my custom to strip, and cover myself with my clothes. It happened, one morning early, that my master sent for me by the sorrel nag, who was his valet. When he came I was fast asleep, my clothes fallen off on one side, and my shirt above my waist. I awaked at the noise he made, and observed him to deliver his message in some disorder; after which he went to my master, and, in a great fright, gave him a very confused account of what he had seen. This I presently discovered; for, going as soon as I was dressed to pay my attendance upon his honour, he asked me "The meaning of what his servant had reported, that I was not the same thing when I slept as I appeared to be at other times; that his valet assured him some part of me was white, some yellow, at least not so white, and some brown."

I had hitherto concealed the secret of my dress, in order to distinguish myself as much as possible from that cursed race of *Yahoos*, but now I found it in vain to do so any longer. Besides, I considered that my clothes and shoes would soon wear out, which already were in a declining condition, and must be supplied by some contrivance, from the hides of *Yahoos*, or other brutes, whereby the whole secret would be known. I therefore told my master, "That in the country whence I came, those of my kind always covered their bodies with the hairs of certain animals prepared by art, as well for decency as to avoid the inclemencies of air, both hot and cold; of which, as to my own person, I would give him immediate conviction, if he pleased to command me; only desiring his excuse if I did not expose those parts that nature taught us to conceal." He said, "My discourse was all very strange, but especially the last part; for he could not understand why nature should teach us to conceal what nature had given; that neither himself nor family were ashamed of any part of their bodies; but, however, I might do as I pleased." Whereupon I first unbuttoned my coat, and pulled it off; I did the same with my waistcoat; I drew off my shoes, stockings, and breeches; I let my shirt down to my waist, and drew up the bottom, fastening it like a girdle about my middle, to hide my nakedness.

My master observed the whole performance with great signs of curiosity and admiration. He took up all my clothes in his pastero, one piece after another, and examined them diligently; he then stroked my body very gently, and looked round me several times; after which he said it was plain I must be a perfect *Yahoo*, but that I differed very much from the rest of my species, in the softness, whiteness, and smoothness of my skin; my want of hair in several parts of my body; the shape and shortness of my claws behind and before; and my affectation of walking continually on my two hinder feet. He desired to see no more, and gave me leave to put on my clothes again, for I was shuddering with cold.

I expressed my uneasiness at his giving me so often the appellation of *Yahoo*, an odious animal, for which I had so utter a hatred and contempt; I begged he would forbear applying that word to me, and make the same order in his family, and among his friends whom he suffered to see me. I requested likewise, "That the secret of my having a false covering to my body might be known to none but himself, at least, as long as my present clothing should last; for as to what the sorrel nag his valet

had observed, his honour might command him to conceal it."

All this my master very graciously consented to; and thus the secret was kept till my clothes began to wear out, which I was forced to supply by several contrivances that shall hereafter be mentioned. In the mean time he desired "I would go on with my utmost diligence to learn their language, because he was more astonished at my capacity for speech and reason than at the figure of my body, whether it were covered or not; adding, "That he waited with some impatience to hear the wonders which I promised to tell him."

Thenceforward he doubled the pains he had been at to instruct me; he brought me into all company, and made them treat me with civility; "because," as he told them privately, "this would put me into good humour, and make me more diverting."

Every day, when I waited on him, besides the trouble he was at in teaching, he would ask me several questions concerning myself, which I answered as well as I could; and by these means he had already received some general ideas, though very imperfect. It would be tedious to relate the several steps by which I advanced to a more regular conversation; but the first account I gave of myself in any order and length was to this purpose:

"That I came from a very far country, as I already had attempted to tell him, with about fifty more of my own species; that we travelled upon the seas in a great hollow vessel made of wood, and larger than his honour's house. I described the ship to him in the best terms I could, and explained, by the help of my handkerchief displayed, how it was driven forward by the wind. That, upon a quarrel among us, I was set on shore on this coast, where I walked forward, without knowing whither, till he delivered me from the persecution of those execrable *Yahoos*." He asked me, "Who made the ship, and how it was possible that the *Houyhnhnms* of my country would leave it to the management of brutes?" My answer was, "That I durst proceed no further in my relation unless he would give me his word and honour that he would not be offended, and then I would tell him the wonders I had so often promised." He agreed, and I went on, by assuring him that the ship was made by creatures like myself, who in all the countries I had travelled, as well as in my own, were the only governing rational animals; and that, upon my arrival hither, I was as much astonished to see the *Houyhnhnms* act like rational beings as he or his friends could be in finding some marks of reason in a creature he was pleased to call a *Yahoo*; to which I owned my resemblance in every part, but could not account for their degenerate and brutal nature." I said further, "That if good fortune ever restored me to my native country, to relate my travels hither, as I resolved to do, everybody would believe that I said the thing that was not, that I invented the story out of my own head; and (with all possible respect to himself, his family, and friends, and under his promise of not being offended), our countrymen would hardly think it probable that a *Houyhnhnm* should be the presiding creature of a nation, and a *Yahoo* the brute."

CHAPTER IV.

The *Houyhnhnm's* notion of truth and falsehood. The author's discourse disapproved by his master. The author gives a more particular account of himself and the accidents of his voyage.

My master heard me with great appearances of uneasiness in his countenance; because doubting, or

not believing, are so little known in this country, that the inhabitants cannot tell how to behave themselves under such circumstances. And I remember, in frequent discourses with my master concerning the nature of manhood in other parts of the world, having occasion to talk of lying and false representation, it was with much difficulty that he comprehended what I meant, although he had otherwise a most acute judgment; for he argued thus: "That the use of speech was to make us understand one another, and to receive information of facts; now, if any one said the thing which was not, these ends were defeated, because I cannot properly be said to understand him; and I am so far from receiving information that he leaves me worse than in ignorance; for I am led to believe a thing black when it is white, and short when it is long." And these were all the notions he had concerning that faculty of lying, so perfectly well understood, and so universally practised, among human creatures.

To return from this digression. When I asserted that the *Yahoos* were the only governing animals in my country, which my master said was altogether past his conception, he desired to know, "Whether we had *Houyhnhnms* among us, and what was their employment?" I told him, "We had great numbers; that in summer they grazed in the fields, and in winter were kept in houses with hay and oats, where *Yahoo* servants were employed to rub their skins smooth, comb their manes, pick their feet, serve them with food, and make their beds." "I understand you well," said my master; "it is now very plain, from all you have spoken, that whatever share of reason the *Yahoos* pretend to, the *Houyhnhnms* are your masters. I heartily wish our *Yahoos* would be so tractable." I begged "his honour would please to excuse me from proceeding any further, because I was very certain that the account he expected from me would be highly displeasing." But he insisted in commanding me to let him know the best and the worst. I told him "he should be obeyed." I owned "that the *Houyhnhnms* among us, whom we called horses, were the most generous and comely animal we had; that they excelled in strength and swiftness; and when they belonged to persons of quality were employed in travelling, racing, or drawing chariots; they were treated with much kindness and care, till they fell into disease, or became foundered in the feet; but then they were sold, and used to all kind of drudgery till they died; after which their skins were stripped, and sold for what they were worth, and their bodies left to be devoured by dogs and birds of prey. But the common race of horses had not so good fortune, being kept by farmers and carriers, and other mean people, who put them to greater labour and fed them worse." I described, as well as I could, our way of riding; the shape and use of a bridle, a saddle, a spur, and a whip; of harness and wheels. I added, that we fastened plates of a certain hard substance, called iron, at the bottom of their feet, to preserve their hoofs from being broken by the stony ways on which we often travelled."

My master, after some expressions of great indignation, wondered "how we dared to venture upon a *Houyhnhnm's* back; for he was sure that the weakest servant in his house would be able to shake off the strongest *Yahoo*, or, by lying down and rolling on his back, squeeze the brute to death." I answered, "That our horses were trained up, from three or four years old, to the several uses we intended them for; that if any of them proved intolerably vicious, they were employed for carriages;

that they were severely beaten, while they were young, for any mischievous tricks; that the males, designed for the common use of riding or draught, were generally castrated about two years after their birth, to take down their spirits, and make them more tame and gentle; that they were indeed susceptible of rewards and punishments; but his honour would please to consider that they had not the least tincture of reason, any more than the *Yahoos* in this country."

It put me to the pains of many circumlocutions to give my master a right idea of what I spoke; for their language does not abound in variety of words, because their wants and passions are fewer than among us. But it is impossible to express his noble resentment at our savage treatment of the *Houyhnhnm* race; particularly after I had explained the manner and use of castrating horses among us to hinder them from propagating their kind and to render them more servile. He said, "If it were possible there could be any country where *Yahoos* alone were endued with reason, they certainly must be the governing animal; because reason in time will always prevail against brutal strength. But, considering the frame of our bodies, and especially of mine, he thought no creature of equal bulk was so ill contrived for employing that reason in the common offices of life;" whereupon he desired to know "whether those among whom I lived resembled me or the *Yahoos* of his country." I assured him, "that I was as well shaped as most of my age, but the younger, and the females were much more soft and tender, and the skins of the latter generally as white as milk." He said, I differed indeed from other *Yahoos*, being much more cleanly and not altogether so deformed; but in point of real advantage, he thought I differed for the worse, that my nails were of no use either to my fore or hinder feet. As to my fore-feet, he could not properly call them by that name, for he never observed me to walk upon them; that they were too soft to bear the ground; that I generally went with them uncovered; neither was the covering I sometimes wore on them of the same shape or so strong as that on my feet behind. That I could not walk with any security, for if either of my hinder feet slipped, I must inevitably fall." He then began to find fault with other parts of my body: "The flatness of my face, the prominence of my nose, mine eyes placed directly in front, so that I could not look on either side without turning my head; that I was not able to feed myself without lifting one of my fore-feet to my mouth; and therefore nature had placed those joints to answer that necessity. He knew not what could be the use of those several clefts and divisions in my feet behind; that these were too soft to bear the hardness and sharpness of stones, without a covering made from the skin of some other brute; that my whole body wanted a fence against heat and cold which I was forced to put on and off every day with tediousness and trouble. And lastly, that he observed every animal in this country naturally to abhor the *Yahoos*, whom the weaker avoided and the stronger drove from them. So that, supposing us to have the gift of reason, he could not see how it were possible to cure that natural antipathy which every creature discovered against us; nor consequently, how we could tame and render them servicable. However, he would," as he said, "debate the matter no further, because he was more desirous to know my story, the country where I was born, and the several actions and events of my life before I came hither."

I assured him "how extremely desirous I was that he should be satisfied on every point; but I doubted much whether it would be possible for me to explain myself on several subjects, whereof his honour could have no conception, because I saw nothing in his country to which I could resemble them; that, however, I would do my best, and strive to express myself by similitudes, humbly desiring his assistance when I wanted proper words;" which he was pleased to promise me.

I said, "My birth was of honest parents in an island called England, which was remote from his country, as many days' journey as the strongest of his honour's servants could travel in the annual course of the sun; that I was bred a surgeon, whose trade it is to cure wounds and burts in the body, gotten by accident or violence; that my country was governed by a female man, whom we called queen; that I left it to get riches, whereby I might maintain myself and family, when I should return; that in my last voyage, I was commander of the ship, and had about fifty *Yahoos* under me, many of which died at sea, and I was forced to supply them by others picked out from several nations; that our ship was twice in danger of being sunk; the first time by a great storm, and the second by striking against a rock." Here my master interposed, by asking me, "How I could persuade strangers out of different countries to venture with me, after the losses I had sustained and the hazards I had run?" I said, "They were fellows of desperate fortunes, forced to fly from the places of their birth on account of their poverty or their crimes. Some were undone by law-suits; others spent all they had in drinking, whoring, and gaming; others fled for treason; many for murder, theft, poisoning, robbery, perjury, forgery, coinng false money, for committing rapes or sodomy, for flying from their colours or deserting to the enemy; and most of them had broken prison; None of these durst return to their native countries, for fear of being hanged or of starving in a jail; and therefore they were under a necessity of seeking a livelihood in other places."

During this discourse, my master was pleased to interrupt me several times. I had made use of many circumlocutions in describing to him the nature of the several crimes for which most of our crew had been forced to fly their country. This labour took up several days' conversation, before he was able to comprehend me. He was wholly at a loss to know what could be the use or necessity of practising those vices: to clear up which, I endeavoured to give some ideas of the desire of power and riches; of the terrible effects of lust, intemperance, malice, and envy. All this I was forced to decline and describe by pitting cases and making suppositions. After which, like one whose imagination was struck with something never seen or heard of before, he would lift up his eyes with amazement and indignation. Power, government, war, law, punishment, and a thousand other things, had no terms wherein that language could express them, which made the difficulty almost insuperable, to give my master any conception of what I meant. But being of an excellent understanding, much improved by contemplation and converse, he at last arrived at a competent knowledge of what human nature, in our parts of the world, is capable to perform, and desired I would give him some particular account of that land which we call Europe, but especially of my own country.

CHAPTER V.

The author at his master's command, informs him of the state of England. The causes of war among the princes of Europe. The author begins to explain the English Constitution.

THE reader may please to observe, that the following extract of many conversations I had with my master contains a summary of the most material points which were discussed at several times for above two years; his honour often desiring fuller satisfaction as I further improved in the *Houyhnhnm* tongue. I laid before him, as well as I could, the whole state of Europe; I discoursed of trade and manufactures, of arts and sciences; and the answers I gave to all the questions he made, as they arose upon several subjects, were a fund of conversation not to be exhausted. But I shall here only set down the substance of what passed between us concerning my own country, reducing it in order as well as I can, without any regard to time or other circumstances while I strictly adhere to truth. My only concern is, that I shall hardly be able to do justice to my master's arguments and expressions, which must needs suffer by my want of capacity, as well as by a translation into our barbarous English.

In obedience, therefore, to his honour's commands, I related to him the Revolution under the Prince of Orange; the long war with France, entered into by the said prince, and renewed by his successor, the present queen, wherein the greatest powers of Christendom were engaged, and which still continued. I computed, at his request, "that about a million of *Yahoos* might have been killed in the whole progress of it; and perhaps a hundred or more cities taken, and five times as many ships burnt or sunk."

He asked me, "What were the usual causes or motives that made one country go to war with another?" I answered, "They were innumerable; but I should only mention a few of the chief. Sometimes the ambition of princes, who never think they have land or people enough to govern; sometimes the corruption of ministers, who engage their master in a war in order to stifle or divert the clamour of the subjects against their evil administration. Difference in opinions has cost many millions of lives; for instance, whether flesh be bread, or bread be flesh; whether the juice of a certain berry be blood or wine [Transubstantiation]; whether whistling be a vice or a virtue [church-music]; whether it be better to kiss a post or throw it into the fire [kissing a cross]; what is the best colour for a coat, whether black, white, red, or gray; and whether it should be long or short, narrow or wide, dirty or clean, with many more.* Neither are any wars so furious and bloody, or of so long continuance, as those occasioned by difference in opinion, especially if it be in things indifferent.

"Sometimes the quarrel between two princes is to decide which of them shall dispossess a third of his dominions, where neither of them pretend to any right. Sometimes one prince quarrels with another, for fear the other should quarrel with him. Sometimes a war is entered upon because the enemy is too strong, and sometimes because he is too weak. Sometimes our neighbors want the things which we have, or have the things which we want, and we both fight till they take ours, or give us theirs. It is a very justifiable cause of a war to invade a

* The colour and make of sacred vestments, and orders of Popish ecclesiastics.

country after the people have been wasted by famine, destroyed by pestilence, or embroiled by factions among themselves. It is justifiable to enter into war against our nearest ally when one of his towns lies convenient for us, or a territory of land, that would render our dominions round and compact. If a prince sends forces into a nation where the people are poor and ignorant, he may lawfully put half of them to death, and make slaves of the rest, in order to civilise and reduce them from their barbarous way of living. It is a very kindly, honourable, and frequent practice, when one prince desires the assistance of another to secure him against an invasion, that the assistant, when he has driven out the invader, should seize on the dominions himself, and kill, imprison, or banish the prince he came to relieve. Alliance by blood or marriage is a frequent cause of war between princes; and the nearer their kindred is, the greater their disposition to quarrel. Poor nations are hungry, and rich nations are proud; and pride and hunger will ever be at variance. For these reasons, the trade of a soldier is held the most honourable of all others; because a soldier is a *Yakoo* hired to kill, in cold blood, as many of his own species who have never offended him as possibly he can.

"There is likewise a kind of beggarly princes in Europe, not able to make war by themselves, who hire out their troops to richer nations for so much a-day to each man; of which they keep three-fourths to themselves, and it is the best part of their maintenance; such are those in many northern parts of Europe."^a

"What you have told me," said my master, "upon the subject of war, does, indeed, discover most admirably the effects of that reason you pretend to; however, it is happy that the shame is greater than the danger, and that nature has left you utterly incapable of doing much mischief. For, your mouths lying flat with your faces, you can hardly bite each other to any purpose, unless by consent. Then, as to the claws upon your feet, before and behind, they are so short and tender, that one of our *Yakoo*s would drive a dozen of yours before him. And therefore, in recounting the numbers of those who have been killed in battle, I cannot but think you have said the thing which is not."

I could not forbear shaking my head and smiling a little at his ignorance. And, being no stranger to the art of war, I gave him a description of cannons, culverins, muskets, carabines, pistols, bullets, powder, swords, bayonets, battles, sieges, retreats, attacks, undermines, countermines, bombardments, sea-fights, ships sunk with a thousand men, twenty thousand killed on each side, dying groans, limbs flying in the air, smoke, noise, confusion, trampling to death under horses' feet, flight, pursuit, victory; fields strewn with carcasses, left for food to dogs, and wolves, and birds of prey; plundering, stripping, ravishing, burning, and destroying. And, to set forth the valour of my own dear countrymen, I assured him "that I had seen them blow up a hundred enemies at once in a siege, and as many in a ship; and beheld the dead bodies drop down in pieces from the clouds, to the great diversion of the spectators."^b

I was going on to more particulars, when my master commanded me silence. He said, "whoever

understood the nature of *Yakoo*s might easily believe it possible for so vile an animal to be capable of every action I had named, if their strength and cunning equalled their malice. But as my discourse had increased his abhorrence of the whole species, so he found it gave him a disturbance in his mind to which he was wholly a stranger before. He thought his ears, being used to such abominable words, might by degrees admit them with less detestation; that although he hated the *Yakoo*s of this country, yet he no more blamed them for their odious qualities, than he did a *gnayh* (a bird of prey) for its cruelty, or a sharp stone for cutting his hoof. But when a creature pretending to reason could be capable of such enormities, he dreaded lest the corruption of that faculty might be worse than brutishness itself. He seemed therefore confident, that instead of reason, we were only possessed of some quality fitted to increase our natural vices, as the reflection from a troubled stream returns the image of an ill-shapen body, not only larger, but more distorted."

He added, "that he had heard too much upon the subject of war, both in this and some former discourses. There was another point which a little perplexed him at present. I had informed him that some of our crew left their country on account of being ruined by law; that I had already explained the meaning of the word; but he was at a loss how it should come to pass, that the law, which was intended for every man's preservation, should be any man's ruin. Therefore he desired to be further satisfied what I meant by law, and the dispensers thereof, according to the present practice in my own country; because he thought nature and reason were sufficient guides for a reasonable animal as we pretended to be, in showing us what he ought to do, and what to avoid."

I assured his honour, "that law was a science in which I had not much conversed, further than by employing advocates in vain upon some injustices that had been done me; however, I would give him all the satisfaction I was able."

I said, "there was a society of men among us, bred up from their youth in the art of proving, by words multiplied for the purpose, that white is black and black is white, according as they are paid. To this society all the rest of the people are slaves. For example, if my neighbour has a mind to my cow, he has a lawyer to prove that he ought to have my cow from me. I must then hire another to defend my right, it being against all rules of law that any man should be allowed to speak for himself. Now, in this case, I, who am the right owner, lie under two great disadvantages,—first, my lawyer, being practised almost from his cradle in defending falsehood, is quite out of his element when he would be an advocate for justice, which is an unnatural office he always attempts with great awkwardness, if not with ill-will. The second disadvantage is, that my lawyer must proceed with great caution, or else he will be reprimanded by the judges and abhorred by his brethren, as one that would lessen the practice of the law. And therefore I have but two methods to preserve my cow. The first is, to gain over my adversary's lawyer with a double fee, who will then betray his client by insinuating that he has justice on his side. The second way is, for my lawyer to make my cause appear as unjust as he can, by allowing the cow to belong to my adversary; and this, if it be skillfully done, will certainly bespeak the favour of the bench. Now, your honour is to know, that these judges are persons appointed to decide all controversies of property, as well as for

^a This passage shows how clearly Swift foresaw the evil consequences derived from engraving a poor German stock upon the rich productive trees of other nations; and once more then on our own.

^b It would be impossible, by the most laboured argument, to show the absurd injustice and cruelty of war, so effectually as by this simple exhibition of them to a new light.

the trial of criminals, and picked out from the most dexterous lawyers, who are grown old or lazy; and having been blessed all their lives against truth and equity, lie under such a fatal necessity of favouring fraud, perjury, and oppression, that I have known some of them refuse a large bribe from the side where justice lay, rather than injure the faculty, by doing anything unbecoming their nature or their office.

"It is a maxim among these lawyers, that whatever has been done before may legally be done again; and therefore they take special care to record all the decisions formerly made against common justice and the general reason of mankind. These, under the name of precedents, they produce as authorities to justify the most iniquitous opinions; and the judges never fail of directing accordingly.

"In pleading, they studiously avoid entering into the merits of the cause, but are loud, violent, and tedious in dwelling upon all circumstances which are not to the purpose. For instance, in the case already mentioned, they never desire to know what claim or title my adversary has to my cow; but whether the said cow were red or black; her horns long or short; whether the field I graze her in be round or square; whether she was milked at home or abroad; what diseases she is subject to, and the like; after which they consult precedents, adjourn the cause from time to time, and in ten, twenty, or thirty years come to an issue.

"It is likewise to be observed, that this society has a peculiar cant and jargon of their own, that no other mortal can understand, and wherein all their laws are written, which they take special care to multiply; whereby they have wholly confounded the very essence of truth and falsehood, of right and wrong; so that it will take thirty years to decide whether the field left me by my ancestors for six generations belongs to me or to a stranger three hundred miles off.

"In the trial of persons accused for crimes against the state, the method is much more short and commendable. The judge first sends to sound the disposition of those in power, after which he can easily hang or save a criminal, strictly preserving all due forms of law."

Here my master, interposing, said, "It was a pity that creatures endowed with such prodigious abilities of mind, as these lawyers, by the description I gave of them, must certainly be, were not rather encouraged to be instructors of others in wisdom and knowledge." In answer to which I assured his honour, "that in all points out of their own trade, they were usually the most ignorant and stupid generation among us, the most despicable in common conversation, avowed enemies to all knowledge and learning, and equally disposed to pervert the general reason of mankind in every other subject of discourse as in that of their own profession."

CHAPTER VI.

A continuation of the state of England under Queen Anne. The character of a first minister of state in European courts.

My master was yet wholly at a loss to understand what motives could incite this race of lawyers to perplex, disquiet, and weary themselves, and engage in a confederacy of injustice, merely for the sake of injuring their fellow-animals; neither could he comprehend what I meant in saying they did it for hire. Whereupon I was at much pains to describe to him the use of money, the materials it was made of, and the value of the metals; "that when a Yahoo had got a great store of this precious substance, he was able to purchase whatever he had a mind to; the

finest clothing, the noblest houses, great tracts of land, the most costly meats and drinks, and have his choice of the most beautiful females. Therefore, since money alone was able to perform all these feats, our Yahoos thought they could never have enough of it to spend, or to save, as they found themselves inclined, from their natural bent, either to profusion or avarice; that the rich man enjoyed the fruit of the poor man's labour, and the latter were a thousand to one in proportion to the former; that the bulk of our people were forced to live miserably, by labouring every day for small wages, to make a few live plentifully."

I enlarged myself much on these and many other particulars to the same purpose; but his honour was still to seek; for he went upon a supposition that all animals had a title to their share in the productions of the earth, and especially those who presided over the rest. Therefore he desired I would let him know, "What these costly meats were, and how any of us happened to want them?" Whereupon I enumerated as many sorts as came into my head, with the various methods of dressing them, which could not be done without sending vessels by sea to every part of the world, as well for liquors to drink as for sauces, and innumerable other conveniences. I assured him "that this whole globe of earth must be at least three times gone round before one of our better female Yahoos could get her breakfast, or a cup to put it in." He said, "That must needs be a miserable country which cannot furnish food for its own inhabitants. But what he chiefly wondered at was, how such vast tracks of ground as I described should be wholly without fresh water, and the people put to the necessity of sending over the sea for drink." I replied, "That England (the dear place of my nativity) was computed to produce three times the quantity of food more than its inhabitants are able to consume, as well as liquors extracted from grain, or pressed out of the fruit of certain trees, which made excellent drink, and the same proportion in every other convenience of life. But in order to feed the luxury and intemperance of the males, and the vanity of the females, we sent away the greatest part of our necessary things to other countries, whence, in return, we brought the materials of diseases, folly, and vice, to spend among ourselves. Hence it follows, of necessity, that vast numbers of our people are compelled to seek their livelihood by begging, robbing, stealing, cheating, pimping, flattering, suborning, forswearing, forging, gaming, lying, fawning, hectoring, voting, scribbling, star-gazing, poisoning, whoring, canting, libelling, free-thinking, and the like occupations;" every one of which terms I was at much pains to make him understand.

"That wine was not imported among us from foreign countries to supply the want of water or other drinks, but because it was a sort of liquid which made us merry, by putting us out of our senses, diverted all melancholy thoughts, begat wild, extravagant imaginations in the brain, raised our hopes and banished our fears, suspended every office of reason for a time, and deprived us of the use of our limbs, till we fell into a profound sleep; although it must be confessed that we always awaked sick and dispirited, and that the use of this liquor filled us with diseases which made our lives uncomfortable and short.

"But, beside all this, the bulk of our people supported themselves by furnishing the necessities or conveniences of life to the rich, and to each other. For instance, when I am at home, and dressed as I ought to be, I carry on my body the workmanship

of a hundred tradesmen, the building and furniture of my house employ as many more, and five times the number to adorn my wife."

I was going on to tell him of another sort of people who get their livelihood by attending the sick, having, upon some occasions, informed his honour that many of my crew had died of diseases. But here it was with the utmost difficulty that I brought him to apprehend what I meant. "He could easily conceive that a *Houyhnhnm* grew weak and heavy a few days before his death, or, by some accident, might hurt a limb; but that nature, who works all things to perfection, should suffer any pains to breed in our bodies, he thought impossible, and desired to know the reason of so unaccountable an evil."

I told him "we fed on a thousand things which operated contrary to each other; that we ate when we were not hungry, and drank without the provocation of thirst; that we ate whole nights drinking strong liquors, without eating a bit, which disposed us to sloth, inflamed our bodies, and precipitated or prevented digestion; that prostitute female *Yahoos* acquired a certain malady, which bred rottenness in the bones of those who fell into their embraces; that this and many other diseases, were propagated from father to son, so that great numbers come into the world with complicated maladies upon them; that it would be endless to give him a catalogue of all diseases incident to human bodies, for they could not be fewer than five or six hundred, spread over every limb and joint; in short, every part, external and internal, having diseases appropriated to itself. To remedy which, there was a sort of people bred up among us in the profession, or pretence, of curing the sick. And, because I had some skill in the faculty, I would, in gratitude to his honour, let him know the whole mystery and method by which they proceeded."

"Their fundamental is, that all diseases arise from repletion, whence they conclude, that a great evacuation of the body is necessary, either through the natural passage, or upwards at the mouth. Their next business is from herbs, minerals, gums, oils, shells, salts, juices, sea-weed, excrements, barks of trees, serpents, toads, frogs, spiders, dead men's flesh and bones, birds, beasts, and fishes, to form a composition, for smell and taste, the most abominable, nauseous, and detestable, they can possibly contrive, which the stomach immediately rejects with loathing, and this they call a vomit; or else, from the same store-house, with some other poisonous additions, they command us to take in at the orifice above or below (just as the physician then happens to be disposed) a medicine equally annoying and disgusting to the howls, which, relaxing the belly, drives down all before it; and this they call a purge, or a clyster. For nature (as the physicians allege) having intended the superior anterior orifice only for the introduction of solids and liquids, and the inferior posterior for ejection, these artists, ingenuously considering that in all diseases nature is forced out of her seat, therefore, to replace her in it, the body must be treated in a manner directly contrary, by interchanging the use of each orifice, forcing solids and liquids in at the anus, and making evacuations at the mouth."

"But, besides real diseases, we are subject to many that are only imaginary, for which the physicians have invented imaginary cures: these have their several names, and so have the drugs that are proper for them; and with these our female *Yahoos* are always infested."

"One great excellency in this tribe is their skill at prognostics, wherein they seldom fail; their pre-

dictions in real diseases, when they rise to any degree of malignity, generally portending death, which is always in their power, when recovery is not; and therefore, upon any unexpected signs of amendment, after they have pronounced their sentence, rather than be accused as false prophets, they know how to approve their sagacity to the world, by a reasonable dose."

"They are likewise of special use to husbands and wives who are grown weary of their mates, to eldest sons, to great ministers of state, and often to princes."

I had formerly, upon occasion, discoursed with my master upon the nature of government in general, and particularly of our own excellent constitution, deservedly the wonder and envy of the whole world. But having here accidentally mentioned a minister of state, he commanded me, some time after, to inform him "what species of *Yahoo* I particularly meant by that appellation."

I told him "that a first or chief minister of state, who was the person I intended to describe, was a creature wholly exempt from joy and grief, love and hatred, pity and anger; at least, makes use of no other passions but a violent desire of wealth, power, and titles; that he applies his words to all uses, except to the indication of his mind; that he never tells a truth but with an intent that you should take it for a lie; nor a lie, but with a design that you should take it for a truth; that those he speaks worst of behind their backs are in the surest way of preferment; and whenever he begins to praise you to others, or to yourself, you are from that day forth, lorn. The worst mark you can receive is a promise, especially when it is confirmed with an oath; after which every wise man retires, and gives over all hopes."

"There are three methods by which a man may rise to be chief minister. The first is, by knowing bow, with prudence, to dispose of a wife, a daughter, or a sister; the second, by betraying or undermining his predecessor; and the third is, by a furious zeal in public assemblies, against the corruptions of the court. But a wise prince would rather choose to employ those who practise the last of these methods; because such zealots prove always the most obsequious and subservient to the will and passions of their master. That these ministers, having all employments at their disposal, preserve themselves in power by bribing the majority of a senate or great council; and at last, by an expedient called an act of indemnity (whereof I described the nature to him), they secure themselves from after-reckonings, and retire from the public laden with the spoils of the nation."

"The palace of chief minister is a seminary to breed up others in his own trade: the pages, lackeys, and porter, by imitating their master, become ministers of state in their several districts, and learn to excel in the three principal ingredients of insolence, lying, and bribery. Accordingly, they have a subaltern court paid to them by persons of the best rank; and sometimes by the force of deaterity and impudence, arrive, through several gradations, to be successors to their lord."

"He is usually governed by a decayed wretch, or favourite footman, who are the tunnels through which all graces are conveyed, and may properly be called, in the last resort, the governors of the kingdom."

One day, in discourse, my master having heard me mention the nobility of my country, was pleased to make me a compliment which I could not pretend to deserve: "That he was sure I must have been born of some noble family, because I far exceeded

in shape, colour, and cleanness, all the *Yahoos* of his nation, although I seemed to fail in strength and agility, which must be imputed to my different way of living from those other brutes; and besides, I was not only endowed with the faculty of speech, but likewise with some rudiments of reason, to a degree that, with all his acquaintance, I passed for a prodigy."

He made me observe, "that among the *Houyhnhnms*, the white, the sorrel, and the iron-gray were not so exactly shaped as the bay, the dapple-gray, and the black; nor born with equal talents of mind, or a capacity to improve them; and therefore continue always in the condition of servants, without ever aspiring to match out of their own race, which, in that country, would be reckoned monstrous and unnatural."

I made his honour my most humble acknowledgments for the good opinion he was pleased to conceive of me, but assured him, at the same time, "that my birth was of the lower sort, having been born of plain honest parents, who were just able to give me a tolerable education; that nobility among us was altogether a different thing from the idea he had of it; that our young noblemen are bred from their childhood in idleness and luxury; that as soon as years will permit, they consume their vigour, and contract odious diseases among lewd females; and when their fortunes are almost ruined, they marry some woman of mean birth, disagreeable person, and unsound constitution (merely for the sake of money,) whom they hate and despise; that the productions of such marriages are generally scrofulous, rickety, or deformed children; by which means the family seldom continues above three generations, unless the wife takes care to provide a healthy father, among her neighbours or domestics, in order to improve and continue the breed; that a weak, diseased body, a meagre countenance, and sallow complexion, are the true marks of noble blood; and a healthy, robust appearance is so disgraceful in a man of quality, that the world concludes his real father to have been a groom or a coachman. The imperfections of his mind run parallel with those of his body, being a composition of spleen, dulness, ignorance, caprice, sensuality, and pride."

"Without the consent of this illustrious body, no law can be enacted, repealed, or altered: and these nobles have likewise the decision of all our possessions, without appeal."

CHAPTER VII.

The author's great love of his native country. His master's observations upon the constitution and administration of England, as described by the author, with parallel cases and comparisons. His master's observations upon human nature.

THE reader may be disposed to wonder how I could prevail on myself to give so free a representation of my own species, among a race of mortals who are already too apt to conceive the vilest opinion of human kind, from that entire congruity between me and their *Yahoos*. But I must freely confess, that the many virtues of those excellent quadrupeds, placed in opposite view to human corruptions, had so far opened my eyes and enlarged my understanding, that I began to view the actions and passions of man in a very different light, and to think the honour of my own kind not worth managing; which, besides, it was impossible for me to do, before a person of so acute a judgment as my master, who daily convinced me of a thousand faults in myself, whereof I had not the least perception before, and which, with us,

would never be numbered, even among human infirmities. I had likewise learned, from his example, an utter detestation of all falsehood or disguise; and truth appeared so amiable to me, that I determined upon sacrificing everything to it.

Let me deal so candidly with the reader, as to confess that there was yet a much stronger motive for the freedom I took in my representation of things. I had not yet been a year in this country, before I contracted such a love and veneration for the inhabitants, that I entered on a firm resolution never to return to human kind, but to pass the rest of my life among these admirable *Houyhnhnms*, in the contemplation and practice of every virtue, where I could have no example or incitement to vice. But it was decreed by fortune, my perpetual enemy, that so great a felicity should not fall to my share. However, it is now some comfort to reflect, that in what I said of my countrymen, I extenuated their faults as much as I durst before so strict an examiner, and upon every article gave as favourable a turn as the matter would bear. For, indeed, who is there alive that will not be swayed by his bias and partiality to the place of his birth?

I have related the substance of several conversations I had with my master during the greatest part of the time I had the honour to be in his service, but have, indeed, for brevity's sake, omitted much more than is here set down.

When I had answered all his questions, and his curiosity seemed to be fully satisfied, he sent for me one morning early, and commanded me to sit down at some distance (an honour which he had never before conferred upon me). He said, "he had been very seriously considering my whole story, as far as it related both to myself and my country; that he looked upon us as a sort of animals, to whose share, by what accident he could not conjecture, some small pittance of reason had fallen, whereof we made no other use, than, by its assistance, to aggravate our natural corruptions, and to acquire new ones, which Nature had not given us; that we disarmed ourselves of the few abilities she had bestowed, had been very successful in multiplying our original wants, and seemed to spend our whole lives in vain endeavours to supply them by our own inventions; that as to myself, it was manifest I had neither the strength nor agility of a common *Yahoo*; that I walked firmly on my hinder feet, had found out a contrivance to make my claws of no use or defence, and to remove the hair from my chin, which was intended as a shelter from the sun and the weather. Lastly, that I could neither run with speed, nor climb trees like my brethren," as he called them, "the *Yahoos* in his country."

"That our institutions of government and law were plainly owing to our gross defects in reason, and by consequence in virtue; because reason alone is sufficient to govern a rational creature; which was, therefore, a character we had no pretence to challenge, even from the account I had given of my own people; although he manifestly perceived, that, in order to favour them, I had concealed many particulars, and often said the thing which was not."

"He was the more confirmed in this opinion, because, he observed, that, as I agreed in every feature of my body with other *Yahoos*, except where it was to my real disadvantage in point of strength, speed, and activity, the shortness of my claws, and some other particulars where nature had no part; so, from the representation I had given him of our lives, our manners, and our actions, he found as near a resemblance in the disposition of our minds." He said, "the *Yahoos* were known to hate one another more

than they did any different species of animals, and the reason usually assigned was, the odiousness of their own shapes, which all could see in the rest, but not in themselves. He had, therefore, begun to think it not unwise in us to cover our bodies, and by that invention conceal many of our deformities from each other, which would else be hardly supportable. But he now found he had been mistaken, and that the dissensions of those brutes in his country were owing to the same cause with ours, as I had described them. For if," said he, "you throw among five *Yahoos* as much food as would be sufficient for fifty, they will, instead of eating peaceably, fall together by the ears, each single one impatient to have all to itself, and therefore a servant was usually employed to stand by while they were feeding abroad, and those kept at home were tied at a distance from each other; that if a cow died of age or accident, before a *Houyhnhnm* could secure it for his own *Yahoos*, those in the neighbourhood would come in herds to seize it, and then would ensue such a battle as I had described, with terrible wounds, made by their claws, on both sides, although they seldom were able to kill one another, for want of such convenient instruments of death as we had invented. At other times, the like battles have been fought between the *Yahoos* of several neighbourhoods, without any visible cause; those of one district watching all opportunities to surprise the next, before they are prepared. But if they find their project has miscarried, they return home, and, for want of enemies, engage in what I call a civil war among themselves.

"That in some fields of his country there are certain shining stones of several colours, whereof the *Yahoos* are violently fond; and when part of these stones is fixed in the earth, as it sometimes happens, they will dig with their claws for whole days to get them out; then carry them away, and hide them by heaps in their kennels, but still looking round with great caution, for fear their comrades should find out their treasure." My master said, "he could never discover the reason of this unnatural appetite, or how these stones could be of any use to a *Yahoo*, but now he believed it might proceed from the same principle of avarice which I had ascribed to mankind: that he had once, by way of experiment, privately removed a heap of these stones from the place where one of his *Yahoos* had buried it; whereupon the sordid animal, missing his treasure, by his loud lamenting brought the whole herd to the place, there miserably howled, then fell to biting and tearing the rest, began to pine away, would neither eat, nor sleep, nor work, till he ordered a servant privately to convey the stones into the same hole, and hide them as before; which, when his *Yahoo* had found, he presently recovered his spirits and good humour, but took care to remove them to a better hiding-place, and has ever since been a very servicable brute."

My master further assured me, which I also observed myself, "that in the fields where the shining stones abound, the fiercest and most frequent battles are fought, occasioned by perpetual invasions of the neighbouring *Yahoos*."

He said, "It was common, when two *Yahoo* discovered such a stone in a field, and were contending which of them should be the proprietor, a third would take the advantage, and carry it away from them both," which my master would needs contend to have some kind of resemblance with our suits at law; wherein I thought it for our credit not to undervalue him, since the decision he mentioned was much more equitable than many decrees among us;

because the plaintiff and defendant there lost nothing besides the stone they contended for, whereas our courts of equity would never have dismissed the cause, while either of them had anything left.

My master, continuing his discourse, said, "there was nothing that rendered the *Yahoos* more odious than their undistinguishing appetite to devour everything that came in their way, whether herbs, roots, berries, the corrupted flesh of animals, or all mingled together; and it was peculiar in their temper, that they were fonder of what they could get by rapine or stealth, at a greater distance, than much better food provided for them at home. If their prey held out, they would eat till they were ready to burst; after which nature had pointed out to them a certain root that gave them a general evacuation.

"There was also another kind of root, very juicy, but somewhat rare and difficult to be found, which the *Yahoos* sought for with much eagerness, and would suck it with great delight; it produced in them the same effects that wine has upon us. It would make them sometimes hug, and sometimes tear one another; they would howl, and grin, and chatter, and reel, and tumble, and then fall asleep in the mud."

I did indeed observe that the *Yahoos* were the only animals in this country subject to any diseases; which, however, were much fewer than horses have among us, and contracted, not by any ill treatment they meet with, but by the nastiness and greediness of that sordid brute. Neither has their language any more than a general appellation for those maladies, which is borrowed from the name of the beast, and called *Aneayahoo* or *Yahoo's evil*, and the cure prescribed is a mixture of their own dung and urine, forcibly put down the *Yahoo's* throat. This I have since often known to have been taken with success, and do here freely recommend it to my countrymen, for the public good, as an admirable specific against all diseases produced by repletion.

"As to learning, government, arts, manufactures, and the like," my master confessed, "he could find little or no resemblance between the *Yahoos* of that country and those in ours; for he only meant to observe what parity there was in our natures. He had heard, indeed, some curious *Houyhnhnms* observe, that in most herds there was a sort of ruling *Yahoo*, (as among us there is generally some leading or principal stag in a park,) who was always more deformed in body, and mischievous in disposition, than any of the rest; that this leader had usually a favourite as like himself as he could get, whose employment was to lick his master's feet and posteriors, and drive the female *Yahoos* to his kennel [batter and pimping]; for which he was now and then rewarded with a piece of ass's flesh. This favourite is hated by the whole herd, and therefore, to protect himself, keeps always near the person of his leader. He usually continues in office till a worse can be found; but the very moment he is discarded, his successor, at the head of all the *Yahoos* in that district, young and old, male and female, come in a body, and discharge their excrements upon him, from head to foot. But how far this might be applicable to our courts, and favourites, and ministers of state, my master said I could best determine."

I durst make no return to this malicious insinuation, which debased human understanding below the sagacity of a common hound, who has judgment enough to distinguish and follow the cry of the ablest dog in the pack, without being ever mistaken.

My master told me "there were some qualities remarkable in the *Yahoos*, which he had not observed

me to mention, or at least very slightly, in the accounts I had given him of human kind." He said, "those animals, like other brutes, had their females in common; but in this they differed, that the she *Yahoo* would admit the males while she was pregnant; and that the he would quarrel and fight with the females, as fiercely as with each other; both which practices were such degrees of infamous brutality, as no other sensitive creature ever arrived at.

"Another thing he wondered at in the *Yahoos*, was their strange disposition to nastiness and dirt; whereas there appears to be a natural love of cleanliness in all other animals." As to the two former accusations, I was glad to let them pass without any reply, because I had not a word to offer upon them in defence of my species, which otherwise I certainly had done from my own inclinations. But I could have easily vindicated human kind from the imputation of singularity upon the last article, if there had been any swine in that country, (as, unluckily for me, there were not), which although it may be a sweeter quadruped than a *Yahoo*, cannot, I humbly conceive, in justice, pretend to more cleanliness; and so his honour himself must have owned, if he had seen their filthy way of feeding, and their custom of wallowing and sleeping in the mud.

My master likewise mentioned another quality which his servants had discovered in several *Yahoos*, and to him was wholly unaccountable. He said, "a fancy would sometimes take a *Yahoo* to retire into a corner to lie down, and howl, and groan, and spurn away all that came near him, although he were young and fat, wanted neither food nor water; nor did the servant imagine what could possibly all him. And the only remedy they found was, to set him to hard work, after which he would infallibly come to himself." To this I was silent, out of partiality to my own kind; yet here I could plainly discover the true seeds of spleen, which only seizes on the lazy, the luxurious, and the rich; who, if they were forced to undergo the same regimen, I would undertake for the cure.

His honour had further observed, "that a female *Yahoo* would often stand behind a hank or a bush, to gaze on the young males passing by, and then appear, and hide, using many antic gestures and grimaces; at which time it was observed that she had a most offensive smell; and when any of the males advanced, would slowly retire looking often back, and with a counterfeit show of fear, run off into some convenient place where she knew the male would follow her.

"At other times, if a female stranger came among them, three or four of her own sex would get about her and stare, and chatter, and grin, and smell her all over, and then turn off with gestures that seemed to express contempt and disdain."

Perhaps my master might refine a little in these speculations which he had drawn from what he observed himself, or had been told him by others; however, I could not reflect without some amazement, and much sorrow, that the rudiments of lewdness, coquetry, censure, and scandal, should have place by instinct in womankind.

I expected every moment that my master would accuse the *Yahoos* of those unnatural appetites in both sexes, so common among us. But Nature, it seems, has not been so expert a school-mistress; and these politer passions are entirely the productions of Art and Reason on our side of the globe.

CHAPTER VIII.

The author relates several particulars of the *Yahoos*. The great virtues of the *Houyhnhnms*. The education and exercise of their youth. Their general assembly.

As I ought to have understood human nature much better than I supposed it possible for my master to do, so it was easy to apply the character he gave of the *Yahoos* to myself and my countrymen; and I believed I could yet make further discoveries from my own observation. I therefore often begged his honour to let me go among the herds of *Yahoos* in the neighbourhood; to which he always very graciously consented, being perfectly convinced that the hatred I bore these brutes would never suffer me to be corrupted by them; and his honour ordered one of his servants a strong sorrel nag, very honest and good-natured, to be my guard; without whose protection I durst not undertake such adventures; for I have already told the reader how much I was pestered by these odious animals upon my first arrival; and I afterward failed very narrowly three or four times of falling into their clutches, when I happened to stray at any distance without my hauger. And I have reason to believe they had some imagination that I was of their own species; which I often assisted myself by stripping up my sleeves and showing my naked arms and breasts in their sight, when my protector was with me. At which times they would approach as near as they durst and imitate my actions, after the manner of monkeys, but ever with great signs of hatred; as a tame Jackdaw with cap and stockings, is always persecuted by the wild ones when he happens to be got among them.

They are prodigiously nimble from their infancy. However, I once caught a young male of three years old, and endeavoured by all marks of tenderness to make it quiet; but the little imp fell a squalling, and scratching, and hitting with such violence that I was forced to let it go; and it was high time; for a whole troop of old ones came about us at the noise; but finding the cub was safe, (for away it ran,) and my sorrel nag being by, they durst not venture near us. I observed the young animal's flesh to smell very rank, and the stink was somewhat between a weasel and a fox, but much more disagreeable. I forgot another circumstance, (and perhaps, I might have the reader's pardon if it were wholly omitted,) that while I held the odious vermin in my hands, it voided its filthy excrements of a yellow liquid substance all over my clothes; but by good fortune there was a small brook hard by, where I washed myself as clean as I could, although I durst not come into my master's presence until I were sufficiently aired.

By what I could discover, the *Yahoos* appear to be the most unteachable of all animals; their capacities never reaching higher than to draw or carry burdens. Yet I am of opinion this defect arises chiefly from a perverse, restless disposition; for they are cunning, malicious, treacherous, and revengeful. They are strong and hardy, but of a cowardly spirit, and by consequence insolent, abject, and cruel. It is observed, that the red haired of both sexes are more libidinous and mischievous than the rest, whom yet they much exceed in strength and activity.

The *Houyhnhnms* keep the *Yahoos* for present use in butts not far from the house; but the rest are sent abroad to certain fields where they dig up roots, eat several kinds of herbs, and search about for carrion, or sometimes catch weasels and *huhimula*, (a sort of wild rat,) which they greedily devour. Nature has taught them to dig deep holes with their

nails on the side of a rising ground, wherein they lie by themselves; only the kennels of the females are larger, sufficient to hold two or three cubs.

They swim from their infancy like frogs, and are able to continue long under water, where they often take fish, which the females carry home to their young. And upon this occasion I hope the reader will pardon my relating an odd adventure.

Being one day abroad with my protector, the sorrel nag, and the weather exceeding hot, I entreated him to let me bathe in a river that was near. He consented, and I immediately stript myself stark naked, and went down softly into the stream. It happened that a young female *Yahoo*, standing behind a bank, saw the whole proceeding, and inflamed by desire, as the nag and I conjectured, came running with all speed and leaped into the water, within five yards of the place where I bathed. I was never in my life so terribly frightened. The nag was grazing at some distance, not suspecting any harm. She embraced me after a most fulsome manner. I roared as loud as I could, and the nag came galloping towards me, whereupon she quitted her grasp with the utmost reluctance, and leaped upon the opposite bank, where she stood gazing and howling all the time I was putting on my clothes.

This was a matter of diversion to my master and his family, as well as of mortification to myself; for now I could no longer deny that I was a real *Yahoo* in every limb and feature, since the females had a natural propensity to me as one of their own species. Neither was the hair of this brute of a red colour, (which might have been some excuse for an appetite a little irregular,) but black as a sloe, and her countenance did not make an appearance altogether so bideous as the rest of her kind; for I think she could not be above eleven years old.

Having lived three years in this country, the reader, I suppose, will expect that I should, like other travellers, give him some account of the manners and customs of its inhabitants, which it was indeed my principal study to learn.

As these noble *Houyhnhnms* are endowed by nature with a general disposition to all virtues, and have no conceptions or ideas of what is evil in a rational creature, so their grand maxim is, to cultivate reason, and to be wholly governed by it. Neither is reason among them a point problematical as with us, where men can argue with plausibility on both sides of the question, but strikes you with immediate conviction, as it must needs do, where it is not mingled, obscured, or discoloured, by passion and interest. I remember it was with extreme difficulty that I could bring my master to understand the meaning of the word *opinion*, or how a point could be disputable; because reason taught us to affirm or deny only where we are certain; and beyond our knowledge we cannot do either; so that controversies, wranglings, disputes, and positiveness, in false or dubious propositions, are evils unknown among the *Houyhnhnms*. In the like manner, when I used to explain to him our several systems of natural philosophy, he would laugh, "that a creature pretending to reason should value itself upon the knowledge of other people's conjectures, and in things where that knowledge, if it were certain, could be of no use." Wherein he agreed entirely with the sentiments of Socrates, as Plato delivers them; which I mention as the highest honour I can do to that prince of philosophers. I have often since reflected what destruction such doctrine would make in the libraries of Europe, and how many paths of fame would be then shut up in the learned world.

Friendship and benevolence are the two principal virtues among the *Houyhnhnms*, and these not confined to particular objects, but universal to the whole race; for a stranger from the remotest part is equally treated with the nearest neighbour, and wherever he goes looks upon himself as at home. They preserve decency and civility in the highest degrees, but are altogether ignorant of ceremony. They have no fondness for their colts or foals, but the care they take in educating them proceeds entirely from the dictates of reason. And I observed my master to show the same affection to his neighbour's issue that he had for his own. They will have it that nature teaches them to love the whole species, and it is reason only that makes a distinction of persons, where there is a superior degree of virtue.

When the matron *Houyhnhnms* have produced one of each sex, they no longer accompany with their consorts, except they lose one of their issue by some casualty, which very seldom happens; but in such a case they meet again; or when the like accident befalls a person whose wife is past bearing, some other couple bestow on him one of their own colts, and then go together again until the mother is pregnant. This caution is necessary to prevent the country from being overburdened with numbers. But the race of inferior *Houyhnhnms*, bred up to be servants, is not so strictly limited upon this article; these are allowed to produce three of each sex, to be domestics in the noble families.

In their marriages they are exactly careful to choose such colours as will not make any disagreeable mixture in the breed. Strength is chiefly valued in the male, and comeliness in the female; not upon the account of love, but to preserve the race from degenerating; for where a female happens to excel in strength, a consort is chosen with regard to comeliness.

Courtship, love, presents, jointures, settlements, have no place in their thoughts, or terms whereby to express them in their language. The young couple meet and are joined, merely because it is the determination of their parents and friends; it is what they see done every day, and they look upon it as one of the necessary actions of a reasonable being. But the violation of marriage, or any other unchastity, was never heard of; and the married pair pass their lives with the same friendship and mutual benevolence that they bear to all others of the same species who come in their way, without jealousy, fondness, quarrelling, or discontent.

In educating the youth of both sexes, their method is admirable, and highly deserves our imitation. These are not suffered to taste a grain of oats, except upon certain days till eighteen years old; nor milk, but very rarely; and in summer they graze two hours in the morning and as many in the evening, which their parents likewise observe; but the servants are not allowed above half that time, and a great part of their grass is brought home, which they eat at the most convenient hours, when they can be best spared from work.

Temperance, industry, exercise and cleanliness, are the lessons equally enjoined to the young ones of both sexes, and my master thought it monstrous in us to give the females a different kind of education from the males, except in articles of domestic management; whereby, as he truly observed, one half of our natives were good for nothing but bringing children into the world; and to trust the care of our children to such useless animals, he said, was yet a greater instance of brutality.

But the *Houyhnhnms* train up their youth to

strength, speed, and hardness, by exercising them in running races up and down steep hills, and over hard stony grounds; and when they are all in a sweat, they are ordered to leap over head and ears into a pond or river. Four times a year the youth of a certain district meet to show their proficiency in running and leaping, and other feats of strength and agility, where the victor is rewarded with a song in his or her praise. On this festival the servants drive a herd of *Yahoos* into the field, laden with hay, and oats, and milk, for a repast to the *Houyhnhnms*; after which these brutes are immediately driven back again, for fear of being noisome to the assembly.

Every fourth year at the vernal equinox, there is a representative council of the whole nation, which meets in a plain about twenty miles from our house, and continues about five or six days. Here they inquire into the state and condition of the several districts; whether they abound or be deficient in hay or oats, or cows or *Yahoos*; and wherever there is any want, (which is but seldom) it is immediately supplied by unanimous consent and contribution. Here likewise the regulation of children is settled; as for instance, if a *Houyhnhnm* has two males, he changes one of them with another that has two females; and when a child has been lost by any casualty where the mother is past breeding, it is determined what family in the district shall breed another to supply the loss.

CHAPTER IX.

A grand debate at the general assembly of the *Houyhnhnms*, and how it was determined. The learning of the *Houyhnhnms*. Their buildings. Their manner of burials. The defective course of their language.

ONE of these grand assemblies was held in my time, about three months before my departure, whither my master went as the representative of our district. In this council was resumed their old debate, and indeed the only debate that ever happened in their country; whereof my master after his return gave me a very particular account.

The question to be debated was, "Whether the *Yahoos* should be exterminated from the face of the earth?" One of the members for the affirmative offered several arguments of great strength and weight, alleging, "that as the *Yahoos* were the most filthy, noisome, and deformed animals which nature ever produced, so they were the most restive and indocible, mischievous and malicious. They would privately suck the teats of the *Houyhnhnms'* cows, kill and devour their cats, trample down their oats and grass if they were not continually watched, and commit a thousand other extravagancies." He took notice of a general tradition, "that *Yahoos* had not been always in their country, but that many ages ago two of these brutes appeared together upon a mountain; whether produced by the heat of the sun upon corrupted mud and slime, or from the ooze and froth of the sea, was never known; that these *Yahoos* engendered, and their brood in a short time grew so numerous as to overrun and infest the whole nation; that the *Houyhnhnms*, to get rid of this evil made a general hunting, and at last enclosed the whole herd; and destroying the elder, every *Houyhnhnm* kept two young ones in a kennel, and brought them to such a degree of tameness, as an animal so savage by nature can be capable of acquiring; using them for draught and carriage: that there seemed to be much truth in this tradition, and that those creatures could not be *yihnumsky*, (or *aborigines* of the land,) because of the violent hatred the *Houyhnhnms* as well as all other animals bore

them; which although their evil disposition sufficiently deserved, could never have arrived at so high a degree if they had been *aborigines*; or else they would have long since been rooted out; that the inhabitants, taking a fancy to use the service of the *Yahoos*, had very imprudently neglected to cultivate the breed of asses, which are a comely animal, easily kept, more tame and orderly, without any offensive smell; strong enough for labour, although they yield to the other in agility of body; and if their braying be no agreeable sound, it is far preferable to the horrible howlings of the *Yahoos*."

Several others declared their sentiments to the same purpose, when my master proposed an expedient to the assembly, whereof he had indeed borrowed the hint from me. "He approved of the tradition mentioned by the honourable member who spoke before, and affirmed that the two *Yahoos*, said to be the first seen among them, had been driven thither over the sea; that coming to land and being forsaken by their companions, they retired to the mountains, and degenerating by degrees, became in process of time much more savage than those of their own species in the country whence these two originals came. The reason of this assertion was, that he had now in his possession a certain wonderful *Yahoo*, (meaning myself,) which most of them had heard of, and many of them had seen. He then related to them how he first found me; that my body was all covered with an artificial composition of the skins and hairs of other animals; that I spoke in a language of my own, and had thoroughly learned theirs; that I had related to him the accidents which brought me thither; that when he saw me without my covering, I was an exact *Yahoo* in every part, only of a whiter colour, less hairy, and with shorter claws. He added how I had endeavoured to persuade him, that in my own and other countries, the *Yahoos* acted as the governing, rational animal, and held the *Houyhnhnms* in servitude; that he observed in me all the qualities of a *Yahoo*, only a little more civilized by some tincture of reason; which however, was in a degree as far inferior to the *Houyhnhnm* race, as the *Yahoos* of their country were to me; that among other things, I mentioned a custom we had of castrating *Houyhnhnms* when they were young, in order to render them tame; that the operation was easy and safe; that it was no shame to learn wisdom from brutes, as industry is taught by the ant, and building by the swallow; (for so I translate the word *yihnumsh*, although it be a much larger fowl;) that this invention might be practised upon the younger *Yahoos* here, which beside rendering them tractable and fitter for use, would in an age, put an end to the whole species without destroying life; that in the meantime the *Houyhnhnms* should be exhorted to cultivate the breed of asses, which, as they are in all respects more valuable brutes, so they have this advantage, to be fit for service at five years old, which the others are not till twelve."

This was all my master thought fit to tell me at that time, of what passed in the grand council. But he was pleased to conceal one particular which related personally to myself, whereof I soon felt the unhappy effect, as the reader will know in its proper place, and whence I date all the succeeding misfortunes of my life.

The *Houyhnhnms* have no letters, and consequently their knowledge is all traditional; but there happening few events of any moment among a people so well united, naturally disposed to every virtue, wholly governed by reason, and cut off from all commerce with other nations, the historical part

is easily preserved without hurdening their memories. I have already observed that they are subject to no diseases, and therefore can have no need of physicians. However, they have excellent medicines, composed of herbs, to cure accidental bruises and cuts in the pastern or frog of the foot, by sharp stones, as well as other malms and hurts in the several parts of the body.

They calculate the year by the revolution of the sun and the moon, but use no subdivisions into weeks. They are well enough acquainted with the motions of those two luminaries, and understand the nature of eclipses; and this is the utmost progress of their astronomy.

In poetry they must be allowed to excel all other mortals, wherein the justness of their similes and the minuteness, as well as exactness of their descriptions, are indeed inimitable. Their verses abound very much in both of these, and usually contain either some exalted notions of friendship and benevolence, or the praises of those who were victors in races and other bodily exercises. Their buildings, although very rude and simple, are not inconvenient but well contrived to defend them from all injuries of cold and heat. They have a kind of tree, which, at forty years old, loosens in the root, and falls with the first storm: It grows very straight, and, being pointed like stakes with a sharp stone, (for the *Houyhnhnms* know not the use of iron,) they stick them erect in the ground, about ten inches asunder, and then weave in oat-straw, or sometimes wattles between them. The roof is made after the same manner and so are the doors.

The *Houyhnhnms* use the hollow part between the pastern and the hoof of the fore-feet, as we do our hands, and this with greater dexterity than I could at first imagine. I have seen a white mare of our family thread a needle (which I lent her on purpose) with that joint. They milk their cows, reap their oats, and do all the work which requires hands in the same manner. They have a kind of hard flints, which, by grinding against other stones, they form into instruments that serve instead of wedges, axes, and hammers. With tools made of these flints, they likewise cut their hay and reap their oats, which there grow naturally in several fields; the *Yahoos* draw home their shovels in carriages, and the servants tread them in certain covered huts to get out the grain which is kept in stores. They make a rude kind of earthen and wooden vessels, and bake the former in the sun.

If they can avoid casualties, they die only of old age, and are buried in the obscurest places that can be found; their friends and relations expressing neither joy nor grief at their departure; nor does the dying person discover the least regret that he is leaving the world, any more than if he were upon returning home from a visit to one of his neighbours. I remember my master having once made an appointment with a friend and his family to come to his house upon some affair of importance; on the day fixed, the mistress and her two children came very late; she made two excuses; first for her husband, who, as she said happened that very morning to *shnuwah*. The word is strongly expressive in their language, but not easily rendered into English. It signifies, "to retire to his first mother." Her excuse for not coming sooner was, that her husband dying late in the morning, she was a good while consulting her servants about a convenient place where his body should be laid; and I observed she behaved herself at our house as cheerfully as the rest. She died about three months after.

They live generally to seventy or seventy-five years, very seldom to fourscore. Some weeks before their death they feel a gradual decay, but without pain. During this time they are much visited by their friends, because they cannot go abroad with their usual ease and satisfaction. However, about ten days before their death, which they seldom fail in computing, they return the visits that have been made them by those who are nearest in the neighbourhood, being carried in a convenient sledges drawn by *Yahoos*; which vehicle they use, not only upon this occasion, but when they grow old, upon long journeys, or when they are lamed by any accident. And therefore when the dying *Houyhnhnms* return those visits, they take a solemn leave of their friends, as if they were going to some remote part of the country, where they designed to pass the rest of their lives.

I know not whether it may be worth observing, that the *Houyhnhnms* have no word in their language to express anything that is evil, except what they borrow from the deformities or ill qualities of the *Yahoos*. Thus they denote the folly of a servant, an omission of a child, a stone that cuts their feet, a continuance of foul or unseasonable weather, and the like, by adding to each the epithet of *Yahoo*. For instance—*Anum Yahoo*, *whnaholm Yahoo*, *ynhmndwihlma Yahoo*, and an ill-contrived house, *ynholmhamnrubhw Yahoo*.

I could, with great pleasure, enlarge further upon the manners and virtues of this excellent people; but intending in a short time to publish a volume by itself, expressly upon that subject, I refer the reader thither, and in the mean time proceed to relate my own sad catastrophe.

CHAPTER X.

The author's economy and happy life among the *Houyhnhnms*. His great improvement in virtue, by conversing with them. Their conversations. The author has notice given him by his master, that he must depart from the country. He falls into a swoon from grief, but recovers. He contrives and finishes a canoe by the help of a fellow-servant, and puts to sea in a venture.

I HAD settled my little economy to my own heart's content. My master had ordered a room to be made for me, after their manner, about six yards from the house, the sides and floors of which I plastered with clay, and covered with rush-mats of my own contriving. I had beaten hemp, which there grows wild, and made of it a sort of ticking; this I filled with the feathers of several birds I had taken with springs made of *Yahoos'* hairs, and were excellent food. I had worked two chairs with my knife, the sorrel nag helping me in the grosser and more laborious part. When my clothes were worn to rags, I made myself others with the skins of rabbits, and of a certain beautiful animal about the same size, called *nnuhnah*, the skin of which is covered with a fine down. Of these I also made very tolerable stockings. I soled my shoes with wood, which I cut from a tree and fitted to the upper leather; and when this was worn out, I supplied it with the skins of *Yahoos* dried in the sun. I often got honey out of hollow trees, which I mingled with water or ate with my bread. No man could more verify the truth of these two maxims, "That nature is very easily satisfied;" and, "That necessity is the mother of invention." I enjoyed perfect health of body and tranquillity of mind; I did not feel the treachery or inconstancy of a friend, nor the injuries of a secret or open enemy; I had no occasion of bribing, flattering, or pimping, to pro-

* The author has intemperately made use of inaccurate expression, and studied negligence in order to make the style more like that of a sea-faring man.

care the favour of any great man or of his nation; I wanted no fence against fraud or oppression; here was neither physician to destroy my body nor lawyer to ruin my fortune; no informer to watch my words and actious or forge accusations against me for hire: here were no gibbers, censurers, backbiters, pick-pockets, highwaymen, housebreakers, attorneys, hawks, buffoons, gamblers, politicians, wits, spleenics, tedious talkers, controvertists, ravishers, murderers, robbers, virtuoso's; no leaders or followers of party and faction; no encourageers to vice, by seducement or examples; no dungeons, axes, gibbets, whipping-posts or pillories; no cheating shop-keepers or mechanics; no pride, vanity, or affectation; no fops, bullies, drunkards, strolling whores, or pokes; no ranting, lewd, expensive wives; no stupid, proud pedants; no importunate, overbearing, quarrelsome, noisy, roaring, empty, conceited, swearing companions; no scoundrels raised from the dust upon the merit of their vices, or nobility thrown into it on account of their virtues; no lords, fiddlers, judges, or dancing-masters.

I had the favour of being admitted to several *Houyhnhams* who came to visit or dine with my master, where his honour graciously suffered me to wait in the room, and listen to their discourse. Both he and his company would often descend to ask me questions, and receive my answers. I had also sometimes the honour of attending my master in his visits to others. I never presumed to speak, except in answer to a question; and then I did it with inward regret, because it was a loss of so much time for improving myself; but I was infinitely delighted with the station of an humble auditor in such conversations, where nothing passed but what was useful, expressed in the fewest and most significant words; where, as I have already said, the greatest decency was observed, without the least degree of ceremony; where no person spoke without being pleased himself, and pleasing his companions; where there was no interruption, tediousness, heat, or difference of sentiments. They have a notion, that when people are met together, a short silence does much improve conversation: this I found to be true; for during those little intermissions of talk, new ideas would arise in their minds, which very much enlivened the discourse. Their subjects are generally on friendship and benevolence, on order and economy; sometimes upon the visible operations of nature, or ancient traditions; upon the bounds and limits of virtue; upon the unerring rules of reason; or upon some determinations to be taken at the next great assembly; and often upon the various excellencies of poetry. I may add, without vanity, that my presence often gave them sufficient matter for discourse, because it afforded my master an occasion of letting his friends into the history of me and my country, upon which they were all pleased to descend, in a manner not very advantageous to human kind; and for that reason I shall not repeat what they said; only, I may be allowed to observe, that his honour, to my great admiration, appeared to understand the nature of *Yahoos* much better than myself. He went through all our vices and follies, and discovered many, which I had never mentioned to him, by only supposing what qualities a *Yahoo* of their country, with a small proportion of reason, might be capable of exerting; and concluded, with too much probability, "how vile, as well as miserable, such a creature must be."

I freely confess, that all the little knowledge I have, of any value, was acquired by the lectures I received from my master, and from hearing the discourses of him and his friends; to which I should

be prouder to listen, than to dictate to the greatest and wisest assembly in Europe. I admired the strength, comeliness, and speed of the inhabitants, and such a constellation of virtues, in such amiable persons, produced in me the highest veneration. At first, indeed, I did not feel that natural awe which the *Yahoos*, and all other animals, bear towards them; but it grew upon me by degrees, much sooner than I imagined, and was mingled with a respectful love and gratitude, that they would condescend to distinguish me from the rest of my species.

When I thought of my family, my friends, my countrymen, or the human race in general, I considered them, as they really were, *Yahoos* in shape and disposition, perhaps a little more civilized, and qualified with the gift of speech, but making no other use of reason than to improve and multiply those vices whereof their brethren in this country had only the share that nature allotted them. When I happened to behold the reflection of my own form in a lake or a fountain, I turned away my face in horror and detestation of myself, and could better endure the sight of a common *Yahoo*, than of my own person. By conversing with the *Houyhnhams*, and looking upon them with delight, I fell to imitate their gait and gesture, which is now grown into a habit; and my friends often tell me, in a blunt way, "that I trot like a horse," which, however, I take for a great compliment. Neither shall I disown, that in speaking I am apt to fall into the voice and manner of the *Houyhnhams*, and hear myself ridiculed on that account, without the least mortification.

In the midst of all this happiness, and when I looked upon myself to be fully settled for life, my master sent for me one morning a little earlier than his usual hour. I observed by his countenance that he was in some perplexity, and at a loss how to begin what he had to speak. After a short silence, he told me, "he did not know how I would take what he was going to say. That in the last general assembly, when the affair of the *Yahoos* was entered upon, the representatives had taken offence at his keeping a *Yahoo* (meaning myself) in his family, more like a *Houyhnhamn* than a brute animal: that he was known frequently to converse with me, as if he could receive some advantage or pleasure in my company; that such a practice was not agreeable to reason or nature, or a thing ever heard of before among them. The assembly did therefore exhort him either to employ me like the rest of my species, or command me to swim back to the place whence I came. That the first of these expedients was utterly rejected by all the *Houyhnhams* who had ever seen me at his house or their own; for they alleged, that because I had some rudiments of reason added to the natural pravity of those animals, it was to be feared I might be able to seduce them into the woody and mountainous parts of the country, and bring them in troops by night to destroy the *Houyhnhams'* cattle, as being naturally of the ravenous kind, and averse from labour."

My master added, "That he was daily pressed by the *Houyhnhams* of the neighbourhood to have this assembly's exhortation executed, which he could not put off much longer. He doubted it would be impossible for me to swim to another country, and therefore wished I would contrive some sort of vehicle, resembling those I had described to him, that might carry me on the sea; in which work I should have the assistance of his own servants, as well as those of his neighbours." He concluded, "That, for his own part, he could have been content to keep me in his service as long as I lived, because he found I had cured myself of some bad habits and

dispositions, by endeavouring, as far as my inferior nature was capable, to imitate the *Houyhnhnms*."

I should here observe to the reader, that a decree of the general assembly in this country is expressed by the word *Anklooyn*, which signifies an exhortation, as near as I can render it; for they have no conception how a rational creature can be compelled, but only advised or exhorted, because no person can disobey reason, without giving up his claim to being a rational creature.

I was struck with the utmost grief and despair at my master's discourse; and being unable to support the agonies I was under, I fell into a swoon at his feet. When I came to myself, he told me, "that he concluded I had been dead; for these people are subject to no such imbecilities of nature. I answered in a faint voice, "That death would have been too great a happiness; that although I could not blame the assembly's exhortation, or the urgency of his friends, yet, in my weak and corrupt judgment, I thought it might consist with reason to have been less rigorous; that I could not swim a league, and probably the nearest land to theirs might be distant above a hundred; that many materials, necessary for making a small vessel to carry me off, were wholly wanting in this country; which, however I would attempt in obedience and gratitude to his honour, although I concluded the thing to be impossible, and therefore looked on myself as already devoted to destruction; that the certain prospect of an unnatural death was the least of my evils; for supposing I should escape with life, by some strange adventure, how could I think with temper of passing my days among *Yahoos*, and relapsing into my old corruptions, for want of examples to lead and keep me within the paths of virtue! that I knew too well upon what solid reasons all the determinations of the wise *Houyhnhnms* were founded, not to be shaken by arguments of mine, a miserable *Yahoo*; and therefore, after presenting him with my humble thanks for the offer of his servants' assistance in making a vessel, and desiring a reasonable time for so difficult a work, I told him I would endeavour to preserve a wretched being; and if ever I returned to England, was not without hopes of being useful to my own species, by celebrating the praises of the renowned *Houyhnhnms*, and proposing their virtues to the imitation of mankind."

My master, in a few words, made me a very gracious reply; allowed me the space of two months to finish my boat; and ordered the sorrel nag, my fellow-servant, (far so, at this distance, I may presume to call him) to follow my instructions; because I told my master "that his help would be sufficient, and I knew he had a tenderness for me."

In his company, my first business was to go to that part of the coast where my rebellious crew had ordered me to be set on shore. I got upon a height, and looking over every side into the sea, fancied I saw a small island toward the north-east. I took out my pocket-glass, and could then clearly distinguish it, about five leagues off, as I computed; but it appeared to the sorrel nag to be only a blue cloud; for as he had no conception of any country beside his own, so he could not be as expert in distinguishing remote objects at sea, as we who so much converse in that element.

After I had discovered this island, I considered no further, but resolved it should, if possible, be the first piece of my banishment, leaving the consequence to fortune.

I returned home, and consulting with the sorrel nag, we went into a cove at some distance, where I with my knife, and he with a sharp flint, fastened

very artificially, after their manner, to a wooden handle, cut down several oak wattles, about the thickness of a walking-staff, and some larger pieces. But I shall not trouble the reader with a particular description of my own mechanics; let it suffice to say, that in six weeks' time, with the help of the sorrel nag, who performed the parts that required most labour, I finished a sort of Indian canoe, but much larger, covering it with the skins of *Yahoos*, well stitched together with hempen threads of my own making. My sail was likewise composed of the skins of the same animal; but I made use of the youngest I could get, the older being too tough and thick; and I likewise provided myself with four paddles. I laid in a stock of boiled flesh, of rabbits and fowls, and took with me two vessels, one filled with milk, and the other with water.

I tried my canoe in a large pond near my master's house, and then corrected in it what was amiss, stopping all the chinks with *Yahoos'* tallow, till I found it staunch, and able to bear me and my freight; and when it was as complete as I could possibly make it, I had it drawn on a carriage very gently by *Yahoos* to the sea-side, under the conduct of the sorrel nag and another servant.

When all was ready, and the day came for my departure, I took leave of my master and lady and the whole family—my eyes flowing with tears, and my heart quite sunk with grief. But his honour, out of curiosity, and perhaps (if I may speak it without vanity) partly out of kindness, was determined to see me in my canoe, and got several of his neighbouring friends to accompany him. I was forced to wait above an hour for the tide, and then, observing the wind very fortunately bearing towards the island to which I intended to steer my course, I took a second leave of my master; but, as I was going to prostrate myself to kiss his hoof, he bid me the honour to raise it gently to my mouth. I am not ignorant how much I have been censured for mentioning this last particular. Detractors are pleased to think it improbable that so illustrious a person should descend to give so great a mark of distinction to a creature so inferior as I. Neither have I forgotten how apt some travellers are to boast of extraordinary favours they have received. But if these censurers were better acquainted with the noble and courteous disposition of the *Houyhnhnms*, they would soon change their opinion.

I paid my respects to the rest of the *Houyhnhnms* in his honour's company, then, getting into my canoe, I pushed off from shore.

CHAPTER XI.

The author's dangerous voyage. He arrives at New Holland, hoping to settle there. Is wounded with an arrow by one of the natives. Is seized, and carried by force into a Portuguese ship. The great civilities of the captain. The author arrives at England.

I BEGAN this desperate voyage on February 15, 1714-15, at nine o'clock in the morning. The wind was very favourable; however, I made use at first only of my paddles; but considering I should soon be weary, and that the wind might chop about, I ventured to set up my little sail; and thus, with the help of the tide, I went at the rate of a league and a half an hour, as near as I could guess. My master and his friends continued on the shore till I was almost out of sight; and I often heard the sorrel nag (who always loved me) crying out, "*Hony illa nyha, majah Yahoo*;" "Take care of thyself, gentle *Yahoo*."

My design was, if possible, to discover some small island uninhabited, yet sufficient by my labour, to

furnish me with the necessaries of life, which I would have thought a greater happiness than to be first minister in the politest court of Europe; so horrible was the idea I conceived of returning to live in the society, and under the government of *Yahoos*. For in such a solitude as I desired, I could at least enjoy my own thoughts, and reflect with delight on the virtues of those inimitable *Houyhnhnms*, without any opportunity of degenerating into the vices and corruptions of my own species.

The reader may remember what I related when my crew conspired against me, and confined me to my cabin; bow I continued there several weeks, without knowing what course we took; and when I was put ashore in the long-boat, bow the sailors told me with oaths, whether true or false, "That they knew not in what part of the world we were." However, I did then believe us to be about 10 degrees southward of the Cape of Good Hope, or about 45 degrees southern latitude, as I gathered from some general words I overheard among them, being, I supposed, to south-east in their intended voyage to Madagascar. And although this were little better than conjecture, yet I resolved to steer my course eastward, hoping to reach the south-west coast of New Holland, and perhaps some such island as I desired, lying westward of it. The wind was full west; and by six in the evening I computed I had gone eastward at least eighteen leagues, when I spied a very small island about half a league off, which I soon reached. It was nothing but a rock, with one creek, naturally arched, by the force of tempests. Here I put in my canoe, and climbing a part of the rock, I could plainly discover land to the east, extending from south to north. I lay all night in my canoe, and repeating my voyage early in the morning, I arrived in seven hours to the south-east point of New Holland. This confirmed me in the opinion I have long entertained, that the maps and charts place this country at least three degrees more to the east than it really is; which thought I communicated many years ago to my worthy friend Mr. Herman Moll, and gave him my reasons for it, although he has rather chosen to follow other authors.

I saw no inhabitants in the place where I landed, and being unarmed, I was afraid of venturing far into the country. I found some shell-fish on the shore, and ate them raw, not daring to kindle a fire, for fear of being discovered by the natives. I continued three days feeding on oysters and limpets, to save my own provision; and I fortunately found a brook of excellent water, which gave me great relief.

On the fourth day, venturing out early a little too far, I saw twenty or thirty natives upon a height, not above five hundred yards from me. They were stark naked, men, women, and children, round a fire, as I could discover by the smoke. One of them spied me, and gave notice to the rest; five of them advanced toward me, leaving the women and children at the fire. I made what haste I could to the shore, and getting into my canoe, shored off; the savages observing me retreat, ran after me, and before I could get far enough into the sea, discharged an arrow, which wounded me deeply on the inside of my left knee; I shall carry the mark to my grave. I apprehended the arrow might be poisoned; and paddling out of the reach of their darts, (being a calm day), I made a shift to suck the wound, and dress it as well as I could.

I was at a loss what to do: for I durst not return to the same landing-place, but stood to the north, and was forced to paddle; for the wind, though very gentle, was against me, blowing north west. As I

was looking about for a secure landing-place, I saw a sail to the north-north-east, which appearing every minute more visible, I was in some doubt whether I should wait for them or not; but at last my detestation of the *Yahoo* race prevailed, and turning my canoe, I sailed and paddled together to the south, and got into the same creek whence I set out in the morning, choosing rather to trust myself among these barbarians, than live with European *Yahoos*. I drew up my canoe as close as I could to the shore, and hid myself behind a stone by the little brook, which, as I have already said, was excellent water.

The ship came within half a league of this creek, and sent her long-boat with vessels to take in fresh water; (for the place, it seems, was very well known;) but I did not observe it, till the boat was almost on shore, and it was too late to seek another bidding-place. The seamen at their landing observed my canoe, and rummaging it all over, easily conjectured that the owner could not be far off. Four of them well armed searched every cranny and lurking-hole, till at last they found me, flat on my face, behind the stone. They gazed awhile in admiration at my strange uncouth dress; my coat made of skins, my wooden-soled shoes, and my furred stockings; whence, however, they concluded I was not a native of the place, who all go naked. One of the seamen, in Portuguese, bid me rise, and asked who I was. I understood that language very well, and getting upon my feet, said, "I was a poor *Yahoo*, banished from the *Houyhnhnms*, and desired they would please to let me depart." They admired to hear me answer them in their own tongue, and saw by my complexion I must be a European; but were at a loss to know what I meant by *Yahoos* and *Houyhnhnms*; and at the same time, fell a laughing at my strange tone in speaking, which resembled the neighing of a horse. I trembled all the while, betwixt fear and hatred. I again desired leave to depart, and was gently moving to my canoe; but they laid hold of me, desiring to know "what country I was off whence I came!" with many other questions. I told them "I was born in England, whence I came about five years ago, and then their country and ours were at peace. I therefore hoped they would not treat me as an enemy, since I meant them no harm, but was a poor *Yahoo* seeking some desolate place where to pass the remainder of his unfortunate life."

When they began to talk, I thought I never heard or saw anything so unnatural; for it appeared to me as monstrous as if a dog or a cow should speak in England, or a *Yahoo* in *Houyhnhnmland*. The honest Portuguese were equally amazed at my strange dress, and the odd manner of delivering my words, which, however, they understood very well. They spoke to me with great humanity, and said, "They were sure the captain would carry me *gratis* to Lisbon, whence I might return to my own country; that two of the seamen would go back to the ship, inform the captain of what they had seen, and receive his orders; in the mean time, unless I would give my solemn oath not to fly, they would secure me by force." I thought it best to comply with their proposal. They were very curious to know my story, but I gave them very little satisfaction, and they all conjectured that my misfortunes had impaired my reason. In two hours, the boat, which went laden with vessels of water, returned with the captain's command to fetch me on board. I fell on my knees to preserve my liberty but all was in vain; and the men, having tied me with cords, heaved me into the boat, whence I was taken into the ship, and thence into the captain's cabin.

His name was Pedro de Mendez; he was a very courteous and generous person. He entreated me to give some account of myself, and desired to know what I would eat or drink; said, "I should be used as well as himself;" and spoke so many obliging things, that I wondered to find such civilities from a *Yahoo*. However, I remained silent and sullen; I was ready to faint at the very sight of him and his men. At last I desired something to eat out of my own canoe; but he ordered me a chicken, and some excellent wine, and then directed that I should be put to bed in a very clean cabin. I would not undress myself, but lay on the bed-clothes, and in half an hour stulk out, when I thought the crew was at dinner, and getting to the side of the ship, was going to leap into the sea, and swim for my life, rather than continue among *Yahoos*. But one of the seamen prevented me, and having informed the captain, I was chained to my cabin.

After dinner Don Pedro came to me, and desired to know my reason for so desperate an attempt; assured me, "he only meant to do me all the service he was able;" and spoke so very movingly, that at last I descended to treat him like an animal which had some little portion of reason. I gave him a very short relation of my voyage; of the conspiracy against me by my own men; of the country where they set me on shore, and of my five years' residence there. All which he looked upon as if it were a dream or a vision; whereas I took great offence; for I had quite forgot the faculty of lying, so peculiar to *Yahoos*, in all countries where they preside, and consequently the disposition of suspecting truth in others of their own species. I asked him, "Whether it were the custom in his country to say the thing which was not?" I assured him, "I had almost forgot what he meant by falsehood, and if I had lived a thousand years in *Houyhnhnmland*, I should never have heard a lie from the meanest servant; that I was altogether indifferent whether he believed me or not; but, however, in return for his favours, I would give so much allowance to the corruption of his nature, as to answer any objection he would please to make, and then he might easily discover the truth."

The captain, a wise man, after many endeavours to catch me tripping in some part of my story, at last began to have a better opinion of my veracity. But he added, "that since I professed so inviolable an attachment to truth, I must give him my word and honour to bear him company in this voyage, without attempting anything against my life; or else he would continue me a prisoner till we arrived at Lisbon." I gave him the promise he required; but at the same time protested, "that I would suffer the greatest hardships, rather than return to live among *Yahoos*."

Our voyage passed without any considerable accident. In gratitude to the captain, I sometimes sat with him at his earnest request, and strove to conceal my antipathy against humankind, although it often broke out; which he suffered to pass without observation. But the greatest part of the day I confined myself to my cabin, to avoid seeing any of the crew. The captain had often entreated me to strip myself of my savage dress, and offered to lend me the best suit of clothes he had. This I would not be prevailed on to accept, abhorring to cover myself with anything that had been on the back of a *Yahoo*. I only desired he would lend me two clean shirts, which having been washed since he wore them, I believed would not so much defile me. These I changed every second day, and washed them myself.

We arrived at Lisbon, Nov. 5, 1715. At our landing the captain forced me to cover myself with his cloak, to prevent the rabble from crowding about me. I was conveyed to his own house; and at my earnest request he led me up to the highest room backwards. I conjured him to conceal from all persons what I had told him of the *Houyhnhnms*; because the least hint of such a story would not only draw numbers of people to see me, but probably put me in danger of being imprisoned, or burnt by the Inquisition. The captain persuaded me to accept of a suit of clothes newly made; but I would not suffer the tailor to take my measure; however, Don Pedro being almost of my size, they fitted me well enough. He accounted me with other necessities, all new, which I aired for twenty-four hours, before I would use them.

The captain had no wife, nor above three servants, none of which were suffered to attend at meals; and his whole deportment was so obliging, added to very good human understanding, that I really began to tolerate his company. He gained so far upon me, that I ventured to look out of the back window. By degrees I was brought into another room, whence I peeped into the street, but drew my head back in a fright. In a week's time he seduced me down to the door. I found my terror gradually lessened, but my hatred and contempt seemed to increase. I was at last bold enough to walk the street in his company, but kept my nose well stopped with rue, or sometimes with tobacco.

In ten days, Don Pedro, to whom I had given some account of my domestic affairs, put it upon me, as a matter of honour and conscience, "that I ought to return to my native country, and live at home with my wife and children." He told me there was an English ship in the port just ready to sail, and he would furnish me with all things necessary. It would be tedious to repeat his arguments and my contradictions. He said, "it was altogether impossible to find such a solitary island as I had desired to live in; but I might command in my own house, and pass my time in a manner as reclusive as I pleased."

I complied at last, finding I could not do better. I left Lisbon the 24th day of November, in an English merchantman, but who was the master I never inquired. Don Pedro accompanied me to the ship, and lent me twenty pounds. He took kind leave of me, and embraced me at parting, which I bore as well as I could. During this last voyage I had no commerce with the master or any of his men; but pretending I was sick, kept close in my cabin. On the 5th of December, 1715, we cast anchor in the Downs, about nine in the morning, and at three in the afternoon I got safe to my house at Redriff.

My wife and family received me with great surprise and joy, because they concluded me certainly dead; but I must freely confess the sight of them filled me only with hatred, disgust, and contempt; and the more, by reflecting on the near alliance I had to them. For although, since my unfortunate exile from the *Houyhnhnm* country, I had compelled myself to tolerate the sight of *Yahoos*, and to converse with Don Pedro de Mendez, yet my memory and imagination were perpetually filled with the virtues and ideas of those exalted *Houyhnhnms*. And when I began to consider, that by copulating with one of the *Yahoo* species I had become a parent of more, it struck me with the utmost shame, confusion, and horror.

As soon as I entered the house, my wife took me in her arms and kissed me; at which, having not been used to the touch of that odious animal for so

many years, I fell into a swoon for almost an hour. At the time I am writing, it is five years since my last return to England: during the first year I could not endure my wife or children in my presence: the very smell of them was intolerable; much less could I suffer them to eat in the same room. To this hour they dare not presume to touch my bread, or drink out of the same cup; neither was I ever able to let one of them take me by the hand. The first money I laid out was to buy two young stone horses, which I keep in a good stable; and next to them the groom is my greatest favourite; for I feel my spirits revived by the smell he contracts in the stable. My horses understand me tolerably well; I converse with them at least four hours every day. They are strangers to bridle or saddle; they live in great amity with me, and friendship to each other.

CHAPTER XII

The author's veracity. His design in publishing this work. His censure of those travellers who serve from the truth. The author clears himself from any sinister ends in writing. An objection answered. The method of planting colonies, the native country commended. The right of the crown to those countries described by the author, is justified. The difficulty of conquering them. The author takes his last leave of the reader; proposes his manner of living for the future; gives good advice, and concludes.

THU, gentle reader, I have given thee a faithful history of my travels for sixteen years and above seven months: wherein I have not been so studious of ornament, as of truth. I could perhaps, like others, have astonished thee with strange improbable tales; but I rather chose to relate plain matter of fact, in the simplest manner and style; because my principal design was to inform, and not to amuse thee.

It is easy for us who travel into remote countries, which are seldom visited by Englishmen or other Europeans, to form descriptions of wonderful animals both at sea and land. Whereas a traveller's chief aim should be to make men wiser and better, and to improve their minds by the bad, as well as good example, of what they deliver concerning foreign places.

I could heartily wish a law was enacted, that every traveller, before he were permitted to publish his voyages, should be obliged to make oath before the lord-high-chancellor, that all he intended to print was absolutely true to the best of his knowledge; for then the world would no longer be deceived, as it usually is, while some writers, to make their works pass the better upon the public, impose the grossest fables on the unwary reader. I have perused several books of travels with great delight in my younger days; but having since gone over most parts of the globe, and been able to contradict many fabulous accounts from my own observation, it has given me a great disgust against this part of reading, and some indignation to see the credulity of mankind so impudently abused. Therefore, since my acquaintance were pleased to think my poor endeavours might not be unacceptable to my country, I imposed on myself, as a maxim, never to be swerved from, that I would strictly adhere to truth; neither indeed can I be ever under the least temptation to vary from it, while I retain in my mind the lectures and example of my noble master and the other illustrious *Houyhnhnms*, of whom I had so long the honour to be a humble hearer.

— Nec ex misero Fortuna Sarcophago
Finit, vanum ritum, mendacemque improba singit.

I know very well how little reputation is to be got by writings, which require neither genius nor learning, nor indeed any other talent, except a good memory or an exact journal. I know likewise, that

writers of travels, like dictionary-makers, are sunk into oblivion by the weight and bulk of those who come last, and therefore lie uppermost. And it is highly probable that such travellers, who shall hereafter visit the countries described in this work of mine, may, by detecting my errors (if there be any), and adding many new discoveries of their own, justify me out of vogue, and stand in my place, making the world forget that ever I was an author. This indeed would be too great a mortification, if I wrote for fame; but as my sole intention was the public good, I cannot be altogether disappointed. For who can read of the virtues I have mentioned in the glorious *Houyhnhnms*, without being ashamed of his own vices, when he considers himself as the reasoning, governing animal of his country? I shall say nothing of those remote nations where *Yahoos* preside; among which the least corrupted are the *Broddingnagians*; whose wise maxims in morality and government, it would be our happiness to observe. But I forbear descanting further, and rather leave the judicious reader to his own remarks and application.

I am not a little pleased that this work of mine can possibly meet with no censors: for what objections can be made against a writer, who relates only plain facts, that happened in such distant countries, where we have not the least interest, with respect either to trade or negotiations? I have carefully avoided every fault, with which common writers of travels are often too justly charged. Besides, I meddle not the least with any party, but write without passion, prejudice, or ill-will against any man, or number of men whatsoever. I write for the noblest end, to inform and instruct mankind; over whom I may, without breach of modesty, pretend to some superiority from the advantages I received by conversing so long among the most accomplished *Houyhnhnms*. I write without any view to profit or praise. I never suffer a word to pass that may look like reflection, or possibly give the least offence, even to those who are most ready to take it. So that I hope I may with justice pronounce myself an author perfectly blameless; against whom the tribes of Answerers, Considerers, Objectors, Reflectors, Detectors, Remarkers, will never be able to find matter for exercising their talents.

I confess it was whispered to me, "that I was bound in duty, as a subject of England, to have given in a memorial to a secretary of state at my first coming over, because, whatever lands are discovered by a subject, belong to the crown." But I doubt whether our conquests, in the countries I treat of, would be as easy as those of Ferdinand Cortez over the naked Americans. The *Lilliputians*, I think, are hardly worth the charge of a fleet and army to reduce them; and I question whether it might be prudent or safe to attempt the *Broddingnagians*. Or whether an English army would be much at their ease with the Flying Island over their heads. The *Houyhnhnms* indeed appear not to be so well prepared for war, a science to which they are perfect strangers, and especially against missile weapons. However, supposing myself to be a minister of state, I could never give my advice for invading them. Their prudence, unanimity, unacquaintedness with fear, and their love of their country, would amply supply all defects in the military art. Imagine twenty thousand of them breaking into the midst of an European army, confounding the ranks, overturning the carriages, battering the warriors' faces into mummy by terrible jerks from their hinder hoofs; for they would well deserve the character given to Augustus, *Reconditum unguine intus*. But, instead of

proposals for conquering that magnanimous nation, I rather wish they were in a capacity, or disposition, to send a sufficient number of their inhabitants for civilising Europe, by teaching us the first principles of honour, justice, truth, temperance, public spirit, fortitude, chastity, friendship, benevolence, and fidelity. The names of all which virtues are still retained among us in most languages, and are to be met with in modern as well as ancient authors; which I am able to assert from my own small reading.

But I had another reason, which made me less forward to enlarge his majesty's dominions by my discoveries. To say the truth, I had conceived a few scruples with relation to the distributive justice of princes upon those occasions. For instance, a crew of pirates are driven by a storm they know not whither; at length a boy discovers land from the topmast; they go on shore to rob and plunder; they see a harmless people, are entertained with kindness; they give the country a new name; they take formal possession of it for their king; they set up a rotten plank, or a stone, for a memorial; they murder two or three dozen of the natives, bring away a couple more, by force, for a sample; return home and get their parlor. Here commences a new dominion acquired with a title by divine right. Ships are sent with the first opportunity; the natives driven out or destroyed; their princes tortured to discover their gold; a free licence given to all acts of inhumanity and lust, the earth reeking with the blood of its inhabitants: and this execrable crew of butchers, employed in so pious an expedition, is a modern colony, sent to convert and civilize an idolatrous and barbarous people!

But this description, I confess, does by no means affect the British nation, who may be an example to the whole world for their wisdom, care, and justice in planting colonies: their liberal endowments for the advancement of religion and learning; their choice of devout and able pastors to propagate Christianity; their caution in stocking their provinces with people of sober lives and conversations, from this the mother kingdom; their strict regard to the distribution of justice, in supplying the civil administration through all their colonies with officers of the greatest abilities, utter strangers to corruption; and, to crown all, by sending the most vigilant and virtuous governors, who have no other views than the happiness of the people over whom they preside, and the honour of the king their master.

But as those countries, which I have described, do not appear to have any desire of being conquered and enslaved, murdered or driven out by colonies; nor abound either in gold, silver, sugar, or tobacco; I did humbly conceive, they were by no means proper objects of our zeal, our valour, or our interest. However, if those whom it more concerns, think fit to be of another opinion, I am ready to depose, when I shall be lawfully called, that no European did ever visit those countries before me. I mean, if the inhabitants ought to be believed, unless a dispute may arise concerning the two *Yahoos* said to have been seen many years ago upon a mountain in *Houyhnhm-land*.

But, as to the formality of taking possession in my sovereign's name. It never came once into my

thoughts; and if it had, yet, as my affairs then stood, I should perhaps, in point of prudence and self-preservation, have put it off to a better opportunity.

Having thus answered the only objection that can ever be raised against me as a traveller, I here take a final leave of all my courteous readers, and return to enjoy my own speculations in my little garden at Redriff; to apply those excellent lessons of virtue which I learned among the *Houyhnhnms*; to instruct the *Yahoos* of my own family, as far as I shall find them docile animals; to behold my figure often in a glass, and thus, if possible, habituate myself by time to tolerate the sight of a human creature; to lament the brutality of *Houyhnhnms* in my own country, but always treat their persons with respect, for the sake of my noble master, his family, his friends, and the whole *Houyhnhnm* race, whom these of ours have the honour to resemble in all their lineaments, however their intellectual came to degenerate.

I began last week to permit my wife to sit at dinner with me, at the farthest end of a long table; and to answer (but with the utmost brevity) the few questions I asked her. Yet, the smell of a *Yahoo* continuing very offensive, I always keep my nose well stopped with rue, lavender, or tobacco leaves. And, although it be hard for a man late in life to remove old habits, I am not altogether out of hopes, in some time, to suffer a neighbour *Yahoo* in my company, without the apprehensions I am yet under of his teeth or his claws.

My reconciliation to the *Yahoo* kind in general might not be so difficult, if they would be content with those vices and follies only which nature has entitled them to. I am not in the least provoked at the sight of a lawyer, a pickpocket, a colonel, a fool, a lord, a gamester, a politician, a whoremonger, a physician, an evidence, a suborner, an attorney, a traitor, or the like; this is all according to the due course of things: but when I behold a lump of deformity and diseases, both in body and mind, smitten with pride, it immediately breaks all the measures of my patience; neither shall I be ever able to comprehend how such an animal, and such a vice, could tally together. The wise and virtuous *Houyhnhnms*, who abound in all excellencies that can adorn a rational creature, have no name for this vice in their language; which has no terms to express anything that is evil, except those whereby they describe the detestable qualities of their *Yahoos*; among which they were not able to distinguish this of pride, for want of thoroughly understanding human nature, as it shows itself in other countries, where that animal presides. But I, who had more experience, could plainly observe some rudiments of it among the wild *Yahoos*.

But the *Houyhnhnms*, who live under the government of reason, are no more proud of the good qualities they possess than I should be for not wanting a leg or an arm; which no man in his wits would boast of, although he must be miserable without them. I dwell the longer upon this subject, from the desire I have to make the society of an English *Yahoo* by any means not insupportable; and therefore I here entreat those, who have any tincture of this absurd vice, that they will not presume to come in my sight.

A TALE OF A TUB.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERSAL IMPROVEMENT OF MANKIND.

Din multumque desideratum.

TO WHICH IS ADDED, AN ACCOUNT OF A BATTLE BETWEEN THE ANCIENT AND MODERN BOOKS IN ST. JAMES'S LIBRARY; WITH THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY, AND EXPLANATORY NOTES.

Barrym carabum canas, irruamta diaraba cafoia bafobor camelanthi.—[*BAR.*, l. l. c. 18.

—*Juvaque novos decerpere flores,
Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,
Unde prius nulli vejarant tempora Musæ.*—LOCKET.
Ridestem dicere verum quid retat?—HOMER.

ANALYTICAL TABLE.—THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

THE tale approved of by a great majority among the men of taste. Some treatises written expressly against it; but not one syllable in its defence. The greatest part of it finished in 1696, eight years before it was published. The author's intention when he began it. No irreligious or immoral opinion can fairly be deduced from the book. The clergy have no reason to dislike it. The author's intention not having met with a candid interpretation, he declined engaging in a task he had proposed to himself, of examining some publications, that were intended against all religion. Unfair to fix a name upon an author who had so industriously concealed himself. The Letter on Enthusiasm,* ascribed by several to the same author. If the abuses in law or physic had been the subject of this treatise, the learned professors in either faculty would have been more liberal than the clergy. The passages which appear most liable to objection are parodies. The author entirely innocent of any intention of glancing at those tenets of religion, which he has by some prejudiced or ignorant readers been supposed to mean. This particularly the case in the passage about the three wooden machines. An irony runs through the whole book. Not necessary to take notice of treatises written against it. The usual fate of common answerers to books of merit is to sink into waste paper and oblivion. The case very different when a great genius exposes a foolish piece. Reflections occasioned by Dr. King's Remarks on the Tale of a Tub; others, by Mr. Wotton. The manner in which the Tale was first published accounted for. The Fragment not printed in the way the author intended; being the groundwork of a much larger discourse.^b The oaths of Peter why introduced. The severest strokes of satire in the treatise are levelled against the custom of employing wit in profaneness or immodesty. Wit the noblest and most useful gift of human nature; and humour the most agreeable. Those who have no share of either,

think the blow weak, because they are themselves insensible.

P.S. The author of the Key wrong in all his conjectures. The whole work entirely by one hand; the author defying any one to claim three lines in the book.

The Bookseller's Dedication to Lord Somers.—How he finds out that lord to be the patron intended by his author. Dedicators ridiculous, who praise their patrons for qualities that do not belong to them.

The Bookseller to the Reader.—Tells how long he has had these papers, when they were written, and why he publishes them now.

The Dedication to Posterity.—The author, apprehending that time will soon destroy almost all the writings of this age, complains of his malice against modern authors and their productions, in hurrying them so quickly off the scene; and therefore addresses posterity in favour of his contemporaries: assures him they abound in wit and learning, and books; and, for instance, mentions Dryden, Tate, D'Urfey, Bentley, and Wotton.

Preface.—The occasion and design of this work. Project for employing the beaux of the nation. Of modern prefaces. Modern wit how delicate. Method for penetrating into an author's thoughts.

Complaints of every writer against the multitude of writers, like the fat fellows in a crowd. Our author insists on the common privilege of writers; to be favourably explained when not understood; and to praise himself in the modern way. This treatise without satire; and why. Fame sooner gotten by satire than panegyric; the subject of the latter being narrow, and that of the former infinite. Difference between Athens and England, as to general and particular satire. The author designs a panegyric on the world, and a modest defence of the rabble.

SECTION I. THE INTRODUCTION.—A physico-mythological dissertation on the different sorts of oratorical machines. Of the bar and the bench. The author fond of the number three; promises a panegyric on it. Of pulpits; which are the best. Of ladders; on which the British orators surpass all others. Of the stage itinerant; the seminary of the two former. A physical reason why those machines are elevated. Of the curious contrivance of modern theatres. These three machines emblematically represent the various sorts of authors.

* This letter, supposed to have been written by Swift, and ascribed to his friend Colonel Hunter, was the production of the author of the "Characteristicks," in which collection it holds the foremost rank. It bears date in September, 1707.

^b In the apology, the author dwells on the circumstance of the book having been published while his original papers were out of his own possession. Three editions were printed in the year 1704, a fourth, corrected, in 1708.

An apologetical dissertation for the Grub-street writers, against their revolted rivals of Gresham and Will's. Superficial readers cannot easily find out wisdom, which is compared to several pretty things. Commentaries promised on several writings of Grub-street authors; as Reynard the Fox, Tom Thumb, Dr. Faustus, Whittington and his Cat, the Hind and Panther, Tommy Pots, and the Wise Men of Gotham. The author's pen and person worn out in serving the state. Multiplicity of titles and dedications.

SECTION II. TALE OF A TUB.—Of a Father and his Three Sons. His will, and his legacies to them. Of the young men's carriage at the beginning; and of the genteel qualifications they acquired in town. Description of a new sect, who adored their creator the tailor. Of their idol and their system. The three brothers follow the mode against their father's will; and get shoulder-knots by help of distinctions; gold-lace, by help of tradition; flame-coloured satin lining, by means of a supposed codicil; silver fringe, by virtue of critical interpretation; and embroidery of Indian figures, by laying aside the plain literal meaning. The will at last locked up. Peter got into a lord's house, and after his death turned out his children, and took in his own brothers in their stead.

SECTION III. A DIGRESSION CONCERNING CRITICS.—Three sorts of critics; the two first sorts now extinct. The true sort of critics' genealogy; office; definition. Antiquity of their race proved from Pausanias, who represents them by asses browsing on vines; and Herodotus, by asses with horns; and by an ass that frightened a Scythian army; and Diodorus, by a poisonous weed; and Ctesias, by serpents that poison with their vomit; and Terence, by the name of *Malevoli*. The true critic compared to a tailor, and to a true beggar. Three characteristics of a true modern critic.

SECTION IV. TALE OF A TUB, continued.—Peter assumes grandeur and titles; and, to support them, turns projector. The author's hopes of being translated into foreign languages. Peter's first invention, of *Terra Australis Incognita*. The second of a remedy for Worms. The third, a Whispering-Office. Fourth, an Insurance-Office. Fifth, an Universal Pickle. Sixth, a set of Bulls with leaden feet. Lastly, his pardons to malefactors. Peter's brains turned; he plays several tricks, and turns out his brother's wives. Gives his brothers bread for mutton and for wine. Tells huge lies; of a cow's milk that would fill 3000 churches; of a Sign-post as large as a man-of-war; of a house that traveled 2000 leagues. The brothers steal a copy of the will, break open the cellar door, and are both kicked out of doors by Peter.

SECTION V. A DIGRESSION IN THE MODERN KIND.—Our author expatiates on his great pains to serve the public by instructing, and more by diverting. The Moderns having so far excelled the Ancients, the author gives them a receipt for a complete system of all arts and sciences, in a small pocket volume. Several defects discovered in Homer; and his ignorance in modern invention, &c. Our author's writings fit to supply all defects. He justifies his praising his own writings by modern examples.

SECTION VI. TALE OF A TUB, continued.—The two brothers ejected, agree in a resolution to reform, according to the will. They take different names, and are found to be of different complexions. How Martin began rudely, but proceeded more cautiously in reforming his coat. Jack, of a different temper, and full of zeal, begins tearing all to pieces. He endeavours to kindle up Martin to the

same pitch, but, not succeeding, they separate. Jack runs mad, gets many names, and founds the sect of *Æolists*.

SECTION VII. A DIGRESSION IN PRAISE OF DIGRESSIONS.—Digressions suited to modern palates. A proof of depraved appetites; but necessary for modern writers. Two ways now in use to be book-learned: 1. By learning titles; 2. By reading Indexes. Advantages of this last; and of Abstracts. The number of writers increasing above the quantity of matter, this method becomes necessary and useful. The Reader empowered to transplant this Digression.

SECTION VIII. TALE OF A TUB, continued.—System of the *Æolists*; they hold wind or spirit to be the origin of all things, and to bear a great part in their composition. Of the fourth and fifth animas attributed by them to man. Of their beehiving, or preaching. Their inspiration from *Zæstin*. They use barrels for pulpits. Female officers used for inspiration; and why. The notion opposite to that of a deity, fittest to form a deity. Two devils dreaded by the *Æolists*. Their relation with a Northern nation. The Author's respect for this sect.

SECTION IX. DIGRESSION ON MADNESS.—Great conquerors of empires, and founders of sects in philosophy and religion, have generally been persons whose reason was disturbed. A small vapour, mounting to the brain, may occasion great revolutions. Examples; of Henry IV., who made great preparations for war, because of his mistress's absence; and of Louis XIV., whose great actions concluded in a fistula. Extravagant notions of several great philosophers, how nice to distinguish from madness. Mr. Wotton's fatal mistake in misapplying his peculiar talents. Madness the source of conquests and systems. Advantages of fiction and delusion over truth and reality. The outside of things better than the inside. Madness, how useful. A proposal for visiting Bedlam, and employing the divers members in a way useful to the public.

SECTION X. THE AUTHOR'S COMPLIMENTS TO THE READERS.—Great civilities practised between the authors and readers; and our author's thanks to the whole nation. How well satisfied authors and book-sellers are. To what occasions we owe most of the present writings. Of a paltry scribbler our author is afraid of, and therefore desires Dr. Bentley's protection. He gives here his whole store at one meal. Usefulness of this treatise to different sorts of readers; the superficial, the ignorant, and the learned. Proposal for making some ample commentaries on this work; and of the usefulness of commentaries for dark writers. Useful hints for the commentators of this treatise.

SECTION XI. THE TALE OF A TUB, continued.—The author, not in haste to be at home, shows the difference between a traveller weary, or in haste, and another in good plight, that takes his pleasure and views every pleasant scene in his way. The sequel of Jack's adventures; his superstitious veneration for the Holy Scripture, and the uses he made of it. His flaming zeal, and blind submission to the Decrees. His harangue for Predestination. He covers roguish tricks with a show of devotion. Affects singularity in manners and speech. His aversion to music and painting. His discourses provoke sleep. His groaning and affecting to suffer for the good cause. The great antipathy of Peter and Jack made them both run into extremes, where they often met.

The degenerate ears of this age cannot afford a sufficient handle to hold men by. The senses and passions afford many handles. Curiosity is that by

which our Author has held his readers so long. The rest of this story lost, &c.

THE CONCLUSION.—Of the proper seasons for publishing books. Of profound writers. Of the ghost of wit. Sleep and the Muses nearly related. Apology for the author's fits of dulness. Method and Reason the laqueys of Invention. Our author's great collection of flowers of little use till now.

A DISCOURSE CONCERNING THE MECHANICAL OPERATION OF THE SPIRIT.

The Author, at a loss what title to give this piece, finds after much pains, that of *A Letter to a Friend* to be the most in vogue, of modern excuses for haste and negligence, &c.

SECTION I. Mahomet's fancy of being carried to heaven by an ass, followed by many Christians. A great affinity between this creature and man. That talent of bringing his rider to heaven, the subject of this discourse; but for ass and rider, the author uses the synonymous terms of enlightened teacher and fanatic hearer. A tincture of enthusiasm runs through all men and all sciences; but prevails most in religion. Enthusiasm defined and distinguished. That which is mechanical and artificial is treated of by our author. Though art oftentimes changes into nature; examples in the Scythian Longheads and English Roundheads.—Sense and reason must be laid aside to let this spirit operate. The objections about the manner of the Spirit from above descending upon the Apostles, make not against this spirit that arises within. The methods by which the assembly helps to work up this spirit, jointly with the preacher.

SECTION II. How some worship a good Being, others an evil. Most people confound the hounds of good and evil. Vain mortals think the Divinity interested in their meanest actions. The scheme of spiritual mechanism left out. Of the usefulness of quilted night-caps to keep in the heat, to give motion and vigour to the little animals that compose the brain. Sound of far greater use than sense in the operations of the Spirit, as in music. Inward light consists of theological monosyllables and mysterious texts. Of the great force of one vowel in canting; and of blowing the nose, hawking, spitting, and belching. The author to publish an Essay on the Art of Canting. Of speaking through the nose, or snuffing: its origin from a disease occasioned by a conflict between the Flesh and the Spirit. Inspired vessels, like lanterns, have a sorry sooty outside. Fanaticism deduced from the ancients, in their orgies, bacchanals, &c. Of their great lasciviousness on those occasions. The Fanatics of the first centuries and those of later times, generally agree in the same principle of improving spiritual into carnal ejaculations, &c.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS.

The Preface informs us this piece was written in 1697, on account of a famous dispute about Ancient and Modern Learning, between Sir William Temple and the Earl of Orrery on the one side, and Mr. Wotton and Bentley on the other.

War and invasions generally proceed from the attacks of Want and Poverty upon Plenty and Riches. The Moderns quarrel with the Ancients about the possession of the highest top of Parnassus, and desire them to surrender it or to let it be levelled. The answer of the Ancients not accepted. A war ensues, in which rivulets of ink are split; and both parties hang out their trophies—books of controversy. These books haunted with disorderly spirits, though often bound to the peace in libraries.

The author's advice in this case neglected, which occasions a terrible fight in St James's Library. Dr. Bentley, the library-keeper, a great enemy to the Ancients. The Moderns, finding themselves 50,000 strong, give the Ancients ill language. Temple, a favourite of the Ancients. An incident of a quarrel between a bee and a spider, with their arguments on both sides. Æsop applies them to the present dispute. The order of battle of the Moderns, and names of their leaders. The leaders of the Ancients. Jupiter calls a council of the Gods, and consults the books of Fate; and then sends his orders below. Momus brings the news to Criticism; whose habitation and company is described. She arrives, and sheds her influence on her son Wotton. The battle described. Paracelsus engages Galen; Aristotle aims at Bacon, and kills Descartes; Homer overthrows Gondibert, kills Denham and Wesley. Perreault and Fontenelle. Encounter of Virgil and Dryden; of Lucan and Blackmore; of Creech and Horace; of Pindar and Cowley. The episode of Bentley and Wotton. Bentley's armour. His speech to the modern generals. Scaliger's answer. Bentley and Wotton march together. Bentley attacks Phalaris and Æsop. Wotton attacks Temple in vain. Boyle pursues Wotton; and meeting Bentley in his way, he pursues and kills them both.

THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

If good and ill nature equally operated upon mankind, I might have saved myself the trouble of this apology; for it is manifest by the reception the following discourse has met with, that those who approve it are a great majority among the men of taste; yet there have been two or three treatises written expressly against it, beside many others that have flirited at it occasionally, without one syllable having been ever published in its defence, or even quotation to its advantage that I can remember, except by the polite author of a late discourse between a Deist and a Socinian.

Therefore, since the book seems calculated to live, at least as long as our language and our taste admit no great alterations, I am content to convey some apology along with it.

The greatest part of that book was finished about thirteen years since, 1690, which is eight years before it was published. The author was then young, his invention at the height, and his reading fresh in his head. By the assistance of some thinking, and much conversation, he had endeavoured to strip himself of as many real prejudices as he could; I say real ones, because under the notion of prejudices, he knew to what dangerous heights some men have proceeded. Thus prepared, he thought the numerous and gross corruptions in religion and learning might furnish matter for a satire that would be useful and diverting. He resolved to proceed in a manner that should be altogether new, the world having been already too long nauseated with endless repetitions upon every subject. The abuses in religion, he proposed to set forth in the allegory of the coats and the three brothers, which was to make up the body of the discourse; those in learning he chose to introduce by way of digressions. He was then a young gentleman much in the world, and wrote to the taste of those who were like himself;

* Samuel Wesley, rector of Ormsby and Epworth, in Lincolnshire.

† Charles Perrault, author of a poem entitled, "Le Siècle de Louis le Grand," in which the modern authors are exalted above the ancient.

‡ The author of "The Plurality of Worlds;" who died in 1756, in his 190th year.

therefore, in order to allure them, he gave a liberty to his pen which might not suit with maturer years or graver characters, and which he could have easily corrected with a very few blots, had he been master of his papers for a year or two before their publication.

Not that he would have governed his judgment by the ill-placed evils of the sour, the envious, the stupid and the tasteless, which he mentions with disdain. He acknowledges there are several youthful sallies, which from the grave and the wise may deserve a rebuke. But he desires to be answerable no further than he is guilty, and that his faults may not be multiplied by the ignorant, the unnatural, and uncharitable applications of those who have neither candour to suppose good meanings, nor palate to distinguish true ones. After which, he will forfeit his life if any one opinion can be fairly deduced from that book which is contrary to religion or morality.

Why should any clergyman of our church be angry to see the follies of fanaticism and superstition exposed, though in the most ridiculous manner; since that is perhaps the most probable way to cure them, or at least to hinder them from further spreading? Besides, though it was not intended for their persual, it rallies nothing but what they preach against. It contains nothing to provoke them, by the least scurrility upon their persons or their functions. It celebrates the church of England, as the most perfect of all others in discipline and doctrine; it advances no opinion they reject, nor condemns any they receive. If the clergy's resentment lay upon their hands, in my humble opinion they might have found more proper objects to employ them on; *nondum tibi defuit hostis*: I mean those heavy, illiterate scribblers, prostitute in their reputations, vicious in their lives, and ruined in their fortunes, who, to the shame of good sense as well as piety, are greedily read, merely upon the strength of bold, false, impious assertions, mixed with unmannerly reflections upon the priesthood, and openly intended against all religion: in short, full of such principles as are kindly received, because they are levelled to remove those terrors that religion tells men will be the consequence of immoral lives. Nothing like which is to be met with in this discourse, though some of them are pleased so freely to censure it. And I wish there were no other instance of what I have too frequently observed, that many of that reverend body are not always very nice in distinguishing between their enemies and their friends.

Had the author's intentions met with a more candid interpretation from some, whom out of respect he forbears to name, he might have been encouraged to an examination of books written by some of those authors above described, whose errors, ignorance, dulness and villainy, he thinks he could have detected and exposed in such a manner, that the persons who are most conceived to be affected by them would soon lay them aside and be ashamed; but he has now given over those thoughts, since the weightiest men in the weightiest stations are pleased to think it a more dangerous point to laugh at those corruptions in religion, which they themselves must disapprove, than to endeavour pulling up those very foundations wherein all christians have agreed.

He thinks it no fair proceeding, that any person should offer determinately to fix a name upon the author of this discourse, who hath all along concealed himself from most of his nearest friends: yet several have gone a step farther, and pronounced another book* to have been the work of the same

* The celebrated Letter on Enthusiasm.

hand with this, which the author directly affirms to be a thorough mistake; he having as yet never so much as read that discourse: a plain instance how little truth there often is in general surmises, or in conjectures drawn from a similitude of style or way of thinking.

Had the author written a book to expose the abuses in law or in physic, he believes the learned professors in either faculty would have been so far from resenting it as to have given him thanks for his pains; especially if he had made an honourable reservation for the true practice of either science; but religion, they tell us, ought not to be ridiculed, and they tell us truth: yet surely the corruptions in it may; for we are taught by the tritest maxim in the world, that Religion being the best of things, its corruptions are likely to be the worst.

There is one thing which the judicious reader cannot but have observed, that some of those passages in this discourse which appear most liable to objection, are what they call parodies, where the author personates the style and manner of other writers, whom he has a mind to expose. I shall produce one instance of a passage in which Dryden, L'Estrange, and some others I shall not name, are levelled at, who, having spent their lives in faction and apostacies, and all manner of vice, pretended to be sufferers for loyalty and religion. So Dryden tells us, in one of his prefaces, *of his merits and sufferings*, and thanks God that he possesses his soul in patience; in other places he talks at the same rate; and L'Estrange often uses the like style; and I believe the reader may find more persons to give that passage an application; but this is enough to direct those who may have overlooked the author's intention.

There are three or four other passages which pre-judged or ignorant readers have drawn by great force to hint at ill meanings; as if they glanced at some tenets in religion. In answer to all which, the author solemnly protests he is entirely innocent; and never had it once in his thoughts, that anything he said, would in the least be capable of such interpretations, which he will engage to deduce full as fairly from the most innocent book in the world. And it will be obvious to every reader, that this was not any part of his scheme or design, the abuses he notes being such as all church-of-England men agree in; nor was it proper for his subject to meddle with other points, than such as have been perpetually controverted since the Reformation.

To instance only in that passage about the three wooden machines mentioned in the Introduction: in the original manuscript there was a description of a fourth, which those who had the papers in their power, blotted out, as having something in it of satire, that I suppose they thought was too particular; and therefore they were forced to change it to the number three, whence some have endeavoured to squeeze out a dangerous meaning, that was never thought on. And, indeed, the conceit was half spoiled by changing the numbers; that of four being much more calisthetic, and, therefore, better exposing the pretended virtue of numbers, a superstition there intended to be ridiculed.

Another thing to be observed is, that there generally runs an irony through the thread of the whole book, which the man of taste will observe and distinguish; and which will render some objections that have been made very weak and insignificant.

This Apology being chiefly intended for the satisfaction of future readers, it may be thought unnecessary to take any notice of such treatises as have been written against the ensuing discourse, which are already sunk into waste paper and oblivion.

after the usual fate of common answers to books which are allowed to have any merit: they are indeed like annuals, that grow about a young tree, and seem to vie with it for a summer, but fall and die with the leaves in autumn, and are never heard of more. When Dr. Eachard wrote his book about the contempt of the clergy, numbers of these answers immediately started up, whose memory, if he had not kept alive by his replies, it would now be utterly unknown that he was ever answered at all. There is indeed an exception, when any great genius thinks it worth his while to expose a foolish piece; so we still read Marvell's answer to Parker* with pleasure, though the book it answers be sunk long ago: so the Earl of Orrery's remarks will be read with delight, when the dissertation he exposes will neither be sought nor found:† but these are no enterprises for common hands, nor to be hoped for above once or twice in an age. Men would be more cautious of losing their time in such an undertaking, if they did but consider that to answer a book effectually requires more pains and skill, more wit, learning and judgment, than were employed in the writing of it. And the author assures those gentlemen who have given themselves that trouble with him, that his discourse is the product of the study, the observation, and the invention of several years; that he often blotted out much more than he left, and if his papers had not been a long time out of his possession, they must have still undergone more severe corrections; and do they think such a building is to be battered with dirt-pellets, however envenomed the mouths may be that discharge them? He has seen the productions but of two answers, one of which at first appeared as from an unknown hand, but since avowed by a person, who, upon some occasions, has discovered no ill vein of humour. It is a pity any occasion should put him under a necessity of being so hasty in his productions, which, otherwise, might be entertaining. But there were other reasons obvious enough for his miscarriage in this; he wrote against the conviction of his talent, and entered upon one of the wrongest attempts in nature to turn into ridicule, by a week's labour, a work which had cost so much time and met with so much success in ridiculing others: the manner how he handled his subject I have now forgot, having just looked it over, when it first came out, as others did, merely for the sake of the title.

The other answer is from a person of a graver character, and is made up of half invective, and half annotation;‡ in the latter of which he has generally succeeded well enough. And the project at that time was not amiss to draw in readers to his pamphlet, several having appeared desirous that there might be some explication of the more difficult passages. Neither can he be altogether blamed for offering at the invective part, because it is agreed on all hands, that the author had given him sufficient provocation. The great objection is against his manner of treating it, very unsuitable to one of his function. It was determined by a fair majority, that this answer had, in a way not to be pardoned, drawn his pen against a certain great man then alive, and universally revered for every good quality that could possibly enter into the composition of the most accomplished person; it was ob-

served how he was pleased, and affected to have that noble writer called his adversary; and it was a point of satire well directed; for I have been told Sir William Temple was sufficiently mortified at the term. All the men of wit and politeness were immediately up in arms through indignation, which prevailed over their contempt, by the consequences they apprehended from such an example; and it grew Forenna's case *idem trecenti juravimus*. In short, things were ripe for a general insurrection, till my Lord Orrery had a little laid the spirit, and settled the ferment. But his lordship being principally engaged with another antagonist,* it was thought necessary, in order to quiet the minds of men, that this opposer should receive a reprimand, which partly occasioned that discourse of the Battle of the Books; and the author was further at the pains to insert one or two remarks on him in the body of the book.

This answerer has been pleased to find fault with about a dozen passages, which the author will not be at the trouble of defending, further than by assuring the reader, that for the greater part, the reflector is entirely mistaken, and forces interpretations which never once entered into the writer's head, nor will (he is sure) into that of any reader of taste and candour; he allows two or three at most, there produced, to have been delivered unwarily: for which he desires to plead the excuse offered already, of his youth, and frankness of speech, and his papers being out of his power at the time they were published.

But this answerer insists, and says, what he chiefly dislikes, is the design: what that was, I have already told, and I believe there is not a person in England who can understand that book, that ever imagined it to be anything else, but to expose the abuses and corruptions in learning and religion.

But it would be good to know what design this reflector was serving, when he concludes his pamphlet with a caution to the reader to beware of thinking the author's wit was entirely his own: surely this must have had some allay of personal animosity at least, mixed with the design of serving the public, by so useful a discovery; and it indeed touches the author in a tender point; who insists upon it, that through the whole book he has not horrified one single hint from any writer in the world; and he thought of all criticisms, that would never have been one. He conceived, it was never disputed to be an original, whatever faults it might have. However, this answerer produces three instances to prove this author's wit is not his own in many places. The first is, that the names of Peter, Martin, and Jack, are borrowed from a letter of the late Duke of Buckingham [Villiers]. Whatever wit is contained in those three names, the author is content to give it up, and desires his readers will subtract as much as they placed upon that account; at the same time protesting solemnly, that he never once heard of that letter, except in this passage of the answerer: so that the names were not borrowed, as he affirms, though they should happen to be the same; which, however, is odd enough, and what he hardly believes: that of Jack being not quite so obvious as the other two. The second instance to show the author's wit is not his own is Peter's banter (as he calls it in his Alsatia phrase)§ upon transubstantiation, which is taken from the same duke's conference with an Irish priest, where a cork is turned into a horse. This the author confesses to have

* Afterwards Bishop of Oxford.

† Boyle's Remarks upon Bentley's Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris.

‡ Dr. William King, the civilian.

§ Wotton's Defence of his Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning.

* Bentley, concerning Phalaris and Æsop.

† Banter, a word which Swift detected.

‡ A satire, a nickname for Villiers.

seen about ten years after his book was written, and a year or two after it was published. Nay the answerer overthrows this himself; for he allows the Tale was written in 1697; and I think that pamphlet was not printed in many years after. It was necessary that corruption should have some allegory as well as the rest; and the author invented the properest he could, without inquiring what other people had written; and the commonest reader will find, there is not the least resemblance between the two stories.—The third instance is in these words; "I have been assured, that the battle in St. James's Library is, *mutatis mutandis*, taken out of a French book, entitled, *Combat des Livres*, if I mis-remember not." In which passage there are two clauses observable; "I have been assured;" and, "if I mis-remember not." I desire first to know whether, if that conjecture proves an utter falsehood, those two clauses will be a sufficient excuse for this worthy critic? The matter is a trifle; but, would he venture to pronounce at this rate upon one of greater moment? I know nothing more contemptible in a writer than the character of a plagiarist, which he here fixes at a venture; and this not for a passage, but a whole discourse, taken out from another book, only *mutatis mutandis*. The author is as much in the dark about this as the answerer; and will imitate him by an affirmation at random; that if there be a word of truth in this reflection, he is a paltry, imitating pedant; and the answerer is a person of wit, manners, and truth. He takes his boldness, from never having seen any such treatise in his life, nor heard of it before; and he is sure it is impossible for two writers, of different times and countries, to agree in their thoughts after such a manner, that two continued discourses shall be the same, only *mutatis mutandis*. Neither will he insist upon the mistake in the title; but let the answerer and his friend produce any book they please, he defies them to show one single particular where the judicious reader will affirm he has been obliged for the smallest hint; giving only allowance for the accidental encountering of a single thought, which he knows may sometimes happen; though he has never yet found it in that discourse, nor has heard it objected by anybody else.

So that if ever any design was unfortunately executed it must be that of this answerer, who, when he would have it observed that the author's wit is none of his own, is able to produce but three instances—two of them mere trifles, and all three manifestly false. If this be the way these gentlemen deal with the world in those criticisms, where we have not leisure to defeat them, their readers had need be cautious how they rely upon their credit; and whether this proceeding can be reconciled to humanity or truth, let those who think it worth their while determine.

It is agreed this answerer would have succeeded much better if he had stuck wholly to his business as a commentator upon the TALE OF A TUB, wherein it cannot be denied that he hath been of some service to the public, and hath given very fair conjectures towards clearing up some difficult passages; but it is the frequent error of those men (otherwise very commendable for their labours), to make excursions beyond their talent and their office by pretending to point out the beauties and the faults, which is no part of their trade—which they always fail in—which the world never expected from them, nor gave them any thanks for endeavouring at. The part of Minellius, or Farnaby,* would have

* Low commentators, who wrote notes upon classic authors for the use of schoolboys.

fallen in with his genius, and might have been serviceable to many readers, who cannot enter into the abstruser parts of that discourse; but *optat ephippia bos piger*; the dull, unwieldy, ill-shaped ox, would needs put on the furniture of a horse, not considering he was born to labour, to plough the ground for the sake of superior beings, and that he has neither the shape, mettle, nor speed, of the noble animal he would affect to personate.

It is another pattern of this answerer's fair dealing to give us hints that the author is dead, and yet to lay the suspicion upon somebody, I know not who, in the country; to which can only be returned, that he is absolutely mistaken in all his conjectures; and surely conjectures are, at best, too light a pretence to allow a man to assign a name in public. He condemns a book, and consequently the author, of whom he is utterly ignorant; yet at the same time he fixes in print what he thinks a disadvantageous character upon those who never deserved it. A man who receives a buffet in the dark, may be allowed to be vexed; but it is an odd kind of revenge, to go to cuffs in broad day with the first he meets and lay the last night's injury at his door. And thus much for the discreet, candid, pious, and ingenious answerer.

How the author came to be without his papers is a story not proper to be told, and of very little use, being a private fact; of which the reader would believe as little, or as much, as he thought good. He had, however, a blotted copy by him, which he intended to have written over with many alterations; and this the publishers were well aware of, having put it into the bookseller's preface that they apprehended a surreptitious copy, which was to be altered, &c. This, though not regarded by readers, was a real truth, only the surreptitious copy was rather that which was printed; and they made all the haste they could, which, indeed, was needless, the author not being at all prepared; but he has been told the bookseller was in much pain, having given a good sum of money for the copy.

In the author's original copy there were not so many chasms as appear in the book, and why some of them were left he knows not. Had the publication been trusted to him, he would have made several corrections of passages, against which nothing has been ever objected: he would likewise have altered a few of those that seem with any reason to be excepted against; but, to deal freely, the greatest number he should have left untouched, as never suspecting it possible any wrong interpretations could be made of them.

The author observes, at the end of the book, there is a discourse called a *Fragment*, which he more wondered to see in print than all the rest, having been a most imperfect sketch, with the addition of a few loose hints, which he once lent a gentleman who had designed a discourse on somewhat the same subject; he never thought of it afterwards, and it was a sufficient surprise to see it pieced up together wholly out of the method and scheme he had intended, for it was the ground-work of a much larger discourse, and he was sorry to observe the materials so foolishly employed.

There is one further objection made by those who have answered this book, as well as by some others, that Peter is frequently made to repeat oaths and curses. Every reader observes, it was necessary to know that Peter did swear and curse. The oaths are not printed out, but only supposed; and the idea of an oath is not immoral, like the idea of a profane or immodest speech. A man may laugh at the Popish folly of cursing people to hell, and imagine

them swearing, without any crime; but lewd words, or dangerous opinions, though printed by halves, fill the reader's mind with ill ideas; and of these the author cannot be accused. For the judicious reader will find that the severest strokes of satire in his book are levelled against the modern custom of employing wit upon those topics; of which there is a remarkable instance in the 112th and 113th pages, as well as in several others, though perhaps once or twice expressed in too free a manner, excusable only for the reasons already alleged. Some overtures have been made by a third hand to the bookseller for the author's altering those pages which he thought might require it; but it seems the bookseller will not hear of any such thing, being apprehensive it might spoil the sale of the book.

The author cannot conclude this apology without making this one reflection: that, as wit is the noblest and most useful gift of human nature, so humour is the most agreeable; and where these two enter far into the composition of any work, they will render it always acceptable to the world. Now, the great part of those who have no share or taste of either, but by their pride, pedantry, and ill manners, lay themselves bare to the lashes of both, think the blow is weak, because they are insensible; and, where wit has any mixture of railery, it is but calling it banter, and the work is done. This polite word of theirs was first borrowed from the hollies in Whitefriars, then fell among the footmen, and at last retired to the pedants; by whom it is applied as properly to the production of wit as if I should apply it to Sir Isaac Newton's mathematics. But, if this bantering, as they call it, be so despicable a thing, whence comes it to pass they have such a perpetual itch toward it themselves? To instance only in the answerer already mentioned: it is grievous to see him, in some of his writings, at every turn going out of his way to be waggish to tell us of a cow that pricked up her tail; and in his answer to this discourse, he says, it is all a farce and a ladle; with other passages equally shining. One may say of these *impedimenta literarum*, that wit owes them a shame; and they cannot take wiser counsel than to keep out of harm's way, or, at least, not to come till they are sure they are called.

To conclude: with those allowances above required this book should be read; after which, the author conceives few things will remain which may not be excused in a young writer. He wrote only to the men of wit and taste; and he thinks he is not mistaken in his accounts when he says they have been all of his side enough to give him the vanity of telling his name; wherein the world, with all its wise conjectures, is yet very much in the dark; which circumstance is no disagreeable amusement either to the public or himself.

The author is informed that the bookseller has prevailed on several gentlemen to write some explanatory notes, for the goodness of which he is not to answer, having never seen any of them, nor intending it, till they appear in print; when it is not unlikely he may have the pleasure to find twenty meanings which never entered into his imagination.

June 3, 1709.

POSTSCRIPT.—Since the writing of this, which was about a year ago, a prostitute bookseller has published a foolish paper, under the name of "*Notes on the Tale of a Tub*," with some account of the author: and, with an insolence which I suppose is punishable by law, has presumed to assign certain names. It will be enough for the author to assure the world, that the writer of that paper is utterly wrong in all his conjectures upon that affair. The author further

asserts that the whole work is entirely of one hand, which every reader of judgment will easily discover; the gentleman who gave the copy to the bookseller, being a friend of the author, and using no other liberties besides that of expunging certain passages, where now the chasma appear under the name of *desiderata*. But, if any person will prove his claim to three lines in the whole book, let him step forth and tell his name and titles; upon which, the bookseller shall have orders to prefix them to the next edition, and the claimant shall from henceforward be acknowledged the undisputed author.

Treatises written by the same author, most of them mentioned in the following Discourses; which will be speedily published.

A Character of the present Set of Wits in this Island.

A panegyric Essay upon the Number Three.

A Disertation upon the principal Productions of Grub-street.

Lectures upon a Dissection of Human Nature.

A Panegyric upon the World.

An analytical Discourse upon Zeal, *histori-theo-physiologically* considered.

A general History of Ears.

A modest Defence of the Proceedings of the Rabbis in all ages.

A Description of the Kingdom of Absurdities.

A Voyage into England, by a Person of Quality in *terra australis incognita*, translated from the Original.

A critical Essay upon the Art of Canting, *philosophically, physically, and musically* considered.

THE BOOKSELLER'S DEDICATION.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JOHN LORD SOMERS.

MY LORD,—Although the author has written a large dedication, yet that being addressed to a prince, whom I am never likely to have the honour of being known to; a person besides, as far as I can observe, not at all regarded, or thought on by any of our present writers; and being wholly free from that slavery which booksellers usually lie under, to the caprice of authors; I think it a wise piece of presumption to inscribe these papers to your lordship and to implore your lordship's protection of them. God and your lordship know their faults and their merits; for, as to my own particular, I am altogether a stranger to the matter; and though everybody else should be equally ignorant, I do not fear the sale of the book, at all the worse, upon that score. Your lordship's name on the front in capital letters will at any time get off one edition: neither would I desire any other help to grow an alderman, than a patent for the sole privilege of dedicating to your lordship.

I should now in right of a dedicatior, give your lordship a list of your own virtues, and at the same time, be very unwilling to offend your modesty; but chiefly, I should celebrate your liberality towards men of great parts and small fortunes, and give you broad hints that I mean myself. And I was just going on, in the usual method, to peruse a hundred or two of dedications, and transcribe an abstract to be applied to your lordship; but I was diverted by a certain accident: for upon the covers of these papers I casually observed written in large letters the two following words, DETUR DIGNISSIMO; which, for aught I knew, might contain some important meaning. But it unluckily fell out, that none of the authors I employ understood Latin; (though I have them often in pay to translate out of that language); I was therefore compelled to have recourse to the curate of our parish, who englished it thus,

"Let it be given to the worthiest;" and his comment was, that the author meant his work should be dedicated to the sublimest genius of the age for wit, learning, judgment, eloquence, and wisdom. I called at a poet's chamber (who works for my shop) in an alley hard by, showed him the translation, and desired his opinion who it was that the author could mean: he told me, after some consideration, that vanity was a thing he abhorred; but by the description, he thought himself to be the person aimed at; and at the same time, he very kindly offered his own assistance gratis towards penning a dedication to himself. I desired him, however, to give a second guess; Why then, said he, it must be I, or my Lord Somers. From thence I went to several other wits of my acquaintance, with no small hazard and weariness to my person, from a prodigious number of dark, winding stairs; but found them all in the same story, both of your lordship and themselves. Now, your lordship is to understand, that this proceeding was not of my own invention; for I have somewhere heard it is a maxim, that those to whom everybody allows the second place, have an undoubted title to the first.

This infallibly convinced me that your lordship was the person intended by the author. But being very unacquainted in the style and form of dedications I employed those wits aforesaid to furnish me with hints and materials, towards a panegyric upon your lordship's virtues.

In two days they brought me ten sheets of paper, filled up on every side. They swore to me, that they had ransacked whatever could be found in the characters of Socrates, Aristides, Epaminondas, Cato, Tully, Atticus, and other hard names, which I cannot now recollect. However, I have reason to believe, they imposed upon my ignorance; because, when I came to read over their collections, there was not a syllable there, but what I and everybody else knew as well as themselves; therefore I grievously suspect a cheat; and that these authors of mine stole and transcribed every word, from the universal report of mankind. So that I look upon myself as fifty shillings out of pocket, to no manner of purpose.

If by altering the title I could make the same materials serve for another dedication (as my betters have done), it would help to make up my loss; but I have made several persons dip here and there in those papers, and before they read three lines, they have all assured me plainly, that they cannot possibly be applied to any person besides your lordship.

I expected indeed, to have heard of your lordship's bravery at the head of an army; of your undaunted courage in mounting a breach, or scaling a wall; or to have had your pedigree traced in a lineal descent from the house of *Austria*; or, of your wonderful talent at dress and dancing; or, your profound knowledge in *algebra*, *metaphysics*, and the *oriental* tongues. But to ply the world with an old heaten story of your wit, and eloquence, and learning, and wisdom, and justice, and politeness, and candour, and evenness of temper in all scenes of life; of that great discernment in discovering, and readiness in favouring deserving men; with forty other common topics; I confess, I have neither conscience nor countenance to do it. Because there is no virtue, either of a public or a private life, which some circumstances of your own have not often produced upon the stage of the world; and those few, which, for want of occasions to exert them, might otherwise have passed unseen, or unobserved, by your friends, your enemies have at length brought to Right.

It is true, I should be very loth the bright exam-

ple of your lordship's virtues should be lost to after-ages, both for their sake and your own; but chiefly because they will be so very necessary to adorn the history of a late reign;^a and that is another reason why I would forbear to make a recital of them here; because I have been told by wise men, that as dedications have run for some years past, a good historian will not be apt to have recourse thither in search of characters.

There is one point, wherein I think we dedicators would do well to change our measures; I mean, instead of running on so far upon the praise of our patrons' liberality, to spend a word or two in admiring their patience. I can put no greater compliment on your lordship's, than by giving you so ample an occasion to exercise it at present.—I though perhaps I shall not be apt to reckon much merit to your lordship upon that score, who having been formerly used to tedious harangues and sometimes to as little purpose, will be the reader to pardon this; especially when it is offered by one, who is, with all respect and veneration, my lord, your lordship's most obedient and most faithful servant,

THE BOOKSELLER.

THE BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

It is now six years since these papers came first to my hand, which seems to have been about a twelvemonth after they were written; for the author tells us in his preface to the first treatise, that he has calculated it for the year 1697, and in several passages of that discourse, as well as the second, it appears they were written about that time.

As to the author, I can give no manner of satisfaction; however I am credibly informed, that this publication is without his knowledge; for he concludes the copy is lost, having lent it to a person, since dead, and being never in possession of it after: so that, whether the work received his last hand, or whether he intended to fill up the defective places, is likely to remain a secret.

If I should go about to tell the reader, by what accident I became master of these papers, it would, in this unbelieving age, pass for little more than the cant or jargon of the trade. I therefore gladly spare both him and myself so unnecessary a trouble. There yet remains a difficult question, why I published them no sooner. I forbore upon two accounts; first, because I thought I had better work upon my own hands; and secondly, because I was not without some hope of hearing from the author, and receiving his directions. But I have been lately alarmed with intelligence of a surreptitious copy, which a certain great wit had new polished and refined, or, as our present writers express themselves, fitted to the humour of the age: as they have already done, with great felicity, to Don Quixote, Boccaccio, La Bruyere, and other authors. However, I thought it fairer dealing to offer the whole work in its naturals. If any gentleman will please to furnish me with a key, in order to explain the more difficult parts, I shall very gratefully acknowledge the favour, and print it by itself.

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE POSTERITY.^b

SIR,—I here present your highness with the fruits of a very few leisure hours, stolen from the short in-

^a King William's, whose memory he defended in the House of Lords.

^b It is the usual style of decried writers in appeal to Posterity, who is here represented as a prince in his souage and Time as his governor.

terials of a world of business, and of an employment quite alien from such amusements as this the poor production of that refuse of time, which has laid heavy upon my hands during a long prorogation of parliament, a great dearth of foreign news, and a tedious fit of rainy weather; for which, and other reasons, it cannot choose extremely to deserve such a patronage as that of your highness, whose numberless virtues, in so few years, make the world look upon you as the future example to all princes; for although your highness is hardly got clear of infancy, yet has the universal learned world already resolved upon appealing to your future dictates, with the lowest and most resigned submission; fate having decreed you sole arbiter of the productions of human wit, in this polite and most accomplished age. Mistrusts the number of appellants were enough to shock and startle any judge, of a genius less unlimited than yours; but in order to prevent such glorious trials, the person, it seems, to whose care the education of your highness is committed, has resolved (as I am told) to keep you in almost a universal ignorance of our studies, which it is your inherent birth-right to inspect.

It is amazing to me that this person should have the assurance, in the face of the sun, to go about persuading your highness that our age is almost wholly illiterate, and has hardly produced one writer upon any subject. I know very well, that when your highness shall come to riper years, and have gone through the learning of antiquity, you will be too curious to neglect inquiring into the authors of the very age before you: and to think that this insolent, in the account he is preparing for your view, designs to reduce them to a number so insignificant as I am ashamed to mention; it moves my zeal and my spleen for the honour and interest of our vast flourishing body, as well as of myself, for whom, I know by long experience, he has professed, and still continues, a peculiar malice.

It is not unlikely that, when your highness will one day peruse what I am now writing, you may be ready to expostulate with your governor upon the credit of what I here affirm, and command him to show you some of our productions. To which he will answer (for I am well informed of his designs), by asking your highness where they are? and what is become of them? and pretend it a demonstration that there never were any, because they are not then to be found. Not to be found! who has mislaid them? are they sunk in the abyss of things? it is certain, that in their own nature, they were light enough to swim upon the surface for all eternity. Therefore the fault is in him, who tied weights so heavy to their heels as to depress them to the centre. Is their very essence destroyed? who has annihilated them? were they drowned by purges, or martyred by pipes? who administered them to the posteriors of —? But, that it may no longer be a doubt with your highness, who is to be the author of this universal ruin, I beseech you to observe that large and terrible scythe which your governor affects to bear continually about him. Be pleased to remark the length and strength, the sharpness and hardness, of his nails and teeth: consider his baneful, abominable breath, enemy to life and matter, infectious and corrupting: and then reflect whether it be possible for any mortal ink and paper of this generation to make a suitable resistance. O that your highness would one day resolve to disarm this usurping *maître du palais* of his furious engines, and bring your *empire hors de page* [out of guardianship].

* Comptroller. The kingdom of France had a race of kings which they call *les rois fainçants* from their doing nothing.

It were needless to recount the several methods of tyranny and destruction, which your governor is pleased to practise upon this occasion. His inveterate malice is such to the writings of our age, that of several thousands produced yearly from the renowned city, before the next revolution of the sun, there is not one to be heard of: Unhappy infants! many of them barbarously destroyed, before they have so much as learnt their mother tongue to beg for pity. Some he stifles in their cradles; others he frights into convulsions, whereof they suddenly die; some he flays alive; others he tears limb from limb. Great numbers are offered to Moloch; and the rest, tainted by his breath, die of a languishing consumption.

But the concern I have most at heart, is for our corporation of poets; from whom I am preparing a petition to your highness, to be subscribed with the names of one hundred and thirty-six of the first rate; but whose immortal productions are never likely to reach your eyes, though each of them is now an humble and earnest appellant for the laurel, and has large comely volumes ready to show, for a support to his pretensions. The never-dying works of these illustrious persons, your governor, sir, has devoted to unavoidable death; and your highness is to be made believe, that our age has never arrived at the honour to produce one single poet.

We confess Immortality to be a great and powerful goddess; but in vain we offer up to her our devotions and our sacrifices, if your highness's governor, who has usurped the priesthood, must, by an unparalleled ambition and avarice, wholly intercept and devour them.

To affirm that our age is altogether unlearned, and devoid of writers in any kind, seems to be an assertion so bold and so false, that I have been some time thinking the contrary may almost be proved by uncontrollable demonstration. It is true, indeed, that although their numbers be vast, and their productions numerous in proportion, yet are they hurried so hastily off the scene, that they escape our memory, and elude our sight. When I first thought of this address, I had prepared a copious list of titles to present your highness, as an undisputed argument for what I affirm. The originals were posted fresh upon all gates and corners of streets; but, returning in a very few hours to take a review, they were all torn down, and fresh ones in their places. I inquired after them among readers and booksellers; but I inquired in vain; the memorial of them was lost among men; their places were no more to be found; and I was laughed to scorn for a clown and a pedant, without all taste and refinement, little versed in the course of present affairs, and that knew nothing of what had passed in the best companies of court and town. So that I can only avow in general to your highness, that we do abound in learning and wit; but to fix upon particulars, is a task too slippery for my slender abilities. If I should venture in a windy day to affirm to your highness, that there is a large cloud near the horizon, in the form of a bear, another in the zenith, with the head of an ass; a third to the westward, with claws like a dragon; and your highness should in a few minutes think fit to examine the truth, it is certain they would all be changed in figure and position: now one would arise, and all we could agree upon would be, that clouds there were, but that I was grossly mistaken in the zoography and topography of them.

But your governor perhaps may still insist, and put the question,—What is then become of those immense bales of paper, which must needs have been employed in such numbers of books? can these also

be wholly annihilate, and so of a sudden, as I pretend! What shall I say in return of so invidious an objection? It ill befits the distance between your highness and me, to send you for ocular conviction to a jakes, or an oven; to the windows of a bawdy-house, or to a sordid lantern. Books, like men their authors, have no more than one way of coming into the world, but there are ten thousand to go out of it, and return no more.

I profess to your highness, in the integrity of my heart, that what I am going to say is literally true this minute I am writing: what revolutions may happen before it shall be ready for your perusal, I can by no means warrant; however, I beg you to accept it as a specimen of our learning, our politeness, and our wit. I do therefore affirm, upon the word of a sincere man, that there is now actually in being a certain poet, called John Dryden, whose translation of Virgil was lately printed in a large folio, well bound, and, if diligent search were made, for aught I know, is yet to be seen. There is another, called Nahum Tate, who is ready to make oath that he has caused many reams of verse to be published, whereof both himself and his bookseller (if lawfully required) can still produce authentic copies, and therefore wonders why the world is pleased to make such a secret of it. There is a third, known by the name of Tom Durfey, a poet of a vast comprehension, a universal genius, and most profound learning. There are also one Mr. Rymer, and one Mr. Dennis, most profound critics. There is a person styled Dr. Bentley, who has written near a thousand pages of immense erudition, giving a full and true account of a certain squabble, of wonderful importance, between himself and a bookseller: he is a writer of infinite wit and humour; no man rallies with a better grace, and in more sprightly turns. Further, I avow to your highness, that with these eyes I have beheld the person of William Wotton, B.D., who has written a good sizeable volume against a friend of your governor,* (from whom, alas! he must therefore look for little favour), in a most gentlemanly style, adorned with the utmost politeness and civility; replete with discoveries equally valuable for their novelty and use; and embellished with traits of wit, so poignant and so apposite, that he is a worthy yokemate to his forementioned friend.

Why should I go upon further particulars, which might fill a volume with the just eulogies of my contemporary brethren? I shall bequeath this piece of justice to a larger work, wherein I intend to write a character of the present set of wits in our nation: their persons I shall describe particularly and at length, their genius and understandings in miniature.

In the meantime I do here make bold to present your highness with a faithful abstract, drawn from the universal body of all arts and sciences, intended wholly for your service and instruction: nor do I doubt in the least, but your highness will peruse it as carefully, and make as considerable improvements, as other young princes have already done, by the many volumes of late years written for a help to their studies.^b

That your highness may advance in wisdom and virtue, as well as years, and at last outshine all your royal ancestors, shall be the daily prayer of,

Sir, your highness's most devoted, &c.

December, 1697.

* Sir William Temple, with whom Wotton was engaged in a controversy.

^b Works printed for the use of the Dauphin of France.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THE wits of the present age being so very numerous and penetrating, it seems the grandees of church and state begin to fall under horrible apprehensions, lest these gentlemen, during the intervals of a long peace, should find leisure to pick holes in the weak sides of religion and government. To prevent which, there has been much thought employed of late, upon certain projects for taking off the force and edge of those formidable inquirers, from canvassing and reasoning upon such delicate points. They have at length fixed upon one, which will require some time as well as cost to perfect. Meanwhile, the danger hourly increasing, by new levies of wits, all appointed (as there is reason to fear) with pen, ink, and paper, which may, at an hour's warning, be drawn out into pamphlets, and other offensive weapons, ready for immediate execution, it was judged of absolute necessity, that some present expedient be thought on, till the main design can be brought to maturity. To this end, at a grand committee some days ago, this important discovery was made by a certain curious and refined observer—that seamen have a custom, when they meet a whale, to fling him out an empty tub by way of amusement, to divert him from laying violent hands upon the ship. This parable was immediately mythologised; the whale was interpreted to be Hobbe's Leviathan, which tosses and plays with all schemes of religion and government, whereof a great many are hollow, and dry, and empty, and noisy, and wooden, and given to rotation: this is the Leviathan, whence the terrible wits of our age are said to borrow their weapons. The ship in danger is easily understood to be its old antitype, the commonwealth. But how to analyse the tub, was a matter of difficulty; when, after long inquiry and debate, the literal meaning was preserved; and it was decreed that, in order to prevent these Leviathans from tossing and sporting with the commonwealth, which of itself is too apt to fluctuate, they should be diverted from that game by a Tale of a Tub. And, my genius being conceived to lie not unhappily that way, I had the honour done me to be engaged in the performance.

This is the sole design in publishing the following treatise, which I hope will serve for an *interim* of some months to employ those unquiet spirits, till the perfecting of that great work; into the secret of which, it is reasonable the courteous reader should have some little light.

It is intended, that a large academy be erected, capable of containing nine thousand seven hundred forty and three persons^a; which, by modest computation, is reckoned to be pretty near the current number of wits in this island. These are to be disposed into the several schools of this academy, and there pursue those studies to which their genius most inclines them. The undertaker himself will publish his proposals with all convenient speed; to which I shall refer the curious reader for a more particular account, mentioning at present only a few of the principal schools. There is, first, a large pederastic school, with French and Italian masters. There is also the spelling school, a very spacious building; the school of looking-glasses; the school of swearing; the school of critics; the school of salvation; the school of hobby-horses; the school of poetry; the school of tops; the school of spleen; the school of gaming; with many others, too tedious to recount. No person to be admitted member into any of these schools without an attestation under two sufficient persons' hands certifying him to be a wit.

^a The number of livings in England.

But, to return : I am sufficiently instructed in the principal duty of a preface, if my genius were capable of arriving at it. Thrice have I forced my imagination to make the tour of my invention, and thrice it has returned empty ; the latter having been wholly drained by the following treatise. Not so my more successful brethren the moderns ; who will by no means let slip a preface or dedication, without some notable distinguishing stroke to surprise the reader at the entry, and kindle a wonderful expectation of what is to ensue. Such was that of a most ingenious poet, who, soliciting his brain for something new, compared himself to the hangman, and his patron to the patient : this was *insigne, recens, indictum ore alio*. When I went through that necessary and noble course of study, I had the happiness to observe many such egregious touches, which I shall not injure the authors by transplanting : because I have remarked, that nothing is so very tender as a modern piece of wit, and which is apt to suffer so much in the carriage. Some things are extremely witty to-day, or fasting, or in this place, or at eight o'clock, or over a bottle, or spoke by Mr. What'd'y-call'm, or in a summer's morning : any of the which, by the smallest transposal or misapplication, is utterly annihilate. Thus wit has its walks and purlieus, out of which it may not stray the breadth of a hair, upon peril of being lost. The moderns have artfully fixed this mercury, and reduced it to the circumstances of time, place, and person. Such a jest there is, that will not pass out of Covent-garden ; and such a one that is nowhere intelligible but at Hyde-park corner. Now, though it sometimes tenderly affects me to consider, that all the towardly passages I shall deliver in the following treatise, will grow quite out of date and relish with the first shifting of the present scene, yet I must needs subscribe to the justice of this proceeding : because, I cannot imagine why we should be at the expense to furnish wit for succeeding ages, when the former have made no sort of provision for ours : wherein I speak the sentiment of the very newest, and consequently the most orthodox refusers, as well as my own. However, being extremely solicitous that every accomplished person, who has got into the taste of wit calculated for this present month of August, 1697, should descend to the very bottom of all the sublime, throughout this treatise ; I hold fit to lay down this general maxim : whatever reader desires to have a thorough comprehension of an author's thoughts, cannot take a better method than by putting himself into the circumstances and postures of life, that the writer was in upon every important passage, as it flowed from his pen : for this will introduce a parity, and strict correspondence of ideas, between the reader and the author. Now, to assist the diligent reader in so delicate an affair, as far as brevity will permit, I have recollected, that the shrewdest pieces of this treatise were conceived in bed in a garret ; at other times, for a reason best known to myself, I thought fit to sharpen my invention with hunger ; and, in general, the whole work was begun, continued, and ended, under a long course of physic, and a great want of money. Now, I do affirm, it will be absolutely impossible for the candid peruser to go along with me in a great many bright passages, unless, upon the several difficulties emergent, he will please to capacitate and prepare himself by these directions. And this I lay down as my principal postulation.

Because I have professed to be a most devoted servant of all modern forms, I apprehend some curious wit may object against me, for proceeding thus far in a preface, without declaiming, according to the

custom, against the multitude of writers, whereof the whole multitude of writers most reasonably complain. I am just come from perusing some hundreds of prefaces, wherein the authors do, at the very beginning, address the gentle reader concerning this enormous grievance. Of these I have preserved a few examples, and shall set them down as near as my memory has been able to retain them.

One begins thus :—For a man to set up for a writer, when the press swarms with, &c.

Another :—The tax upon paper does not lessen the number of scribblers, who daily pester, &c.

Another :—When every little would-be wit takes pen in hand, 'tis in vain to enter the lists, &c.

Another :—To observe what trash the press swarms with, &c.

Another :—Sir, It is merely in obedience to your commands that I venture into the public ; for who upon a less consideration would be of a party with such a rabble of scribblers, &c.

Now, I have two words in my own defence against this objection. First, I am far from granting the number of writers a nuisance to our nation, having strenuously maintained the contrary, in several parts of the following discourse. Secondly, I do not well understand the justice of this proceeding ; because I observe many of these polite prefaces to be not only from the same band, but from those who are most voluminous in their several productions. Upon which I shall tell the reader a short tale.

A mountebank, in Leicester-fields, had drawn a huge assembly about him. Among the rest, a fat unwieldy fellow, half stifled in the press, would be every fit crying out, "Lord ! what a filthy crowd is here ! pray, good people, give way a little. Bless me ! what a devil has raked this rabble together ! x—ds ! what squeezing is this ! honest friend, remove your elbow." At last a weaver, that stood next him, could hold no longer. "A plague confound you (said he) for an overgrown sloven ; and who, in the devil's name, I wonder, helps to make up the crowd half so much as yourself ! Don't you consider, with a pox, that you take up more room with that carcass than any five here ! Is not the place as free for us as for you ! bring your own guts to a reasonable compass, and be d—n'd, and then I'll engage we shall have room enough for us all."

There are certain common privileges of a writer, the benefit whereof, I hope, there will be no reason to doubt ; particularly, that where I am not understood, it shall be concluded, that something very useful and profound is couched underneath : and again, that whatever word or sentence is printed in a different character, shall be judged to contain something extraordinary either of wit or sublime.

As for the liberty I have thought fit to take of praising myself, upon some occasions or none, I am sure it will need no excuse, if a multitude of great examples be allowed sufficient authority : for it is here to be noted, that praise was originally a pension paid by the world ; but the moderns, finding the trouble and charge too great in collecting it, have lately thought out the fee-simple ; since which time the right of presentation is wholly in ourselves. For this reason it is, that when an author makes his own eulogy, he uses a certain form to declare and insist upon his title, which is commonly in these or the like words, "I speak without vanity ;" which I think plainly shows it to be a matter of right and justice. Now I do here once for all declare, that in every encounter of this nature through the following treatise, the form aforesaid is implied ; which I mention, to save the trouble of repeating it on so many occasions.

It is a great ease to my conscience, that I have written so elaborate and useful a discourse, without one grain of satire intermixed; which is the sole point wherein I have taken leave to dissent from the famous originals of our age and country. I have observed some satirists to use the public much at the rate that pedants do a naughty boy, ready horsed for discipline: first, expostulate the case, then plead the necessity of the rod from great provocations, and conclude every period with a lash. Now, if I know anything of mankind, these gentlemen might very well spare their reproof and correction; for there is not, through all nature, another so callous and insensible a member as the world's posteriors, whether you apply to it the toe or the birch. Besides, most of our late satirists seem to lie under a sort of mistake; that because nettles have the prerogative to sting, therefore all other weeds must do so too. I make not this comparison out of the least design to detract from these worthy writers; for it is well known among mythologists, that weeds have the pre-eminence over all other vegetables; and therefore the first monarch of this island, whose taste and judgment were so acute and refined, did very wisely root out the roses from the collar of the order, and plant the thistles in their stead, as the nobler flower of the two. For which reason it is conjectured by profounder antiquaries, that the satirical itch, so prevalent in this part of our island, was first brought among us from beyond the Tweed. Here may it long flourish and abound; may it survive and neglect the scorn of the world, with as much ease and contempt as the world is insensible to the lashes of it. May their own dullness, or that of their party, be no discouragement for the authors to proceed; but let them remember, it is with wits as with razors, which are never so apt to cut those they are employed on as when they have lost their edge. Besides, those whose teeth are too rotten to bite, are best, of all others, qualified to revenge that defect with their breath.

I am not like other men, to envy or undervalue the talents I cannot reach; for which reason I must needs bear a true honour to this large eminent sect of our British writers. And I hope this little panegyric will not be offensive to their ears, since it has the advantage of being only designed for themselves. Indeed, nature herself has taken order, that fame and honour should be purchased at a better pennyworth by satire than by any other productions of the brain; the world being soonest provoked to praise by lashes, as men are to love. There is a problem in an ancient author, why dedications, and other bundles of flattery, run all upon stale musty topics, without the smallest tincture of anything new; not only to the torment and nauseating of the Christian reader, but, if not suddenly prevented, to the universal spreading of that pestilential disease, the lethargy, in this island: whereas there is very little satire, which has not something in it untouched before. The defects of the former are usually imputed to the want of invention among those who are dealers in that kind; but, I think, with a great deal of injustice; the solution being easy and natural; for the materials of panegyric, being very few in number, have been long since exhausted. For, as health is but one thing and has been always the same, whereas diseases are by thousands, beside new and daily additions; so, all the virtues that have been ever in mankind, are to be counted upon a few fingers; but their follies and vices are innumerable, and time adds bounty to the heap. Now the utmost a poor poet can do, is to get by heart a list of the cardinal virtues, and deal them with his

utmost liberality to his aéro or his patron; he may ring the changes as far as it will go, and vary his phrase till he has talked round; but the reader quickly finds it is all pork, with a little variety of sauce. For there is no inventing terms of art beyond our ideas; and, when our ideas are exhausted terms of art must be so too.

But though the matter for panegyric were as fruitful as the topics of satire, yet would it not be hard to find out a sufficient reason why the latter will be always better received than the first. For, this being bestowed only upon one, or a few persons at a time, is sure to raise envy, and consequently ill words from the rest, who have no share in the blessing; but satire, being levelled at all, is never resented for an offence by any, since every individual person makes bold to understand it of others, and very wisely removes his particular part of the burden upon the shoulders of the world, which are broad enough, and able to bear it. To this purpose, I have sometimes reflected upon the difference between Athens and England, with respect to the point before us. In the Attic commonwealth, it was the privilege and birth-right of every citizen and poet to rail aloud, and in public, or to expose upon the stage, by name, any person they pleased, though of the greatest figure, whether a Creon, an Hyperbolus, an Alcibiades, or a Demosthenes; but, on the other side, the least reflecting word let fall against the people in general, was immediately caught up, and revenged upon the authors, however considerable for their quality or their merits. Whereas in England it is just the reverse of all this. Here, you may securely display your utmost rhetoric against mankind, in the face of the world; tell them, "That all are gone astray; that there is none that doth good, no not one; that we live in the very dregs of time; that knavery and atheism are epidemic as the pox; that honesty is fled with Astraea;" with any other common-places, equally new and eloquent, which are furnished by the *splendida bilis*. [Horace. Spiteen.] And when you have done, the whole audience, far from being offended, shall return you thanks as a deliverer of precious and useful truths. Nay, further; it is but to venture your innings, and you may preach in Covent-garden against foppery and fornication, and something else: against pride and dissimulation, and bribery, at Whitehall; you may expose rapine and injustice in the Inns of court chapel; and in a city pulpit, be as fierce as you please against avarice, hypocrisy, and extortion. 'Tis but a ball banded to and fro, and every man carries a racket about him, to strike it from himself, among the rest of the company. But, on the other side, whoever should mistake the nature of things so far as to drop but a single hint in public, how such a one starved half the fleet, and half poisoned the rest: how such a one, from a true principle of love and honour, pays no debts but for wench and play: how such a one has got a elap, and runs out of his estate; how Paris, bribed by Juno and Venus, loth to offend either party, slept out the whole cause on the bench: or, how such an orator makes long speeches in the senate, with much thought, little sense, and to no purpose; whoever, I say, should venture to be thus particular, must expect to be imprisoned for *scandalum magnatum*; to have challenges sent him; to be sued for defamation; and to be brought before the bar of the house.

But I forget that I am expatiating on a subject wherein I have no concern, having neither a talent nor an inclination for satire. On the other side, I am so entirely satisfied with the whole present procedure of human things, that I have been some year

preparing materials towards "A panegyric upon the World;" to which I intended to add a second part, entitled, "a modest defence of the Proceedings of the Rabble in all Ages." Both these I had thoughts to publish, by way of appendix to the following treatise; but finding my commonplace book fill much slower than I had reason to expect, I have chosen to defer them to another occasion. Besides, I have been unhappily prevented in that design by a certain domestic misfortune; in the particulars whereof, though it would be very seasonable, and much in the modern way, to inform the gentle reader, and would also be of great assistance towards extending this preface into the size now in vogue, which by rule ought to be large in proportion as the subsequent volume is small; yet I shall now dismiss our impatient reader from any further attendance at the porch, and, having duly prepared his mind by a preliminary discourse, shall gladly introduce him to the sublime mysteries that ensue.

August, 1697.

SECTION THE FIRST.

Democritus, dum ridet, philosophatur.

THE INTRODUCTION.

WHOEVER has an ambition to be heard in a crowd, must press, and squeeze, and thrust, and climb, with indefatigable pains, till he has exalted himself to a certain degree of altitude above them. Now in all assemblies, though you wedge them ever so close, we may observe this peculiar property, that over their heads there is room enough, but bow to reach it is the difficult point; it being as hard to get quit of number as of hell;

—evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est.—VIRGIL.

To this end, the philosopher's way, in all ages, has been by erecting certain edifices in the air; but, whatever practice and reputation these kind of structures have formerly possessed, or may still continue in, not excepting even that of Socrates, when he was suspended in a basket to help contemplation, I think, with due submission, they seem to labour under two inconveniences. First, That the foundations being laid too high, they have been often out of sight, and ever out of hearing. Secondly, That the materials, being very transitory, have suffered much from inclemencies of air, especially in these north-west regions.

Therefore, towards the just performance of this great work, there remain but three methods that I can think of; whereof the wisdom of our ancestors being highly sensible, has, to encourage all aspiring adventurers, thought fit to erect three wooden machines for the use of those orators who desire to talk much without interruption. These are, the pulpit, the ladder, and the stage itinerant. For as to the bar, though it be compounded of the same matter, and designed for the same use, it cannot, however, be well allowed the honour of a fourth, by reason of its level or inferior situation exposing it to perpetual interruption from collaterals. Neither can the bench itself, though raised to a prominence, put in a better claim, whatever its advocates insist on. For, if they please to look into the original design of its erection, and the circumstances or adjuncts subservient to that design, they will soon acknowledge the present practice exactly correspondent to the primitive institution, and both to answer the etymology of the name, which in the Phœnician tongue is a word of great signification, importing, if literally interpreted,

* But to return, and view the cheerful skies:
In this the task and mighty labour lies.—DRYDEN

the place of sleep; but in common acceptance, a seat well bolstered and cushioned, for the repose of old and gouty limbs: *seus ut in otia tuta recedant*. Fortune being indebted to them this part of retaliation, that, as formerly they have long talked while others slept; so now they may sleep as long while others talk.

But if no other argument could occur to exclude the bench and the bar from the list of oratorial machines, it were sufficient that the admission of them would overthrow a number, which I was resolved to establish, whatever argument it might cost me; in imitation of that prudent method observed by many other philosophers and great clerks, whose chief art in division has been to grow fond of some proper mystical number, which their imaginations have rendered sacred, to a degree, that they force common reason to find room for it, in every part of nature; reducing, including, and adjusting every genus and species within that compass, by coupling some against their wills, and banishing others at any rate. Now, among all the rest, the profound number THREE is that which has most employed my sublimest speculations, nor ever without wonderful delight. There is now in the press, and will be published next term, a panegyric essay of mine upon this number; wherein I have, by most convincing proofs, not only reduced the senses and the elements under its banner, but brought over several deserters from its two great rivals, SEVEN and NINE; the two climacterics.

Now, the first of these oratorial machines, in place as well as dignity, is the pulpit. Of pulpits there are in this island several sorts; but I esteem only that made of timber from the *sylva Caledonia*, [Scotland,] which agrees very well with our climate. If it be upon its decay, it is the better both for conveyance of sound, and for other reasons to be mentioned by and by. The degree of perfection in shape and size I take to consist in being extremely narrow, with little ornament; and, best of all, without cover, (for, by ancient rule, it ought to be the only uncovered vessel in every assembly, where it is rightfully used,) by which means, from its near resemblance to a pillory, it will ever have a mighty influence on human ears.

Of ladders I need say nothing: it is observed by foreigners themselves, to the honour of our country, that we excel all nations in our practice and understanding of this machine. The ascending orators do not only oblige their audience in the agreeable delivery, but the whole world in the early publication of their speeches; which I look upon as the choicest treasury of our British eloquence, and whereof, I am informed, that worthy citizen and bookseller, Mr. John Dunton, hath made a faithful and painful collection, which he shortly designs to publish, in twelve volumes in folio, illustrated with copper-plates. A work highly useful and curious, and altogether worthy of such a hand.*

The last engine of orators is the stage itinerant, erected with much sagacity, *sub Jove pluvio, in trivis et quadriculis*.† It is the great seminary of the two former, and its orators are sometimes preferred to the one, and sometimes to the other, in proportion to their deservings; there being a strict and perpetual intercourse between all three.

* Mr. John Dunton, bookseller. He published his *Life and Errors*, in which he mentions the booksellers, publishers, stationers, and printers in London; and ends with the characters of 17 bookbinders.

† The mountebank's stage, whose orators the author determines either to the galleries or a convenient—H.

* In the open air, and in streets where the greatest resort is—H.

From this accurate deduction it is manifest, that for obtaining attention in public there is of necessity required a superior position of place. But, although this point be generally granted, yet the cause is little agreed in; and it seems to me that very few philosophers have fallen into a true, natural solution of this phenomenon. The deepest account, and the most fairly digested of any I have yet met with, is this; that air being a heavy body, and therefore, according to the system of Epicurus, [Lucretius, lib. 2.] continually descending, must needs be more so when loaded and pressed down by words; which are also bodies of much weight and gravity, as it is manifest from those deep impressions they make and leave upon us; and therefore must be delivered from a due altitude, or else they will neither carry a good aim, nor fall down with a sufficient force.

*Corporum quoque enim vocem constare fatendum est,
Et sonitum, quoniam possunt impellere sensus.**
Lucr. Lib. 4.

And I am the readier to favour this conjecture, from a common observation, that in the several assemblies of these orators nature itself has instructed the hearers to stand with their mouths open, and erected parallel to the horizon, so as they may be intersected by a perpendicular line from the zenith to the centre of the earth. In which position, if the audience be well compact, every one carries home a share, and little or nothing is lost.

I confess there is something yet more refined, in the contrivance and structure of our modern theatres. For, first, the pit is sunk below the stage, with due regard to the institution above deduced; that, whatever weighty matter shall be delivered thence, whether it be lead or gold, may fall plump into the jaws of certain critics, as I think they are called, which stand ready opened to devour them. Then, the boxes are built round, and raised to a level with the scene, in deference to the ladies; because, that large portion of wit, laid out in raising prudences and protuberances, is observed to run much upon a line, and ever in a circle. The whining passions, and little starved conceits, are gently wafted up by their own extreme levity, to the middle region, and there fix and are frozen by the frigid understandings of the inhabitants. Bombast and buffoonery, by nature lofty and light, soar highest of all, and would be lost in the roof, if the prudent architect had not, with much foresight, contrived for them a fourth place, called the twelve-penny gallery, and there planted a suitable colony, who greedily intercept them in their passage.

Now this physico-logical scheme of oratorical receptacles or machines contains a great mystery; being a type, a sign, an emblem, a shadow, a symbol, bearing analogy to the spacious commonwealth of writers, and to those methods by which they must exalt themselves to a certain eminency above the inferior world. By the pulpit are adumbrated the writings of our modern saints in Great Britain, as they have spiritualised and refined them, from the dross and grossness of sense and human reason. The matter, as we have said, is of rotten wood; and that upon two considerations; because it is the quality of rotten wood to give light in the dark; and secondly, because its cavities are full of worms; which is a type with a pair of handles, having a respect to the two principal qualifications of the orator, and the two different fates attending upon his works.

The ladder is an adequate symbol of *faction* and of *poetry*, to both of which so noble a number

* 'Tis certain then, that voices that thus can sound
Is all material; body every sound.

of authors are indebted for their fame. Of *faction*, because * * * * *Hiatus in MS.* * * * *
* * * * Of *poetry*, because its orators do *perorare* with a song; and because, climbing up by slow degrees, fate is 'sure to turn them off, before they can reach within many steps of the top: and because it is a preferment attained by transferring of propriety, and a confounding of *meum* and *tuum*.

Under the stage itinerant are couched those productions designed for the pleasure and delight of mortal man; such as, Six-penny-worth of Wit, Westminster Drolleries, Delightful Tales, Complete Jesters, and the like; by which the writers of and for *Grub-street* have in these latter ages so nobly triumphed over Time; have clipped his wings, pared his nails, filed his teeth, turned hook his hour-glass, blunted his scythe, and drawn the hobnails out of his shoes. It is under this class I have presumed to list my present treatise, being just come from having the honour conferred upon me to be adopted a member of that illustrious fraternity.

Now, I am not unaware how the productions of the *Grub-street* brotherhood have of late years fallen under many prejudices, nor how it has been the perpetual employment of two junior start-up societies to ridicule them and their authors, as unworthy their established post in the commonwealth of wit and learning. Their own consciences will easily inform them whom I mean; nor has the world been so negligent a looker-on as not to observe the continual efforts made by the societies of *Gresham* and of *Will's** to edify a name and reputation upon the ruin of OURS. And this is yet a more feeling grief to us, upon the regards of tenderness as well as of justice, when we reflect on their proceedings not only as unjust, but as ungrateful, undutiful, and unnatural. For how can it be forgot by the world or themselves, to say nothing of our own records, which are full and clear in the point, that they both are seminaries not only of our planting, but our watering too! I am informed, our two rivals have lately made an offer to enter into the lists with united forces, and challenge us to a comparison of books, both as to weight and number. In return to which, with licence from our president, I humbly offer two answers: first, we say, the proposal is like that which *Archimedes* made upon a smaller affair,[†] including an impossibility in the practice; for where can they find scales of capacity enough for the first; or an arithmetician of capacity enough for the second! Secondly, we are ready to accept the challenge; but with this condition, that a third indifferent person be assigned, to whose impartial judgment it should be left to decide which society each book, treatise, or pamphlet, do most properly belong to. This point, God knows, is very far from being fixed at present; for we are ready to produce a catalogue of some thousands, which in all common justice ought to be entitled to our fraternity, but by the revolted and newfangled writers, most profusionally ascribed to the others. Upon all which, we think it very unbecoming our prudence that the determination should be remitted to the authors themselves; when our adversaries, by brigring and exalting, have caused so universal a defection from us, that the greatest part of our society has already deserted to them, and our nearest

* Here is pretended a defect in the manuscript; and this is very frequent with our author, when he thinks he cannot say anything worth reading, or when he has no mind to enter on the subject.

† *Gresham* College was the place where the Royal Society met.
* *Will's* coffee-house, in *Court-garden*, formerly the place where the poets usually met.

† *Fix*. About moving the earth.

friends begin to stand aloof, as if they were half ashamed to own us.

This is the utmost I am authorized to say upon so ungrateful and melancholy a subject; because we are extremely unwilling to inflame a controversy whose continuance may be so fatal to the interests of us all, desiring much rather that things be amicably composed; and we shall so far advance on our side as to be ready to receive the two prodigals with open arms whenever they shall think fit to return from their huns and their barlots; which, I think, from the present course of their studies,* they most properly may be said to be engaged in; and, like an indulgent parent, continue to them our affection and our blessing.

But the greatest malin given to that general reception which the writings of our society have formerly received (next to the transitory state of all sublunary things) has been a superficial vein among many readers of the present age, who will by no means be persuaded to inspect beyond the surface and the rind of things; whereas, wisdom is a fox, who, after long hunting, will at last cost you the pains to dig out; it is a cheese, which, by how much the richer, has the thicker, the homelier, and the coarser coat; and whereof, to a judicious palate, the maggots are the best: it is a sack-posset, wherein the deeper you go, you will find it the sweeter. Wisdom is a hen, whose cackling we must value and consider, because it is attended with an egg; but then lastly, it is a nut, which, unless you choose with judgment, may cost you a tooth, and pay you with nothing but a worm. In consequence of these momentous truths, the grubian sages have always chosen to convey their precepts and their arts shut up within the vehicles of types and fables; which having been perhaps more careful and curious in adorning than was altogether necessary, it has fared with these vehicles, after the usual fate of coaches over-finely painted and gilt, that the transitory gazers have so dazzled their eyes and filled their imaginations with the outward lustre, as neither to regard or consider the person or the parts of the owner within. A misfortune we undergo with somewhat less reluctance, because it has been common to us with Pythagoras, Æsop, Socrates, and other of our predecessors.

However, that neither the world nor ourselves may any longer suffer by such misunderstandings, I have been prevailed on, after much importunity from my friends, to travel in a complete and laborious dissertation upon the prime productions of our society; which, beside their beautiful externals, for the gratification of superficial readers, have darkly and deeply couched under them the most finished and refined systems of all sciences and arts; as I do not doubt to lay open, by untwisting or unwinding, and either to draw up by exaltation, or display by incision.

This great work was entered upon some years ago, by one of our most eminent members: he began with the History of Reynard the Fox,^b but neither lived to publish his essay nor to proceed farther in so useful an attempt; which is very much to be lamented, because the discovery he made and communicated with his friends is now universally received; nor do I think any of the learned will dispute that famous treatise to be a complete body of civil knowledge, and the revelation, or rather the apocalypse, of all state arcana. But the progress I

have made is much greater, having already finished my annotations upon several dozens; from some of which I shall impart a few hints to the candid reader, as far as will be necessary to the conclusion at which I aim.

The first piece I have handled is that of *Tom Thumb*, whose author was a Pythagorean philosopher. This dark treatise contains the whole scheme of the Metempsychosis, deducing the progress of the soul through all her stages.

The next is *Dr. Faustus*, penned by Artepheus, an author *bona note*, and an *adeptus*; he published it in the nine-hundred-eighty-fourth year of his age; this writer proceeds wholly by reincarnation, or in the *via humida*; and the marriage between Faustus and Helen does most conspicuously dilucidate the fermenting of the male and female dragon.

Whittington and his Cat is the work of that mysterious rabbi, Jehuda Hannasi, containing a defence of the gemara of the Jerusalem miana,^c and its just preference to that of Babylon, contrary to the vulgar opinion.

The Hind and Panther. This is the masterpiece of a famous writer now living, intended for a complete abstract of sixteen thousand school-men, from Scotus to Bellarmine.

Tommy Pota. [A popular ballad.] Another piece, supposed by the same hand, by way of supplement to the former.

The Wise Men of Gotham, cum appendice. This is a treatise of immense erudition, being the great original and fountain of those arguments bandied about both in France and England for a just defence of the moderns' learning and wit, against the presumption, the pride and ignorance of the ancients. This unknown author has so exhausted the subject, that a penetrating reader will easily discover whatever has been written since upon that dispute to be little more than repetition. An abstract of this treatise has been lately published by a worthy member of our society.

These notices may serve to give the learned reader an idea, as well as a taste, of what the whole work is likely to produce; wherein I have now altogether circumscribed my thoughts and my studies; and, if I can bring it to a perfection before I die, shall reckon I have well employed the poor remains of an unfortunate life. This, indeed, is more than I can justly expect, from a quill worn to the pith in the service of the state, in *pros* and *cons* upon Popish plots, and meal-tubs,^d and exclusion bills, and passive obedience, and addresses of lives and fortunes, and prerogative, and property, and liberty of conscience, and letters to a friend; from an understanding and a conscience threadbare and ragged with perpetual turning; from a head broken in a hundred places by the malignants of the opposite factions; and from a body spent with poxes ill cured, by trusting to hawds and surgeons, who, as it afterwards appeared, were professed enemies to me and the government, and revenged their party's quarrel upon my nose and shins. Fourscore and eleven pamphlets have I written under three reigns, and for the service of six-and-thirty factions. But, finding the state has no further occasion for me and my ink, I retire willingly to draw it out into speculations more becoming a philosopher; having, to my

* The chemist's say of him in their books that he prolonged his life to a thousand years, and then died voluntarily.

^b The gemara is the decision, explanation, or interpretation of the Jewish rabbi; and the miana is properly the code or body of the Jewish civil or common law.

^c In King Charles the Second's time there was an account of a mysterious plot, found in a tub, which then made much noise.

* Virtuoso experiments, and modern comedies.

^b The "History of Reynard the Fox," an admirable thing, and the design to represent a wise and politic government. It was translated into English, and printed by Caxton.

unspeakable comfort, passed a long life with a conscience void of offence.

But to return. I am assured, from the reader's candour, that the brief specimen I have given will easily clear all the rest of our society's productions from an aspersions grown, as it is manifest, out of envy and ignorance; that they are of little farther use or value to mankind beyond the common entertainments of their wit and their style; for these I am sure have never yet been disputed by our keenest adversaries; in both which, as well as the more profound and mystical part, I have, throughout this treatise, closely followed the most applauded originals. And to reader all complete, I have, with much thought and application of mind, so ordered, that the chief title prefixed to it, I mean that under which I design it shall pass in the common conversations of court and town, is modelled exactly after the manner peculiar to our society.

I confess to have been somewhat liberal in the business of titles, having observed the humour of multiplying them to bear great vogue among certain writers, whom I exceedingly reverence. And indeed it seems not unreasonable that books, the children of the brain, should have the honour to be christened with variety of names as well as other infants of quality. Our famous Dryden has ventured to proceed a point farther, endeavouring to introduce also a multiplicity of godfathers; which is an improvement of much more advantage upon a very obvious account. It is a pity this admirable invention has not been better cultivated, so as to grow by this time into general imitation, when such an authority serves it for a precedent. Nor have my endeavours been wanting to second so useful an example; but it seems there is an unhappy expense usually annexed to the calling of a godfather, which was clearly out of my head, as it is very reasonable to believe. Where the pinch lay I cannot certainly affirm; but having employed a world of thoughts and pains to split my treatise into forty sections, and having entreated forty lords of my acquaintance that they would do me the honour to stand, they all made it a matter of conscience, and sent me their excuses.

SECTION THE SECOND.

ONCE upon a time there was a man who had three sons by one wife,* and all at a birth, neither could the midwife tell certainly which was the eldest. Their father died while they were young; and upon his death-bed, calling the lads to him, spoke thus:

"Soos, because I have purchased no estate, nor was born to any, I have long considered of some good legacies to bequeath you; and at last, with much care, as well as expense, have provided each of you (here they are) a new coat. [The Christian religion.] Now, you are to understand that these coats have two virtues contained in them; one is, that with good wearing they will last you fresh and sound as long as you live; the other is, that they will grow in the same proportion with your bodies, lengthening and widening of themselves, so as to be always fit.^b Here; let me see them on you before I die. So; very well; pray, children, wear them clean, and brush them often.^c You will find in my will [the Bible], here it is, full instructions in every particular concerning the wearing and management of your coats; wherein you must be very exact, to avoid the penalties I have ap-

pointed for every transgression or neglect, upon which your future fortunes will entirely depend. I have also commanded in my will that you should live together in one house like brethren and friends, for then you will be sure to thrive, and not otherwise."

Here the story says, this good father died, and the three sons went all together to seek their fortunes.

I shall not trouble you with recounting what adventures they met for the first seven years, any farther than by taking notice that they carefully observed their father's will, and kept their coats in very good order: that they travelled through several countries, encountered a reasonable quantity of giants, and slew certain dragons.

Being now arrived at the proper age for producing themselves, they came up to town, and fell in love with the ladies, but especially three, who about that time were in chief reputation; the Duchess d'Argent, Madame de Grands Titres, and the Countess d'Orguelli.^a On their first appearance our three adventurers met with a very bad reception; and soon with great sagacity guessing out the reason, they quickly began to improve in the good qualities of the town; they wrote, and rallied, and rhymed, and sung, and said, and said nothing; they drank, and fought, and whored, and slept, and swore, and took snuff; they went to new plays on the first night, haunted the chocolate-houses, beat the watch, lay on hulks, and got elaps; they hired hackney-coachmen, ran in debt with shopkeepers, and lay with their wives; they killed halibuts, kicked fiddlers down stairs, sat at Locket's,^b lolloped at Will's;^c they talked of the drawing-room, and never came there; dined with lords they never saw; whispered a duchess, and spoke never a word; exposed the scrawls of their laundress for billets-doux of quality; came ever just from court, and were never seen in it; attended the levee *sub dio*; got a list of peers by heart in one company, and with great familiarity retailed them in another. Above all, they constantly attended those committees of senators who are silent in the house and loud in the coffee-house; where they nightly adjourn to chew the cud of politics, and are encompassed with a ring of disciples, who lie in wait to catch up their droppings. The three brothers had acquired forty other qualifications of the like stamp, too tedious to recount, and by consequence were justly reckoned the most accomplished persons in the town; but all would not suffice, and the ladies aforesaid continued still inflexible. To clear up which difficulty I must, with the reader's good leave and patience, have recourse to some points of weight, which the authors of that age have not sufficiently illustrated.

For about this time it happened a sect arose^d whose tenets obtained and spread very far, especially in the *grand monde*, and among everybody of good fashion. They worshipped a sort of idol,^e who, as their doctrine delivered, did daily create men by a kind of manufactory operation. This idol they placed in the highest part of the house, on an altar erected about three foot; he was shown in the posture of a Persian emperor, sitting on a superficies, with his legs interwoven under him. This god had a goose for his ensign; whence it is that some learned men pretend to deduce his original from

* Corruptions, ambition, and pride; the three vices that the ancient satirists inveighed against.

^a Noted taverns in London.

^b This is an occasional satire upon dress and fashion, in order to introduce what follows.

^c By this idol is meant a tailor.

* Peter, Martin, and Jack, represent popery, the church of England, and protestant dissenters.

^b i. e. Admits of decent ceremonies.

^c Keep up the purity of religion.

Jupiter Capitolinus. At his left hand, beneath the altar, hell seemed to open and catch at the animals the idol was creating; to prevent which, certain of his priests hourly flung in pieces of the uninformed mass, or substance, and sometimes whole limbs already enlivened, which that horrid gulf insatiably swallowed, terrible to behold. The goose was also held a subaltern divinity or *deus minorum gentium*, before whose shrine was sacrificed that creature whose hourly food is human gore, and who is in so great renown abroad for being the delight and favourite of the Egyptian Cereoptheus. Millions of these animals were cruelly slaughtered every day to appease the hunger of that consuming deity. The chief idol was also worshipped as the inventor of the yard and needle; whether as the god of seamen, or on account of certain other mystical attributes, has not been sufficiently cleared.

The worshippers of this deity had also a system of their belief, which seemed to turn upon the following fundamentals. They held the universe to be a large suit of clothes, which invests everything; that the earth is invested by the air; the air is invested by the stars; and the stars are invested by the *primum mobile*. Look on this globe of earth, you will find it to be a very complete and fashionable dress. What is that which some call land but a fine coat faced with green? or the sea, but a waistcoat of water-tahhy? Proceed to the particular works of the creation, you will find how curious journeyman Nature has been to trim up the vegetable beaux; observe how sparkish a periwig adorns the head of a beech, and what a fine doublet of white satin is worn by the birch. To conclude from all, what is man himself but a micro-coat,* or rather a complete suit of clothes with all its trimmings? As to his body there can be no dispute; but examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contribute in their order towards furnishing out an exact dress: to instance no more; is not religion a cloak, honesty a pair of shoes worn out in the dirt, self-love a surtout, vanity a shirt, and conscience a pair of breeches, which, though a cover for lewdness as well as nastiness, is easily slipped down for the service of both?†

These postulata being admitted, it will follow in due course of reasoning that those beings, which the world calls improperly suits of clothes, are in reality the most refined species of animals; or, to proceed higher, that they are rational creatures or men. For, is it not manifest that they live, and move, and talk, and perform all other offices of human life? are not beauty, and wit, and mien, and breeding, their inseparable properties? in short, we see nothing but them, hear nothing but them. Is it not they who walk the streets, fill up parliament-, coffee-, play-, bawdy-houses? It is true, indeed, that these animals, which are vulgarly called suits of clothes, or dresses, do, according to certain compositions, receive different appellations. If one of them be trimmed up with a gold chain, and a red gown, and a white rod, and a great horse, it is called a lord-mayor; if certain ermines and furs be placed in a certain position, we style them a judge; and so an apt conjunction of lawn and black satin we entitle a bishop.

Others of these professors, though agreeing in the main system, were yet more refined upon certain branches of it; and held that man was an animal compounded of two dresses, the natural and celestial suit, which were the body and the soul: that the

soul was the outward, and the body the inward clothing; that the latter was *ex terrore*; but the former of daily creation and circumfusion; this last they proved by scripture, because in them we live, and move, and have our being; as likewise by philosophy, because they are all in all, and all in every part. Besides, said they, separate these two and you will find the body to be only a senseless unsavoury carcase; by all which it is manifest that the outward dress must needs be the soul.

To this system of religion were tagged several subaltern doctrines, which were entertained with great vogue; as particularly the futilities of the mind were deduced by the learned among them in this manner; embroidery was sheer wit, gold fringe was agreeable conversation, gold lace was repartee, a huge long periwig was humour, and a coat full of powder was very good railery—all which required abundance of *finesse* and *delicatesse* to manage with advantage, as well as a strict observance after times and fashions.

I have, with much pains and reading, collected out of ancient authors this short summary of a body of philosophy and divinity, which seems to have been composed by a vein and race of thinking very different from any other systems either ancient or modern. And it was not merely to entertain or satisfy the reader's curiosity, but rather to give him light into several circumstances of the following story; that, knowing the state of dispositions and opinions in an age so remote, he may better comprehend those great events which were the issue of them. I advise, therefore, the courteous reader to peruse with a world of application, again and again, whatever I have written upon this matter. And so leaving these broken ends, I carefully gather up the chief thread of my story and proceed.

These opinions, therefore, were so universal, as well as the practices of them, among the refined part of court and town, that our three brother adventurers, as their circumstances then stood, were strangely at a loss. For, on the one side, the three ladies they addressed themselves to, whom we have named already, were ever at the very top of the fashion, and abhorred all that were below it but the breadth of a hair. On the other side, their father's will was very precise; and it was the main precept in it, with the greatest penalties annexed, not to add to or diminish from their coats one thread, without a positive command in the will. Now, the coats their father had left them were, it is true, of very good cloth, and besides so neatly sewn, you would swear they were all of a piece; but at the same time very plain, and with little or no ornament; and it happened that before they were a month in town great shoulder-knots came up—straight all the world was shoulder-knots—no approaching the ladies' *ruelles* without the *quota* of shoulder-knots. That fellow, cries one, has no soul; where is his shoulder-knot? Our three brethren soon discovered their want by sad experience, meeting in their walks with forty mortifications and indignities. If they went to the playhouse the door-keeper showed them into the twopenny gallery; if they called a boat, says a waterman, "I am first sculler;" if they stepped to the Rose to take a bottle, the drawer would cry, "Friend, we sell no ale;" if they went to visit a lady, a footman met them at the door with "Pray send up your message." In this unhappy case they went immediately to consult their father's will, read it over and over, but not a word of the shoulder-knot. What should they do?

* Alluding to the wren microcosm, or a little world, as man has been called by philosophers.

† A satire upon the futilities.

* Popery is here exposed. Peter begins his pranks with adding a shoulder-knot to his coat.

—what temper should they find!—obedience was absolutely necessary, and yet shoulder-knots appeared extremely requisite. After much thought one of the brothers, who happened to be more book-learned than the other two, said he had found an expedient. It is true, said he, there is nothing here in this will, *totidem verbis*, making mention of shoulder-knots: but I dare conjecture we may find them *inclusive*, or *totidem syllabis*. This distinction was immediately approved by all, and so they fell again to examine; but their evil star had so directed the matter that the first syllable was not to be found in the whole writings. Upon which disappointment, he who found the former evasion took heart, and said, "Brothers, there are yet hopes; for though we cannot find them *totidem verbis*, nor *totidem syllabis*, I dare engage we shall make them out *tertio modo* or *totidem literis*. This discovery was also highly commended, upon which they fell once more to the scrutiny, and soon picked out S, H, O, U, L, D, E, R; when the same planet, enemy to their repose, had wonderfully contrived that a K was not to be found. Here was a weighty difficulty! but the distinguishing brother, for whom we shall hereafter find a name, now his hand was in, proved by a very good argument that K was a modern, illegitimate letter, unknown to the learned ages, nor anywhere to be found in ancient manuscripts. It is true, said he, the word *Calendæ* hath in Q. V. C.* been sometimes written with a K, but erroneously; for in the best copies it has been ever spelt with a C. And, by consequence, it was a gross mistake in our language to spell knot with a K; but that from henceforward he would take care it should be written with a C.† Upon this all further difficulty vanished—shoulder-knots were made clearly out to be *jure paterno*, and our three gentlemen swaggered with as large and as flaunting ones as the best. But, as human happiness is of a very short duration, so in those days were human fashions, upon which it entirely depends. Shoulder-knots had their time, and we must now imagine them in their decline; for a certain lord came just from Paris, with fifty yards of gold lace upon his coat, exactly trimmed after the court fashion of that month. In two days all mankind appeared closed up in bars of gold lace;‡ whoever durst peep abroad without his complement of gold lace was as scandalous as a —, and as ill received among the women: what should our three knights do in this momentous affair! they had sufficiently strained a point already in the affair of shoulder-knots: upon recourse to the will, nothing appeared there but *altum silentium*. That of the shoulder-knots was a loose, flying, circumstantial point; but this of gold lace seemed too considerable an alteration without better warrant; it did *aliquo modo essentialiter adhaerere*, and therefore required a positive precept. But about this time it fell out that the learned brother aforesaid had read *Aristotelis dialectica*, and especially that wonderful piece *de interpretatione*, which has the faculty of teaching its readers to find out a meaning in everything but itself; like commentators on the Revelations, who proceed prophets without understanding a syllable of the text. Brothers, said he, you are to be informed that of wills *duo sunt genera*, nuncupatory⁴ and scriptory: that in the scriptory will here before us there is no precept or mention about gold lace, *conceditur*: hinc *si idem affirmetur de nuncupatorio, negatur*. For, brothers, if you remember, we heard a

fellow say when we were boys that he heard my father's man say that he would advise his sons to get gold lace on their coats as soon as ever they could procure money to buy it. By O—! that is very true, cries the other.‡ I remember it perfectly well, said the third. And so without more ado they got the largest gold lace in the parish, and walked about as fine as lords.

A while after there came up all in fashion a pretty sort of flame-coloured satin⁵ for linings; and the mercer brought a pattern of it immediately to our three gentlemen; An please your worships, said he, my lord Conway and Sir John Walters had linings out of this very piece last night; it takes wonderfully, and I shall not have a remnant left enough to make my wife a pincushion by to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. Upon this they fell again to rummage the will, because the present case also required a positive precept—the lining being held by orthodox writers to be of the essence of the coat. After a long search they could fix upon nothing to the matter in hand, except a short advice of their father in the will to take care of fire and put out their candles before they went to sleep.⁶ This, though a good deal for the purpose, and helping very far towards self-conviction, yet not seeming wholly of force to establish a command (being resolved to avoid further scruple as well as future occasion for scandal), says he that was the scholar, I remember to have read in wills of a codicil annexed, which is indeed a part of the will, and what it contains has equal authority with the rest. Now, I have been considering of this same will here before us, and I cannot reckon it to be complete for want of such a codicil: I will therefore fasten one in its proper place very dexterously—I have had it by me some time—it was written by a dog-keeper of my grandfather's, and talks a great deal, as good luck would have it, of this very flame-coloured satin. The project was immediately approved by the other two; an old parchment scroll was tagged on according to art in the form of a codicil annexed, and the satin bought and worn.

Next winter a player, hired for the purpose by the corporation of fringe-makers, acted his part in a new comedy, all covered with silver fringe,⁷ and, according to the laudable custom, gave rise to that fashion. Upon which the brothers, consulting their father's will, to their great astonishment found these words; *item*, I charge and command my said three sons to wear no sort of silver fringe upon or about their said coats, &c., with a penalty, in case of disobedience, too long here to insert. However, after some pause, the brother so often mentioned for his erudition, who was well skilled in criticisms, had found in a certain author, which he said should be nameless, that the same word which in the will is called fringe does also signify a hroomstick: and doubtless ought to have the same interpretation in this paragraph. This another of the brothers disliked, because of that epithet silver, which could not be humbly conceived in propriety of speech he reasonably applied to a hroomstick: but it was replied upon him that this epithet was understood in a mythological and allegorical sense. However, he objected again why their father should forbid them

* When the popes cannot find anything which they want in scripture they go to oral tradition.

† The fire of purgatory; and praying for the dead is set forth as linings.

‡ That is, to take care of hell—to subdue their lusts.

§ Pomps and habits of temporal grandeur prohibited in the gospel.

¶ A prohibition of idolatry.

‡ Glosses and interpretations of scripture.

* Quibusdam veteribus codicibus.—Ancient manuscript.

† The schoolmen are ridiculed.

‡ New methods of forcing and perverting scripture.

¶ By this is meant tradition.

to wear a broomstick on their coats—a caution that seemed unnatural and impertinent; upon which he was taken up short, as one that spoke irreverently of a mystery, which doubtless was very useful and significant, but ought not to be over-curiously pried into or nicely reasoned upon. And, in short, their father's authority being now considerably sunk, this expedient was allowed to serve as a lawful dispensation for wearing their full proportion of silver fringe.

A while after was revived an old fashion, long antiquated, of embroidery with Indian figures of men, women, and children [images of saints]. Here they remembered but too well how their father had always abhorred this fashion; that he made several paragraphs on purpose, importing his utter detestation of it, and bestowing his everlasting curse to his sons whenever they should wear it. For all this, in a few days they appeared higher in the fashion than anybody else in the town. But they solved the matter by saying that these figures were not at all the same with those that were formerly worn and were meant in the will. Besides, they did not wear them in the sense as forbidden by their father; but as they were a commendable custom, and of great use to the public.^a That these rigorous clauses in the will did therefore require some allowance and a favourable interpretation, and ought to be understood *cum grano salis*.

But fashions perpetually altering in that age, the scholastic brother grew weary of searching farther evasions, and solving everlasting contradictions. Resolved, therefore, at all hazards, to comply with the modes of the world, they concerted matters together, and agreed unanimously to lock up their father's will in a strong box,^b brought out of Greece or Italy, I have forgotten which, and trouble themselves no farther to examine it, but only refer to its authority whenever they thought fit. In consequence whereof, a while after it grew a general mode to wear an infinite number of points, most of them tagged with silver^c upon which the scholar pronounced, *ex cathedra*,^d that points were absolutely *jure paterno*, as they might very well remember. It is true, indeed, the fashion prescribed somewhat more than were directly named in the will; however, that they, as heirs-general of their father, had power to make and add certain clauses^e for public emolument, though not deducible, *totidem verbis*, from the letter of the will, or else *multa absurda sequerentur*. This was understood for canonical, and therefore, on the following Sunday, they came to church all covered with points.

The learned brother, so often mentioned, was reckoned the best scholar in all that or the next street to it, inasmuch as, having run something behindhand in the world, he obtained the favour of a certain lord [Constantine the Great] to receive him into his house, and to teach his children. A while after the lord died, and he, by long practice upon his father's will, found the way of contriving a deed of conveyance^f of that house to himself and his heirs; upon which he took possession, turned the young squires out, and received his brothers in their stead.

SECTION THE THIRD.

A DIGRESSION CONCERNING CRITICS.

ALTHOUGH I have been hitherto as cautious as I could, upon all occasions, most nicely to follow the rules and methods of writing laid down by the example of our illustrious moderns; yet has the unhappy shortness of my memory led me into an error, from which I must immediately extricate myself, before I can decently pursue my principal subject. I confess with shame it was an unpardonable omission to proceed so far as I have already done before I had performed the due discourses, expostulatory, supplicatory, or deprecatory, with my good lords the critics. Towards some atonement for this grievous neglect, I do here make bold humbly to present them with a short account of themselves and their art, by looking into the original and pedigree of the word, as it is generally understood among us; and very briefly considering the ancient and present state thereof.

By the word critic, at this day so frequent in all conversations, there have sometimes been distinguished three very different species of mortal men, according as I have read in ancient books and pamphlets. For first, by this term were understood such persons as invented or drew up rules for themselves and the world, by observing which a careful reader might be able to pronounce upon the productions of the learned, form his taste to a true relish of the sublime and the admirable, and divide every beauty of matter or of style from the corruption that apest it; in their common perusal of books singling out the errors and defects, the nauseous, the fulsome, the dull, and the impertinent, with the caution of a man that walks through Edinburgh streets in a morning, who is indeed as careful as he can to watch diligently and spy out the filth in his way; not that he is curious to observe the colour and complexion of the ordure, or take its dimensions, much less to be paddling in or tasting it; but only with a design to come out as cleanly as he may. These men seem, though very erroneously, to have understood the appellation of critic in a literal sense; that one principal part of his office was to praise and acquit; and that a critic, who sets up to read only for an occasion of censure and reproof is a creature as barbarous as a judge who should take up a resolution to hang all men that came before him upon a trial.

Again, by the word critic have been meant the restorers of ancient learning from the worms, and graves, and dust of manuscripts.

Now the races of those two have been for some ages utterly extinct; and besides, to discourse any farther of them would not be at all to my purpose.

The third and noblest sort is that of the TRUE CRITIC, whose original is the most ancient of all. Every true critic is a hero born, descending in a direct line from a celestial stem by Momus and Hybris, who begat Zolius, who begat Tigellius, who begat Eteclera the elder; who begat Bentley, and Rymer, and Wotton, and Perrault, and Dennis; who begat Eteclera the younger.

And these are the critics from whom the commonwealth of learning has in all ages received such immense benefits, that the gratitude of their admirers places their origin in Heaven, among those of Hercules, Theseus, Perseus, and other great deservors of mankind. But heroic virtue itself has not been exempt from the obloquy of evil tongues. For it has been objected that those ancient heroes, famous for their combating so many giants, and dragons, and robbers, were in their own persons a greater nuisance to mankind than any of those monsters they sub-

^a An excuse for the worship of images by the Church of Rome.

^b The popists forbade the use of scripture in the vulgar tongue: Peter locks up his father's will in a strong box, brought out of Greece or Italy; because the new Testament is written in Greek, and the vulgar Latin is in the language of old Italy.

^c Rites of the church of Rome.

^d The popes in their decretals and bulls.

^e Alluding to the abuse of power in the Roman church.

^f The pope's challenge of temporal sovereignty.

And; and therefore, to render their obligations more complete, when all other virtues were destroyed, should, in conscience, have concluded with the same justice upon themselves. As Hercules most generously did, and upon that score procured to himself more temples and votaries than the best of his fellows. For these reasons I suppose it is why some have conceived it would be very expedient for the public good of learning that every true critic, as soon as he had finished his task assigned, should immediately deliver himself up to ratsbane, or hemp, or leap from some convenient altitude; and that no man's pretensions to so illustrious a character should by any means be received before that operation were performed.

Now, from this heavenly descent of criticism, and the close analogy it bears to heroic virtue, it is easy to assign the proper employment of a true ancient genuine critic; which is, to travel through this vast world of writings; to pursue and hunt those monstrous faults bred within them; to drag out the lurking errors, like Cacus from his den; to multiply them like Hydra's heads; and rake them together like Auger's dung; or else drive away a sort of dangerous fowl, who have a perverse inclination to plunder the best branches of the tree of knowledge, like those stymphalian birds that eat up the fruit.

These reasonings will furnish us with an adequate definition of a true critic; that he is discoverer and collector of writers' faults; which may be further put beyond dispute by the following demonstration; that whoever will examine the writings in all kinds, wherewith this ancient sect has honoured the world, shall immediately find, from the whole thread and teneur of them, that the ideas of the authors have been altogether conversant and taken up with the faults, and blemishes, and oversights, and mistakes of other writers: and, let the subject treated on be whatever it will, their imaginations are so entirely possessed and replete with the defects of other pens, that the very quintessence of what is bad does of necessity distil into their own; by which means the whole appears to be nothing else but an abstract of the criticisms themselves have made.

Having thus briefly considered the original and office of a critic, as the word is understood in its most noble and universal acceptation, I proceed to refute the objections of those who argue from the silence and pretermission of authors; by which they pretend to prove that the very art of criticism, as now exercised, and by me explained, is wholly modern; and consequently that the critics of Great Britain and France have no title to an original so ancient and illustrious as I have deduced. Now, if I can clearly make out, on the contrary, that the ancient writers have particularly described both the person and the office of a true critic, agreeably to the definition laid down by me, their grand objection, from the silence of authors, will fall to the ground.

I confess to have, for a long time, borne a part in this general error: from which I should never have acquitted myself, but through the assistance of our noble moderns! whose most edifying volumes I turn unceasingly over night and day for the improvement of my mind and the good of my country: these have, with unwearied pains, made many useful searches into the weak sides of the ancients, and given us a comprehensive list of them.* Besides, they have proved beyond contradiction that the very finest things delivered of old have been long since invented and brought to light by much later pens; and that the noblest discoveries those ancients ever

made, of art or of nature, have all been produced by the transcending genius of the present age. Which clearly shows how little merit those ancients can justly pretend to, and takes off that blind admiration paid them by men in a corner who have the unhappiness of conversing too little with present things. Reflecting maturely upon all this, and taking in the whole compass of human nature, I easily concluded that these ancients, highly sensible of their many imperfections, must needs have endeavoured, from some passages in their works, to obviate, soften, or divert the censorious reader, by satire or panegyric upon the true critics, in imitation of their masters the moderns. Now, in the commonplaces of both these I was plentifully instructed by a long course of useful study in prefaces and prologues; and therefore immediately resolved to try what I could discover of either by a diligent perusal of the most ancient writers, and especially those who treated of the earliest times. Here I found to my great surprise, that although they all entered, upon occasion, into particular descriptions of the true critic, according as they were governed by their fears or their hopes, yet whatever they touched of that kind was with abundance of caution, adventuring no farther than mythology and hieroglyphic. This, I suppose, gave ground to superficial readers for urging the silence of authors against the antiquity of the true critic, though the types are so opposite, and the applications so necessary and natural, that it is not easy to conceive how any reader of a modern eye and taste could overlook them. I shall venture from a great number to produce a few, which, I am very confident, will put this question beyond dispute.

It well deserves considering that these ancient writers, in treating enigmatically upon this subject, have generally fixed upon the very same hieroglyph, varying only the story, according to their affections or their wit. For first; Pausanias is of opinion that the perfection of writing correct was entirely owing to the institution of critics; and that he can possibly mean no other than the true critic is, I think, manifest enough from the following description. He says, they were a race of men who delighted to nibble at the superfluities and excrescences of books, which he learned at length observing, took warning, of their own accord, to lop the luxuriant, the rotten, the dead, the sapless, and the overgrown branches from their works. But now all this he cunningly shades under the following allegory; that the Nauplians in Argos learned the art of pruning their vines, by observing, that when an ASS had browsed upon one of them, it thrived the better and bore fairer fruit. But Herodotus, holding the very same hieroglyph, speaks much plainer, and almost in *terminis*. He has been so bold as to tax the true critics of ignorance and malice; telling us openly, for I think nothing can be plainer, that in the western part of Lybia there were ASSES with horns: upon which relation Ctesias yet refines, mentioning the very same animal about India, adding that, whereas all other ASSES wanted a gall, these horned ones were so redmndant in that part, that their flesh was not to be eaten, because of its extreme bitterness.

Now, the reason why those ancient writers treated this subject only by types and figures was, because they durst not make open attacks against a party so potent and so terrible as the critics of those ages were; whose very voice was so dreadful that a legion of authors would tremble and drop their pens at the sound; for so Herodotus tells us expressly in another place, how a vast army of Scythians was put

* See Wotton of ancient and modern learning.—[Note by the author.]

to flight in a panic terror by the braying of an ASS. From hence it is conjectured by certain profound philologists that the great awe and reverence paid to a true critic by the writers of Britain have been derived to us from those our Seythian ancestors. In short, this dread was so universal, that in process of time those authors who had a mind to publish their sentiments more freely, in describing the true critics of their several ages, were forced to leave off the use of the former hieroglyph, as too nearly approaching the prototype, and invented other terms instead thereof, that were more cautious and mystical: so, Diodorus, speaking to the same purpose, ventures no farther than to say that in the mountains of Helicon there grows a certain weed which bears a flower of so damned a scent as to poison those who offer to smell to it. Lucretius gives exactly the same relation;

*Est etiam in montis Heliconis montibus arvens,
Floris odore hominem letro conserta necare.**

Lib. 6.

But Ctesias, whom we lately quoted, has been a great deal bolder; he had been used with much severity by the true critics of his own age, and therefore could not forbear to leave behind him at least one deep mark of his vengeance against the whole tribe. His meaning is so near the surface, that I wonder how it possibly came to be overlooked by those who deny the antiquity of the true critics. For, pretending to make a description of many strange animals about India, he has set down these remarkable words: Among the rest says he, there is a serpent that wants teeth, and consequently cannot bite; but if its vomit, to which it is much addicted, happens to fall upon anything, a certain rottenness or corruption ensues: these serpents are generally found among the mountains where jewels grow, and they frequently emit a poisonous juice: whereof whoever drinks, that person's brains fly out of his nostrils.

There was also among the ancients a sort of critics, not distinguished in species from the former, but in growth or degree, who seem to have been only the tyros or junior scholars; yet, because of their differing employments, they are frequently mentioned as a sect by themselves. The usual exercise of these younger students was to attend constantly at theatres, and learn to spy out the worst parts of the play, whereof they were obliged carefully to take note, and render a rational account to their tutors. Fleshed at these smaller sports, like young wolves, they grew up in time to be nimble and strong enough for hunting down large game. For it has been observed, both among ancients and moderns, that a true critic has one quality in common with a whore and an alderman, never to change his title or his nature; that a gray critic has been certainly a green one, the perfections and acquirements of his age being only the improved talents of his youth; like hemp, which some naturalists inform us is bad for suffocations, though taken but in the seed. I esteem the invention, or at least the refinement of prologues, to have been owing to these younger proficientes, of whom Terence makes frequent and honourable mention, under the name of *malevoli*.

Now, it is certain the institution of the true critics was of absolute necessity to the commonwealth of learning. For all human actions seem to be divided, like Themistocles and his company; one man can fiddle, and another can make a small town a great city; and he that cannot do either one or the other deserves to be kicked out of the creation.

* Near Helicon, and round the learned hill.

Grow trees whose blossoms with their odour kill.

The avoiding of which penalty has doubtless given the first birth to the nation of critics; and withal, an occasion for their secret detractors to report that a true critic is a sort of mechanic, set up with a stock and tools for his trade at as little expense as a tailor; and that there is much analogy between the utensils and abilities of both: that the tailor's hell is the type of a critic's common place-book, and his wit and learning held forth by the goose; that it requires at least as many of these to the making up of one scholar, as of the others to the composition of a man; that the valour of both is equal, and their weapons nearly of a size. Much may be said in answer to those invidious reflections; and I can positively affirm the first to be a falsehood: for, on the contrary, nothing is more certain than that it requires greater layings out to be free of the critic's company than of any other you can name. For as, to be a true beggar, it will cost the richest candidate every groat he is worth; so, before one can commence a true critic, it will cost a man all the good qualities of his mind; which, perhaps for a less purchase, would be thought but an indifferent bargain.

Having thus amply proved the antiquity of criticism, and described the primitive state of it, I shall now examine the present condition of this empire, and show how well it agrees with its ancient self. A certain author, whose works have many ages since been entirely lost, does, in his fifth book and eighth chapter, say of critics that their writings are the mirrors of learning. This I understand in a literal sense, and suppose our author must mean, that whoever designs to be a perfect writer must inspect into the books of critics, and correct his invention there, as in a mirror. Now, whoever considers that the mirrors of the ancients were made of brass, and *sine mercurio*, may presently apply the two principal qualifications of a true modern critic, and consequently must needs conclude that these have always been, and must be for ever, the same. For brass is an emblem of duration, and, when it is skillfully burnished, will cast reflection from its own superficies, without any assistance of mercury from behind. All the other talents of a critic will not require a particular mention, being included or easily deducible to these. However, I shall conclude with three maxims, which may serve both as characteristics to distinguish a true modern critic from a pretender, and will be also of admirable use to those worthy spirits who engage in so useful and honourable an art.

The first is, that criticism, contrary to all other faculties of the intellect, is ever held the truest and best when it is the very first result of the critic's mind; as fowlers reckon the first aim for the surest, and seldom fail of missing the mark if they stay not for a second. Secondly, the true critics are known by their talent of swarming about the noblest writers, to which they are carried merely by instinct, as a rat to the best cheese, or as a wasp to the fairest fruit. So when the king is on horseback, he is sure to be the dirtiest person of the company; and they that make their court best are such as bespatter him most.

Lastly, a true critic, in the perusal of a book, is like a dog at a feast, whose thoughts and stomach are wholly set upon what the guests fling away, and consequently is apt to snarl most when there are the fewest bones.

Thus much, I think, is sufficient to serve by way of address to my patrons, the true modern critics; and may very well atone for my past silence, as well as that which I am likely to observe for the future. I

hope I have deserved so well of their whole body as to meet with generous and tender usage at their hands. Supported by which expectation, I go on boldly to pursue those adventures already so happily begun.

SECTION THE FOURTH.

I HAVE now, with much pains and study, conducted the reader to a period where he must expect to hear of great revolutions. For no sooner had our learned brother, so often mentioned, got a warm house of his own over his head than he began to look big and to take mightily upon him; inasmuch that unless the gentle reader, out of his great candour, will please a little to exalt his idea, I am afraid he will henceforth hardly know the hero of the play when he happens to meet him; his part, his dress, and his mien being so much altered.

He told his brothers he would have them to know that he was their elder, and consequently his father's sole heir; nay, a while after, he would not allow them to call him brother, but *Mr. PETER* [the pope], and then he must be styled *Father PETER*; and sometimes, *My Lord PETER*. To support this grandeur, which he soon began to consider could not be maintained without a better *fondle* than what he was born to,^a after much thought, he cast about at last to turn projector and virtuoso, wherein he so well succeeded, that many famous discoveries, projects, and machines, which bear great vogue and practice at present in the world, are owing entirely to lord PETER'S invention. I will deduce the best account I have been able to collect of the chief among them, without considering much the order they came out in; because I think authors are not well agreed as to that point.

I hope, when this treatise of mine shall be translated into foreign languages (as I may without vanity affirm that the labour of collecting, the faithfulness in recounting, and the great usefulness of the matter to the public, will amply deserve that justice), that the worthy members of the several academies abroad, especially those of France and Italy, will favourably accept these humble offers for the advancement of universal knowledge. I do also advertise the most reverend fathers, the Eastern missionaries, that I have, purely for their sakes, made use of such words and phrases as will best admit an easy turn into any of the oriental languages, especially the Chinese. And so I proceed with great content of mind, upon reflecting how much emolument this whole globe of the earth is likely to reap by my labours.

The first undertaking of lord Peter was, to purchase a large continent [purgatory], lately said to have been discovered in *terra australis incognita*. This tract of land he bought at a very great pennyworth from the discoverers themselves (though some pretended to doubt whether they had ever been there), and then retailed it into several cantons to certain dealers, who carried over colonies, but were all shipwrecked in the voyage. Upon which lord Peter sold the said continent to other customers again, and again, and again, and again, with the same success.^b

The second project I shall mention was his sovereign remedy for the worms,^c especially those in the spleen. The patient was to eat nothing after

supper for three nights;^d as soon as he went to bed he was carefully to lie on one side, and when he grew weary to turn upon the other; he must also duly confine his two eyes to the same object; and by no means break wind at both ends together without manifest occasion. These prescriptions diligently observed, the worms would void insensibly by perspiration, ascending through the brain.^e

A third invention was the erecting of a whispering-office^f for the public good and ease of all such as are hypochondriacal or troubled with the colic; as likewise of all eavesdroppers, physicians, midwives, small politicians, friends fallen out, repeating poets, lovers happy or in despair, hawds, privy-counsellors, pages, parasites, and huffoons; in short, of all such as are in danger of bursting with too much wind. An ass's head was placed so conveniently that the party affected might easily with his mouth accost either of the animal's ears; to which he was to apply close for a certain space, and by a fugitive faculty, peculiar to the ears of that animal, receive immediate benefit, either by eructation, or expiration, or evomitation.

Another very beneficial project of lord Peter's was, an office of insurance for tobacco-pipes [indulgences], martyrs of the modern seal, volumes of poetry, shadows, —, and rivers; that these, nor any of these, shall receive damage by fire. Whence our friendly societies may plainly find themselves to be only transcribers from this original; though the one and the other have been of great benefit to the undertakers, as well as of equal to the public.

Lord PETER was also held the original author of puppets and rare-shows [ceremonies and processions]; the great usefulness whereof being so generally known, I shall not enlarge farther upon this particular.

But another discovery, for which he was much renowned, was his famous universal pickle.^g For, having remarked how your common pickle in use among housewives was of no farther benefit than to preserve dead flesh and certain kinds of vegetables, Peter, with great cost as well as art, had contrived a pickle proper for houses, gardens, towns, men, women, children, and cattle; wherein he could preserve them as sound as insects in amber. Now, this pickle, to the taste, the smell, and the sight, appeared exactly the same with what is in common service for beef, and butter, and herrings, and has been often that way applied with great success; but, for its many sovereign virtues, was a quite different thing. For Peter would put in a certain quantity of his powder pimperlump,^h after which it never failed of success. The operation was performed by spargification [sprinkling], in a proper time of the moon. The patient who was to be pickled, if it were a house, would infallibly be preserved from all spiders, rats, and weasels; if the party affected were a dog, he should be exempt from mange, and madness, and hunger. It also infallibly took away all scabs, and lice, and scalled heads from children, never hindering the patient from any duty, either at bed or board.

But of all Peter's rarities he most valued a certain set of bulls [papal], whose race was by great fortune preserved in a lineal descent from those that guarded

^a Here the author ridicules the pretences of the church of Rome.

^b The application of salts to physical cures.

^c The author ridicules auricular confession; and the priest who takes it is described by the ass's head.

^d Holy water he calls a universal pickle.

^e And because holy water differs only in consecration from common water, he tells us that his pickle by the powder of pimperlump receives new virtues.

^f The pope's pretension to supremacy.

^g The imaginary p. asc. between heaven and hell.

^h France and absolutism are played upon under the notion of a sovereign remedy.

the golden fleece. Though some, who pretended to observe them curiously, doubted the breed had not been kept entirely chaste, because they had degenerated from their ancestors in some qualities, and had acquired others very extraordinary, by a foreign mixture. The hulls of Colchis are recorded to have hruzen feet; but whether it happened by ill pasture and running, by an alloy from intervention of other parents, from stolen intrigues; whether a weakness in their progenitors had impaired the seminal virtue, or by a decline necessary through a long course of time, the originals of nature being depraved in these latter sinful ages of the world; whatever was the cause, it is certain that lord Peter's hulls were extremely vitiated by the rust of time in the metal of their feet, which was now sunk into common lead.^a However, the terrible roaring peculiar to their lineage was preserved; as likewise that faculty of breathing out fire from their nostrils,^b which, notwithstanding many of their detractors took to be a feat of art, to be nothing so terrible as it appeared, proceeding only from their usual course of diet, which was of squibs and crackers. [Fulminations of the pope.] However, they had two peculiar marks, which extremely distinguished them from the hulls of Jason, and which I have not met together in the description of any other monster beside that in Horace:

Varas inducere plumas;—and Atrum desinat in picem.

For these had fishes' tails,^c yet upon occasion could outfly any bird in the air. Peter put these hulls upon several employes. Sometimes he would set them a-roaring to fright naughty boys,^d and make them quiet. Sometimes he would send them out upon errands of great importance; where, it is wonderful to recount (and perhaps the cautious reader may think much to believe it), an *appetitus sensibilis* deriving itself through the whole family from their noble ancestors, guardians of the golden fleece, they continued so extremely fond of gold, that if Peter sent them abroad, though it were only upon a compliment, they would roar, and spit, and belch, and pines, and fart, and snivel out fire, and keep a perpetual coil, till you fang them a bit of gold; but then, *pulveris exigui tactu*, they would grow calm and quiet as lambs. In short, whether by secret connivance or encouragement from their master, or out of their own liquorish affection to gold, or both, it is certain they were no better than a sort of sturdy, swaggering heggars; and where they could not prevail to get an alms, would make women misery, and children fall into fits, who to this very day usually call sprights and hobgoblins by the name of hull-beggars.^e They grew at last so very troublesome to the neighbourhood, that some gentlemen of the north-west got a parcel of right English hull-dogs, and baited them so terribly that they felt it ever after.

I must needs mention one more of lord Peter's projects, which was very extraordinary, and discovered him to be master of a high reach and profound invention. Whenever it happened that any rogue of Newgate was condemned to be hanged, Peter would offer him a pardon for a certain sum of money; which when the poor catiff had made all

shifts to scrape up and send, his lordship would return a piece of paper in this form:^f

"To all mayors, sheriffs, jailors, constables, bailiffs, hangmen, &c. Whereas we are informed that A.B. remains in the hands of you, or some of you, under the sentence of death. We will and command you, upon sight hereof, to let the said prisoner depart to his own habitation, whether he stands condemned for murder, sodomy, rape, sacrilege, incest, treason, blasphemy, &c., for which this shall be your sufficient warrant; and if you fail hereof, G—d—mn you and yours to all eternity. And so we bid you heartily farewell. Your most humble man's man,
Emperor PETER."

The wretches, trusting to this, lost their lives and money too.

I desire of those whom the learned among posterity will appoint for commentators upon this elaborate treatise, that they will proceed with great caution upon certain dark points, wherein all who are not *ecce adepti* may be in danger to form rash and hasty conclusions, especially in some mysterious paragraphs, where certain *arcanæ* are joined for brevity sake, which in the operation must be divided. And I am certain that future sons of art will return large thanks to my memory for so grateful, so useful an *invenendo*.

It will be no difficult part to persuade the reader that so many worthy discoveries met with great success in the world; though I may justly assure him that I have related much the smallest number; my design having been only to single out such as will be of most benefit for public imitation, or which best served to give some idea of the reach and wit of the inventor. And therefore it need not be wondered at if by this time lord Peter was become exceeding rich: but, alas! he had kept his brain so long and so violently upon the rack, that at last it shook itself, and began to turn round for a little ease. In short, what with pride, projects, and knavery, poor Peter was grown distracted, and conceived the strangest imaginations in the world. In the height of his fits, as it is usual with those who run mad out of pride, he would call himself God Almighty,^g and sometimes monarch of the universe. I have seen him (says my author) take three old high-crowned hats,^h and clap them all on his head three story high, with a huge bunch of keys at his girdle,ⁱ and an angling-rod in his hand. In which guise, whoever went to take him by the hand in the way of salutation, Peter with much grace, like a well-educated spaniel, would present them with his foot, and if they refused his civility, then he would raise it as high as their chaps, and give them a damned kick on the mouth, which has ever since been called a salute. Whoever walked by without paying him their compliments, having a wonderful strong breath, he would blow their hats off into the dirt. Meantime his affairs at home went upside down, and his two brothers had a wretched time; where his first *bonstade*^j was to kick both their wives one morning out of doors, and his own too; and in their stead gave orders to pick up the first three strollers that could be met with in the streets.^k A while after he nailed up the cellar-door, and would not allow his brothers a drop of drink to their vi-tuals.^l Dining one day at an alderman's in the

^a Alludes to the leaden seal at the bottom of the popish bulls; for excommunications of heretical princes are all signed with lead, and the seal of the fisherman, and therefore said to have leaden feet and fishes' tails.

^b These passages, and many others, no doubt, must be construed as satirisation by the church of Rome.

^c Alluding to the expression *sub signo piscatoris*.

^d That is, kings who incurred his displeasure.

^e Heretics or schismatics as the pope calls protestants.

^f This is a copy of a general pardon, signed *per nos* &c. The pope is not only allowed to be the vicar of Christ, but by several divines is called God upon earth, and other blasphemous titles.

^g The triple mitre or crown.

^h The keys of the church.

ⁱ A sudden jerk, or lash of a horse.

^j Allowed excommunication.

^k The pope's refusing the cup to the laity.

ely, Peter observed him expatiating, after the manner of his brethren, in the praises of his sirloin of beef. "Beef," said the sage magistrate, "is the king of meat; beef comprehends in it the quintessence of partridge, and quail, and venison, and pheasant, and plum-pudding, and custard." When Peter came home he would needs take the fancy of cooking up this doctrine into use, and apply the precept, in default of a sirloin, to his brow loaf. "Bread," says he, "dear brothers, is the staff of life; in which bread is contained, inclusive, the quintessence of beef, mutton, veal, venison, partridge, plum-pudding, and custard; and, to render all complete, there is intermingled a due quantity of water, whose crudities are also corrected by yeast or harm, through which means it becomes a wholesome fermented liquor, diffused through the mass of the bread." Upon the strength of these conclusions, next day at dinner was the brown loaf served up in all the formality of a city feast. "Come, brothers," said Peter, "fall to, and spare not; here is excellent good mutton [Transubstantiation]; or hold, now my band is in, I will help you." At which word, in much ceremony, with fork and knife, he carves out two good slices of a loaf, and presents each on a plate to his brothers. The elder of the two, not suddenly entering into lord Peter's conceit, began with very civil language to examine the mystery. "My lord," said he, "I doubt, with great submission, there may be some mistake."—"What," says Peter, "you are pleasant; come then, let us hear this jest your head is so big with."—"None in the world, my lord; but, unless I am very much deceived, your lordship was pleased a while ago to let fall a word about mutton, and I would be glad to see it with all my heart."—"How," said Peter, appearing in great surprise, "I do not comprehend this at all." Upon which the younger interposing to set the business aright, "My lord," said he, "my brother, I suppose, is hungry, and longs for the mutton your lordship has promised us to dinner."—"Pray," said Peter, "take me along with you; either you are both mad, or disposed to be merrier than I approve of; if you there do not like your piece I will carve you another; though I should take that to be the choice bit of the whole shoulder."—"What then, my lord," replied the first, "it seems this is a shoulder of mutton all this while!"—"Pray, sir," says Peter, "eat your victuals, and leave off your impertinence, if you please, for I am not disposed to relish it at present;" but the other could not forbear, being over-provoked at the affected seriousness of Peter's countenance: "By G—, my lord," said he, "I can only say, that to my eyes, and fingers, and teeth, and nose, it seems to be nothing but a crust of bread." Upon which the second put in his word: "I never saw a piece of mutton in my life so nearly resembling a slice from a twopenny loaf."—"Look ye, gentlemen," cries Peter, in a rage; "to convince you what a couple of blind, positive, ignorant, wilful puppies you are, I will use but this plain argument: by G—, it is true, good, natural mutton as any in Lendenhall-market; and G— confound you both eternally if you offer to believe otherwise." Such a thundering proof as this left no further room for objection: the two unbelievers began to gather and pocket up their mistake as hastily as they could. "Why, truly," said the first, "upon more mature consideration—"—"Ay," says the other, interrupting him, "now I have thought better on the thing, your lordship seems to have a great deal of reason."—"Very well," said Peter; "here, boy, fill me a beer-glass of claret; here's to you both with all my heart." The two

brethren, much delighted to see him so readily appeased, returned their most humble thanks, and said they would be glad to pledge his lordship. "That you shall," said Peter; "I am not a person to refuse you anything that is reasonable: wine, moderately taken, is a cordial; here is a glass a-piece for you; it is true natural juice from the grape, none of your damned vintner's brewings." Having spoke thus, he presented to each of them another large dry crust, bidding them drink it off, and not be hushful, for it would do them no hurt. The two brothers, after having performed the usual office in such delicate conjunctures, of staring a sufficient period at lord Peter and each other, and finding how matters were likely to go, resolved not to enter on a new dispute, but let him carry the point as he pleased; for he was now got into one of his mad fits, and to argue or expostulate further would only serve to render him a hundred times more untractable.

I have chosen to relate this worthy matter in all its circumstances, because it gave a principal occasion to that great and famous rupture [the Reformation] which happened about the same time among these brethren, and was never afterwards made up. But of that I shall treat at large in another section.

However, it is certain that lord Peter, even in his lucid intervals, was very lewdly given in his common conversation, extremely wilful and positive, and would at any time rather argue to the death than allow himself once to be in an error. Besides, he had an abominable faculty of telling huge palpable lies upon all occasions; and not only swearing to the truth, but cursing the whole company to hell if they pretended to make the least scruple of believing him. One time he swore he had a cow^a at home which gave as much milk at a meal as would fill three thousand churches; and, what was yet more extraordinary, would never turn sour. Another time he was telling of an old sign-post^b, that belonged to his father, with nails and timber enough in it to build sixteen large men of war. Talking one day of Chinese waggons, which were made so light as to sail over mountains, "Z—ds," said Peter, "where's the wonder of that? By G—, I saw a large house of lime and stone^c travel over sea and land (granting that it stopped sometimes to bait) above two thousand German leagues." And that which was the good of it, he would swear desperately all the while that he never told a lie in his life; and at every word, "By G—, gentlemen, I tell you nothing but the truth; and the d—l broil them eternally that will not believe me."

In short, Peter grew so scandalous, that all the neighbourhood began in plain words to say he was no better than a knave. And his two brothers, long weary of his ill usage, resolved at last to leave him; but first they humbly desired a copy of their father's will, which had now lain by neglected time out of mind. Instead of granting this request he called them damned sons of whores, rogues, traitors, and the rest of the vile names he could muster up. However, while he was abroad one day upon his projects, the two youngsters watched their opportunity, made a shift to come at the will, and took a *copie vera* [translation of the scriptures], by which they presently saw how grossly they had been abused; their father having left them equal heirs, and strictly commanded that whatever they gut

^a The ridiculous multiplying of the Virgin Mary's milk among the papists.

^b The sign post is meant the cross of our blessed Saviour.

^c The chapel of Loretto, which they tell us travelled from the Holy Land to Italy.

should lie in common among them all. Pursuant to which their next enterprise was to break open the cellar-door, and get a little good drink,* to spirit and comfort their hearts. In copying the will they had met another precept against whoring, divorce, and separate maintenance; upon which their next work was to discard their concubines, and send for their wives.³ While all this was in agitation there enters a solicitor from Newgate, desiring lord Peter would please procure a pardon for a thief that was to be hanged to-morrow.⁴ But the two brothers told him he was a coxcomb to seek pardons from a fellow who deserved to be hanged much better than his client; and discovered all the method of that imposture in the same form I delivered it a while ago, advising the solicitor to put his friend upon obtaining a pardon from the king.⁵ In the midst of all this clatter and revolution, in comes Peter with a file of dragoons at his heels,* and gathering from all hands what was in the wind, he and his gang, after several millions of scurrilities and curses, not very important here to repeat, by main force very furly kicked them both out of doors [out of the church], and would never let them come under his roof from that day to this.

SECTION THE FIFTH.

A DIGRESSION IN THE MODERN KIND.

We, whom the world is pleased to honour with the title of modern authors, should never have been able to compass our great design of an everlasting remembrance and never-dying fame, if our endeavours had not been so highly servicable to the general good of mankind. Thus, O universe! is the adventurous attempt of me thy secretary;

—Quemvis perire laborum
Sudet, et insiduit noctes vigilare serenas.

To this end I have some time since, with a world of pains and art, dissected the carcase of human nature, and read many useful lectures upon the several parts, both containing and contained: till at last it smelt so strong I could preserve it no longer. Upon which I have been at a great expense to fit up all the bones with exact contexture and in due symmetry; so that I am ready to show a very complete anatomy thereof to all curious gentlemen and others. But not to digress farther in the midst of a digression, as I have known some authors enclose digressions in one another like a nest of boxes, I do affirm that, having carefully cut up human nature, I have found a very strange, new, and important discovery, that the public good of mankind is performed by two ways, instruction and diversion. And I have farther proved, in my said several readings (which perhaps the world may one day see, if I can prevail on any friend to steal a copy, or on certain gentlemen of my admirers to be very importunate), that as mankind is now disposed, he receives much greater advantage by being diverted than instructed; his epidemical diseases being fastidiosity, amorphy, and oscitation; whereas in the present universal empire of wit and learning, there seems but little matter left for instruction. However, in compliance with a lesson of great age and authority, I have attempted carrying the point in all its heights; and accordingly, throughout this divine treatise, have

skillfully kneaded up both together, with a layer of *utile* and a layer of *dulce*.

When I consider how exceedingly our illustrious moderns have eclipsed the weak glimmering lights of the ancients, and turned them out of the road of all fashionable commerce, to a degree that our choice town wits, of most refined accomplishments, are in grave dispute whether there have been ever any ancients or not; in which point we are likely to receive wonderful satisfaction from the most useful labours and lucubrations of that worthy modern, Dr. Bentley: I say, when I consider all this, I cannot but bewail that no famous modern has ever yet attempted a universal system, in a small portable volume, of all things that are to be known, or believed, or imagined, or practised in life. I am, however, forced to acknowledge, that such an enterprise was thought on some time ago by a great philosopher of O. Brazil.^a The method he proposed was, by a certain curious receipt, a nostrum, which, after his untimely death, I found among his papers; and do here, out of my great affection to the modern learned, present them with it, not doubting it may one day encourage some worthy undertaker.

You take fair correct copies, well bound in calfskin and lettered at the back, of all modern bodies of arts and sciences whatsoever, and in what language you please. These you distil in *bubneo Marie*, infusing quintessence of poppy-Q. S., together with three pints of *Lethe*, to be had from the apothecaries. You cleanse away carefully the *sordes* and *caput mortuum*, letting all that is volatile evaporate. You preserve only the first running, which is again to be distilled seventeen times, till what remains will amount to about two drama. This you keep in a glass phial, hermetically sealed, for one-and-twenty days. Then you begin your catholic treatise, taking every morning fasting, first shaking the phial, three drops of this elixir, snuffing it strongly up your nose. It will dilate itself about the brain (where there is any) in fourteen minutes, and you immediately perceive in your head an infinite number of abstracts, summaries, compendiums, extracts, collections, medullas, *excerpta quadams*, *scritlogias*, and the like, all disposed into great order, and reducible upon paper.

I must needs own it was by the assistance of this arcanum that I, though otherwise *inopar*, have adventured upon so daring an attempt, never achieved or undertaken before, but by a certain author called Homer; in whom, though otherwise a person not without some abilities, and, for an ancient, of a tolerable genius, I have discovered many gross errors which are not to be forgiven his very ashes, if by chance any of them are left. For whereas we are assured he designed his work for a complete body of all knowledge, human, divine, political, and mechanic, it is manifest he has wholly neglected some, and been very imperfect in the rest. For first of all, as eminent a scholar as his disciples would represent him, his account of the *opus magnum* is extremely poor and deficient; he seems to have read but very superficially either *Sendivgus*, *Behmen*, or *Anthroposophia Theomagica*.^b He is also quite mistaken about the *sphæra pyroplastica*, a neglect not to be stoned for; and if the reader will admit so severe a censure, *vix credetum auctorem hunc sanguinem audivisse ignis rorem*. His failings are not less prominent in several parts of the me-

* Administered the cup to the lady.

^a Allowed marriages of priests.

^b Beginning of the Reformation.

^c Directed penitents not to trust to pardons and absolutions.

^d By Peter's dragoons is meant the civil power.

^a An imaginary island, supposed to be seen at intervals by the inhabitants of the Isle of Arran; and, like the *Painters' Wives* Island, placed in some unknown part of the ocean.

^b A treatise written by a Welsh gentleman of Cambridge near rank.

chanics. For, having read his writings with the utmost application usual among modern wits, I could never yet discover the least direction about the structure of that useful instrument, a save-all; for want of which, if the moderns had not lent their assistance, we might yet have wandered in the dark. But I have still behind a fault far more notorious to tax this author with; I mean his gross ignorance in the common laws of this realm, and in the doctrine as well as discipline of the church of England. A defect indeed, for which both he and all the ancients stand most justly censured by my worthy and ingenious friend Mr. Wotton, Bachelor of Divinity, in his incomparable Treatise of Ancient and Modern Learning: a book never to be sufficiently valued, whether we consider the happy turns and flowings of the author's wit, the great usefulness of his sublime discoveries upon the subject of flies and spittle, or the laborious eloquence of his style. And I cannot forbear doing that author the justice of my public acknowledgments for the great helps and liftings I had out of his incomparable piece, while I was penning this treatise.

But beside these omissions in Homer already mentioned, the curious reader will also observe several defects in that author's writings, for which he is not altogether so accountable. For whereas every branch of knowledge has received such wonderful acquisitions since his age, especially within these last three years, or thereabouts, it is almost impossible he could be so very perfect in modern discoveries as his advocates pretend. We freely acknowledge him to be the inventor of the compass, of gunpowder, and the circulation of the blood: but I challenge any of his admirers to show me in all his writings a complete account of the spleen; does he not also leave us wholly to seek in the art of political wagging? What can be more defective and unsatisfactory than his long dissertation upon tea? And as to his method of salvation without mercy so much celebrated of late, it is, to my own knowledge and experience, a thing very little to be relied on.

It was to supply such momentous defects that I have been prevailed on, after long solicitation, to take pen in hand; and I dare venture to promise, the judicious reader shall find nothing neglected here that can be of use upon any emergency of life. I am confident to have included and exhausted all that human imagination can rise or fall to. Particularly, I recommend to the perusal of the learned certain discoveries that are wholly untouched by others; whereof I shall only mention, among a great many more, my new help for smatterers, or the art of being deep-learned and shallow-read. A curious invention about mouse-traps. A universal rule of reason, or every man his own carver; together with a most useful engine for catching of owls. All which, the judicious reader will find largely treated on in the several parts of this discourse.

I hold myself obliged to give as much light as is possible into the beauties and excellencies of what I am writing; because it is become the fashion and humour most applauded among the first authors of this polite and learned age, when they would correct the ill-nature of critical, or inform the ignorance of courteous readers. Besides, there have been several famous pieces lately published, both in verse and prose, wherein, if the writers had not been pleased, out of their great humanity and affection to the public, to give us a nice detail of the sublime and the admirable they contain, it is a thousand to one whether we should ever have discovered one grain of either. For my own particular, I cannot deny

that whatever I have said upon this occasion had been more proper in a preface, and more agreeable to the mode which usually directs it thither. But I here think fit to lay bold on that great and honourable privilege of being the last writer; I claim an absolute authority in right, as the freshest modern, which gives me a despotic power over all authors before me. In the strength of which title I do utterly disapprove and declare against that pernicious custom of making the preface a bill of fare to the book. For I have always looked upon it as a high point of indiscretion in monster-mongers, and other retailers of strange sights, to hang out a fair large picture over the door, drawn after the life, with a most eloquent description underneath; this has saved me many a three-pence; for my curiosity was fully satisfied, and I never offered to go in, though often invited by the urging and attending orator, with his last moving and standing piece of rhetoric:—Sir, upon my word we are just going to begin. Such is exactly the fate at this time of prefaces, epistles, advertisements, introductions, prolegomenas, apparatuses, to the readers. This expedient was admirable at first; our great Dryden has long carried it as far as it would go, and with incredible success. He has often said to me in confidence, that the world would have never suspected him to be so great a poet, if he had not assured them so frequently in his prefaces that it was impossible they could either doubt or forget it. Perhaps it may be so; however, I much fear his instructions have edified out of their place, and taught men to grow wiser in certain points where he never intended they should; for it is lamentable to behold with what a lazy scorn many of the yawning readers of our age do now-a-days twirl over forty or fifty pages of preface and dedication, (which is the usual modern stint,) as if it were so much Latin. Though it must be also allowed, on the other hand, that a very considerable number is known to proceed critics and wits by reading nothing else. Into which two factions I think all present readers may justly be divided. Now, for myself, I profess to be of the former sort; and therefore, having the modern inclination to expatiate upon the beauty of my own productions, and display the bright parts of my discourse, I thought best to do it in the body of the work; where, as it now lies, it makes a very considerable addition to the bulk of the volume; a circumstance by no means to be neglected by a skilful writer.

Having thus paid my due deference and acknowledgment to an established custom of our newest authors, by a long digression unsought for, and a universal censure unprovoked; by forcing into the light, with much pains and dexterity, my own excellencies and other men's defaults, with great justice to myself and candour to them, I now happily resume my subject, to the infinite satisfaction both of the reader and the author.

SECTION THE SIXTH.

We left lord Peter in open rupture with his two brethren; both for ever discarded from his house, and resigned to the wide world, with little or nothing to trust to. Which are circumstances that render them proper subjects for the charity of a writer's pen to work on; scenes of misery ever affording the fairest harvest for great adventures. And in this the world may perceive the difference between the integrity of a generous author and that of a common friend. The latter is observed to adhere closely in prosperity, but on the decline of fortune to drop

suddenly off. Whereas the generous author, just on the contrary, bade his hero on the dunghill, from thence by gradual steps raises him to a throne, and then immediately withdraws, expecting not so much as thanks for his pains; in imitation of which example, I have placed lord Peter in a noble house, given him a title to wear and money to spend. There I shall leave him for some time; returning where common charity directs me, to the assistance of his two brothers at their lowest ebb. However, I shall by no means forget my character of an historian to follow the truth step by step, whatever happens, or wherever it may lead me.

The two exiles, so nearly united in fortune and interest, took a lodging together; where, at their first leisure, they began to reflect on the numberless misfortunes and vexations of their life past, and could not tell on the sudden to what failure in their conduct they ought to impute them; when, after some recollection, they called to mind the copy of their father's will, which they had so happily recovered. This was immediately produced, and a firm resolution taken between them to alter whatever was already amiss, and reduce all their future measures to the strictest obedience prescribed therein. The main body of the will (as the reader cannot easily have forgot) consisted in certain admirable rules about the wearing of their coats; in the perusal whereof, the two brothers at every period duly comparing the doctrine with the practice, there was never seen a wider difference between two things; horrible downright transgressions of every point. Upon which they both resolved, without farther delay, to fall immediately upon reducing the whole exactly after their father's model.

But here it is good to stop the hasty reader, ever impatient to see the end of an adventure before we writers can duly prepare him for it. I am to record that these two brothers began to be distinguished at this time by certain names. One of them desired to be called MARTIN [Martin Luther], and the other took the appellation of JACK [John Calvin]. These two had lived in much friendship and agreement under the tyranny of their brother Peter, as it is the talent of fellow-sufferers to do; men in misfortune being like men in the dark, to whom all colours are the same: but when they came forward into the world, sad began to display themselves to each other and to the light, their complexions appeared extremely different; which the present posture of their affairs gave them sudden opportunity to discover.

But here the severe reader may justly tax me as a writer of short memory, a deficiency to which a true modern cannot but of necessity be a little subject. Because memory, being an employment of the mind upon things past, is a faculty for which the learned in our illustrious age have no manner of occasion, who deal entirely with invention, and strike all things out of themselves, or at least by collision from each other; upon which account we think it highly reasonable to produce our great forgetfulness as an argument unanswerable for our great wit. I ought in method to have informed the reader, about fifty pages ago, of a fancy lord Peter took, and infused into his brothers, to wear on their coats whatever trimmings came up in fashion;^a never pulling off any as they went out of the mode, but keeping on all together, which amounted in time to a medley the most antic you can possibly conceive; and this to a degree, that upon the time of their falling out there was hardly a thread of the original coat to be seen; but an infinite quantity of

lace, and ribbons, and fringe, and embroidery, and points; I mean only those tagged with silver,^b for the rest fell off. Now this material circumstance, having been forgot in due place, as good fortune has ordered, comes in very properly here when the two brothers are just going to reform their vestures into the primitive state prescribed by their father's will.

They both unanimously entered upon this great work, looking sometimes on their coats; and sometimes on the will. Martin laid the first hand; at one twitch brought off a large handful of points; and, with a second pull, stripped away ten dozen yards of fringe.^c But when he had gone thus far he demurred a while; he knew very well there yet remained a great deal more to be done; however, the first heat being over, his violence began to cool, and he resolved to proceed more moderately in the rest of the work, having already narrowly escaped a swinging rent, in pulling off the points, which, being tagged with silver (as we have observed before), the judicious workman had, with much sagacity, double sewn, to preserve them from falling.^d Resolving therefore to rid his coat of a huge quantity of gold-lace, he picked up the stiches with much caution, and diligently gleaned out all the loose threads as he went, which proved to be a work of time. Then he fell about the embroidered Indian figures of men, women, and children; against which, as you have heard in its due place, their father's testament was extremely exact and severe; these, with much dexterity and application, were, after a while, quite eradicated or utterly defaced.^e For the rest, where he observed the embroidery to be worked so close as not to be got away without damaging the cloth, or where it served to hide or strengthen any flaw in the body of the coat, constructed by the perpetual tampering of workmen upon it, he concluded the wisest course was to let it remain, resolving in no case whatsoever that the substance of the stuff should suffer injury; which he thought the best method for serving the true intent and meaning of his father's will. And this is the nearest account I have been able to collect of Martin's proceedings upon this great revolution.

But his brother Jack, whose adventures will be so extraordinary as to furnish a great part in the remainder of this discourse, entered upon the matter with other thoughts and a quite different spirit. For the memory of lord Peter's injuries produced a degree of hatred and spite which had a much greater share of inciting him than any regards after his father's commands; since these appeared, at best, only secondary and subservient to the other. However, for this medley of humour he made a shift to find a very plausible name, honouring it with the title of zeal; which is perhaps the most significant word that has been ever yet produced in any language: as I think I have fully proved in my excellent analytical discourse upon that subject; wherein I have deduced a histori-theo-physi-logical account of zeal, showing how it first proceeded from a notion into a word, and thence, in a hot summer, ripened into a tangible substance. This work, containing three large volumes in folio, I design very shortly to publish by the modern way of subscription, not doubting but the nobility and gentry of the land will give me all possible encouragement;

^a Points tagged with silver are doctrines that promote the greatness and wealth of the church.

^b Alluding to the commencement of the Reformation.

^c The dissolution of the monasteries occasioned immense losses during the reign of Edward VI.

^d The abolition of the worship of saints.

^e The Romish ceremonies multiplied.

having had already such a taste of what I am able to perform.

I record, therefore, that brother Jack, brimful of this miraculous compound, reflecting with indignation upon Peter's tyranny, and, farther provoked by the despondency of Martin, prefaced his resolutions to this purpose. "What," said he, "a rogue that locked up his drink, turned away our wives, cheated us of our fortunes; palmed his damned crusts upon us for mutton; and at last kicked us out of doors; must we be in his fashions, with a pox! a rascal, besides, that all the street cries out against." Having thus kindled and inflamed himself as high as possible, and by consequence in a delicate temper for beginning a reformation, he set about the work immediately; and in three minutes made more despatch than Martin had done in as many hours. For, courteous reader, you are given to understand that zeal is never so highly obliged as when you set it a-tearing; and Jack, who doted on that quality in himself, allowed it at this time its full swing. Thus it happened that, stripping down a parcel of gold lace a little too hastily, he rent the main body of his coat from top to bottom; and whereas his talent was not of the bappest in taking up a stitch, he knew no better way than to darn it again with packthread and a skewer. But the matter was yet infinitely worse (I record it with tears) when he proceeded to the embroidery; for, being clumsy by nature, and of temper impatient; withal, beholding millions of stitches that required the nicest hand and sedatest constitution to extricate; in a great rage he tore off the whole piece, cloth and all, and flung it into the kennel, and furiously thus continued his career: "Ah, good brother Martin," said he, "do as I do, for the love of God; strip, tear, pull, rend, flay off all, that we may appear as unlike that rogue Peter as it is possible; I would not for a hundred pounds carry the least mark about me that might give occasion to the neighbors of suspecting that I was related to such a rascal." But Martin, who at this time happened to be extremely phlegmatic and sedate, begged his brother, of all love, not to damage his coat by any means; for he never would get such another; desired him to consider that it was not their business to form their actions by any reflection upon Peter, but by observing the rules prescribed in their father's will. That he should remember Peter was still their brother, whatever faults or injuries he had committed; and therefore they should by all means avoid such a thought as that of taking measures for good and evil from no other rule than of opposition to him. That it was true, the testament of their good father was very exact in what related to the wearing of their coats: yet it was no less penal and strict in prescribing agreement, and friendship, and affection between them. And therefore, if straining a point were at all dispensable, it would certainly be so rather to the advance of unity than increase of contradiction.

MARTIN had still proceeded as gravely as he began, and doubtless would have delivered an admirable lecture of morality, which might have exceedingly contributed to my reader's repose both of body and mind, the true ultimate end of ethics; but Jack was already gone a flight-shot beyond his patience. And as in scholastic disputes nothing serves to rouse the spleen of him that opposes so much as a kind of pedantic affected calmness in the respondent; dispirited being for the most part like unequal scales, where the gravity of one side advances the lightness of the other, and causes it to fly up and kick the beam: so it happened here that the weight of Martin's argument exalted Jack's levity,

and made him fly out, and spurn against his brother's moderation. In short, Martin's patience put Jack in a rage; but that which most afflicted him was, to observe his brother's coat so well reduced into the state of innocence; while his own was either wholly rent to his shirt, or those places which had escaped his cruel clutches were still in Peter's livery. So that he looked like a drunken beau, half riddled by bul-¹lies; or like a fresh tenant of Newgate, when he has refused the payment of garnish; or like a discovered shoplifter, left to the mercy of Exchange women;² or like a bawd in her old velvet petticoat, resigned into the secular hands of the mohile. Like any, or like all of these, a medley of rags, and lace, and rents, and fringes, unfortunate Jack did now appear: he would have been extremely glad to see his coat in the condition of Martin's, but infinitely gladdened to find that of Martin in the same predicament with his. However, since neither of these was likely to come to pass, he thought fit to lend the whole business another turn, and to dress up necessity into a virtue. Therefore, after as many of the fox's arguments³ as he could muster up, for bringing Martin to reason, as he called it; or, as he meant it, into his own ragged, bobtailed condition; and observing he said all to little purpose; what, alas! was left for the forlorn Jack to do, but, after a million of scurrilities against his brother, to run mad with spleen, and spite, and contradiction. To be short, here began a mortal breach between these two. Jack went immediately to new lodgings, and in a few days it was for certain reported that he had run out of his wits. In a short time after he appeared abroad, and confirmed the report by falling into the oddest whimsies that ever a sick brain conceived.

And now the little boys in the streets began to salute him with several names. Sometimes they would call him Jack the bald (Calvin); sometimes, Jack with a lantern;⁴ sometimes, Dutch Jack;⁵ sometimes, French Hugh (Hugonots); sometimes, Tom the beggar;⁶ and sometimes, Knocking Jack of the north (John Knox). And it was under one, or some, or all of these appellations, which I leave the learned reader to determine, that he has given rise to the most illustrious and epidemic sect of *Æolists*; who, with honourable commemoration, do still acknowledge the renowned JACK for their author and founder. Of whose original, as well as principles, I am now advancing to gratify the world with a very particular account.

—*Melleo contingens cuncta lepore.*

SECTION THE SEVENTH.

A DIGRESSION IN FRAISE OF DIGRESSIONS.

I HAVE sometimes heard of an Iliad in a nutshell; but it has been my fortune to have much oftener seen a nut-shell in an Iliad. There is no doubt that human life has received most wonderful advantages from both; but to which of the two the world is chiefly indebted I shall leave among the curious as a problem worthy of their utmost inquiry. For the invention of the latter I think the commonwealth of learning is chiefly obliged to the great modern improvement of digressions; the late refinements in knowledge running parallel to those of diet in

¹ The galleries over the piazas in the late Royal Exchange were filled with shops, kept chiefly by women, in the manner of the Exeter Change in the Strand, which is no more to be seen, but, in its place, Exeter Hall.

² The fox in the fable, who, caught in a trap, lost his tail, and used arguments to persuade it a real to cut off theirs.

³ All who pretend to inward light.

⁴ Jack of Leyden, who gave rise to the anathatists.

⁵ The Gueux, by which name some protestants in Flanders were called.

our nation, which, among men of a judicious taste, are dressed up in various compounds, consisting in soups and olives, fricassees and ragouts.

It is true, there is a sort of morose, detracting, ill-bred people, who pretend utterly to disrelish these polite innovations; and as to the similitude from diet, they allow the parallel, but are so bold to pronounce the example itself a corruption and degeneracy of taste. They tell us that the fashion of jumbling fifty things together in a dish was at first introduced, in compliance to a depraved and debauched appetite, as well as to a crazy constitution; and to see a man hunting through an olio, after the head and brains of a goose, a widgeon, or a woodcock, is a sign he wants a stomach and digestion for more substantial victuals. Further, they affirm that digressions in a book are like foreign troops in a state, which argue the nation to want a heart and hands of its own, and often either subdue the natives, or drive them into the most unfruitful corners.

But, after all that can be objected by these supercilious censors, it is manifest the society of writers would quickly be reduced to a very inconsiderable number if men were put upon making books with the fatal confinement of delivering nothing beyond what is to the purpose. It is acknowledged, that were the case the same among us as with the Greeks and Romans, when learning was in its cradle, to be reared and fed, and clothed by invention, it would be an easy task to fill up volumes upon particular occasions, without farther expatiating from the subjects than by moderate excursions, helping to advance or clear the main design. But with knowledge it has fared as with a numerous army, encamped in a fruitful country, which, for a few days, maintains itself by the product of the soil it is on; till provisions being spent, they are sent to forage many a mile, among friends or enemies, it matters not. Meanwhile, the neighbouring fields, trampled and beaten down, become barren and dry, affording no sustenance but clouds of dust.

The whole course of things being thus entirely changed between us and the ancients, and the moderns wisely sensible of it, we of this age have discovered a shorter and more prudent method to become scholars and wits, without the fatigue of reading or of thinking. The most accomplished way of using books at present is two-fold; either, first, to serve them as some men do lords, learn their titles exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance. Or, secondly, which is indeed the choicer, the profounder, and politer method, to get a thorough insight into the index, by which the whole book is governed and turned, like fishes by the tail. For to enter the palace of learning at the great gate requires an expense of time and forms; therefore men of much haste and little ceremony are content to get in by the back door. For the arts are all in flying march, and therefore more easily subdued by attacking them in the rear. Thus physicians discover the state of the whole body by consulting only what comes from behind. Thus men catch knowledge by throwing their wit into the posteriors of a book, as boys do sparrows with flinging salt upon their tails. Thus human life is best understood by the wise man's rule of regarding the end. Thus are the sciences found, like Hercules's oxen, by tracing them backwards. Thus are old sciences unravelled, like old stockings, by beginning at the foot. Beside all this, the army of the sciences has been of late, with a world of martial discipline, drawn into its close order, so that a view or a muster may be taken of it with abundance of expedition. For this great blessing we are wholly indebted to systems and abstracts,

in which the modern fathers of learning, like prudent usurers, spent their sweat for the ease of us their children. For labour is the seed of idleness, and it is the peculiar happiness of our noble age to gather the fruit.

Now, the method of growing wise, learned, and sublime, having become so regular an affair, and so established in all its forms, the number of writers must needs have increased accordingly, and to a pitch that has made it of absolute necessity for them to interfere continually with each other. Besides, it is reckoned that there is not at this present a sufficient quantity of new matter left in nature to furnish and adorn any one particular subject to the extent of a volume. This I am told by a very skilful computer, who has given a full demonstration of it from rules of arithmetic.

This perhaps may be objected against by those who maintain the infinity of matter, and therefore will not allow that any species of it can be exhausted. For answer to which, let us examine the noblest branch of modern wit or invention, planted and cultivated by the present age, and which, of all others, has borne the most and the fairest fruit. For, though some remains of it were left us by the ancients, yet have not any of those, as I remember, been translated or compiled into systems for modern use. Therefore we may affirm, to our own honour, that it has, in some sort, been both invented and brought to perfection by the same hands. What I mean is, that highly celebrated talent among the modern wits of deducing similitudes, allusions, and applications, very surprising, agreeable, and apposite, from the *pudenda* of either sex, together with their proper uses. And truly, having observed how little invention bears any vogue, beside what is derived into these channels, I have sometimes had a thought that the happy genius of our age and country was prophetically held forth by that ancient typical description of the Indian pygmies, whose stature did not exceed above two foot; *sed quorum pudenda crassa, et ad talos usque pertingentia*. Now I have been very curious to inspect the late productions wherein the beauties of this kind have most prominently appeared; and although this vein has bled so freely, and all endeavours have been used in the power of human breath to dilate, extend, and keep it open, like the Scythians, who had a custom, and an instrument, to blow up the privities of their mares, that they might yield the more milk; yet I am under an apprehension it is near growing dry and past all recovery; and that either some new *fonde* of wit should, if possible, be provided, or else that we must even be content with repetition here, as well as upon all other occasions.

This will stand as an incontestable argument that our modern wits are not to reckon upon the infinity of matter for a constant supply. What remains, therefore, but that our last resource must be had to large indexes and little compendiums? quotations must be plentifully gathered, and booked in alphabet; to this end, though authors need be little consulted, yet eritics, and commentators, and lexicons, carefully must. But above all, those judicious collectors of bright parts, and flowers, and observandas, are to be nicely dwelt on by some called the sieves and boulders of learning; though it is left undetermined whether they dealt in pearls or meal; and, consequently, whether we are more to value that which passed through, or what staid behind.

By these methods, in a few weeks there starts up many a writer capable of managing the profoundest and most universal subjects. For what though his head be empty, provided his commonplace-book be

full† and if you will bate him but the circumstances of method, and style, and grammar, and invention; allow him but the common privileges of transcribing from others, and digressing from himself, as often as he shall see occasion; he will desire no more ingredients towards fitting up a treatise that shall make a very comely figure on a bookseller's shelf; there to be preserved, neat and clean for a long eternity, adorned with the heraldry of its title fairly inscribed on a label; never to be thumbed or greased by students, nor hound to everlasting chains of darkness in a library; but when the fulness of time is come, shall happily undergo the trial of purgatory, in order to ascend the sky.

Without these allowances, how is it possible we modern wits should ever have an opportunity to introduce our collections, listed under so many thousand heads of a different nature; for want of which the learned world would be deprived of infinite delight, as well as instruction, and we ourselves hurried beyond redress in an inglorious and undistinguished oblivion!

From such elements as these I am alive to behold the day wherein the corporation of authors can outvie all its brethren in the guild. A happiness derived to us, with a great many others, from our Scythian ancestors; among whom the number of pens was so infinite, that the Grecian eloquence had no other way of expressing it than by saying that in the regions far to the north it was hardly possible for a man to travel, the very air was so replete with feathers.

The necessity of this digression will easily excuse the length; and I have chosen for it as proper a place as I could readily find. If the judicious reader can assign a fitter, I do here impower him to remove it into any other corner he pleases. And so I return with great alacrity, to pursue a more important concern.

SECTION THE EIGHTH.

THE learned Æolists* maintain the original cause of all things to be wind, from which principle this whole universe was at first produced, and into which it must at last be resolved; that the same breath which had kindled and blew up the flame of nature should one day blow it out:—

Quod procul a nobis flectat fortuna gubernans.

This is what the adepts understand by their *anima mundi*; that is to say, the spirit, or breath, or wind of the world; for, examine the whole system by the particulars of nature, and you will find it not to be disputed. For whether you please to call the *forma informans* of man by the name of *spiritus*, *animus*, *afflatus*, or *anima*; what are all these but several appellations for wind, which is the ruling element in every compound, and into which they all resolve upon their corruption? Further, what is life itself but, as it is commonly called, the hreath of our nostrils? Whence it is very justly observed by naturalists that wind still continues of great emolument in certain mysteries not to be named, giving occasion for those happy epithets of *turgidus* and *inflatus*, applied either to the *emittent* or *recipient* organs.

By what I have gathered out of ancient records, I find the compass of their doctrine took in two-and-thirty points, wherein it would be tedious to be very particular. However, a few of their most important precepts, deducible from it, are by no means to be omitted; among which the following maxim was of much weight; that since wind had the master

share, as well as operation, in every compound, by consequence, those beings must be of chief excellence wherein that *primordium* appears most prominently to abound; and therefore man is in the highest perfection of all created things, as having, by the great bounty of philosophers, been endued with three distinct *animas* or winds, to which the sage Æolists, with much liberality, have added a fourth, of equal necessity as well as ornament with the other three; by this *quartum principium* taking in the four corners of the world; which gave occasion to that renowned cabalist, *Bumbustus*,* of pinning the body of a man in due position to the four cardinal points.

In consequence of this, their next principle was, that man brings with him into the world a peculiar portion or grain of wind, which may be called a *quinta essentia*, extracted from the other four. This quintessence is of a catholic use upon all emergencies of life, is improveable into all arts and sciences, and may be wonderfully refined, as well as enlarged, by certain methods in education. This, when blown up to its perfection, ought not to be covetously hoarded up, stifled or hid under a bushel, but freely communicated to mankind. Upon these reasons, and others of equal weight, the wise Æolists affirm the gift of belching to be the noblest act of a rational creature. To cultivate which art, and render it more serviceable to mankind, they made use of several methods. At certain seasons of the year you might behold the priests among them, in vast numbers, with their mouths gaping wide against a storm.† At other times were to be seen several hundreds linked together in a circular chain, with every man a pair of bellows applied to his neighbour's breech, by which they blew up each other to the shape and size of a tun; and for that reason, with great propriety of speech, did usually call their bodies their vessels. When, by these and the like performances, they were grown sufficiently replete, they would immediately depart, and disembogue, for the public good, a plentiful share of their acquisitions into their disciples' chaps. For we must here observe that all learning was esteemed among them to be compounded from the same principle. Because, first, it is generally affirmed, or confessed, that learning puffeth men up; and, secondly, they proved it by the following syllogism: Words are but wind; and learning is nothing but words; ergo, learning is nothing but wind. For this reason, the philosophers among them did, in their schools, deliver to their pupils all their doctrines and opinions by oration, wherein they had acquired a wonderful eloquence, and of incredible variety. But the great characteristic by which their chief sages were best distinguished was a certain position of countenance, which gave undoubted intelligence to what degree or proportion the spirit agitated the inward mass. For, after certain gripings, the wind and vapours issuing forth, having first, by their turbulence and convulsions within, caused an earthquake in man's little world, distorted the mouth, bloated the cheeks, and given the eyes a terrible kind of reliev; at such junctures all their helices were received for sacred, the sower the better, and swallowed with infinite consolation by their meagre devotees. And, to render these yet more complete, because the breath of man's life is in his nostrils, therefore the choicest, most edifying, and most enlivening belches, were very wisely cou-

* One of the names of Paracelsus, called Christophorus Theophrastus Paracelsus Bombastus.

† Those sedulous preachers who blow up seeds of rebellion.

* All pretenders to inspiration.

veyed through that vehicle, to give them a tincture as they passed.

Their gods were the four winds, whom they worshipped as the spirits that pervade and enliven the universe, and as those from whom alone all inspiration can properly be said to proceed. However, the chief of these, to whom they performed the adoration of *Iatria*,^a was the almighty North, an ancient deity, whom the inhabitants of Megslopolis, in Greece, had likewise in the highest reverence: *omnium deorum Boream maxime celebrant* [Pausan. l. 8]. This god, though endowed with ubiquity, was yet supposed, by the profounder Æolists, to possess one peculiar habitation, or (to speak in form) a *cælum empyreum*, wherein he was more intimately present. This was situated in a certain region, well known to the ancient Greeks, by them called *Zævia*, or the land of darkness. And although many controversies have arisen upon that matter, yet so much is undisputed, that from a region of the like denomination the most refined Æolists have borrowed their original; whence, in every age, the zealous among their priesthood have brought over their choicest inspiration, fetching it with their own hands from the fountain-head in certain bladders, and disploding it among the sectaries in all nations, who did, and do, and ever will, daily gasp and pant after it.

Now, their mysteries and rites were performed in this manner.^b It is well known among the learned that the virtuosoës of former ages had a contrivance for carrying and preserving winds in casks or barrels, which was of great assistance upon long sea-voyages: and the loss of so useful an art at present is very much to be lamented; although, I know not how, with great negligence omitted by Pancelolus.^c It was an invention ascribed to Æolus himself, from whom this sect is denominated; and who, in honour of their founder's memory, have to this day preserved great numbers of those barrels, whereof they fix one in each of their temples, first beating out the top; into this harrel, upon solemn days, the priest enters; where, having before duly prepared himself by the methods already described, a secret funnel is also conveyed from his posteriors to the bottom of the barrel, which admits new supplies of inspiration from a northern chink or cranny. Whereupon, you behold him swell immediately to the shape and size of his vessel. In this posture he disemboagues whole tempests upon his auditory, as the spirit from beneath gives him utterance; which, issuing *ex adytis et penetralibus*, is not performed without much pain and gripings. And the wind, in breaking forth, deals with his face^d as it does with that of the sea, first blackening, then wrinkling, and at last hursting it into a foam. It is in this guise the sacred Æolist delivers his oracular belches to his panting disciples; of whom, some are greedily gaping after the sanctified breath; others are all the while hymning out the praises of the winds; and, gently wafted to and fro by their own humming, do thus represent the soft breezes of their deities appeased.

It is from this custom of the priests that some authors maintain these Æolists to have been very ancient in the world. Because the delivery of their mysteries, which I have just now mentioned, appears exactly the same with that of other ancient oracles, whose inspirations were owing to certain subterraneous effluviæ of wind, delivered with the same pain to the priest, and much about the same

influence on the people. It is true, indeed, that these were frequently managed and directed by female officers, whose organs were understood to be better disposed for the admission of those oracular gusts, as entering and passing up through a receptacle of greater capacity, and causing also a pruriency by the way, such as, with due management, hath been refined from carnal into a spiritual ecstasy. And, to strengthen this profound conjecture, it is farther insisted, that this custom of female priests^e is kept up still in certain refined colleges of our modern Æolists, who are agreed to receive their inspiration, derived through the receptacle aforesaid, like their ancestors the sibyls.

And whereas the mind of a man, when he gives the spur and bridle to his thoughts, does never stop, but naturally sallies out into both extremes, of high and low, of good and evil; his first flight of fancy commonly transports him to ideas of what is most perfect, finished, and exalted; till, having soared out of his own reach and sight, not well perceiving how near the frontiers of height and depth border upon each other; with the same course and wing he falls down plumb into the lowest bottom of things; like one who travels the east into the west; or like a straight line drawn by its own length into a circle. Whether a tincture of malice in our natures makes us fond of furnishing every bright idea with its reverse; or whether reason, reflecting upon the ann of things, can, like the sun, serve only to enlighten one half of the globe, leaving the other half by necessity under shade and darkness; or whether fancy, flying up to the imagination of what is highest and best, becomes overshot, and spent, and weary, and suddenly falls, like a dead bird of paradise, to the ground; or whether, after all these metaphysical conjectures, I have not entirely missed the true reason; the proposition, however, which has stood me in so much circumstance, is altogether true; that as the most uncivilized parts of mankind have some way or other climbed up into the conception of a god or supreme power, so they have seldom forgot to provide their fears with certain ghastly notions, which, instead of better, have served them pretty tolerably for a devil. And this proceeding seems to be natural enough; for it is with men, whose imaginations are lifted up very high, after the same rate as with those whose bodies are so; that, as they are delighted with the advantage of a nearer contemplation upwards, so they are equally terrified with the dismal prospect of a precipice below. Thus, in the choice of a devil it has been the usual method of mankind to single out some being, either in act or in vision, which was in most antipathy to the god they had framed. Thus also the sect of Æolists possessed themselves with a dread and horror and hatred of two malignant natures, betwixt whom and the deities they adored perpetual enmity was established. The first of these was the chameleon,^f sworn foe to inspiration, who in scorn devoured large influences of their god, without refunding the smallest blast by eructation. The other was a huge terrible monster, called Moulinavent [windmill], who, with four strong arms, waged eternal battle with all their divinities, dexterously turning to avoid their blows, and repay them [infidels] with interest.

Thus furnished and set out with gods, as well as devils, was the renowned sect of Æolists, which makes at this day so illustrious a figure in the world, and whereof that polite nation of Lap-

^a Worship paid on'y to the supreme Deity.

^b The original of tub preaching described.

^c An author who writ *De Artibus perditis*, &c. Of arts lost, and of arts invented.

^d An exact description of the changes made in the face by enthusiastic preachers.

^e Quakers suffer their females to preach.

^f The author here, no doubt, means *Insidularians*.

landers are, beyond all doubt, a most authentic branch; of whom I therefore cannot, without injustice, here omit to make honourable mention; since they appear to be so closely allied in point of interest, as well as inclinations, with their brother Æolians among us, as not only to buy their winds by wholesale from the same merchants, but also to retail them after the same rate and method, and to customers much alike.

Now, whether this system here delivered was wholly compiled by Jack, or, as some writers believe, rather copied from the original at Delphos, with certain additions and emendations, suited to the times and circumstances, I shall not absolutely determine. This I may affirm, that Jack gave it at least a new turn, and formed it into the same dress and model as it lies deduced by me.

I have long sought after this opportunity of doing justice to a society of men for whom I have a peculiar honour, and whose opinions, as well as practices, have been extremely misrepresented and traduced by the malice or ignorance of their adversaries. For I think it one of the greatest and best of human actions to remove prejudices, and place things in their truest and fairest light, which I therefore boldly undertake, without any regards of my own, beside the conscience, the honour, and the thanks.

SECTION THE NINTH.

A DISCUSSION CONCERNING THE ORIGINAL, THE USE, AND IMPROVEMENT OF MADNESS IN A COMMON-WEALTH.

NOW shall it in any ways detract from the just reputation of this famous sect, that its rise and institution are owing to such an author as I have described Jack to be; a person whose intellects were overturned, and his brain shaken out of its natural position; which we commonly suppose to be a distemper, and call by the name of madness or phrensy. For if we take a survey of the greatest actions that have been performed in the world under the influence of single men, which are, the establishment of new empires by conquest, the advance and progress of new schemes in philosophy, and the contriving, as well as the propagating, of new religions; we shall find the authors of them all to have been persons whose natural reason had admitted great revolutions, from their diet, their education, the prevalence of some certain temper, together with the particular influence of air and climate. Besides, there is something individual in human minds, that easily kindles at the accidental approach and collision of certain circumstances, which, though of paltry and mean appearance, do often flame out into the greatest emergencies of life. For great turns are not always given by strong hands, but by lucky adaption, and at proper seasons; and it is of no import where the fire was kindled, if the vapour has once got up into the brain. For the upper region of man is furnished like the middle region of the air; the materials are formed from causes of the widest difference, yet produce at last the same substance and effect.

Mists arise from the earth, steams from dunghills, exhalations from the sea, and smoke from fire; yet all clouds are the same in composition as well as consequences, and the fumes issuing from a jakes will furnish as comely and useful a vapour as incense from an altar. Thus far, I suppose, will easily be granted me; and then it will follow that, as the face of nature never produces rain but when it is overcast and disturbed, so human understanding,

seated in the brain, must be troubled and overspread by vapours ascending from the lower faculties to water the invention and render it fruitful. Now, although these vapours (as it has been already said) are of as various original as those of the skins, yet the crops they produce differ both in kind and degree, merely according to the soil. I will produce two instances to prove and explain what I am now advancing.

A certain great prince^a raised a mighty army, filled his coffers with infinite treasures, provided an invincible fleet, and all this without giving the least part of his design to his greatest ministers or his nearest favourites. Immediately the whole world was alarmed; the neighbouring crowns in trembling expectations towards what point the storm would burst; the small politicians everywhere forming profound conjectures. Some believed he had laid a scheme for universal monarchy; others, after much insight, determined the matter to be a project for pulling down the pope, and setting up the reformed religion, which had once been his own. Some, again, of a deeper sagacity, sent him into Asia to subdue the Turk and recover Palestine. In the midst of all these projects and preparations, a certain state-surgeon,^b gathering the nature of the disease by these symptoms, attempted the cure, at one blow performed the operation, broke the bag, and out flew the vapour; nor did anything want to render it a complete remedy, only that the prince unfortunately happened to die in the performance. Now, is the reader exceedingly curious to learn whence this vapour took its rise, which had so long set the nations at a gaze? what secret wheel, what hidden spring, could put into motion so wonderful an engine? It was afterwards discovered that the movement of this whole machine had been directed by an absent female, whose eyes had raised a protuberancy, and, before emission, she was removed into an enemy's country. What should an unhappy prince do in such ticklish circumstances as these? He tried in vain the poet's never-failing receipt of *corpora quævis*; for,

*Idque petit corpus mens unde est omnia amore:
Unde tritum, eo tendit, grætitque colore.—L'EC.*

Having to no purpose used all peaceable endeavours, the collected part of the semen, raised and inflamed, became adust, converted to choler, turned head upon the spinal duct, and ascended to the brain: the very same principle that influences a bully to break the windows of a whore who has jilted him naturally stirs up a great prince to raise mighty armies, and dream of nothing but sieges, battles, and victories.

—Terribilis belli
Causa—

The other instance is what I have read somewhere in a very ancient author, of a mighty king [Louis XIV. of France], who, for the space of above thirty years, amused himself to take and lose towns; beat armies, and be beaten; drive princes out of their dominions; fright children from their bread and butter; burn, lay waste, plunder, dragoon, massacre subject and stranger, friend and foe, male and female. It is recorded that the philosophers of each country were in grave dispute upon causes, natural, moral, and political, to find out where they should assign an original solution of this phenomenon. At last, the vapour or spirit which animated the hero's brain, being in perpetual circulation, seized upon that region of the human body so renowned for furnishing the *zibeta occidentalis*,

^a Henry the Great of France.

^b Ravillac, who stabbed Henry the Great.

and, gathering there into a tumour, left the rest of the world far that time in peace. Of such mighty consequence it is where those exhalations fix, and of so little from whence they proceed. The same spirits which, in their superior progress, would conquer a kingdom, descending upon the anus, conclude in a fistula.

Let us next examine the great introducers of new schemes in philosophy, and search till we can find from what faculty of the soul the disposition arises in mortal man of taking it into his head to advance new systems, with such an eager zeal, in things agreed on all hands impossible to be known: from what seeds this disposition springs, and to what quality of human nature these grand innovators have been indebted for their number of disciples. Because it is plain that several of the chief among them, both ancient and modern, were usually mistaken by their adversaries, and indeed by all except their own followers, to have been persons crazed, or out of their wits; having generally proceeded, in the common course of their words and actions, by a method very different from the vulgar dictates of unrefined reason; agreeing for the most part in their several models with their present undoubted successors in the academy of modern Bedlam, whose merits and principles I shall further examine in due place. Of this kind were Epicurus, Diogenes, Apollonius, Lucretius, Paracelsus, Des Cartes, and others; who, if they were now in the world, tied fast, and separate from their followers, would, in this our undistinguishing age, incur manifest danger of phlebotomy, and whips, and chains, and dark chambers, and straw. For whilst man, in the natural state or course of thinking, did ever conceive it in his power to reduce the notions of all mankind exactly to the same length, and breadth, and height of his own! yet this is the first humble and civil design of all innovators in the empire of reason. Epicurus modestly hoped that, one time or other, a certain fortuitous concurrence of all men's opinions, after perpetual jostlings, the sharp with the smooth, the light and the heavy, the round and the square, would, by certain clinamina, unite in the notions of atoms and void, as these did in the originals of all things. Cartesius reckoned to see, before he died, the sentiments of all philosophers, like so many lesser stars in his romantic system, wrapped and drawn within his own vortex. Now, I would gladly be informed how it is possible to account for such imaginations as these in particular men, without recourse to my phenomenon of vapours ascending from the lower faculties to overshadow the brain, and there distilling into conceptions, for which the narrowness of our mother-tongue has not yet assigned any other name beside that of madness or phrensy. Let us therefore now conjecture how it comes to pass that none of these great prescribers do ever fail providing themselves and their notions with a number of implicit disciples. And I think the reason is easy to be assigned; for there is a peculiar string in the harmony of human understanding, which, in several individuals, is exactly of the same tuning. This, if you can dexterously screw up to its right key, and then strike gently upon it, whenever you have the good fortune to light among those of the same pitch, they will, by a secret necessary sympathy, strike exactly at the same time. And in this one circumstance lies all the skill or luck of the matter; for, if you chance to jar the string among those who are either above or below your own height, instead of subscribing to your doctrine, they will tie you fast, call you mad, and feed you with bread and water. It is therefore a point of the

nicest conduct to distinguish and adapt this noble talent with respect to the differences of persons and of times. Cicero understood this very well, who, when writing to a friend in England, with a caution, among other matters, to beware of being cheated by our hackney-coachmen (who, it seems, in those days were as errant rascals as they are now), has these remarkable words: *Est quod gaudeas te in ista loca venire, ubi aliquid sapere videre*. For, to speak a bold truth, it is a fatal miscarriage so ill to order affairs as to pass for a fool in one company, when in another you might be treated as a philosopher. Which I desire some certain gentlemen of my acquaintance to lay up in their hearts, as a very seasonable *monendo*.

This, indeed, was the fatal mistake of that worthy gentleman, my most ingenious friend, Mr. Wotton; a person, in appearance, ordained for great designs, as well as performances: whether you will consider his notions or his looks, surely no man ever advanced into the public with fitter qualifications of body and mind for the propagation of a new religion. O, had those happy talents, misapplied to vain philosophy, been turned into their proper channels of dreams and visions, where distortion of mind and countenance are of such sovereign use, the base detracting world would not then have dared to report that something is amiss, that his brain has undergone an unlucky shake, which even his brother modernists themselves, like ungrates, do whisper so loud, that it reaches up to the very garret I am now writing in!

Lastly, whosoever pleases to look into the fountains of enthusiasm, from whence, in all ages, have eternally proceeded such fattening streams, will find the spring-head to have been as troubled and muddy as the current: of such great emolument is a tincture of this vapour, which the world calls madness, that without its help the world would not only be deprived of those two great blessings, conquests and systems, but even all mankind would unhappily be reduced to the same belief in things invisible. Now, the former *postulat* being held, that it is of no import from what originals this vapour proceeds, but either in what angles it strikes and spreads over the understanding, or upon what species of brain it ascends; it will be a very delicate point to cut the feather, and divide the several reasons to a nice and curious reader, how this numerical difference in the brain can produce effects of so vast a difference from the same vapour as to be the sole point of individuation between Alexander the Great, Jack of Leyden, and Monsieur des Cartes. The present argument is the most abstracted that ever I engaged in; it strains my faculties to their highest stretch; and I desire the reader to attend with the utmost propensity; for I now proceed to unravel this knotty point.

There is in mankind a certain
 • • • • •
Hic multa desiderantur.
 • • • • •

And this I take to be a clear solution of the matter.

Having therefore so narrowly passed through this intricate difficulty, the reader will, I am sure, agree with me in the conclusion, that if the moderns mean by madness only a disturbance or transposition of the brain, by force of certain vapours issuing up from the lower faculties, then has this madness been the parent of all those mighty revolutions that have happened in empire, philosophy, and in religion. For the brain in its natural position and state of serenity disposes its owner to pass his life in the common forms, without any thoughts of subduing

* Another intended break in the manuscript.

multitudes to his own power, his reasons or his vision; and the more he shapes his understanding by the pattern of human learning, the less he is inclined to form parties after his particular notions, because that instructs him in his private infirmities, as well as in the stubborn ignorance of the people. But when a man's fancy gets astride on his reason; when imagination is at cuffs with the senses; and common understanding, as well as common sense, is kicked out of doors; the first proselyte he makes is himself; and when that is once compassed the difficulty is not so great in bringing over others; a strong delusion always operating from without as vigorously as from within. For cant and vision are to the ear and the eye the same that tickling is to the touch. Those entertainments and pleasures we most value in life are such as dupe and play the wag with the senses. For if we take an examination of what is generally understood by happiness, as it has respect either to the understanding or the senses, we shall find all its properties and adjuncts will herd under this short definition, that it is a perpetual possession of being well deceived. And first with relation to the mind or understanding, it is manifest what mighty advantages fiction has over truth; and the reason is just at our elbow, because imagination can build nobler scenes, and produce more wonderful revolutions, than fortune or nature will be at expense to furnish. Nor is mankind so much to blame in his choice thus determining him, if we consider that the debate merely lies between things past and things conceived: and so the question is only this; whether things that have place in the imagination may not as properly be said to exist as those that are seated in the memory; which may be justly held in the affirmative, and very much to the advantage of the former, since this is acknowledged to be the womb of things, and the other allowed to be no more than the grave. Again, if we take this definition of happiness, and examine it with reference to the senses, it will be acknowledged wonderfully adapt. How fading and insipid do all objects accost us that are not conveyed in the vehicle of delusion! how shrunk is everything as it appears in the glass of nature! so that, if it were not for the assistance of artificial mediums, false lights, refracted angles, varnish and tinsel, there would be a mighty level in the felicity and enjoyments of mortal men. If this were seriously considered by the world, as I have a certain reason to suspect it hardly will, men would no longer reckon among their high points of wisdom the art of exposing weak sides and publishing infirmities; an employment, in my opinion, neither better nor worse than that of unmasking, which, I think, has never been allowed fair usage either in the world or the playhouse.

In the proportion that credulity is a more peaceful possession of the mind than curiosity, so far preferable is that wisdom which converses about the surface to that pretended philosophy which enters into the depth of things, and than comes gravely back with informations and discoveries that in the inside they are good for nothing. The two senses to which all objects first address themselves are the sight and the touch; these never examine further than the colour, the shape, the size, and whatever other qualities dwell or are drawn by art upon the outward of bodies; and then comes reason officiously with tools for cutting, and opening, and mangling, and piercing, offering to demonstrate that they are not of the same consistence quits through. Now I take all this to be the last degree of perverting nature; one of whose eternal laws it is, to put her best furniture forward. And therefore, in order to

save the charges of all such expensive anatomy for the time to come, I do here think fit to inform the reader that in such conclusions as these reason is certainly in the right; and that, in most corporeal beings which have fallen under my cognizance, the outside has been infinitely preferable to the in; whereof I have been farther convinced from some late experiments. Last week I saw a woman flayed, and you will hardly believe how much it altered her person for the worse. Yesterday I ordered the carcase of a beau to be stripped in my presence; when we were all amazed to find so many unsuspected faults under one suit of clothes. Then I laid open his brain, his heart, and his spleen: but I plainly perceived at every operation, that the farther we proceeded we found the defects increase upon us in number and bulk: from all which, I justly formed this conclusion to myself, that whatever philosopher or projector can find out an art to solder and patch up the flaws and imperfections of nature will deserve much better of mankind, and teach us a more useful science, than that so much in present esteem, of wideusing and exposing them, like him who held anatomy to be the ultimate end of physic. And he whose fortunes and dispositions have placed him in a convenient station to enjoy the fruits of this noble art; he that can, with Epicurus, content his ideas with the films and images that fly off upon his senses from the superficialities of things; such a man, truly wise, creams off nature, leaving the sour and the dregs for philosophy and reason to lap up. This is the sublime and refined point of felicity, called the possession of being well deceived; the serene peaceful state of being a fool among knaves.

But to return to madness. It is certain that, according to the system I have above deduced, every species thereof proceeds from a redundancy of vapours; therefore, as some kinds of phrensy give double strength to the sinews, so there are of other species, which add vigour, and life, and spirit to the brain: now, it usually happens that these active spirits, getting possession of the brain, resemble those that haunt other waste and empty dwellings, which, for want of business, either vanish and carry away a piece of the house, or else stay at home and fling it all out of the windows. By which are mystically displayed the two principal branches of madness, and which some philosophers, not considering so well as I, have mistaken to be different in their causes, over hastily assigning the first to deficiency, and the other to redundancy.

I think it therefore manifest, from what I have here advanced, that the main point of skill and address is, to furnish employment for this redundancy of vapour, and prudently to adjust the season of it; by which means it may certainly become of cardinal and catholic emolument in a commonwealth. Thus one man, choosing a proper juncture, leaps into a gulf, thence proceeds a hero, and is called the saviour of his country; another achieves the same enterprise, but, unluckily timing it, has left the brand of madness fixed as a reproach upon his memory: upon so nice a distinction, are we taught to repeat the name of Curtius with reverence and love; that of Empedocles with hatred and contempt. Thus also it is usually conceived that the elder Brutus only personated the fool and madman for the good of the public; but this was nothing else than a redundancy of the same vapour long misapplied, called by the Latins *ingenium par negotiis*; or, to translate it as nearly as I can, a sort of phrensy, never in its right element till you take it up in the business of the state.

Upon all which, and many other reasons of equal

weight, though not equally curious, I do here gladly embrace an opportunity I have long sought for of recommending it as a very noble undertaking to sir Edward Seymour, sir Christopher Musgrave, sir John Bowles, John Howe, esq., and other patriots concerned, that they would move for leave to bring in a bill for appointing commissioners to inspect into Bedlam and the parts adjacent; who shall be empowered to send for persons, papers, and records; to examine into the merits and qualifications of every student and professor; to observe with utmost exactness their several dispositions and behaviour; by which means, duly distinguishing and adapting their talents, they might produce admirable instruments for the several offices in a state [ecclesiastical], civil and military; proceeding in such methods as I shall here humbly propose. And I hope the gentle reader will give some allowance to my great solitudes in this important affair, upon account of the high esteem I have borne that honourable society, whereof I had some time the happiness to be an unworthy member.

Is any student tearing his straw in piece-meal, swearing and blaspheming, hating his grate, foaming at the mouth, and emptying his piss-pot in the spectators' faces? let the right worshipful the commissioners of inspection give him a regiment of dragoons, and send him into Flanders among the rest. Is another eternally talking, sputtering, gaping, hawling in a sound without period or article? what wonderful talents are here mislaid! let him be furnished immediately with a green bag and papers, and three-pence in his pocket, and away with him to Westminster-Hall. You will find a third gravely taking the dimensions of his kennel; a person of foresight and insight, though kept quite in the dark; for why, like Moses, *ecce cornuta erat ejus facies*. He walks duly in due pace, eutrats^{*} your penny with due gravity and ceremony; talks much of hard times, and taxes, and the whore of Babylon; bars up the wooden window of his cell constantly at eight o'clock; dreams of fire, and shoplifters, and court-customers, and privileged places. Now, what a figure would all these acquirements amount to if the owner were sent into the city among his brethren! Behold a fourth, in much and deep conversation with himself, hating his thumbs at proper junctures; his countenance checkered with business and design; sometimes walking very fast, with his eyes nailed to a paper that he holds in his hands: a great saver of time, somewhat thick of hearing, very short of sight, but more of memory; a man ever in haste, a great hatcher and breeder of business, and excellent at the famous art of whispering nothing; a huge idolater of monosyllables and procrastination; so ready to give his word to everybody, that he never keeps it; one that has forgot the common meaning of words, but an admirable retainer of the sound: extremely subject to the looseness, for his occasions are perpetually calling him away. If you approach his grate in his familiar intervals; Sir, says he, give me a penny, and I'll sing you a song: but give me the penny first. (Hence comes the common saying, and commoner practice, of parting with money for a song). What a complete system of court skill is here described in every branch of it, and all utterly lost with wrong application! Accost the hole of another kennel (first stopping your nose), you will behold a snarly, gloomy, nasty, slovenly mortal, raking in his own dung, and dabbling in his urine. The best part of his diet is the reversion of his own ordure, which, expiring into steams, whirls perpe-

tuallly about, and at last reinfunds. His complexion is of a dirty yellow, with a thin scattered beard, exactly agreeable to that of his diet upon its first declination; like other insects, who, having their birth and education in an excrement, from thence borrow their colour and their smell. The student of this apartment is very sparing of his words, but somewhat over-liberal of his breath: he holds his hand out ready to receive your penny, and immediately upon receipt withdraws to his former occupations. Now, is it not amazing to think the society of Warwick-lane should have no more concern for the recovery of so useful a member, who, if one may judge from these appearances, would become the greatest ornament to that illustrious body? Another student struts up fiercely to your teeth, puffing with his lips, half squeezing out his eyes, and very graciously holds you out his hand to kiss. The keeper desires you not to be afraid of this professor, for he will do you no hurt: to him alone is allowed the liberty of the antechamber, and the orator of the place gives you to understand that this solemn person is a tailor run mad with pride. This considerable student is adorned with many other qualities, upon which at present I shall not further enlarge.

Hark in your ear—I am strangely mistaken if all his address, his motions, and his airs, would not then be very natural, and in their proper element.

I shall not descend so minutely as to insist upon the vast number of heaux, fiddlers, poets, and politicians, that the world might recover by such a reformation; but what is more material, beside the clear gain redounding to the commonwealth, by so large an acquisition of persons to employ, whose talents and acquirements, if I may be so bold as to affirm it, are now buried, or at least misapplied; it would be a mighty advantage accruing to the public from this inquiry, that all these would very much excel, and arrive at great perfection in their several kinds; which, I think, is manifest from what I have already shown, and shall enforce by this one plain instance; that even I myself, the author of these momentous truths, am a person whose imaginations are hard-mouthed and exceedingly disposed to run away with his reason, which I have observed, from long experience, to be a very light rider, and easily shaken off; upon which account my friends will never trust me alone, without a solemn promise to vent my speculations in this or the like manner, for the universal benefit of human kind; which perhaps the gentle, courteous, and caudal reader, hrimful of that modern charity and tenderness usually annexed to his office, will be very hardly persuaded to believe.

SECTION THE TENTH.

A FARTHER DIGRESSION.

It is an unanswerable argument of a very refined age, the wonderful civilities that have passed of late years between the nation of authors and that of readers. There can hardly pop out a play, a pamphlet, or a poem, without a preface full of acknowledgment to the world for the general reception and applause they have given it, which the Lord knows where, or when, or how, or from whom it received. In due deference to so laudable a custom, I do here return my humble thanks to his majesty and both houses of parliament, to the lords of the king's most honourable privy-council, to the reverend the judges, to the clergy, and gentry, and yeomanry of this land; but in a more especial manner to my worthy brethren and friends at Will's coffee-house, and Gresham-college, and Warwick-lane, and Moorfields, and Scotland-yard, and Westminster-hall, and Guildhall:

* Cornuta is either horned or shining, and by this term Moses is described.

In short, to all inhabitants and retainers whatsoever, either in court, or church, or camp, or city, or country, for their geuerous and universal acceptance of this diuine treatise. I accept their approbation and good opinion with extreme gratitude, and, to the utmost of my poor capacity, shall take hold of all opportunities to return the obligation.

I am also happy that fate has flung me into so blessed an age for the mutual felicity of booksellers and authors, whom I may safely affirm to be at this day the two only satisfied parties in England. Ask an author how his last piece has succeeded; why, truly, he thanks his stars the world has been very favourable, and he has not the least reason to complain: and yet, by G—, he wrote it in a week, at bits and starts, when he could steal an hour from his urgent affairs; as it is a hundred to one, you may see farther in the preface, to which he refers you; and for the rest to the bookseller. There you go as a customer, and make the same question: he blesses his God the thing takes wonderfully, he is just printing the second edition, and has but three left in his shop. You beat down the price: "Sir, we shall not differ;" and, in hopes of your custom another time, lets you have it as reasonable as you please; and "pray send as many of your acquaintance as you will, I shall, upon your account, furnish them all at the same rate."

Now, it is not well enough considered to what accidents and occasions the world is indebted for the greatest part of those noble writings which hourly start up to entertain it. If it were not for a rainy day, a drunken vigil, a fit of the spleen, a course of physic, a sleepy Sunday, an ill run at dice, a long tailor's bill, a beggar's purse, a factious head, a hot sun, costive diet, want of books, and a just contempt of learning: but for these events, I say, and some others too long to recite (especially a prudent neglect of taking brimstone inwardly), I doubt the number of authors and of writings would dwindle away to a degree most woful to behold. To confirm this opinion, hear the words of the famous Troglodyte philosopher: It is certain (said he) some grains of folly are of course annexed, as part of the composition of human nature, only the choice is left us, whether we please to wear them inlaid or embossed: and we need not to go very far to seek how that is usually determined, when we remember it is with human faculties as with liquors, the lightest will be ever at the top.

There is in this famous island of Britain a certain paltry scribbler, very voluminous, whose character the reader cannot wholly be a stranger to. He deals in a pernicious kind of writings, called *second parts*; and usually passes under the name of the author of the first. I easily foresee, that as soon as I lay down my pen this nimble operator will have stolen it, and treat me as inhumanly as he has already done Dr. Blackmore, Lestrangle, and many others, who shall here be nameless; I therefore fly for justice and relief into the hands of that great rectifier of saddles,* and lover of mankind, Dr. Bentley, begging he will take this enormous grievance into his most modern consideration: and if it should so happen that the furniture of an ass, in the shape of second part, must, for my sins, be clapped by a mistake upon my back, that he will immediately please, in the presence of the world, to lighten me of the burden, and take it home to his own house, till the true hebet thinks fit to call for it.

In the mean time I do here give this public notice, that my resolutions are to circumscribe within this

* Alluding to the trite phrase, "place the saddle on the right horse."

discourse the whole stock of matter I have been so many years providing. Since my vein is once opened, I am content to exhaust it all at a running, for the peculiar advantage of my dear country, and for the universal benefit of mankind. Therefore, hospitably considering the number of my guests, they shall have my whole entertainment at a meal; and I scorn to set up the leavings in the euphoard. What the guests cannot eat may be given to the poor; and the dogs* under the table may gnaw the bones. This I understand for a more generous proceeding than to turn the company's stomach, by inviting them again to-morrow to a scurry meal of scraps.

If the reader fairly considers the strength of what I have advanced in the foregoing section, I am convinced it will produce a wonderful revolution in his notions and opinions; and he will be abundantly better prepared to receive and to relish the concluding part of this miraculous treatise. Readers may be divided into three classes—the superficial, the ignorant, and the learned: and I have with much felicity fitted my pen to the genius and advantage of each. The superficial reader will be strangely provoked to laughter; which clears the breast and the lungs, is sovereign against the spleen, and the most innocent of all diuretics. The ignorant reader, between whom and the former the distinction is extremely nice, will find himself disposed to stare; which is an admirable remedy for ill eyes, serves to raise and enliven the spirits, and wonderfully helps perspiration. But the reader truly learned, chiefly for whose benefit I wake when others sleep, and sleep when others wake, will here find sufficient matter to employ his speculations for the rest of his life. It were much to be wished, and I do here humbly propose for an experiment, that every prince in Christendom will take seven of the deepest scholars in his dominions, and shut them up close for seven years in seven chambers, with a command to write seven ample commentaries on this comprehensive discourse. I shall venture to affirm that, whatever difference may be found in their several conjectures, they will be all, without the least distortion, manifestly deducible from the text. Meantime, it is my earnest request that so useful an undertaking may be entered upon, if their majesties please, with all convenient speed; because I have a strong inclination, before I leave the world, to taste a blessing which my mysterious writers can seldom reach till we have gotten into our graves: whether it is, that fame, being a fruit grafted on the body, can hardly grow, and much less ripen, till the stock is in the earth; or whether she be a bird of prey, and is lured, among the rest, to pursue after the scent of a carcase; or whether she conceives her trumpet sounds best and farthest when she stands on a tomb, by the advantage of a rising ground and the echo of a hollow vault.

It is true, indeed, the republic of dark authors, after they once found out this excellent expedient of dying, have been peculiarly happy in the variety as well as extent of their reputation. For night being the universal mother of things, wise philosophers hold all writings to be fruitful in the proportion that they are dark; and therefore, the true illumined^b (that is to say, the darkest of all) have met with such numberless commentators, whose academic midwifery has delivered them of meanings that the authors themselves perhaps never conceived, and yet may very justly be allowed the lawful parents of them; the words of such writers being like seed, which, however scattered at random, when they light upon

* By dogs, the author means injudicious critics.

^b A name of the Rosicrucians.

a fruitful ground, will multiply far beyond either the hopes or imagination of the sower.

And therefore, in order to promote so useful a work, I will here take leave to glance a few innuendoes, that may be of great assistance to those sublime spirits who shall be appointed to labour in a universal comment upon this wonderful discourse. And, first,* I have couched a very profound mystery in the number of O's multiplied by seven and divided by nine. Also, if a devout brother of the rosy cross will pray fervently for sixty-three mornings, with a lively faith, and then transpose certain letters and syllables, according to prescription, in the second and fifth section, they will certainly reveal into a full receipt of the *opus magnum*. Lastly, whoever will be at the pains to calculate the whole number of each letter in this treatise, and sum up the difference exactly between the several numbers, assigning the true natural cause for every such difference, the discoveries in the product will plentifully reward his labour. But then he must beware of Bythus and Sizé, and he sure not to forget the qualities of Acha-moth: *à cujus lacrymis humecta prodit substantia, à risu lucida, à tristitia, et à timore mobili*; wherein Eugenius Philalethes hath committed an unpardonable mistake.

SECTION THE ELEVENTH.

AFTER so wide a compass as I have wandered, I do now gladly overtake and close in with my subject, and shall henceforth hold on with it an even pace to the end of my journey, except some beautiful prospect appears within sight of my way; whereof though at present I have neither waning nor expectation, yet upon such an accident, come when it will, I shall beg my reader's favour and company, allowing me to conduct him through it along with myself. For in writing it is as in travelling; if a man is in haste to be at home (which I acknowledge to be none of my case, having never so little business as when I am there), and his horse be tired with long riding and ill ways, or naturally a jade, I advise him clearly to make the straightest and the commonest road, be it ever so dirty; but then surely we must own such a man to be a scurvy companion at best; he spatters himself and his fellow-travellers at every step; all their thoughts, and wishes, and conversation turn entirely upon the subject of their journey's end; and at every splash, and plunge, and stumble, they heartily wish one another at the devil.

On the other side, when a traveller and his horse are in heart and plight, when his purse is full and the day before him, he takes the road only where it is clean and convenient; entertains his company there as agreeably as he can; but, upon the first occasion, carries them along with him to every delightful scene in view, whether of art, of nature, or of both; and if they chance to refuse, out of stupidity or weariness, let them jog on by themselves and be d—d; he'll overtake them at the next town; at which arriving, he rides furiously through; the men, women, and children, run out to gaze; a hundred noisy curs^b run barking after him, of which, if he honours the boldest with a lash of his whip, it is rather out of sport than revenge; but should some sourer mongrel dare too near an approach, he receives a salute on the chops by an accidental stroke from the courser's heels, nor is any ground lost by

the blow, which sends him yelping and limping home.

I now proceed to sum up the singular adventures of my renowned Jack; the state of whose dispositions and fortunes the careful reader does, no doubt, most exactly remember, as I last parted with them in the conclusion of a former section. Therefore, his next care must be, from two of the foregoing, to extract a scheme of notions that may best fit his understanding for a true relish of what is to ensue.

JACK had not only calculated the first revolution of his brain so prudently as to give rise to that epidemic sect of *Eolists*, but succeeding also into a new and strange variety of conceptions, the fruitfulness of his imagination led him into certain notions, which, although in appearance very unaccountable, were not without their mysteries and their meanings, nor wanted followers to countenance and improve them. I shall therefore be extremely careful and exact in recounting such material passages of this nature as I have been able to collect, either from undoubted tradition or indefatigable reading; and shall describe them as graphically as it is possible, and as far as notions of that height and latitude can be brought within the compass of a pen.^c Nor do I at all question but they will furnish plenty of noble matter for such whose converting imaginations dispose them to reduce all things into types; who can make shadows, no thanks to the sun; and then mould them into substances, no thanks to philosophy; whose peculiar talent lies in fixing tropes and allegories to the letter, and refining what is literal into figure and mystery.

JACK had provided a fair copy of his father's will, engrossed in form upon a large skin of parchment; and resolving to act the part of a most dutiful son, he became the fondest creature of it imaginable. For although, as I have often told the reader, it consisted wholly in certain plain, easy directions, about the management and wearing of their coats, with leguicks, and penalties in case of obedience or neglect, yet he began to entertain a fancy that the matter was deeper and darker, and therefore must needs have a great deal more of mystery at the bottom. "Gentlemen," said he, "I will prove this very skin of parchment to be meat, drink, and cloth, to be the philosopher's stone and the universal medicine." In consequence of which raptures, he resolved to make use of it in the necessary as well as the most paltry occasions of life.^d He had a way of working it into any shape he pleased; so that it served him for a nightcap when he went to bed, and for an umbrella in rainy weather. He would lap a piece of it about a sore toe, or, when he had his, hurt two inches under his nose; or, if anything lay heavy on his stomach, scrape off and swallow as much of the powder as would lie on a silver penny; they were all infallible remedies. With analogy to these refinements, his common talk and conversation ran wholly in the phrase of his will, and he circumscribed the utmost of his eloquence within that compass, not daring to let slip a syllable without authority from that.^e Once, at a strange house, he was suddenly taken short upon an urgent juncture, whereon it may not be allowed too particularly to dilate; and being not able to call to mind, with that suddenness the occa-

* This is what the cabalists among the Jews have done with the Bible.

^b What the author calls the true critics.

^c The following passage refers to the practice of the fanatics.

^d The author lashes those pretenders to purity who place so much merit in using scripture phrases.

^e The fanatics pretend that nothing is lawful but what is expressly commanded in Scripture.

sion required, an authentic phrase for demanding the way to the back-side, he chose rather, as the most prudent course, to incur the penalty in such cases usually annexed. Neither was it possible for the united rhetoric of mankind to prevail with him to make himself clean again; because, having consulted the will upon this emergency, he met with a passage near the bottom (whether foisted in by the transcriber is not known) which seemed to forbid it.

He made it a part of his religion never to say grace to his meat;^a nor could all the world persuade him, as the common phrase is, to eat his victuals like a christian.

He bore a strange kind of appetite to snap-dragon, and to the livid snuffs of a burning candle, which he would catch and swallow with an agility wonderful to conceive; and, by this procedure, maintained a perpetual flame in his belly, which, issuing in a glowing steam from both his eyes, as well as his nostrils and his mouth, made his head appear, in a dark night like the skull of an ass, wherein a roguish boy had conveyed a farthing candle, to the terror of his majesty's liege subjects. Therefore, he made use of no other expedient to light himself home, but was wont to say that a wise man was his own lantern.

He would shut his eyes as he walked along the streets,^b and if he happened to bounce his head against a post, or fall into a kennel, as he seldom missed either to do one or both, he would tell the glib apprentices who looked on that he submitted with entire resignation as to a trip or a blow of fate, with whom he found, by long experience, how vain it was either to wrestle or to cuff; and whoever durst undertake to do either would be sure to come off with a swinging fall or a bloody nose. "It was ordained," said he, "some few days before the creation, that my nose and this very post should have a rencounter; and therefore nature thought fit to send us both into the world in the same age, and to make us countrymen and fellow-citizens. Now, had my eyes been open, it is very likely the business might have been a great deal worse; for how many a confounded slip is daily got by a man with all his foresight about him? Besides, the eyes of the understanding see best when those of the senses are out of the way; and therefore blind men are observed to tread their steps with much more caution, and conduct, and judgment, than those who rely with too much confidence upon the virtue of the visual nerve, which every little accident shakes out of order, and a drop or a film can wholly disconcert; like a lantern among a pack of roaring bullies when they scour the streets, exposing its owner and itself to outward kicks and buffets, which both might have escaped if the vanity of appearing would have suffered them to walk in the dark. But farther, if we examine the conduct of these boasted lights, it will prove yet a great deal worse than their fortune. It is true, I have broke my nose against this post, because fortune either forgot, or did not think it convenient, to twitch me by the elbow, and give me notice to avoid it. But let not this encourage either the present age or posterity to trust their noses into the keeping of their eyes, which may prove the surest way of losing them for good and all. For, O ye eyes, ye blind guides; miserable guardians are ye of our frail noses; ye, I say, who fasten upon the first precipice in view, and then tow our wretched willing bodies after you to the

^a The slovenly way of receiving the sacrament among the fanatics.

^b *Abolus* = predestination burlesqued.

very brink of destruction: and alas! that brink is rotten, our feet slip, and we tumble down prone into a gulf, without one hospitable shrub in the way to break the fall; a fall to which not any nose of mortal make is equal, except that of the giant Launcelco, who was lord of the silver bridge. Most properly, therefore, O eyes, and with great justice, may you be compared to those foolish lights which conduct men through dirt and darkness, till they fall into a deep pit or a noisome bog."

This I have produced as a scantling of Jack's great eloquence, and the force of his reasoning upon such abstruse matters.

He was, besides, a person of great design and improvement in affairs of devotion, having introduced a new deity, who has since met with a vast number of worshippers; by some called Bahei, by others Chaos, who had an ancient temple of Gothic structure upon Salisbury plain, famous for its shrine and celebration by pilgrims.

When he had some roguish trick to play,^c he would down with his knees, up with his eyes, and fall to prayers, though in the midst of the kennel. Then it was that those who understood his pranks would be sure to get far enough out of his way; and whenever curiosity attracted strangers to laugh or to listen, he would, of a sudden, with one hand, out with his gear and piss full in their eyes, and with the other all bespatter them with mud.

In winter he went always loose and unbuttoned,^d and clad as thin as possible to let in the ambient heat;^e and in summer lapped himself close and thick to keep it out.

In all revolutions of government^f he would make his court for the office of hangman general; and in the exercise of that dignity, wherein he was very dexterous, would make use of no other vizard^g than a long prayer.

He had a tongue so muscular and subtle, that he could twist it up into his nose, and deliver a strange kind of speech from thence.^h He was also the first in these kingdoms who began to improve the Spanish accomplishment of braying; and having large ears, perpetually exposed and erected, he carried his art to such a perfection, that it was a point of great difficulty to distinguish, either by the view or the sound, between the original and the copy.

He was troubled with a disease reverse to that called the stinging of the tarantula; and would run dog-mad at the noise of music,ⁱ especially a pair of bagpipes [organs]. But he would cure himself again by taking two or three turns in Westminster-hall, or Billingsgate, or in a boarding-school, or the Royal Exchange, or a state coffee-house.

He was a person that feared no colours, but mortally hated all, and, upon that account, bore a cruel aversion against painters, inasmuch that, in his paroxysms, as he walked the streets, he would have his pockets laden with stones to pelt at the signs.^j

Having, from this manner of living, frequent occasion to wash himself, he would often leap over head and ears into water,^k though it were in the midst of the winter, but was always observed to

^a The villainies and erasies committed by enthusiasts and fanatics.

^b Affected differences in habit and behaviour.

^c The fanatics opposing reasonable customs.

^d Severe persecutors, in a form of coat and devotion.

^e Cromwell and his confederates went, as they called it, to seek the Lord, when they resolved to murder the king.

^f Their cant and affected tones.

^g Discovered aversion against instrumental music in churches.

^h Defaced the statues and paintings in all the churches in England.

ⁱ Baptism of adults by plunging.

come out again much dirtier, if possible, than he went in.

He was the first that ever found out the secret of contriving a soporiferous medicine to be conveyed in at the ears [fanatic preaching]; it was a compound of sulphur and balm of Gilead, with a little pilgrim's salve.

He wore a large plaster of artificial caustics on his stomach, with the fervour of which he could set himself a-groaning, like the famous board upon application of a red-hot iron.

He would stand in the turning of a street, and, calling to those who passed by, would cry to one, "Worthy sir, do me the honour of a good slap in the chops." To another, "Honest friend, pray favour me with a handsome kick on the arse: Madam, shall I entreat a small box on the ear from your ladyship's fair hands? Noble captain, lend a reasonable thwack, for the love of God, with that cane of yours over these poor shoulders." And when he had, by such earnest solicitations, made a shift to procure a basting sufficient to swell up his fancy and his sides, he would return home extremely comforted, and full of terrible accounts of what he had undergone for the public good. "Observe this stroke" (said he, showing his bare shoulders); "a plaguy janizary gave it me this very morning, at seven o'clock, as, with much ado, I was driving off the great Turk. Neighbours, mind, this broken head deserves a plaster; had poor Jack been tender of his noddle, you would have seen the pope and the French king, long before this time of day, among your wives and your warehouses. Dear christians, the great Mogul was come as far as Whitechapel, and you may thank these poor sides that he hath not (God bless us!) already swallowed up man, woman, and child."

It was highly worth observing the singular effects of that aversion or antipathy which Jack and his brother Peter seemed, even to an affection, to bear against each other. Peter had lately done some rogueries that forced him to abscond, and he seldom ventured to stir out before night, for fear of bailiffs. Their lodgings were at the two most distant parts of the town from each other; and whenever their occasions or humours called them abroad, they would make choice of the oddest unlikely times, and most uncouth rounds they could invent, that they might be sure to avoid one another; yet, after all this, it was their perpetual fortune to meet. The reason of which is easy enough to apprehend; for, the phrensy and the spleen of both having the same foundation, we may look upon them as two pair of compasses, equally extended, and the fixed foot of each remaining in the same centre, which, though moving contrary ways at first, will be sure to encounter somewhere or other in the circumference. Besides, it was among the great misfortunes of Jack to bear a huge personal resemblance with his brother Peter. Their humour and dispositions were not only the same, but there was a close analogy in their shape, their size, and their mien. Inasmuch, as nothing was more frequent than for a bailiff to seize Jack by the shoulders, and cry, "Mr. Peter, you are the king's prisoner." Or, at other times, for one of Peter's nearest friends to accost Jack with open arms. "Dear Peter, I am glad to see thee; pray send me one of your best medicines for the worms." This, we may suppose, was a mortifying return of those pains and proceedings Jack had laboured in so long; and finding how directly opposite all his endeavours had answered to the sole end

and intention which he had proposed to himself, how could it avoid having terrible effects upon a head and heart so furnished as his? However, the poor remainders of his coat bore all the punishment; the orient sun never entered upon his diurnal progress without missing a piece of it. He hired a tailor to stitch up the collar so close that it was ready to choke him, and squeezed out his eyes at such a rate as one could see nothing but the white. What little was left of the main substance of the coat he rubbed every day for two hours against a rough-cast wall, in order to grind away the remnants of lace and embroidery; but at the same time went on with so much violence that he proceeded a head-then philosopher. Yet, after all he could do of this kind, the success continued still to disappoint his expectation. For, as it is the nature of rags to bear a kind of mock resemblance to finery, there being a sort of fluttering appearance in both which is not to be distinguished at a distance, in the dark, or by short-sighted eyes, so, in those junctures, it fared with Jack and his tatters, that they offered to the first view a ridiculous flaunting, which, assisting the resemblance in person and air, thwarted all his projects of separation, and left so near a similitude between them as frequently deceived the very disciples and followers of both.

*Desunt non-
nulla.*

The old Slavonian proverb said well, that it is with men as with asses; whoever would keep them fast must find a very good hold at their ears. Yet I think we may affirm that it has been verified by repeated experience that—

Effugiet tamen hec solentia vincula Proteus.

It is good, therefore, to read the maxims of our ancestors, with great allowances to times and persons; for, if we look into primitive records, we shall find that no revolutions have been so great or so frequent as those of human ears. In former days there was a curious invention to catch and keep them, which I think we may justly reckon among the *artes perditæ*; and how can it be otherwise, when in the latter centuries the very species is not only diminished to a very lamentable degree, but the poor remainder is also degenerated so far as to mock our skillfullest tenure? For, if the only slitting of one ear in a stag has been found sufficient to propagate the defect through a whole forest, why should we wonder at the greatest consequences from so many loppings and mutilations to which the ears of our fathers, and our own, have been of late so much exposed? It is true, indeed, that while this island of ours was under the dominion of grace, many endeavours were made to improve the growth of ears once more among us. The proportion of largeness was not only looked upon as an ornament of the outward man, but as a type of grace in the inward. Besides, it is held by naturalists that, if there be a protuberance of parts in the superior region of the body, as in the ears and nose, there must be a parity also in the inferior; and, therefore, in that truly pious age, the males in every assembly, according as they were gifted, appeared very forward in exposing their ears to view, and the regions about them; because Hippocrates tells us that, when the vein behind the ear happens to be cut, a man becomes an eunuch; and the females were nothing backward in beholding and edifying by them; whereof those who had already used the means looked about them with great concern, in hopes of conceiving a suitable offspring by such a prospect; others, who stood candidates for benevolence found there a plentiful

* The females have always had a way of affecting to run into persecution.

choice, and were sure to fix upon such as discovered the largest ears, that the breed might not dwindle between them. Lastly, the devoted sisters, who looked upon all extraordinary dilatations of that member as protrusions of zeal, or spiritual excrescences, were sure to honour every head they sat upon as if they had been surks of grace; but especially that of the preacher, whose ears were usually of the prime magnitude; which, upon that account, he was very frequent and exact in exposing with all advantages to the people; in his rhetorical paroxysms turning sometimes to hold forth the one, and sometimes to hold forth the other: from which custom the whole operation of preaching is to this very day, among their professors, styled by the phrase of bolding forth.

Such was the progress of the saints for advancing the size of that member; and it is thought the success would have been every way answerable, if, in process of time, a cruel king had not arisen,* who raised a bloody persecution against all ears above a certain standard: upon which, some were glad to hide their flourishing sprouts in a black border, others crept wholly under a periwig; some were slit, others cropped, and a great number sliced off to the stumps. But of this more hereafter in my general history of ears, which I design very speedily to bestow upon the public.

From this brief survey of the falling state of ears in the last age, and the small care had to advance their ancient growth in the present, it is manifest how little reason we can have to rely upon a bold so short, so weak, and so slippery, and that whoever desires to catch mankind fast must have recourse to some other methods. Now, he that will examine human nature with circumspection enough may discover several handles, whereof the six senses afford one a-piece, beside a great number that are screwed to the passions, and some few riveted to the intellect. Among these last, curiosity is one, and, of all others, affords the firmest grasp: curiosity, that spur in the side, that bridle in the mouth, that ring in the nose, of a lazy and impatient and a grunting reader. By this handle it is, that an author should seize upon his readers; which as soon as he has once compassed, all resistance and struggling are in vain; and they become his prisoners as close as his pleasures, till weariness or dullness force him to let go his gripe.

And therefore, I, the author of this marmionous treatise, having hitherto, beyond expectation, maintained, by the aforesaid handle, a firm hold upon my gentle readers, it is with great reluctance that I am at length compelled to remit my grasp; leaving them, in the perusal of what remains, to that natural ositancy inherent in the tribe. I can only assure thee, courteous reader, for both our comforts, that my concern is altogether equal to thine for my unhappiness in losing, or mislaying among my papers, the remaining part of these memoirs; which consisted of accidents, turns, and adventures, both new, agreeable, and surprising; and therefore calculated, in all due points, to the delicate taste of this our noble age. But, alas! with my utmost endeavours, I have been able only to retain a few of the beads. Under which, there was a full account how Peter got a protection out of the king's bench; and of a reconciliation* between Jack and him, upon a design they had, in a certain rainy night, to trepan brother Martin into a spunging-house, and there

strip him to the skin. How Martin, with much ado, showed them both a fair pair of heels. How a new warrant came out against Peter; upon which, how Jack left him in the lurch, stole his protection, and made use of it himself. How Jack's tatters came into fashion in court and city; how he got upon a great horse,* and eat custard. But the particulars of all these, with several others which have now slid out of my memory, are lost beyond all hopes of recovery. For which misfortune, leaving my readers to console with each other, as far as they shall find it to agree with their several constitutions, but conjoining them by all the friendship that has passed between us, from the title-page to this, not to proceed so far as to injure their healths for an accident past remedy—I now go on to the ceremonial part of an accomplished writer, and therefore, by a courtly modern, least of all others to be omitted.

THE CONCLUSION.

GOING too long is a cause of abortion as effectual, though not so frequent, as going too short, and holds true especially in the labours of the brain. Well fare the heart of that noble jesuit [Père d'Orleans] who first adventured to confess in print that books must be suited to their several seasons, like dress, and diet, and diversions; and better fare our noble nation for refining upon this among other French modes. I am living fast to see the time when a book that misses its tide shall be neglected, as the moon by day, or like mackerel a week after the season. No man has more nicely observed our climate than the bookseller who bought the copy of this work; he knows to a tittle what subjects will best go off in a dry year, and which it is proper to expose foremost when the weather-glass is fallen to muck rain. When he had seen this treatise, and consulted his almanac upon it, he gave me to understand that he had manifestly considered the two principal things, which were, the bulk and the subject, and found it would never take but after a long vacation, and then only in case it should happen to be a hard year for turnips. Upon which I desired to know, considering my urgent necessities, what he thought might be acceptable this month. He looked westward and said, I doubt we shall have a fit of bad weather; however, if you could prepare some pretty little banter, (but not in verse,) or a small treatise upon the —, it would run like wildfire. But if it hold up, I have already hired an author to write something against Dr Bentley, which I am sure will turn to account.^b

At length we agreed upon this expedient; that when a customer comes for one of these, and desires in confidence to know the author, he will tell him very privately as a friend, naming whichever of the wits shall happen to be that week in vogue; and if Durfey's last play shall be in course, I would as lieve he may be the person as Congreve. This I mention, because I am wonderfully well acquainted with the present relish of our courteous readers; and have often observed with singular pleasure, that a fly driven from a honey-pot will immediately, with very good appetite, alight and finish his meal on an excrement.

I have one word to say upon the subject of profane writers, who are grown very numerous of

* Charles the Second, at his restoration, turned out all the dissenting teachers that would not conform.

^b In the reign of James the Second the presbyterians joined the papists, against the church of England, and addressed him for repeal of the penal laws and test.

* Sir Humphry Edwin, a presbyterian, when lord mayor of London, went in his formalities to a courtier's.

^b When Dr. Prideaux took his Connection of the Old and New Testament to the bookseller, he told him it was a dry subject, and the printing could not be ventured unless he would enliven it with a little humour.

late; and I know very well the judicious world is resolved to list me in that number. I conceive therefore, as to the business of being profound, that it is with writers as with wells—a person with good eyes may see to the bottom of the deepest, provided any water be there; and often when there is nothing in the world at the bottom besides dryness and dirt, though it be but a yard and a half under-ground, it shall pass, however for wondrous deep, upon no wiser a reason than because it is wondrous dark.

I am now trying an experiment very frequent among modern authors, which is to write upon nothing; when the subject is utterly exhausted, to let the pen still move on: by some called the ghost of wit, delighting to walk after the death of its body. And to say the truth, there seems to be no part of knowledge in fewer hands than that of discerning when to have done. By the time that an author has written out a book he and his readers are become old acquaintance, and grow very loth to part; so that I have sometimes known it to be in writing as in visiting, where the ceremony of taking leave has employed more time than the whole conversation before. The conclusion of a treatise resembles the conclusion of human life, which has sometimes been compared to the end of a feast, where few are satisfied to depart, *ut plenus vite conivias*; for men will sit down after the fullest meal, though it be only to doze or to sleep out the rest of the day. But in this latter I differ extremely from other writers; and shall be too proud if, by all my labours, I can have any ways contributed to the repose of mankind in times so turbulent and inquiet as these. Neither do I think such an employment so very alien from the office of a wit as some would suppose. For, among a very polite nation in Greece, there were the same temples built and consecrated to Sleep and the Muses; between which two deities they believed the strictest friendship was established.

I have one concluding favour to request of my reader, that he will not expect to be equally diverted and informed by every line or every page of this discourse; but give some allowance to the author's spleen and short fits or intervals of dulness, as well as his own; and lay it seriously to his conscience, whether, if he were walking the streets in dirty weather or a rainy day, he would allow it fair dealing in folks at their ease from a window to criticise his gait and ridicule his dress at such a juncture.

In my disposal of employments of the brain I have thought fit to make invention the master, and to give method and reason the office of its lackeys. The cause of this distribution was, from observing it my peculiar ease to be often under a temptation of being witty, upon occasions where I could be neither wise, nor sound, nor anything to the matter in hand. And I am too much a servant of the modern way to neglect any such opportunities, whatever pains or improprieties I may be at to introduce them. For I have observed that, from a laborious collection of seven hundred and thirty-eight flowers and shining hints of the best modern authors, digested with great reading into my book of common-places, I have not been able, after five years, to draw, hook, or force into common conversation, any more than a dozen. Of which dozen, the one moiety failed of success by being dropped among unsuitable company; and the other cost me so many strains and traps and ambages to introduce, that I at length resolved to give it over. Now, this disappointment (to discover a secret), I must own, gave me the first hint of setting up for an author; and I have since found among some particular friends,

that it is become a very general complaint, and has produced the same effects upon many others. For I have remarked many a towardsy word to be wholly neglected or despised in discourse, which has passed very smoothly with some consideration and esteem after its preferment and sanction in print. But now, since by the liberty and encouragement of the press, I am grown absolute master of the occasions and opportunities to expose the talents I have acquired, I already discover that the issues of my *ob-servanda* begin to grow too large for the receipts. Therefore I shall here pause a while, till I find, by feeling the world's pulse and my own, that it will be of absolute necessity for us both to resume my pen.

THE HISTORY OF MARTIN.

Giving an account of his departure from Jack, and their setting up for themselves, so which account they were obliged to travel and meet many disasters, finding no shelter near Peter's habitation; Martin succeeds in the north: Peter thunders against Martin for the loss of the large revenue he used to receive from thence. Harry Huff sent Martin a challenge to fight, which he received; Peter rewards Harry for the pretended victory, which encouraged Harry to buff Peter also. With many other extraordinary adventures of the said Martin in several places with many considerable persons.

With a digression concerning the nature, usefulness, and necessity of wars and quarrels.

Now Jack and Martin, being parted, set up each for himself. How they travelled over hills and dales, met many disasters, suffered much from the good cause, and struggled with difficulties and wants, not having where to lay their head; by all which they afterwards proved themselves to be right father's sons, and Peter to be spurious. Finding no shelter near Peter's habitation, Martin travelled northwards, and finding the Thuringians and neighbouring people disposed to change, he set up his stage first among them; where, making it his business to fry down Peter's powders, plasters, salves, and drugs, which he had sold a long time at a dear rate, allowing Martin none of the profit, though he had been often employed in recommending and putting them off; the good people, willing to save their pence, began to hearken to Martin's speeches. How several great lords took the hint, and on the same account declared for Martin; particularly one, who not having enough of one wife wanted to marry a second; and knowing Peter used not to grant such licences but at a swinging price, he struck up a bargain with Martin, whom he found more tractable, and who assured him he had the same power to allow such things. How most of the other northern lords, for their own private ends, withdrew themselves and their dependants from Peter's authority, and closed in with Martin. How Peter, enraged at the loss of such large territories, and consequently of so much revenue, thundered against Martin, and sent out the strongest and most terrible of his bulls to devour him; but this having no effect, and Martin defending himself boldly and dexterously, Peter at last put forth proclamations, declaring Martin and all his adherents rebels and traitors, obtaining and requiring all his loving subjects to take up arms, and to kill, burn, and destroy all and every one of them, promising large rewards, &c. upon which ensued bloody wars and desolation.

How Harry Huff, lord of Albion, one of the greatest bullies of those days, sent a cartel to Martin to fight him on a stage, at cudgels, quarter-staff, back-sword, &c. Hence the origin of that genteel custom of prize-fighting, so well known and practised to this day among those polite islanders.

* Henry VIII. a controversy with Luther in behalf of the pope.

though unknown everywhere else. How Martin, being a bold blustering fellow, accepted the challenge; how they met and fought, to the great diversion of the spectators; and, after giving one another broken heads and many bloody wounds and bruises, how they both drew off victorious; in which their example has been frequently imitated by great clerks and others since that time. How Martin's friends applauded his victory; and how lord Harry's friends complimented him on the same score; and particularly lord Peter, who sent him a fine feather for his cap,^a to be worn by him and his successors as a perpetual mark for his bold defence of lord Peter's cause. How Harry, flushed with his pretended victory over Martin, began to huff Peter also, and at last downright quarrelled with him about a wench.^b How some of lord Harry's tenants, ever fond of changes, began to talk kindly of Martin, for which he mauled them soundly; as he did also those that adhered to Peter. How he turned some out of house and hold, others he hanged or burnt, &c.

How Harry Huff, after a good deal of blustering, wenching, and bullying, died, and was succeeded by a good-natured boy [Edward VI.], who, giving way to the general bent of his tenants, allowed Martin's notions to spread everywhere and take deep root in Albion. How, after his death, the farm fell into the hands of a lady who was violently in love with lord Peter [queen Mary]. How she purged the whole country with fire and sword, resolved not to leave the name or remembrance of Martin. How Peter triumphed, and set up shops again for selling his own powders, plasters, and salves, which were now called the only true ones, Martin's being all declared counterfeit. How great numbers of Martin's friends left the country, and, travelling up and down in foreign parts, grew acquainted with many of Jack's followers, and took a liking to many of their notions and ways, which they afterwards brought back into Albion, now under another lady, more moderate and more cunning than the former. How she endeavoured to keep friendship both with Peter and Martin, and trimmed for some time between the two, not without countenancing and assisting at the same time many of Jack's followers; but, finding no possibility of reconciling all the three brothers, because each would be master and allow no other slaves, powders, or plasters to be used but his own, she discarded all three, and set up a shop for those of her own farm, well furnished with powders, plasters, salves, and all other drugs necessary, all right and true, composed according to receipts made by physicians and apothecaries of her own creating, which they extracted out of Peter's, and Martin's, and Jack's receipt-books, and of this medley or hodgepodge made up a dispensatory of their own; strictly forbidding any other to be used, and particularly Peter's, from which the greatest part of this new dispensatory was stolen. How the lady, further to confirm this change, wisely imitating her father, degraded Peter from the rank he pretended as eldest brother, and set up herself in his place as head of the family, and ever after wore her father's old cap, with the fine feather he had got from Peter for standing his friend; which has likewise been worn with no small ostentation to this day by all her successors, though declared enemies to Peter. How lady Bess and her physicians, being told of many defects and imperfections in their new medley dispensatory, resolve on a farther alteration, and to purge it from a great deal of Peter's trash that still remained in it, but were prevented by her death. How she

was succeeded by a north-country farmer, who pretended great skill in the managing of farms, though he could never govern his own poor little farm, nor yet this large new one after he got it. How this new landlord, to show his valour and dexterity, fought against enchanters, weeds, giants, and wind-mills, and claimed great honour for his victories, though he ofttimes b-sh-t himself when there was no danger. How his successor, no wiser than he, occasioned great disorders by the new methods he took to manage his farms. How he attempted to establish, in his northern farm, the same dispensatory used in the southern, but miscarried because Jack's powders, pills, salves, and plasters, were there in great vogue.

How the author finds himself embarrassed for having introduced into his history a new sect, differing from the three he had undertaken to treat of, and how his inviolable respect to the sacred number three obliges him to reduce these four, as he intends to do all other things, to that number;^c and for that end to drop the former Martin, and to substitute in his place lady Bess's institution, which is to pass under the name of Martin in the sequel of this true history. This weighty point being cleared, the author goes on and describes mighty quarrels and squabbles between Jack and Martin [great civil war]; how sometimes the one had the better, and sometimes the other, to the great desolation of both farms, till at last both sides came to hang up the landlord, who pretended to die a martyr for Martin, though he had been true to neither side, and was suspected by many to have a great affection for Peter.

A DIGRESSION ON THE NATURE, USEFULNESS, AND NECESSITY OF WARS AND QUARRELS.

THIS being a matter of great consequence, the author intends to treat it methodically and at large in a treatise apart, and here to give only some hints of what his large treatise contains. The state of war natural to all creatures. War is an attempt to take by violence from others a part of what they have and we want. Every man fully sensible of his own merit, and finding it not duly regarded by others, has a natural right to take from them all that he thinks due to himself; and every creature, finding its own wants more than those of others, has the same right to take everything its nature requires. Brutes much more modest in their pretensions this way than men; and men men more than great ones. The higher one raises his pretensions this way, the more bustle he makes about them; and the more success he has, the greater hero. This greater soul, in proportion to their superior merit, claim a greater right to take everything from manner folks. This the true foundation of grandeur and heroism, and of the distinction of degrees among men. War therefore necessary to establish subordination, and to found cities, kingdoms, &c., as also to purge bodies politic of gross humours. Wise princes find it necessary to have wars abroad, to keep peace at home. War, famine, and pestilence, the usual cures for corruptions in bodies politic. A comparison of these three. The author is to write a panegyric on each of them. The greatest part of mankind loves war more than peace. They are but few and mean-spirited that live in peace with all men. The modest and meek of all kinds always a prey to those of more noble or stronger appetites. The inclination to war universal: those that cannot, or dare not,

^a "Defender of the Faith."

^b Henry VIII.'s love for Ann Bullen

^c "A panegyric Essay upon the number THREE" is among the treatises advertised at the beginning of the Tale of a Tub.

make war in person, employ others to do it for them. This maintains bullies, bravoos, cut-throats, lawyers, soldiers, &c. Most professions would be useless if all were peaceable. Hence brutes want neither smith nor lawyers, magistrates nor joiners, soldiers nor surgeons. Brutes, having but narrow appetites, are incapable of carrying on or perpetuating war against their own species, or of being led out in troops and multitudes to destroy one another. These prerogatives proper to man alone. The excellency of human nature demonstrated by the vast train of appetites, passions, wants, &c., that attend it. This matter to be more fully treated in the author's Panegyric on Mankind.

THE HISTORY OF MARTIN (CONTINUED).

How Jack, having got rid of the old landlord, set up another to his mind [Cromwell], quarrelled with Martin, and turned him out of doors. How he pillaged all his shops, and abolished the whole dispensatory. How the new landlord laid about him, mauled Peter, worried Martin, and made the whole neighbourhood tremble. How Jack's friends fell out among themselves, split into a thousand parties, turned all things topsyturvy, till everybody grew weary of them; and at last, the blustering landlord dying, Jack was kicked out of doors, a new landlord brought in, and Martin re-established [Restoration]. How this new landlord let Martin do what he pleased, and Martin agreed to everything his pious landlord desired, provided Jack might be kept low. Of several efforts Jack made to raise up his head, but all in vain; till at last the landlord died, and was succeeded by one who was a great friend to Peter, who, to humble Martin, gave Jack some liberty.* How Martin grew enraged at this, called in a foreigner, and turned out the landlord; in which Jack concurred with Martin, because this landlord was entirely devoted to Peter, into whose arms he threw himself, and left his country [Revolution]. How the new landlord secured Martin in the full possession of his former rights, but would not allow him to destroy Jack, who had always been his friend. How Jack got up his head in the north, and put himself in possession of a whole canton,† to the great discontent of Martin, who, finding also that some of Jack's friends were allowed to live and get their bread in the south parts of the country, grew highly discontent with the new landlord he had called in to his assistance. How this landlord kept Martin in order, upon which he fell into a raging fever, and swore he would hang himself or join in with Peter, unless Jack's children were all turned out to starve.‡ Of several attempts made to ease Martin, and make peace between him and Jack, that they might unite against Peter; but all made ineffectual by the great address of a number of Peter's friends, that herded among Martin's, and appeared the most zealous for his interest. How Martin, getting abroad in this mad fit, looked so like Peter in his air and dress, and talked so like him, that many of the neighbours could not distinguish the one from the other; especially when Martin went up and down strutting in Peter's armour, which he had borrowed to fight Jack. What remedies were used to cure Martin's distemper.

Here the author being seized with a fit of dulness, (to which he is very subject,) after having read a poetical epistle addressed to ***, it entirely composed his senses, so that he has not writ a line since.

N.B. Some things that follow after this are not in

* Indulgences to sectaries. † Presbytery in Scotland.

‡ Clamour that the church was in danger.

the MS., but seem to have been written since, to fill up the place of what was not thought convenient then to print.

A PROJECT FOR THE UNIVERSAL BENEFIT OF MANKIND.

THE author, having laboured so long, and done so much, to serve and instruct the public, without any advantage to himself, has at last thought of a project which will tend to the great benefit of all mankind and produce a handsome revenue to the author. He intends to print by subscription, in 96 large volumes in folio, an exact description of *Terra Australis incognita*, collected with great care and pains from 999 learned and pious authors of undoubted veracity. The whole work, illustrated with maps and cuts agreeable to the subject, and done by the best masters, will cost but one guinea each volume to subscribers; one guinea to be paid in advance, and afterwards a guinea on receiving each volume, except the last. This work will be of great use for all men, and necessary for all families, because it contains exact accounts of all the provinces, colonies, and mansions of that spacious country, where, by a general doom, all transgressors of the law are to be transported; and every one having this work may choose out the fittest and best place for himself, there being enough for all, so as every one shall be fully satisfied.

The author supposes that one copy of this work will be bought at the public charge, or out of the parish-rates, for every parish-church in the three kingdoms, and in all the dominions thereunto belonging; and that every family that can command ten pounds per annum, even though retrenched from less necessary expenses, will subscribe for one. He does not think of giving out above nine volumes yearly; and considering the number requisite, he intends to print at least 100,000 for the first edition. He is to print proposals against next term, with a specimen, and a curious map of the capital city, with its twelve gates, from a known author, who took an exact survey of it in a dream. Considering the great care and pains of the author, and the usefulness of the work, he hopes every one will be ready, for their own good as well as his, to contribute cheerfully to it, and not grudge him the profit he may have by it, especially if it comes to a third or fourth edition, as he expects it will very soon.

He doubts not but it will be translated into foreign languages by most nations of Europe, as well as of Asia and Africa, being of as great use to all those nations as to his own; for this reason, he designs to procure patents and privileges for securing the whole benefit to himself from all those different princes and states; and hopes to see many millions of this great work printed, in those different countries and languages, before his death.

After this business is pretty well established, he has promised to put a friend on another project, almost as good as this, by establishing insurance-offices everywhere for securing people from shipwreck and several other accidents in their voyage to this country; and these offices shall furnish, at a certain rate, pilots well versed in the route, and that know all the rocks, shelves, quicksands, &c., that such pilgrims and travellers may be exposed to. Of these he knows a great number ready instructed in most countries; but the whole scheme of this matter he is to draw up at large and communicate to his friend.

Here ends the manuscript.

A FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT

OF THE

BATTLE FOUGHT LAST FRIDAY BETWEEN THE ANCIENT
AND THE MODERN BOOKS

IN SAINT JAMES'S LIBRARY.

THE BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

THE following discourse, as it is unquestionably of the same author, so it seems to have been written about the same time, with the former; I mean the year 1697, when the famous dispute was on foot about ancient and modern learning. The controversy took its rise from an essay of sir William Temple's upon that subject; which was answered by W. Wotton, B. D., with an appendix by Dr. Bentley, endeavouring to destroy the credit of *Æsop* and *Phalaris* for authors, whom sir William Temple had, in the essay before mentioned, highly commended. In that appendix the doctor falls hard upon a new edition of *Phalaris*, put out by the honourable Charles Boyle, now earl of Orrery, to which Mr. Boyle replied at large with great learning and wit; and the doctor voluniously rejoined. In this dispute the town highly resented to see a person of sir William Temple's character and merits roughly used by the two reverend gentlemen aforesaid, and without any manner of provocation. At length, there appearing no end of the quarrel, our author tells us that the BOOKS in St. James's Library, looking upon themselves as parties principally concerned, took up the controversy, and came to a decisive battle; but the manuscript, by the injury of fortune or weather, being in several places imperfect, we cannot learn to which side the victory fell.

I must warn the reader to beware of applying to persons what is here meant only of books, in the most literal sense. So, when Virgil is mentioned, we are not to understand the person of a famous poet called by that name; but only certain sheets of paper bound up in leather, containing in print the works of the said poet; and so of the rest.

THE PREFACE OF THE AUTHOR.

SATIRE is a sort of glass wherein beholders do generally discover everybody's face but their own; which is the chief reason for that kind reception it meets with in the world, and that so very few are offended with it. But, if it should happen otherwise, the danger is not great; and I have learned from long experience never to apprehend mischief from those understandings I have been able to provoke: for anger and fury, though they add strength to the sinews of the body, yet are found to relax those of the mind, and to render all its efforts feeble and impotent.

There is a brain that will endure but one scumming; let the owner gather it with discretion, and manage his little stock with husbandry; but, of all things, let him beware of bringing it under the lash of his betters, because that will make it all bubble up into impertinence, and he will find no new supply. Wit without knowledge being a sort of cream, which gathers in a night to the top, and by a skilful hand may be soon whipped into froth; but once scummed away, what appears underneath will be fit for nothing but to be thrown to the dogs.

A FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT, ETC.

WHOMVER examines, with due circumspection, into the annual records of time, will find it remarked that

war is the child of pride, and pride the daughter of riches;—the former of which assertions may be soon granted, but one cannot so easily subscribe to the latter; for pride is nearly related to beggary and want, either by father or mother, and sometimes by both; and, to speak naturally, it very seldom happens among men to fall out when all have enough; invasions usually travelling from north to south, that is to say, from poverty to plenty. The most ancient and natural grounds of quarrels are lust and avarice; which, though we may allow to be brethren, or collateral branches of pride, are certainly the issues of want. For, to speak in the phrase of writers upon politics, we may observe in the republic of dogs, which in its original seems to be an institution of the many, that the whole state is ever in the profoundest peace after a full meal; and that civil broils arise among them when it happens for one great bone to be seized on by some leading dog, who either divides it among the few, and then it falls to an oligarchy, or keeps it to himself, and then it runs up to a tyranny. The same reasoning also holds place among them in those dimensions we behold upon a turgescency in any of their females. For the right of possession lying in common, (it being impossible to establish a property in so delicate a case,) jealousies and suspicions do so abound, that the whole commonwealth of that street is reduced to a manifest state of war, of every citizen against every citizen, till some one, of more courage, conduct, or fortune than the rest seizes and enjoys the prize; upon which naturally arises plenty of heart-burning, and envy, and snarling against the happy dog. Again if we look upon any of these republics engaged in a foreign war, either of invasion or defence, we shall find the same reasoning will serve as to the grounds and occasions of each; and that poverty or want, in some degree or other, (whether real or in opinion, which makes no alteration in the case,) has a great share, as well as pride, on the part of the aggressor.

Now, whoever will please to take this scheme, and either reduce or adapt it to an intellectual state or commonwealth of learning, will soon discover the first ground of disagreement between the two great parties at this time in arms, and may form just conclusions upon the merits of either cause. But the issue or events of this war are not so easy to conjecture at; for the present quarrel is so inflamed by the warm heads of either faction, and the pretensions somewhere or other so exorbitant, as not to admit the least overtures of accommodation. This quarrel first began, as I have heard it affirmed by an old dweller in the neighbourhood, about a small spot of ground, lying and being upon one of the two tops of the hill Parnassus; the highest and largest of which had, it seems, been time out of mind in quiet possession of certain tenants, called the Ancients; and the other was held by the Moderns. But these, disliking their present station, sent certain ambassadors to the ancients, complaining of a great nuisance; how the height of that part of Parnassus quite spoiled the prospect of theirs, especially toward the east; and therefore, to avoid a war,

offered them the choice of this alternative, either that the ancients would please to remove themselves and their effects down to the lower summit, which the moderns would graciously surrender to them, and advance into their place; or else the said ancients will give leave to the moderns to come with shovels and mattocks, and level the said hill as low as they shall think it convenient. To which the ancients made answer, how little they expected such a message as this from a colony whom they had admitted, out of their own free grace, to so near a neighbourhood. That, as to their own seat, they were aborigines of it, and therefore to talk with them of a removal or surrender was a language they did not understand. That if the height of the hill on their side shortened the prospect of the moderns, it was a disadvantage they could not help; but desired them to consider whether that injury (if it be any) were not largely recompensed by the shade and shelter it afforded them. That as to the levelling or digging down, it was either folly or ignorance to propose it if they did or did not know how that side of the hill was an entire rock, which would break their tools and hearts, without any damage to itself. That they would therefore advise the moderns rather to raise their own side of the hill than dream of pulling down that of the ancients; to the former of which they would not only give licence, but also largely contribute. All this was rejected by the moderns with much indignation, who still insisted upon one of the two expedients; and so this difference broke out into a long and obstinate war, maintained on the one part by resolution, and by the courage of certain leaders and allies; but, on the other, by the greatness of their number, upon all defeats affording continual recruits. In this quarrel whole rivulets of ink have been exhausted, and the virulence of both parties enormously augmented. Now, it must be here understood that ink is the great missile weapon in all battles of the learned, which, conveyed through a sort of engine called a quill, infinite numbers of these are darted at the enemy by the valiant on each side, with equal skill and violence, as if it were an engagement of *porcupines*. This malignant liquor was compounded, by the engineer who invented it, of two ingredients, which are, gall and coppers; by its bitterness and venom to suit, in some degree, as well as to foment, the genius of the combatants. And as the Grecians, after an engagement, when they could not agree about the victory, were wont to set up trophies on both sides, the beaten party being content to be at the same expense, to keep itself in countenance, (a laudable and ancient custom, happily revived of late in the art of war,) so the learned, after a sharp and bloody dispute, do, on both sides, bang out their trophies too, whichever comes by the worst. These trophies have largely inscribed on them the merits of the cause; a full impartial account of such a battle, and how the victory fell clearly to the party that set them up. They are known to the world under several names; as disputes, arguments, rejoinders, brief considerations, answers, replies, remarks, reflections, objections, confutations. For a very few days they are fixed up in all public places, either by themselves or their representatives, for passengers to gaze at; whence the chiefest and largest are removed to certain magazines they call libraries, there to remain in a quarter purposely assigned them, and thenceforth begin to be called books of controversy.

In these books is wonderfully instilled and preserved the spirit of each warrior while he is alive; and after his death his soul transmigrates thither to inform them. This at least is the more common opinion; but I believe it is with libraries as with

other cemeteries; where some philosophers affirm that a certain spirit, which they call *brutian homines*, hovers over the monument, till the body is corrupted and turns to dust or to worms, but then vanishes or dissolves; so, we may say, a restless spirit haunts over every book, till dust or worms have seized upon it; which to some may happen in a few days, but to others later; and therefore books of controversy, being, of all others, haunted by the most disorderly spirits, have always been confined in a separate lodge from the rest; and for fear of a mutual violence against each other, it was thought prudent by our ancestors to bind them to the peace with strong iron chains. Of which invention the original occasion was this: When the works of Scotus first came out, they were carried to a certain library, and had lodgings appointed them; but this author was no sooner settled than he went to visit his master Aristotle; and there both concerted together to seize Plato by main force, and turn him out from his ancient station among the divines, where he had peaceably dwelt near eight hundred years. The attempt succeeded, and the two usurpers have reigned ever since in his stead; but, to maintain quiet for the future, it was decreed that all polemics of the larger size should be held fast with a chain.

By this expedient the public peace of libraries might certainly have been preserved if a new species of controversial books had not arisen of late years, insinuated with a more malignant spirit, from the war above mentioned between the learned about the higher summit of *Parnassus*.

When these books were first admitted into the public libraries, I remember to have said, upon occasion, to several persons concerned, how I was sure they would create hoils wherever they came, unless a world of care were taken; and therefore I advised that the champions of each side should be coupled together, or otherwise mixed, that, like the blending of contrary poisons, their malignity might be employed among themselves. And it seems I was neither an ill prophet nor an ill counsellor; for it was nothing else but the neglect of this caution which gave occasion to the terrible fight that happened on Friday last between the ancient and modern books in the king's library. Now, because the talk of this battle is so fresh in everybody's mouth, and the expectation of the town so great to be informed in the particulars, I, being possessed of all qualifications requisite in a historian, and retained by neither party, have resolved to comply with the urgent importunity of my friends, by writing down a full impartial account thereof.

The guardian of the regal library,* a person of great valour, but chiefly renowned for his humanity, had been a fierce champion for the moderns; and, in an engagement upon *Parnassus*, had vowed, with his own hands to knock down two of the ancient chiefs, who guarded a small pass on the superior rock; but, endeavouring to climb up, was cruelly obstructed by his own unhappy weight and tendency towards his centre; a quality to which those of the modern party are extremely subject; for, being light-headed, they have, in speculation, a wonderful agility, and conceive nothing too high for them to mount; but, in reducing to practice, discover a mighty pressure about their posteriors and their heels. Having thus failed in his design, the disappointed champion bore a cruel rancour to the ancients; which he resolved to gratify by showing all marks of his favour to the books of their adversaries, and lodging them in the fairest apartments;

* The honourable Mr. Boyle, in the preface to his edition of *Philosophy*, says he was refused a MS. by the library-keeper, Dr. Bentley; the two ancients were *Philosophy* and *Academy*.

when, at the same time, whatever book had the boldness to own itself for an advocate of the ancients was hurried alive in some obscure corner, and threatened, upon the least displeasure, to be turned out of doors. Besides, it so happened that about this time there was a strange confusion of place among all the books in the library; for which several reasons were assigned. Some imputed it to a great heap of learned dust, which a perverse wind blew off from a shelf of moderns into the keeper's eyes. Others affirmed he had a humour to pick the worms out of the schoolmen, and swallow them fresh and fasting; whereof some fell upon his spleen, and some climbed up into his head, to the great perturbation of both. And lastly, others maintained that, by walking much in the dark about the library, he had quite lost the situation of it out of his head; and therefore, in replacing his books, he was apt to mistake, and clap Des Cartes next to Aristotle; poor Plato had got between Hobbes and the Seven Wise Masters, and Virgil was hemmed in with Dryden on one side and Withers on the other.

Meanwhile those books that were advocates for the moderns chose out one from among them to make a progress through the whole library, examine the number and strength of their party, and concert their affairs. This messenger performed all things very industriously, and brought back with him a list of their forces, in all, fifty thousand, consisting chiefly of light-horse, heavy-armed foot, and mercenaries; whereof the foot were in general but poorly armed and worse clad; their horses large, but extremely out of ease and heart; however, some few, by trading among the ancients, had furnished themselves tolerably enough.

While things were in this ferment, discord grew extremely high; hot words passed on both sides, and ill blood was plentifully bred. Here a solitary ancient, squeezed up among a whole shelf of moderns, offered fairly to dispute the case, and to prove by manifest reason that the priority was due to them from long possession, and in regard of their prudence, antiquity, and, above all, their great merits toward the moderns. But these denied the premises, and seemed very much to wonder how the ancients could pretend to insist upon their antiquity, when it was so plain (if they went to that) that the moderns were much the more ancient of the two. As for any obligations they owed to the ancients, they renounced them all. It is true, said they, we are informed some few of our party have been so mean to borrow their subsistence from you; but the rest, infinitely the greater number, (and especially we French and English,) were so far from stooping to so base an example, that there never passed, till this very hour, six words between us. For our horses were of our own breeding, our arms of our own forging, and our clothes of our own cutting out and sewing. Plato was by chance up on the next shelf, and observing those that spoke to be in the ragged plight mentioned a while ago; their jades lean and foundered, their weapons of rotten wood, their armour rusty, and nothing but rags underneath; he laughed loud, and in his pleasant way swore, by —, he believed them.

Now, the moderns had not proceeded in their late negotiation with secrecy enough to escape the notice of the enemy. For those advocates who had begun the quarrel, by setting first on foot the dispute of precedence, talked so loud of coming to a battle, that sir William Temple* happened to overhear them, and gave immediate intelligence to the ancients; who thereupon drew up their scattered troops together, resolving to act upon the defensive;

upon which, several of the moderns fled over to their party, and among the rest Temple himself. This Temple, having been educated and long conversed among the ancients, was, of all the moderns, their greatest favourite, and became their greatest champion.

Things were at this crisis when a material accident fell out. For upon the highest corner of a large window there dwelt a certain spider, swollen up to the first magnitude by the destruction of infinite numbers of flies, whose spoils lay scattered before the gates of his palace, like human bones before the cave of some giant. The avenues to his castle were guarded with turnpikes and palisades, all after the modern way of fortification. After you had passed several courts you came to the centre, wherein you might behold the constable himself in his own lodgings, which had windows fronting to each avenue, and ports to sally out upon all occasions of prey or defence. In this mansion he had for some time dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his person by swallows from above, or to his palace by hroons from below: when it was the pleasure of fortune to conduct thither a wandering bee, to whose curiosity a broken pane in the glass had discovered itself, and in he went; where, expatiating a while, he at last happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the spider's citadel; which, yielding to the unequal weight, sunk down to the very foundation. Thrice he endeavoured to force his passage, and thrice the centre shook. The spider within, feeling the terrible convulsion, supposed at first that nature was approaching to her final dissolution; or else, that Beelzebub, with all his legions, was come to revenge the death of many thousands of his subjects whom his enemy had slain and devoured. However, he at length valiantly resolved to issue forth and meet his fate. Meanwhile the bee had acquitted himself of his toils, and, posted securely at some distance, was employed in cleansing his wings, and disengaging them from the ragged remnants of the cobweb. By this time the spider was adventured out, when, beholding the chasm, the ruins, and dilapidations of his fortress, he was very near at his wits' end; he stormed and swore like a madman, and swelled till he was ready to burst. At length, casting his eye upon the bee, and wisely gathering causes from events, (for they knew each other by sight,) A plague split you, said he, for a giddy son of a whore; is it you, with a vengeance, that have made this litter here? could not you look before you, and he d—d! do you think I have nothing else to do (in the devil's name) but to mend and repair after your arse?—Good words, friend, said the bee (having now pruned himself, and being disposed to droll): I'll give you my hand and word to come near your kennel no more; I was never in such a confounded pickle since I was born.—Sirrah, replied the spider, if it were not for breaking an old custom in our family, never to stir abroad against an enemy, I should come and teach you better manners.—I pray have patience, said the bee, or you'll spend your substance, and, for aught I see, you may stand in need of it all, toward the repair of your house.—Rogue, rogue, replied the spider, yet methinks you should have more respect to a person whom all the world allows to be so much your betters.—By my troth, said the bee, the comparison will amount to a very good jest; and you will do me a favour to let me know the reasons that all the world is pleased to use in so hopeful a dispute. At this the spider, having swelled himself into the size and posture of a disportant, began his argument in the true spirit of controversy, with resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry

* The allies who espoused the cause of ancient learning.

to urge on his own reasons, without the least regard to the answers or objections of his opposite; and fully predetermined in his mind against all conviction.

Not to disparage myself, said he, by the comparison with such a rascal, what art thou but a vagabond without house or home, without stock or inheritance? born to no possession of your own, but a pair of wings and a drone-pipe. Your livelihood is a universal plunder upon nature; a freebooter over fields and gardens; and, for the sake of stealing, will rob a nettle as easily as a violet. Whereas I am a domestic animal, furnished with a native stock within myself. This large castle (to show my improvements in the mathematics*) is all built with my own hands, and the materials extracted altogether out of my own person.

I am glad, answered the bee, to hear you boast at least that I am come honestly by my wings and my voice; for then, it seems, I am obliged to Heaven alone for my flights and my music; and Providence would never have bestowed on me two such gifts, without designing them for the noblest ends. I visit indeed all the flowers and blossoms of the field and garden; but whatever I collect thence enriches myself, without the least injury to their beauty, their smell, or their taste. Now, for you and your skill in architecture and other mathematics, I have little to say: in that building of yours there might, for aught I know, have been labour and method enough; but, by woful experience for us both, it is too plain the materials are naught; and I hope you will henceforth take warning, and consider duration and matter, as well as method and art. You boast indeed of being obliged to no other creature, but of drawing and spinning out all from yourself; that is to say, if we may judge of the liquor in the vessel by what issues out, you possess a good plentiful store of dirt and poison in your breast; and, though I would by no means lessen or disparage your genuine stock of either, yet I doubt you are somewhat obliged, for an increase of both, to a little foreign assistance. Your inherent portion of dirt does not fail of acquisitions, by sweepings exhaled from below; and one insect furnishes you with a share of poison to destroy another. So that, in short, the question comes all to this; whether is the nobler being of the two, that which, by a lazy contemplation of four inches round, by an overweening pride, feeding and engendering on itself, turns all into excrement and venom, producing nothing at all but flybane and a cobweb; or that which, by a universal range, with long search, much study, true judgment, and distinction of things, brings home honey and wax.

This dispute was managed with such eagerness, clamour, and warmth, that the two parties of books, in arms below, stood silent a while, waiting in suspense what would be the issue; which was not long undetermined: for the bee, grown impatient at so much loss of time, fled straight away to a bed of roses, without looking for a reply, and left the spider, like an orator, collected in himself, and just prepared to burst out.

It happened upon this emergency that Æsop broke silence first. He had been of late most barbarously treated by a strange effect of the regent's humanity, who had torn off his title-page, sorely defaced one half of his leaves, and chained him fast among a shelf of *moderos*. Where, soon discovering how high the quarrel was likely to proceed, he tried all his arts, and turned himself to a thousand forms. At length, in the borrowed shape of an ass, the regent mistook him for a modern; by which means he had time and opportunity to escape to the ancients,

just when the spider and the bee were entering into their contest; to which he gave his attention with a world of pleasure, and, when it was ended, swore in the loudest key that in all his life he had never known two cases so parallel and adapt to each other as that in the window and this upon the shelves. The disputants, said he, have admirably managed the dispute between them, have taken in the full strength of all that is to be said on both sides, and exhausted the substance of every argument *pro* and *con*. It is but to adjust the reasonings of both to the present quarrel, then to compare and apply the labours and fruits of each, as the bee has learnedly deduced them, and we shall find the conclusion fall plain and close upon the moderns and us. For pray, gentlemen, was ever anything so modern as the spider in his air, his turn, and his paradoxes? he argues in the behalf of you his brethren and himself with many boastings of his native stock and great genius; that he spins and spits wholly from himself, and scorns to owe any obligation or assistance from without. Then he displays to you his great skill in architecture and improvement in the mathematics. To all this the bee, as an advocate retained by us the ancients, thinks fit to answer, that, if one may judge of the great genius or inventiveness of the moderns by what they have produced, you will hardly have countenance to bear you out in boasting of either. Erect your schemes with as much method and skill as you please; yet, if the materials be nothing but dirt, spun out of your own entrails (the guts of modern brains), the edifice will conclude at last in a cobweb; the duration of which, like that of other spiders' webs, may be imputed to their being forgotten, or neglected, or bid in a corner. For anything else of genuine that the moderns may pretend to, I cannot recollect; unless it be a large vein of wrangling and satire, much of a nature and substance with the spider's poison; which, however they pretend to spit wholly out of themselves, is improved by the same arts, by feeding upon the insects and vermin of the age. As for us the ancients, we are content, with the bee, to pretend to nothing of our own beyond our wings and our voice; that is to say, our flights and our language. For the rest, whatever we have got has been by infinite labour and search, and ranging through every corner of nature; the difference is, that, instead of dirt and poison, we have rather chosen to fill our hives with honey and wax; thus furnishing mankind with the two noblest of things, which are sweetness and light.

It is wonderful to conceive the tumult arisen among the books upon the close of this long descent of Æsop: both parties took the hint, and heightened their animosities so on a sudden, that they resolved it should come to a battle. Immediately the two main bodies withdrew, under their several ensigns, to the farther parts of the library, and there entered into cabals and consults upon the present emergency. The moderns were in very warm debates upon the choice of their leaders; and nothing less than the fear impending from their enemies could have kept them from mutinies upon this occasion. The difference was greatest among the horse, where every private trooper pretended to the chief command, from Tasso and Milton to Dryden and Withers. The light-horse^a were commanded by Cowley and Despreaux.^b There came the bowmen^c under their valiant leaders, Des Cartes, Gasendi, and Hobbes; whose strength was such that they could shoot their arrows beyond the atmosphere, never to fall down again, but turn like that of Evander, into meteors; or, like the

* The epic poets were full armed horsemen; the lyrical bards light horse.

^a More commonly known by the name of Boileau.

^b The philosophers, whether physical or metaphysical.

* Filled by those who contended for the excellence of modern learning.

cannot, hall, into stars. Paracelsus brought a squadron of stinkpot-fingers from the snowy mountains of Rhetia. There came a vast body of dragons, of different nations, under the leading of Harvey,^a their great aga; part armed with scythes, the weapons of death; part with lances and long knives, all steeped in poison; part shot bullets of a most malignant nature, and used white powder, which infallibly killed without report. There came several bodies of heavy-armed foot, all mercenaries, under the ensigns of Guicciardini, Davila, Polydore Virgil, Buchanan, Mariana, Camden, and others. The engineers were commanded by Regiomontanus and Wilkins. The rest was a confused multitude, led by Scotus, Aquinas, and Bellarmine; of mighty bulk and stature, but without either arms, courage, or discipline. In the last place came infinite swarms of calones,^b a disorderly rout led by L'Estrange; rogues and ragamuffins, that follow the camp for nothing but the plunder, all without coats to cover them.

The army of the ancients was much fewer in number; Homer led the horse, and Pindar the light-horse; Euclid was chief engineer; Plato and Aristotle commanded the bowmen; Herodotus and Livy the foot; Hippocrates the dragoons; the allies, led by Vossius and Temple, brought up the rear.

All things violently tending to a decisive battle, Fame, who much frequented, and had a large apartment formerly assigned her in the regal library, fled up straight to Jupiter, to whom she delivered a faithful account of all that passed between the two parties below; for among the gods she always tells truth. Jove, in great concern, convokes a council in the milky way. The senate assembled, he declares the occasion of convening them; a bloody battle just impendent between two mighty armies of ancient and modern creatures, called books, wherein the celestial interest was but too deeply concerned. Momus,^c the patron of the moderns, made an excellent speech in their favour, which was answered by Pallas, the protectress of the ancients. The assembly was divided in their affections; when Jupiter commanded the book of fate to be laid before him. Immediately were brought by Mercury three large volumes in folio, containing memoirs of all things past, present, and to come. The clasps were of silver double gilt, the covers of celestial turkey leather, and the paper such as here on earth might pass almost for vellum. Jupiter, having silently read the decree, would communicate the import to none, but presently shut up the book.

Without the doors of this assembly there attended a vast number of light, nimble gods, menial servants to Jupiter: these are his ministering instruments in all affairs below. They travel in a caravan, more or less together, and are fastened to each other, like a link of galley-slaves, by a light chain, which passes from them to Jupiter's great toe; and yet, in receiving or delivering a message, they may never approach above the lowest step of his throne, where he and they whisper to each other through a large hollow trunk. These deities are called by mortal men accidents or events; but the gods call them second causes. Jupiter having delivered his message to a certain number of these divinities, they flew immediately down to the pinnacle of the regal library,

and consulting a few minutes, entered unseen, and disposed the parties according to their orders.

Meanwhile Momus, fearing the worst, and calling to mind an ancient prophecy which bore no very good face to his children the moderns, bent his flight to the region of a malignant deity called Criticism. She dwelt on the top of a snowy mountain in Nova Zembla; there Momus found her extended in her den, upon the spoils of numberless volumes, half devoured. At her right hand sat Ignorance, her father and husband, blind with age; at her left, Pride, her mother, dressing her up in the scraps of paper herself had torn. There was Opinion, her sister, light of foot, blood-winked, and headstrong, yet giddy and perpetually turning. About her played her children, Noise and Impudence, Dulness and Vanity, Positiveness, Pedantry, and Ill-manners. The goddess herself had claws like a cat; her head, and ears, and voice, resembled those of an ass; her teeth fallen out before, her eyes turned inward, as if she looked only upon herself; her diet was the overflowing of her own gall; her spleen was so large as to stand prominent, like a dug of the first rate; nor wanted excrecences in form of teats, at which a crew of ugly monsters were greedily sucking; and, what is wonderful to conceive, the bulk of spleen increased faster than the sucking could diminish it. Goddess, said Momus, can you sit idly here while our devout worshippers, the moderns, are this minute entering into a cruel battle, and perhaps now lying under the swords of their enemies! who then hereafter will ever sacrifice or build altars to our divinities? Haste, therefore, to the British isle, and, if possible, prevent their destruction; while I make factions among the gods, and gain them over to our party.

Momus, having thus delivered himself, staid not for an answer, but left the goddess to her own resentment. Up she rose in a rage, and, as it is the form upon such occasions, began a soliloquy: It is I (said she) who give wisdom to infants and idiots; by me children grow wiser than their parents, by me beaux become politicians, and schoolboys judges of philosophy; by me sophisters debate and conclude upon the depths of knowledge; and coffeehouse wits, instigated by me, can correct an author's style, and display his minutest errors, without understanding a syllable of his matter or his language; by me striplings spend their judgment, as they do their estate, before it comes into their hands. It is I who have deposed wit and knowledge from their empire over poetry, and advanced myself in their stead. And shall a few upstart ancients dare to oppose me?—But come, my aged parent, and you, my children dear, and thou, my beautiful sister; let us ascend my chariot, and haste to assist our devout moderns, who are now sacrificing to us a hecatomb, as I perceive by that grateful smell which from thence reaches my nostrils.

The goddess and her train, having mounted the chariot, which was drawn by tame geese, flew over infinite regions, shedding her influence in due places, till at length she arrived at her beloved island of Britain; but in hovering over its metropolis, what blessings did she not let fall upon her seminaries of Gresham and Covent-garden! And now she reached the fatal plain of St. James's library, at what time the two armies were upon the point to engage; where, entering with all her caravan unseen, and landing upon a case of shelves, now desert, but once inhabited by a colony of virtuosoes, she staid a while to observe the posture of both armies.

But here the tender cares of a mother began to fill her thoughts and move in her breast; for at the head of a troop of modern bowmen she cast her eyes upon

^a Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood, a discovery much insisted on by the advocates for the moderns, and excepted against as doubtful or erroneous by Sir W. Temple.

^b Calones. By calling this disorderly rout calones, the author points both his satire and contempt against all sorts of mercenary scribblers. Sir Roger L'Estrange was distinguished by his hostility in this dirty warfare in the reigns of Charles II. and James.

^c These are pamphlets, which are not bound or covered.

^d An account of the superiority claimed for them in works of humour.

her son Wotton, to whom the fates had assigned a very short thread. Wotton, a young hero, whom an unknown father of mortal race begot by stolen embraces with this goddess. He was the darling of his mother above all her children, and she resolved to go and comfort him. But first, according to the good old custom of deities, she cast about to change her shape, for fear the divinity of her countenance might dazzle his mortal sight and overcharge the rest of his senses. She therefore gathered up her person into an octavo compass: her body grew white and arid, and split in pieces with dryness; the thick turned into pasteboard, and the thin into paper; upon which her parents and children artfully strewed a black juice, or decoction of gall and soot, in form of letters: her head, and voice, and spleen, kept their primitive form; and that which before was a cover of skin did still continue so. In this guise she marched on towards the moderns, undistinguishable in shape and dress from the divine Bentley, Wotton's dearest friend. Brave Wotton, said the goddess, why do our troops stand idle here, to spend their present vigour and opportunity of the day! away, let us haste to the generals, and advise to give the onset immediately. Having spoke thus, she took the ugliest of her monsters, full glutted from her spleen, and flung it invisibly into his mouth, which, flying straight up into his head, squeezed out his eye-balls, gave him a distorted look, and half overturned his brain. Then she privately ordered two of her beloved children, Dulness and Ill-manners, closely to attend his person in all encounters. Having thus accoutred him, she vanished in a mist, and the hero perceived it was the goddess his mother.

The destined hour of fate being now arrived, the fight began; whereof, before I dare adventure to make a particular description, I must, after the example of other authors, petition for a hundred tongues, and mouths, and hands, and pens, which would all be too little to perform so immense a work. Say, goddess, that presides over history, who it was that first advanced in the field of battle! Paracelsus, at the head of his dragoons, observing Galen in the adverse wing, darted his javelin with a mighty force, which the brave ancient received upon his shield, the point breaking in the second fold.

* * * * *
*Hic pauca
desunt.*

They bore the wounded signs on their shields to his chariot * * * * *
Desunt * * * * *
nonnulli. * * * * *

Then Aristotle, observing Bacon advance with a furious mien, drew his bow to the head, and let fly his arrow, which missed the valiant modern and went whizzing over his head; but Des Cartes it hit; the steel point quickly found a defect in his head-piece; it pierced the leather and the pasteboard, and went in at his right eye. The torture of the pain whirled the valiant bow-man round till death, like a star of superior influence, drew him into his own vortex.

Ingenia hiatus * * * * *
hic in MS. * * * * *

* * * * * when Homer appeared at the head of the cavalry, mounted on a furious horse, with difficulty managed by the rider himself, but which no other mortal durst approach; he rode among the enemy's ranks, and bore down all before him. Say, goddess, whom he slew first and whom he slew last!

* Doctor Hartley. It was not thought proper to name his antagonist, but only to intimate that he was wounded: other moderns are quoted by the hiatus that follows.

First, Gondibert^a advanced against him, clad in heavy armour and mounted on a staid sober gelding, not so famed for his speed as his docility in kneeling whenever his rider would mount or alight. He had made a vow to Pallas that he would never leave the field till he had spoiled Homer of his armour: madman, who had never once seen the wearer, nor understood his strength! Him Homer overthrew, horse and man, to the ground, there to be trampled and choked in the dirt. Then with a long spear he slew Denham, a stout modern, who from his father's side derived his lineage from Apollo, but his mother was of mortal race. He fell, and hit the earth. The celestial part Apollo took, and made it a star; but the terrestrial lay wallowing upon the ground. Then Homer slew Sam Wesley with a kick of his horse's heel; he took Perrault by mighty force out of his saddle, then hurled him at Fontenelle, with the same blow dashing out both their brains.

On the left wing of the horse Virgil appeared, in shining armour, completely fitted to his body: he was mounted on a dapple-gray steed, the slowness of whose pace was an effect of the highest mettle and vigour. He cast his eye on the adverse wing, with a desire to find an object worthy of his valour, when behold upon a sorrel gelding of a monstrous size appeared a foe, issuing from among the thickest of the enemy's squadrons; but his speed was less than his noise; for his horse, old and lean, spent the dregs of his strength in a high trot, which, though it made slow advances, yet caused a loud clashing of his armour terrible to hear. The two cavaliers had now approached within the throw of a lance, when the stranger desired a parley, and, lifting up the visor of his helmet, a face hardly appeared from within which, after a pause, was known for that of the renowned Dryden. The brave ancient suddenly started, as one possessed with surprise and disappointment together; for the helmet was nine times too large for the head, which appeared situate far in the hinder part, even like the lady in a lobster, or like a mouse under a canopy of state, or like a shrivelled beau from within the penthouse of a modern periwig; and the voice was suited to the visage, sounding weak and remote. Dryden, in a long harangue, soothed up the good ancient; called him father, and, by a large deduction of genealogies, made it plainly appear that they were nearly related.^b Then he humbly proposed an exchange of armour, as a lasting mark of hospitality between them. Virgil consented (for the goddess Diffidence came unseen, and cast a mist before his eyes), though his was of gold and cost a hundred heaves, the other's but of rusty iron. However, this glittering armour became the modern yet worse than his own. Then they agreed to exchange horses; but, when it came to the trial, Dryden was afraid and utterly unable to mount.

* * * * *
*Alter hiatus
in MS.*

Lucan appeared upon a fiery horse of admirable shape, but headstrong, bearing the rider where he list over the field; he made a mighty slaughter among the enemy's horse; which destruction to atop, Blackmore, a famous modern (but one of the mercenaries), strenuously opposed himself, and darted his javelin with a strong hand, which, falling short of its mark, struck deep in the earth. Then Lucan threw a lance; but Æsculapius came unseen and turned off the point. Brave modern, said Lucan, I perceive some god protects you; for never did my arm so deceive me before: but what mortal can contend

^a An heroic poem by Sir W. Davenant in stanzas of four lines.

^b Alluding to the Preliminary Dissertations in Dryden's Virgil.

^c His skill as a physician showed for his dulness as a poet.

with a god ! Therefore, let us fight no longer, but present gifts to each other. Lucan then bestowed the modern a pair of spurs, and Blackmore gave Lucan a bridle.

Pausa desunt.

Creech : but the goddess Dulness took a cloud, formed into the shape of Horace, armed and mounted, and placed in a flying posture before him. Glad was the cavalier to begin a combat with a flying foe, and pursued the image, threatening aloud ; till at last it led him to the peaceful hower of his father, Ogleby, by whom he was disarmed and assigned to his repose.

Then Pindar slew —, and —, and Oldham, and —, and Afras the Amazon, light of foot ; never advancing in a direct line, but wheeling with incredible agility and force, he made a terrible slaughter among the enemy's light horse. Him when Cowley observed, his generous heart burnt within him, and he advanced against the fierce ancient, imitating his address, his pace, and career, as well as the vigour of his horse and his own skill would allow. When the two cavaliers had approached within the length of three javellins, first Cowley threw a lance, which missed Pindar, and, passing into the enemy's ranks, fell ineffectual to the ground. Then Pindar darted a javelin so large and weighty, that scarce a dozen cavaliers, as cavaliers are in our degenerate days, could raise it from the ground ; yet he threw it with ease, and it went, by an unerring hand, singing through the air ; nor could the modern have avoided present death if he had not luckily opposed the shield that had been given him by Venus.^a And now both heroes drew their swords ; but the modern was so agitated and disordered that he knew not where he was ; his shield dropped from his hands ; thrice he fled, and thrice he could not escape ; at last he turned, and lifting up his hand in the posture of a suppliant, Godlike Pindar, said he, spare my life, and possess my horse, with these arms, beside the ransom which my friends will give when they hear I am alive and your prisoner. Dog ! said Pindar, let your ransom stay with your friends ; but your carcass shall lie left for the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field. With that he raised his sword, and, with a mighty stroke, cleft the wretched modern in twain, the sword pursuing the blow ; and one half lay panting on the ground, to be trod in pieces by the horses' feet ; the other half was borne by the frightened steed through the field. This Venus took, washed it seven times in ambrosia, then struck it thrice with a sprig of amaranth ; upon which the leather grew round and soft, and the leaves turned into feathers, and, being gilded before, continued gilded still ; so it became a dove, and she harnessed it to her chariot.

Hiatus valde deflexus in MS.

THE EPISODE OF BENTLEY AND WOTTON.

Day being far spent, and the numerous forces of the moderns half inclining to a retreat, there issued forth from a squadron of their heavy-armed foot a captain whose name was Bentley, the most deformed of all the moderns ; tall, but without shape or comeliness ; large, but without strength or proportion. His armour was patched up of a thousand incoherent pieces ; and the sound of it, as he marched, was loud and dry, like that made by the fall of a sheet of lead, which an Etesian wind blows suddenly down from the roof of some steeple. His helmet was of old rusty iron, but the vizor was brass, which, tainted by his breath, corrupted into copperas, nor wanted gall from the same fountain ;

so that, whenever provoked by anger or labour, an atramentous quality, of most malignant nature, was seen to distil from his lips. In his right hand he grasped a flail, and (that he might never be unprovided of an offensive weapon) a vessel full of ordure in his left.^a Thus completely armed, he advanced with a slow and heavy pace where the modern chiefs were holding a consult upon the sum of things ; who, as he came onwards, laughed to behold his crooked leg and humped shoulder, which his hoot and armour, vainly endeavouring to hide, were forced to comply with and expose. The generals made use of him for his talent of railing ; which, kept within government, proved frequently of great service to their cause, but, at other times, did more mischief than good ; for, at the least touch of offence, and often without any at all, he would, like a wounded elephant, convert it against his leaders. Such, at this juncture, was the disposition of Bentley ; grieved to see the enemy prevail, and dissatisfied with everybody's conduct but his own. He humbly gave the modern generals to understand that he conceived, with great submission, they were all a pack of rogues, and fools, and sons of whores, and d—d cowards, and confounded loggerheads, and illiterate whelps, and nonsensical scoundrels ; that, if himself had been constituted general, those presumptuous dogs, the ancients, would long before this have been beaten out of the field. You, said he, sit here idle ; but when I, or any other valiant modern, kill an enemy, you are sure to seize the spoil. But I will not march one foot against the foe till you all swear to me that whomever I take or kill, his arms I shall quietly possess. Bentley having spoken thus, Scaliger, bestowing him a sour look, Miscreant prater ! said he, eloquent only in thine own eyes, thou mildest without wit, or truth, or discretion. The malignity of thy temper perverteth nature ; thy learning makes thee more barbarous ; thy study of humanity more inhuman ; thy converse among poets, more grovelling, miry, and dull. All arts of civilizing others render thee rude and intractable ; courts have taught thee ill manners, and polite conversation has finished thee a pedant. Besides, a greater coward hardeneth not the army. But never despond ; I pass my word, whatever spoil thou takest shall certainly be thy own ; though I hope that vile carcass will first become a prey to kites and worms.

Bentley durst not reply ; but, half choked with spleen and rage, withdrew, in full resolution of performing some great achievement. With him, for his aid and companion, he took his beloved Wotton ; resolving by policy or surprise to attempt some neglected quarter of the ancient's army. They began their march over carcasses of their slaughtered friends ; then to the right of their own forces ; then wheeled northward, till they came to Aldrovandus's tomb, which they passed on the side of the declining sun. And now they arrived, with fear, toward the enemy's out-guards ; looking about, if haply they might spy the quarters of the wounded, or some straggling sleepers, unarmed and remote from the rest. As when two mongrel curs, whom native greediness and domestic want provoke and join in partnership, though fearful, nightly to invade the folds of some rich grazer, they, with tails depressed and lolling tongues, creep soft and slow ; meanwhile the conscious moon, now in her senile, on their guilty heads darts perpendicular rays ; nor dare they bark, though much provoked at her refulgent visage, whether seen in puddle by reflection or in sphere direct ; but one surveys the region round, while the other scouts the plain, if haply to discover, at dis-

^a Mrs. Afta Buba. ^b His poem called "The Mistress."

^a The person here spoken of is famous for letting fly at everybody.

tauce from the flock, some carcase half devoured, the refuse of gorged wolves or ominous ravens. So marched this lovely, loving pair of friends, nor with less fear and circumspection, when at a distance they might perceive two shining suits of armour hanging upon an oak, and the owners not far off in a profound sleep. The two friends drew lots, and the pursuing of this adventure fell to Bentley; on he went, and in his van Confusion and Amaze, while Horror and Affright brought up the rear. As he came near, behold two heroes of the ancient's army, Phalaris and Æsop, lay fast asleep; Bentley would fain have despatched them both, and, stealing close, aimed his flail at Phalaris's breast. But then the goddess Affright, interposing, caught the modern in her icy arms, and dragged him from the danger she foresaw; both the dormant heroes happened to turn at the same instant, though soundly sleeping, and busy in a dream. For Phalaris was just that minute dreaming how a most vile poetaster had lampooned him, and how he had got him roaring in his bull. And Æsop dreamed that, as he and the ancient chiefs were lying on the ground, a wild ass broke loose, ran about, trampling and kicking and dunging in their faces. Bentley, leaving the two heroes asleep, seized on both their armours, and withdrew in quest of his darling Wotton.

He, in the mean time, had wandered long in search of some enterprise, till at length he arrived at a small rivulet that issued from a fountain hard by, called, in the language of mortal men, Helicon. Here he stopped, and, parched with thirst, resolved to alay it in this limpid stream. Thrice with profane hands he essayed to raise the water to his lips, and thrice it slipped all through his fingers. Then he stooped prone on his breast, but, ere his mouth had kissed the liquid crystal, Apollo came, and in the channel held his shield betwixt the modern and the fountain, so that he drew up nothing but mud. For, although no fountain on earth can compare with the clearness of Helicon, yet there lies at bottom a thick sediment of slime and mud; for so Apollo begged of Jnpter, as a punishment to those who durst attempt to taste it with unhallowed lips, and for a lesson to all not to draw too deep or far from the spring.

At the fountain-head Wotton discerned two heroes; the one he could not distinguish, but the other was soon known for Temple, general of the allies to the ancients. His hack was turned, and he was employed in drinking large draughts in his helmet from the fountain, where he had withdrawn himself to rest from the toils of the war. Wotton, observing him, with quaking knees and trembling hands, spoke thus to himself: O that I could kill this destroyer of our army, what renown should I purchase among the chiefs! but to issue out against him, man against man, shield against shield, and lance against lance, what modern of us dare? for he fights like a god, and Pallas or Apollo are ever at his elbow. But, O mother! if what Fame reports be true, that I am the son of so great a goddess, grant me to hit Temple with this lance, that the stroke may send him to hell, and that I may return in safety and triumph, laden with his spoils. The first part of this prayer the gods granted at the intercession of his mother and of Momus; but the rest, by a perverse wind sent from Fate, was scattered in the air. Then Wotton grasped his lance, and, brandishing it thrice over his head, darted it with all his might; the goddess, his mother, at the same time adding strength to his arm. Away the lance went hissing, and reached even to the belt of the

averted ancient, upon which lightly grazing, it fell to the ground. Temple neither felt the weapon touch him nor heard it fall; and Wotton might have escaped to his army, with the honour of having remitted his lance against so great a leader unrevenged; but Apollo, enraged that a javelin flung by the assistance of so foul a goddess should pollute his fountain, put on the shape of ———, and softly came to young Boyle, who then accompanied Temple: he pointed first to the lance, then to the distant modern that flung it, and commanded the young hero to take immediate revenge. Boyle, clad in a suit of armour which had been given him by all the gods,* immediately advanced against the trembling foe, who now fled before him. As a young lion in the Libyan plains, or Araby desert, sent by his aged sire to hunt for prey, or health, or exercise, he scours along, wishing to meet some tiger from the mountains, or a furious hunt; if chance a wild ass, with brayings importune, affronts his ear, the generous beast, though loathing to disdain his claws with blood so vile, yet, much provoked at the offensive noise, which Echo, foolish nymph, like her ill-judging sex, repeats much louder, and with more delight than Philomela's song, he vindicates the honour of the forest, and hunts the noisy long-eared animal. So Wotton fled, so Boyle pursued. But Wotton, heavy-armed and slow of foot, began to slack his course, when his lover Bentley appeared, returning laden with the spoils of the two sleeping ancients. Boyle observed him well, and soon discovering the helmet and shield of Phalaris his friend, both which he had lately with his own hands new polished and gilt, rage sparkled in his eyes, and, leaving his pursuit after Wotton, he furiously rushed on against this new approacher. Fain would he be revenged on both; but both now fled different ways: and, as a woman in a little house that gets a painful livelihood by spinning, if chance her geese be scattered o'er the common, she courses round the plain from side to side, compelling here and there the stragglers to the flock; they cackle loud, and flutter o'er the champaign; so Boyle pursued, so fled this pair of friends: finding at length their flight was vain, they bravely joined, and drew themselves in phalanx. First Bentley threw a spear with all his force, hoping to pierce the enemy's breast; but Pallas came unseen, and in the air took off the point, and elopped on one of lead, which, after a dead bang against the enemy's shield, fell blunted to the ground. Then Boyle, observing well his time, took up a lance of wondrous length and sharpness; and, as this pair of friends compacted, stood close side to side, he wheeled him to the right, and, with unusual force, darted the weapon. Bentley saw his fate approach, and flanking down his arms close to his ribs, hoping to save his body, in went the point, passing through arm and side, nor stopped or spent its force till it had also pierced the valiant Wotton, who, going to sustain his dying friend, shared his fate. As when a skilful cook has trussed a brace of woodcocks, he with iron skewer pierces the tender sides of both, their legs and wings close pinioned to the ribs; so was this pair of friends transfixed, till down they fell, joined in their lives, joined in their destiny; so closely joined that Charon would mistake them both for one, and waft them over Styx for half his fare. Farewell, beloved, loving pair; few equals have you left behind: and happy and immortal shall you be, if all my wit and eloquence can make you.

And now

Desunt cetera.

* According to Homer, who tells the dreams of those who were killed in their sleep.

* Boyle was assisted in this dispute by dean Aldrich, Dr. Atterbury, afterwards bishop of Rochester, and other persons at Oxford.

A DISCOURSE

CONCERNING THE

MECHANICAL OPERATION OF THE SPIRIT.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND. A FRAGMENT.

THE BOOKSELLER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Discourse came into my hands perfect and entire; but there being several things in it which the present age would not very well bear, I kept it by me some years, resolving it should never see the light. At length, by the advice and assistance of a judicious friend, I retrenched those parts that might give most offence, and have now ventured to publish the remainder. Concerning the author I am wholly ignorant; neither can I conjecture whether it be the same with that of the two foregoing pieces, the original having been sent me at a different time, and in a different hand. The learned reader will better determine, to whose judgment I entirely submit it.

A DISCOURSE, ETC.

For T. H. Esquire,* at his chambers in the Academy of the
Roses Esquie, in New England.

Sir,—It is now a good while since I have had in my head something, not only very material, but absolutely necessary to my health, that the world should be informed in; for, to tell you a secret, I am able to contain it no longer. However, I have been perplexed for some time to resolve what would be the most proper form to send it abroad in. To which end I have been three days coursing through Westminster-hall, and St. Paul's churchyard, and Fleet-street, to peruse titles; and I do not find any which holds so general a vogue as that of a Letter to a Friend: nothing is more common than to meet with long epistles addressed to persons and places where, at first thinking, one would be apt to imagine it not altogether so necessary or convenient; such as, a neighbour at next door, a mortal enemy, a perfect stranger, or a person of quality in the clouds; and these upon subjects, in appearance, the least proper for conveyance by the post; as long schemes in philosophy, dark and wonderful mysteries of state, laborious dissertations in criticism and philosophy, advice to parliaments, and the like.

Now, sir, to proceed after the method in present wear; for, let me say what I will to the contrary, I am afraid you will publish this letter as soon as ever it comes to your hand. I desire you will be my witness to the world how careless and sudden a scribble it has been; that it was not yesterday when you and I began accidentally to fall into discourse on this matter; that I was not very well when we parted; that the post is in such haste I have had no manner of time to digest it into order or correct the style; and if any other modern excuses for haste and negligence shall occur to you in reading, I beg you to insert them, faithfully promising they shall be thankfully acknowledged.

Pray, sir, in your next letter to the Iroquois virtuosi, do me the favour to present my humble service to that illustrious body, and assure them I shall send an account of those phenomena as soon as we can determine them at Gresham.

I have not had a line from the literati of Topinambou these three last ordinaries.

* Supposed to be col. Hunter. This Discourse is not altogether equal to the former, the best parts of it being omitted.

And now, sir, having despatched what I had to say of form or of business, let me entreat you will suffer me to proceed upon my subject, and to pardon me if I make no farther use of the epistolary style till I come to conclude.

SECTION THE FIRST.

It is recorded of Mahomet that, upon a visit he was going to pay in Paradise, he had an offer of several vehicles to conduct him upwards; as fiery chariots, winged horses, and celestial sedans; but he refused them all, and would be borne to heaven upon nothing but his ass. Now this inclination of Mahomet, as singular as it seems, has been since taken up by a great number of devout christians, and doubtless with very good reason. For, since that Arabian is known to have borrowed a moiety of his religious system from the christian faith, it is but just he should pay reprisals to such as would challenge them; wherein the good people of England, to do them all right, have not been backward; for, though there is not any other nation in the world so plentifully provided with carriages for that journey, either as to safety or ease, yet there are abundance of us who will not be satisfied with any other machine beside this of Mahomet.

For my own part, I must confess to bear a very singular respect to this animal, by whom I take human nature to be most admirably held forth in all its qualities, as well as operations; and therefore, whatever in my small reading occurs concerning this our fellow-creature, I do never fail to set it down by way of commonplace; and when I have occasion to write upon human reason, politics, eloquence, or knowledge, I lay my memorandums before me, and insert them with a wonderful facility of application. However, among all the qualifications ascribed to this distinguished brute, by ancient or modern authors, I cannot remember this talent of hearing his rider to heaven has been recorded for a part of his character, except in the two examples mentioned already; therefore I conceive the methods of this art to be a point of useful knowledge in very few hands, and which the learned world would gladly be better informed in: this is what I have undertaken to perform in the following discourse. For towards the operation already mentioned many peculiar properties are required both in the rider and the ass, which I shall endeavour to set in as clear a light as I can.

But, because I am resolved, by all means, to avoid giving offence to any party whatever, I will leave off discoursing so closely to the letter as I have hitherto done, and go on for the future by way of allegory; though in such a manner that the judicious reader may, without much straining, make his applications as often as he shall think fit. Therefore, if you please, from henceforward, instead of the term ass, we shall make use of gifted or enlightened teacher; and the word rider we will exchange for that of fanatic auditory, or any other denomination of the like import. Having settled this weighty point, the great subject of inquiry before us is to examine by what methods this teacher arrives at his gifts, or spirit, or light; and by what intercourse he

tween him and his assembly it is cultivated and supported.

In all my writings I have had constant regard to this great end, not to suit and apply them to particular occasions and circumstances of time, of place, or of person, but to calculate them for universal nature and mankind in general. And of such catholic use I esteem this present disquisition; for I do not remember any other temper of body, or quality of mind, wherein all nations and ages of the world have so unanimously agreed as that of a fanatic strain or tincture of enthusiasm; which, improved by certain persons or societies of men, and by them practised upon the rest, has been able to produce revolutions of the greatest figure in history, as will soon appear to those who know anything of Arabia, Persia, India, or China, of Morocco and Peru. Farther, it has possessed as great a power in the kingdom of knowledge, where it is hard to assign one art or science which has not annexed to it some fanatic branch; such are, the philosopher's stone, the grand elixir,* the planetary worlds, the squaring of the circle, the *summum bonum*, Utopian commonwealths, with some others of less or subordinate note, which all serve for nothing else but to employ or amuse this grain of enthusiasm dealt into every composition.

But if this plant has found a root in the fields of empire and of knowledge, it has fixed deeper and spread yet farther upon holy ground; wherein, though it has passed under the general name of enthusiasm, and perhaps arisen from the same original, yet has it produced certain branches of a very different nature, however often mistaken for each other. The word, in its universal acceptation, may be defined, a lifting up of the soul, or its faculties, above matter. This description will hold good in general, but I am only to understand it as applied to religion; wherein there are three general ways of ejaculating the soul, or transporting it beyond the sphere of matter. The first is the immediate act of God, and is called prophecy or inspiration. The second is the immediate act of the devil, and is termed possession. The third is the product of natural causes, the effect of strong imagination, spleen, violent anger, fear, grief, pain, and the like. These three have been abundantly treated on by authors, and therefore shall not employ my inquiry. But the fourth method of religious enthusiasm, or launching out of the soul, as it is purely an effect of artifice and mechanic operation, has been sparingly handled, or not at all, by any writer; because, though it is an art of great antiquity, yet, having been confined to few persons, it long wanted those advancements and refinements which it afterwards met with, since it has grown so epidemic, and fallen into so many cultivating hands.

It is therefore upon this mechanical operation of the spirit that I mean to treat, as it is at present performed by our British workmen. I shall deliver to the reader the result of many judicious observations upon the matter; tracing, as near as I can, the whole course and method of this trade, producing parallel instances and relating certain discoveries that have luckily fallen in my way.

I have said that there is one branch of religious enthusiasm which is purely an effect of nature; whereas the part I mean to handle is wholly an effect of art, which however is inclined to work upon certain natures and constitutions more than others. Besides, there is many an operation which in its original was purely an artifice, but through a long succession of ages has grown to be natural. Hippocrates tells us that among our ancestors the

* Some writers hold them for the same, others not.

Scythians there was a nation called Long-heads, which at first began by a custom among midwives and nurses of moulding, and squeezing, and bracing up the heads of infants; by which means nature, shut out at one passage, was forced to seek another, and, finding room above, shot upwards in the form of a sugar-loaf; and, being diverted that way for some generations, at last found it out of herself, needing no assistance from the nurse's hand. This was the original of the Scythian Long-heads, and thus did custom, from being a second nature, proceed to be a first. To all which there is something very analogous among us of this nation, who are the undoubted posterity of that refined people. For in the age of our fathers there arose a generation of men in this island called Round-heads,* whose race is now spread over three kingdoms; yet in its beginning was merely an operation of art produced by a pair of scissors, a squeeze of the face, and a black cap. These heads, thus formed into a perfect sphere in all assemblies, were most exposed to the view of the female sort, which did influence their conceptions so effectually, that nature at last took the hint and did it of herself; so that a round-head has been ever since as familiar a sight among us as a long-head among the Scythians.

Upon these examples, and others easy to produce, I desire the curious reader to distinguish, first, between an effect grown from art into nature, and one that is natural from its beginning: secondly, between an effect wholly natural, and one which has only a natural foundation, but where the superstructure is entirely artificial. For the first and the last of these I understand to come within the districts of my subject. And having obtained these allowances, they will serve to remove any objections that may be raised hereafter against what I shall advance.

The practitioners of this famous art proceed, in general, upon the following fundamental: that the corruption of the senses is the generation of the spirit; because the senses in men are so many avenues to the fort of reason, which in this operation is wholly blocked up. All endeavours must be therefore used, either to divert, blind up, stuffy, fluster, and amuse the senses, or else to juggle them out of their stations; and, while they are either absent or otherwise employed, or engaged in a civil war against each other, the spirit enters and performs its part.

Now, the usual methods of managing the senses upon such conjunctures are, what I shall be very particular in delivering, as far as it is lawful for me to do; but, having had the honour to be initiated into the mysteries of every society, I desire to be excused from divulging any rites wherein the profane must have no part.

But here, before I can proceed farther, a very dangerous objection must if possible be removed. For it is positively denied by certain critics that the spirit can, by any means, be introduced into an assembly of modern saints; the disparity being so great in many material circumstances between the primitive way of inspiration and that which is practised in the present age. This they pretend to prove from the second chapter of the Acts, where, comparing both, it appears, first, That the apostles were gathered together with one accord, in one place; by which is meant a universal agreement in opinion and form of worship; a harmony, say they, so far from

* The fanatics in the time of Charles I. ignorantly applying the text, "Ye know that it is a shame for me to have long hair," cut theirs very short. It is said that the queen, once seeing them, a celebrated patriot, thus enquired, inquired who that round-headed man was? and that from this incident the *di-benedi* became general, and the party were called round heads.

being found between any two conventicles—among us, that it is in vain to expect it between any two heads in the same. Secondly, The spirit instructed the apostles in the gift of speaking several languages; a knowledge so remote from our dealers in this art, that they neither understand propriety of words or phrases in their own. Lastly, say these objectors, the modern artists do utterly exclude all approaches of the spirit, and bar up its ancient way of entering, by covering themselves so close and so industriously a-top: for they will needs have it as a point clearly gained, that the cloven tongues never sat upon the apostles' heads while their hats were on.

Now, the force of these objections seems to consist in the different acception of the word spirit; which, if it be understood for a supernatural assistance approaching from without, the objectors have reason, and their assertions may be allowed; but the spirit we treat of here proceeding entirely from within, the argument of these adversaries is wholly eluded. And upon the same account, our modern artificers find it an expedient of absolute necessity to cover their heads as close as they can in order to prevent perspiration, than which nothing is observed to be a greater spender of mechanic light, as we may perhaps further show in a convenient place.

To proceed therefore upon this phenomenon of spiritual mechanism, it is here to be noted that in forming and working up the spirit the assembly has a considerable share as well as the preacher. The method of this arcanum is as follows: they violently strain their eyeballs inward, half closing the lids; then, as they sit, they are in a perpetual motion of see-saw, making long hums at proper periods, and continuing the sound at equal height, choosing their time in those intermissions while the preacher is at ebb. Neither is this practice in any part of it so singular and improbable as not to be traced in distant regions from reading and observation. For, first, the Jauguis [Bernier, *Mém. de Mogol.*], or enlightened saints of India, see all their visions by help of an acquired straining and pressure of the eyes. Secondly, the art of see-saw on a beam, and swinging by session upon a cord, in order to raise artificial ecstasies, has been derived to us from our Scythian [Guagnini *Hist. Sarmat.*] ancestors, where it is practised at this day among the women. Lastly, the whole proceeding, as I have here related it, is performed by the natives of Ireland with a considerable improvement; and it is granted that this noble nation has, of all others, admitted fewer corruptions and degenerated least from the purity of the old Tartars. Now, it is usual for a knot of Irish men and women to abstract themselves from matter, bind up all their senses, grow visionary and spiritual, by influence of a short pipe of tobacco handed round the company, each preserving the smoke in his mouth till it comes again to his turn to take in fresh; at the same time there is a concert of a continued gentle hum, repeated and renewed by instinct as occasion requires; and they move their bodies up and down to a degree that sometimes their heads and points lie parallel to the horizon. Meanwhile you may observe their eyes turned up, in the posture of one who endeavours to keep himself awake; by which, and many other symptoms among them, it manifestly appears that the reasoning faculties are all suspended and superseded, that imagination has usurped the seat, scattering a thousand deliriums over the brain. Returning from this digression, I shall describe the methods by which the spirit approaches. The eyes being disposed according to art, at first you can see nothing; but after a short pause a small glimmering light begins to appear and dance before you;

then, by frequently moving your body up and down, you perceive the vapours to ascend very fast, till you are perfectly dazed and flustered like one who drinks too much in a morning. Meanwhile the preacher is also at work; he begins a loud hum which pierces you quite through; this is immediately returned by the audience, and you find yourself prompted to imitate them by a mere spontaneous impulse, without knowing what you do. The *interstitia* are duly filled up by the preacher to prevent too long a pause, under which the spirit would soon faint and grow languid.

This is all I am allowed to discover about the progress of the spirit with relation to that part which is borne by the assembly; but in the methods of the preacher to which I now proceed I shall be more large and particular.

SECTION THE SECOND.

You will read it very gravely remarked in the books of those illustrious and right eloquent penmen, the modern travellers, that the fundamental difference in point of religion between the wild Indians and us, lies in this—that we worship God, and they worship the devil. But there are certain critics who will by no means admit of this distinction, rather believing that all nations whatsoever adore the true God, because they seem to intend their devotions to some invisible power of greatest goodness and ability to help them; which perhaps will take in the highest attributes ascribed to the Divinity. Others again inform us that those idolaters adore two principles—the principle of good, and that of evil; which indeed I am apt to look upon as the most universal notion that mankind, by the mere light of nature, ever entertained of things invisible. How this idea has been managed by the Indians and us, and with what advantage to the understandings of either, may well deserve to be examined. To me the difference appears little more than this, that they are put offener upon their knees by their fears, and we by our desires; that the former set them a praying, and us a cursing. What I applaud them for is, their discretion in limiting their devotions and their duties to their several districts, nor ever suffering the liturgy of the white God to cross or to interfere with that of the black. Not so with us, who, pretending by the lines and measures of our reason to extend the dominion of one invisible power, and contract that of the other, have discovered a gross ignorance in the natures of good and evil, and most horribly confounded the frontiers of both. After men have lifted up the throne of their divinity to the *coelum empyreum*, adorned with all such qualities and accomplishments as themselves seem most to value and possess—after they have sunk their principle of evil to the lowest centre, bound him with chains, loaded him with curses, furnished him with viler dispositions than any rake-hell of the town, accented him with tail, and horns, and huge claws, and saucer eyes—I laugh aloud to see these reasoners at the same time engaged in wise dispute, about certain walks and parlours, whether they are in the verge of God or the devil; seriously debating whether such and such influences come into men's minds from above or below; whether certain passions and affections are guided by the evil spirit or the good:

*Dum fas atque nefas exiguæ sine libidine
Discrevit avidi.*

Thus do men establish a fellowship of Christ with Belial, and such is the analogy they make between cloven tongues and cloven feet. Of the like nature is the disquisition before us: it has confounded these

hundred years an even debate whether the deportment and the cant of our English enthusiastic preachers were possession or inspiration; and a world of argument has been drained on either side, perhaps to little purpose. For I think it is in life as in tragedy, where it is held a conviction of great defect, both in order and invention, to interpose the assistance of preternatural power without an absolute and instant necessity. However, it is a sketch of human vanity for every individual to imagine the whole universe is interested in his meanest concern. If he has got cleanly over a kennel, some angel unseen descended on purpose to help him by the hand; if he has knocked his head against a post, it was the devil for his sins let loose from hell on purpose to buffet him. Who that sees a little paltry mortal, droning, and dreaming, and drivelling to a multitude, can think it agreeable to common good sense that either heaven or hell should be put to the trouble of influence or inspection upon what he is about! therefore I am resolved immediately to weed this error out of mankind, by making it clear that this mystery of vending spiritual gifts is nothing but a trade, acquired by as much instruction, and mastered by equal practice and application, as others are. This will best appear by describing and deducting the whole process of the operation, as variously as it hath fallen under my knowledge or experience.

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"Here the whole scheme of spiritual mechanism was deduced and explained, with an appearance of great reading and observation; but it was thought neither safe nor convenient to print it."

* * * * *

Here it may not be amiss to add a few words upon the landable practice of wearing quilted caps; which is not a matter of mere custom, humour, or fashion, as some would pretend, but an institution of great sagacity and use; these, when moistened with sweat, stop all perspiration; and, by reverberating the heat, prevent the spirit from evaporating any way but at the mouth; even as a skilful housewife that cove's her still with a wet cloth for the same reason, and finds the same effect. For it is the opinion of choice virtuosi that the brain is only a crowd of little animals, but with teeth and claws extremely sharp, and therefore cling together in the contexture we behold, like the picture of Hobbes's Leviathan, or like bees in perpendicular swarm upon a tree, or like a carrion corrupted into vermin, still preserving the shape and figure of the mother animal; that all invention is furnished by the morsure of two or more of these animals upon certain capillary nerves which proceed from thence, whereof three branches spread into the tongue, and two into the right hand. They hold also that these animals are of a constitution extremely cold; that their food is the air we attract, their excrement phlegm; and that what we vulgarly call rheum, and colds, and distillations, is nothing else but an epidemical looseness, to which that little commonwealth is very subject from the climate it lies under. Further, that nothing less than a violent heat can disentangle these creatures from their hamated station of life, or give them vigour and humour to imprint the marks of their little teeth. That if the morsure be hexagonal it produces poetry; the circular gives eloquence; if the bite hath been conical, the person whose nerve is so affected shall be disposed to write upon politics; and so of the rest.

I shall now discourse briefly by what kind of practices the voice is best governed toward the composition and improvement of the spirit; for, without a competent skill in tuning and toning each

word, and syllable, and letter, to their due cadence, the whole operation is incomplete, misses entirely of its effect on the hearers, and puts the workman himself to continual pains for new supplies, without success. For it is to be understood that, in the language of the spirit, cant and droning supply the place of sense and reason in the language of men; because, in spiritual harangues, the disposition of the words according to the art of grammar has not the least use, but the skill and influence wholly lies in the choice and cadence of the syllables; even as a discreet composer, who, in setting a song, changes the words and order so often, that he is forced to make it nonsense before he can make it music. For this reason it has been held by some that the art of canting is ever in greatest perfection when managed by ignorance; which is thought to be enigmatically meant by Plutarch, when he tells us that the best musical instruments were made from the bones of an ass. And the profounder critics upon that passage are of opinion, the word, in its genuine signification, means no other than a jaw-bone; though some rather think it to have been the *os sacrum*; but in so nice a case I shall not take upon me to decide; the curious are at liberty to pick from it whatever they please.

The first ingredient toward the art of canting is, a competent share of inward light; that is to say, a large memory, plentifully fraught with theological polysyllables and mysterious texts from holy writ, applied and digested by those methods and mechanical operations already related: the bearers of this light resembling lanterns compact of leaves from old Genera bibles; which invention, sir Humphrey Edwin,* during his majority, of happy memory, highly approved and advanced; affirming the Scripture to be now fulfilled, where it says, Thy word is a lantern to my feet, and a light to my path.

Now, the art of canting consists in skilfully adapting the voice to whatever words the spirit delivers, that each may strike the ears of the audience with its most significant cadence. The force or energy of this eloquence is not to be found, as among ancient orators, in the disposition of words to a sentence, or the turning of long periods; but, agreeably to the modern refinements in music, is taken up wholly in dwelling and dilating upon syllables and letters. Thus, it is frequent for a single vowel to draw sighs from a multitude, and for a whole assembly of salutes to sooth to the music of one solitary liquid. But these are trifles, when even sounds inarticulate are observed to produce as forcible effects. A master workman shall blow his nose so powerfully as to pierce the hearts of his people, who were disposed to receive the excrements of his brain with the same reverence as the issue of it. Hawking, spitting, and belching, the defects of other men's rhetoric, are the flowers, and figures, and ornaments of his. For the spirit being the same in all, it is of no import through what vehicle it is conveyed.

It is a point of too much difficulty to draw the principles of this famous art within the compass of certain adequate rules. However, perhaps I may one day oblige the world with my critical essay upon the art of canting; philosophically, physically, and musically considered.

But, among all improvements of the spirit, wherein the voice has borne a part, there is none to be compared with that of conveying the sound through the nose, which, under the denomination of snuffling,^b

* A presbyterian, who, according to the dignity of lord mayor of London, went in his official character to a meeting house.

^b The snuffling of men who have lost their noses by lead canons is said to have given rise to that tone which our dissenters do too much affect.

has passed with so great applause in the world. The originals of this institution are very dark ; but, having been initiated into the mystery of it, and leave being given me to publish it to the world, I shall deliver as direct a relation as I can.

This art, like many other famous inventions, owed its birth, or at least improvement and perfection, to an effect of chance ; but was established upon solid reasons, and has flourished in this island ever since with great lustre. All agree that it first appeared upon the decay and discouragement of bagpipes, which, having long suffered under the mortal hatred of the brethren, tottered for a time, and at last fell with monarchy. The story is thus related.

As yet snuffling was not, when the following adventure happened to a Banbury saint. Upon a certain day, while he was far engaged among the tabernacles of the wicked, he felt the outward man put into odd commotions, and strangely pricked forward by the inward ; an effect very usual among the modern inspired. For some think that the spirit is apt to feed on the flesh, like hungry vultures upon raw beef. Others rather believe there is a perpetual game at leap-frog between both ; and sometimes the flesh is uppermost, and sometimes the spirit ; adding that the former, while it is in the state of a rider, wears huge Rippon spurs ; and, when it comes to the turn of being bearer, is wonderfully head-strong and hard-mouthed. However it came about, the saint felt his vessel full extended in every part ; (a very natural effect of strong inspiration) ; and the place and time falling out so unluckily that he could not have the convenience of evacuating upwards, by repetition, prayer, or lecture, he was forced to open an inferior vent. In short, he wrestled with the flesh so long, that he at length subdued it, coming off with honourable wounds all before. The surgeon had now cured the parts primarily affected ; but the disease, driven from its post, flew up into his head ; and, as a skilful general, valiantly attacked in his trenches, and beaten from the field, by flying marches withdraws to the capital city, breaking down the bridges to prevent pursuit ; so the disease, repelled from its first station, fled before the rod of Hermes to the upper region, there fortifying itself ; but, fluding the foe making attacks at the nose, broke down the bridge and retired to the head-quarters. Now, the naturalists observe that there is in human noses an Idiosyncrasy, by virtue of which, the more the passage is obstructed, the more our speech delights to go through, as the music of a flageolet is made by the stops. By this method the twang of the nose becomes perfectly to resemble the snuffle of a bagpipe, and is found to be equally attractive of British ears ; whereof the saint had sudden experience, by practising his new faculty with wonderful success, in the operation of the spirit ; for, in a short time, no doctrine passed for sound and orthodox unless it were delivered through the nose. Straight every pastor copied after this original ; and those who could not otherwise arrive to a perfection, spirited by a noble zeal, made use of the same experiment to acquire it ; so that, I think, it may be truly affirmed the saints owe their empire to the snuffling of one animal, as Darius did his to the neighing of another ; and both stratagems were performed by the same art ; for we read how the Persian beast acquired his faculty by covering a mare the day before. [Herodotus.]

I should now have done, if I were not convinced that whatever I have yet advanced upon this subject is liable to great exception. For, allowing all I have said to be true, it may still be justly objected that there is in the commonwealth of artificial enthusiasm some real foundation for art to work upon,

in the temper and complexion of individuals, which other mortals seem to want. Observe but the gesture, the motion, and the countenance of some choice professors, though in their most familiar actions, you will find them of a different race from the rest of human creatures. Remark your commonest pretender to a light within, how dark, and dirty, and gloomy he is without ; as lanterns, which, the more light they bear in their bodies, cast out so much the more soot, and smoke, and fuliginous matter to adhere to the sides. Listen but to their ordinary talk, and look on the mouth that delivers it, you will imagine you are hearing some ancient orator, and your understanding will be equally informed. Upon these, and the like reasons, certain objectors pretend to put it beyond all doubt that there must be a sort of preternatural spirit possessing the heads of the modern saints ; and some will have it to be the heat of zeal working upon the dregs of ignorance, as other spirits are produced from lees by the force of fire. Some again think, that when our earthly tabernacles are disordered and desolate, shaken and out of repair, the spirit delights to dwell within them ; as houses are said to be haunted when they are forsaken and gone to decay.

To set this matter in as fair a light as possible, I shall here very briefly deduce the history of fanaticism from the most early ages to the present. And if we are able to fix upon any one material or fundamental point, wherein the chief professors have universally agreed, I think we may reasonably lay bold on that, and assign it for the great seed or principle of the spirit.

The most early traces we meet with of fanatics in ancient story are among the Egyptians, who instituted those rites known in Greece by the names of Orgia, Panegyres, and Dionysia ; whether introduced there by Orpheus or Melampus we shall not dispute at present, nor in all likelihood at any time for the future [Diod. Sic., l. i. Plut. de Iside et Osiride]. These feasts were celebrated to the honour of Osiris, whom the Grecians called Dionysius, and is the same with Bacchus ; which has betrayed some superficial readers to imagine that the whole business was nothing more than a set of roaring, scouring companions, overcharged with wine ; but this is a scandalous mistake, foisted on the world by a sort of modern authors, who have too literal an understanding ; and, because antiquity is to be traced backwards, do therefore, like Jews, begin their books at the wrong end, as if learning were a sort of conjuring. These are the men who pretend to understand a book by scouring through the index ; as if a traveller should go about to describe a palace, when he had seen nothing but the privy ; or like certain fortune-tellers in Northern America, who have a way of reading a man's destiny by peeping into his breech. For, at the time of instituting these mysteries, there was not one vine in all Egypt [Herodotus, l. ii.], the natives drinking nothing but ale ; which liquor seems to have been far more ancient than wine, and has the honour of owing its invention and progress, not only to the Egyptian Osiris [Diod. Sic., l. i. and lii.], but to the Grecian Bacchus ; who, in their famous expedition, carried the receipt of it along with them, and gave it to the nations they visited or subdued. Besides, Bacchus himself was very seldom or never drunk ; for it is recorded of him that he was the first inventor of the mitre [Id., l. iv.], which he wore continually on his head (as the whole company of bacchanals did), to prevent vapours and the headache after hard drinking. And for this reason, say some, the scarlet whore, when she makes the king of the earth drunk with her cup of abomination, is always sober herself, though she never balks this

glass in her turn, being, it seems, kept upon her legs by the virtue of her triple mitre. Now these feasts were instituted in imitation of the famous expedition Osiris made through the world, and of the company that attended him, whereof the bacchanalian ceremonies were so many types and symbols. From which account [Diod. Sic., l. i. and iii.] it is manifest that the fanatic rites of these bacchanals cannot be imputed to intoxications by wine, but must needs have had a deeper foundation. What this was, we may gather large hints from certain circumstances in the course of their mysteries. For, in the first place, there was, in their processions, an entire mixture and confusion of sexes; they affected to ramble about hills and deserts; their garlands were of ivy and vine, emblems of cleaving and clinging; or of fir, the parent of turpentine. It is added that they imitated satyrs, were attended by goats, and rode upon asses, all companions of great skill and practice in affairs of gallantry. They bore for their ensigns certain curious figures, perched upon long poles, made into the shape and size of the *virga genitalis*, with its appurtenances; which were so many shadows and emblems of the whole mystery, as well as trophies set up by the female conquerors. Lastly, in a certain town of Attica, the whole solemnity, stripped of all its types [Dionysia Brauronia], was performed *in puris naturalibus*, the votaries not flying in covers, but sorted into couples. The same may be further conjectured from the death of Orpheus, one of the initiators of these mysteries, who was torn in pieces by women, because he refused to communicate his orgies to them [Vide Photium in excerptis à Conone]; which others explained by telling us he had castrated himself upon grief for the loss of his wife.

Omitting many others of less note, the next fanatics we meet with of any eminence were the numerous sects of heretics appearing in the five first centuries of the Christian era, from Simon Magus and his followers to those of Eutyches. I have collected their systems from infinite reading, and, comparing them with those of their successors in the several ages since, I find there are certain bounds set even to the irregularity of human thought, and those a great deal narrower than is commonly apprehended. For, as they all frequently interfere even in their wildest ravings, so there is one fundamental point wherein they are sure to meet, as lines in a centre, and that is, the community of women. Great were their solicitudes in this matter, and they never failed of certain articles, in their schemes of worship, on purpose to establish it.

The last fanatics of note were those which started up in Germany a little after the reformation of Luther, springing as mushrooms do at the end of a harvest; such were John of Leyden, David George, Adam Neuster, and many others, whose visions and revelations always terminated in leading about half a dozen sisters a-piece, and making that practice a fundamental part of their system. For human life is a continual navigation, and if we expect our vessels to pass with safety through the waves and tempests of this fluctuating world, it is necessary to make a good provision of the flesh, as seamen lay in store of beef for a long voyage.

Now, from this brief survey of some principal sects among the fanatics in all ages (having omitted the Mahometans and others, who might also help to confirm the argument I am about), to which I might add several among ourselves, such as the family of

love, sweet singers of Israel, and the like; and, from reflecting upon that fundamental point in their doctrines about women wherein they have so unanimously agreed, I am apt to imagine that the seed or principle which has ever put me upon visions in things invisible is of a corporeal nature; for the profounder chemists inform us that the strongest spirits may be extracted from human flesh. Besides, the spinal marrow, being nothing else but a continuation of the brain, must needs create a very free communication between the superior faculties and those below; and thus the thorn in the flesh serves for a spur to the spirit. I think it is agreed among physicians that nothing affects the head so much as a tenuous humour, repelled and elated to the upper region, found, by daily practice, to run frequently up into madness. A very eminent member of the faculty assured me that when the Quakers first appeared he seldom was without some female patients among them for the *furore*;—persons of a visionary devotion, either men or women, are, in their complexion, of all others, the most amorous; for zeal is frequently kindled from the same spark with other fires, and, from inflaming brotherly love, will proceed to raise that of a gallant. If we inspect into the usual process of modern courtship, we shall find it to consist in a devout turn of the eyes, called ogling; an artificial form of canting and whining by rote, every interval, for want of other matter, made up with a shrug or a hum, a sigh or a groan; the style compact of insignificant words, incoherences, and repetition. These I take to be the most accomplished rules of address to a mistress; and where are these performed with more dexterity than by the saints! Nay, to bring this argument yet closer, I have been informed by certain sanguine brethren of the first class, that, in the height and orgasmus of their spiritual exercise, it has been frequent with them *****; immediately after which, they found the spirit to relax and flag of a sudden with the nerves, and they were forced to hasten to a conclusion. This may be further strengthened by observing, with wonder, how unaccountably all females are attracted by visionary or enthusiastic preachers, though ever so contemptible in their outward mien; which is usually supposed to be done upon considerations purely spiritual, without any carnal regards at all. But I have reason to think the sex has certain characteristics, by which they form a truer judgment of human abilities and performances than we ourselves can possibly do of each other. Let that be as it will, thus much is certain, that, however spiritual intrigues begin, they generally conclude like all others; they may branch upward toward heaven, but the root is in the earth. Too intense a contemplation is not the business of flesh and blood; it must, by the necessary course of things, in a little time let go its hold, and fall into matter. Lovers for the sake of celestial converse are but another sort of Platonists, who pretend to see stars and heaven in ladies' eyes, and to look or think no lower; but the same pit is provided for both; and they seem a perfect moral to the story of that philosopher, who, while his thoughts and eyes were fixed upon the constellations, found himself seduced by his lower parts into a ditch.

I had somewhat more to say upon this part of the subject; but the post is just going, which forces me in great haste to conclude, sir, yours, &c.

I pray burn this letter as soon as it comes to your hands.

JOURNAL TO STELLA.

LETTER THE FIRST.*

Chester, Sept. 2, 1710.

Jog^b will give you an account of me till I got into the boat, after which the rogues made a new bargain, and forced me to give them two crowns, and talked as if we should not be able to overtake any ship; but in half an hour we got to the yacht; for the ships lay by to wait for my lord-lieutenant's steward. We made our voyage in fifteen hours just. Last night I came to this town, and shall leave it, I believe, on Monday: the first man I met in Chester was Dr. Raymond.^c He and Mrs. Raymond were here about buying a fine, in order to have power to sell their estate. I got a fall off my horse, riding here from Parkgate, but no hurt; the horse understanding falls very well, and lying quietly till I got up. My duty to the bishop of Clogher.^d I saw him returning from Dunlary; but he saw not me. I take it ill he was not at convocation, and that I have not his name to my powers. I beg you will hold your resolution of going to Trim, and riding there as much as you can. Let the bishop of Clogher remind the bishop of Killala to send me a letter, with one enclosed to the bishop of Litchfield.^e Let all who write to me enclose to Richard Steele, esq., at his office at the Cockpit, near Whitehall.^f My lord Mountjoy is now in the bazaar that we should begin our journey this afternoon, so that I have stolen here again to finish this letter, which must be short or long accordingly. I write this post to Mrs. Wesley,^g and will tell her that I have taken care she may have her bill of one hundred and fifty pounds whenever she pleases to send for it; and in that case I desire you will send it her enclosed and sealed. God Almighty bless you; and for God's sake be merry, and get your health. I am perfectly resolved to return as soon as I have done my commission, whether it succeeds or not. I never went to England with so little desire in my life. If Mrs. Curry makes any difficulty about the lodgings I will quit them, and pay her from July 9; and Mrs. Brent must write to Parvisol with orders accordingly. The post is just come from London, and just going out, so I have only time to pray to God to bless poor little MD, MD, MD, MD, MD, MD, MD, MD, MD.

LETTER THE SECOND.

London, Saturday, Sept. 9, 1710.

I oot here last Thursday, after five days' travelling, weary the first, almost dead the second, tolerable the third, and well enough the rest; and am now glad of the fatigue, which has served for exercise; and I am at present well enough. The Whigs were ravished to see me, and would lay hold on me as a twig while they are drowning, and the great men making me their clumsy apologies, &c.^a But my lord treasurer^b received me with a great deal of coldness, which has enraged me so, I am almost vowing revenge. I have not yet gone half my circle; but I find all my acquaintance just as I left them. I hear my lady Giffard is much at court, and lady Wharton was ridiculing it the other day, so I have lost a friend there. I have not yet seen her, nor intend it; but I will contrive to see Stella's mother^c some other way. I write to the bishop of Clogher from Chester; and I now write to the archbishop of Dublin. Everything is turning upsides down; every Whig in great office will, to a man, be infallibly put out; and we shall have such a winter as has not been seen in England. Everybody asks me how I came to be so long in Ireland, as naturally as if here were my being; but no soul offers to make it so; and I protest I shall return to Dublin, and the canal at Laracor, with more satisfaction than I ever did in my life. The Tatler expects every day to be turned out of his employment; and the duke of Ormond, they say, will be lieutenant of Ireland. I hope you are now peacefully in Presto's^d lodgings; but I resolve to turn you out by Christmas, in which time I shall either do my business, or find it not to be done. Pray be at Trim by the time this letter comes to you, and ride little Johnson, who must needs be now in good case. I have begun this letter unusually on the post night, and have already written to the archbishop, and cannot lengthen this. Henceforth I will write something every day to MD, and make it a sort of journal; and when it is full I will send it whether MD writes or not; and so that will be pretty; and I shall always be in conversation with MD, and MD with Presto. Pray make Parvisol^e pay you the ten pounds immediately; so I ordered him. They tell me I am growing fatter, and look better; and, on Monday, Jervis is to retouch my picture. I thought I saw Jack Temple^f and his wife pass by me to-day in their coach, but I took no notice of them. I am glad I have wholly shaken off that family.^g Tell the provost I have obeyed his commands to the duke of Ormond; or let it alone, if

* These letters to Stella, or Mrs. Johnson, were all written in a series from the time of Dr. Swift's landing at Chester, in September, 1710, until his return to Ireland in June, 1713, upon being made dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin. The letters were all very carefully preserved by Stella; and at her death, if not before, taken back by Dr. Swift: for what end we know not, unless it were to compare the current news of the times with that history of the queen which he wrote at Windsor in the year 1713: they were sometimes addressed to Mrs. Johnson, and sometimes to Mrs. Dingley, who was a relation of the Temple family, and friend to Mrs. Johnson. Both these ladies went over to Ireland upon Swift's invitation in the year 1701, and lodged constantly together.—D.S.

^b Mr. Joseph Beaumont, merchant, of Trim, had the honour to be among Swift's friends. He invented a set of tables for the improvement of the linen trade, and received from government a reward, a circumstance frequently alluded to in the course of these letters. Intense application to investigate the longitude at length deranged his faculties, and he committed suicide to a fit of lunacy.

^c Vicar of Trim, Swift's particular friend.

^d Dr. St. George Ashe, afterwards bishop of Derry.

^e Dr. John Hough.

^f At this time postmaster, and commissioner of the stamp-office.

^g Lady of Garret Wesley, esq., a daughter of sir Dudley Copley.

^a For having disappointed his preferment, through the remonstrance of Sharpe, archbishop of York.

^b The earl of Godolphin.

^c Lady Giffard, the beloved sister of sir William Temple, is said to have had a large portion of his genius.

^d In these letters, Pft stands for Dr. Swift; Ppt for Stella; D for Dingley; DD generally for Dingley, but sometimes for both Stella and Dingley; and MD generally stands for both these ladies; yet sometimes only for Stella. But, to avoid perplexing the reader, it was thought more advisable to use the word Presto for Swift, which is borrowed from the Duchess of Shrewsbury, who whimsically called him Dr. Presto, which is the Italian for Swift.

^e The doctor's agent at Laracor, a Frenchman.

^f Nephew to sir William.

^g This coldness between the Temple family and Dr. Swift has been variously accounted for but never satisfactorily cleared up.

you please. I saw Jemmy Leigh^a just now at the coffeehouse, who asked after you with great kindness; he talks of going in a fortnight to Ireland. My service to the dean,^b and Mrs. Wallis, and her archdeacon. Will Frankland's wife is near bringing to bed, and I have promised to christen the child. I fancy you had my Chester letter the Tuesday after I writ. I presented Dr. Raymond to Lord Wharton at Chester. Pray let me know when Joe gets his money.^c It is near ten, and I hate to send by the bellman. MD shall have a longer letter in a week, but I send this only to tell I am safe in London; and so farewell, &c.

LETTER THE THIRD.

London, Sept. 9, 1710.

AFTER seeing the duke of Ormond, dining with Dr. Cockburn, passing some part of the afternoon with sir Matthew Dudley and Will Frankland, the rest at St. James's coffeehouse, I came home and writ to the archbishop of Dublin and MD, and am going to bed. I forgot to tell you that I begged Will Frankland to stand Manley's^d friend with his father in this shaking season for places. He told me his father^e was in danger to be out; that several were now soliciting for Manley's place; that he was accused of opening letters; that sir Thomas Frankland would sacrifice everything to save himself, and in that I fear Manley is undone, &c.

10. To-day I dined with lord Mountjoy at Kensington; saw my mistress, Ophry Butler's wife, who is grown a little charmless. I sat till ten in the evening with Addison and Steele; Steele will certainly lose his gazetteer's place, all the world detesting his engaging in parties. At ten I went to the coffeehouse, hoping to find lord Radnor, whom I had not seen. He was there; for an hour and a half we talked treason heartily against the Whigs, their baseness and ingratitude. And I am come home rolling resentments in my mind, and framing schemes of revenge: full of which (having written down some hints) I go to bed. I am afraid MD dined at home, because it is Sunday; and there was the little half-pint of wine; for God's sake be good girls, and all will be well. Ben Tooke^f was with me this morning.

11. Seven morning. I am rising to go to Jervas, to finish my picture, and it is shaving day, so good morrow, MD; but do not keep me now, for I cannot stay; and pray dine with the dean, but do not lose your money. I long to hear from you, &c.—Ten at night. I sat four hours this morning to Jervis, who has given my picture quite another turn, and now approves it entirely: but we must have the approbation of the town. If I were rich enough I would get a copy of it, and bring it over. Mr. Addison and I dined together at his lodgings, and I sat with him part of this evening; and I am now come home to write an hour. Patrick observes that the rabble here are much more inquisitive in politics than in Ireland. Every day we expect changes, and the parliament to be dissolved. Lord Wharton^g expects every day to be out; he is working like a horse for elections; and, in short, I never saw so great a ferment among all sorts of people. I had a

miserable letter from Joe last Saturday, telling me Mr. Pratt^h refuses payment of his money. I have told it Mr. Addison, and will to lord Wharton; but I fear with no success. However, I will do all I can.

12. To-day I presented Mr. Ford to the duke of Ormond; and paid my first visit to lord president;ⁱ with whom I had much discourse; but put him always off when he began of lord Wharton in relation to me, till he urged it: then I said he knew I never expected anything from lord Wharton, and that lord Wharton knew that I understood it so. He said that he had written twice to lord Wharton about me, who both times said nothing at all to that part of his letter. I am advised not to meddle in the affair of the first-fruits till this hurry is a little over, which still depends, and we are all in the dark. Lord-president told me he expects every day to be out, and has done so these two months. I protest, upon my life, I am heartily weary of this town, and wish I had never stirred.

13. I went this morning to the city to see Mr. Stratford, the Hamburg merchant, my old school-fellow; but calling at Bull's on Ludgate-hill, he forced me to his house at Hampstead to dinner, among a great deal of ill company; among the rest Mr. Hoadly,^k the Whig clergyman, so famous for acting the contrary part to Sacheverell: but to-morrow I design again to see Stratford. I was glad however to be at Hampstead, where I saw lady Lucy and Moll Stanhope. I hear very unfortunate news of Mrs. Long; she and her comrade have broke up house, and she is broke for good and all, and is gone to the country: I should be extremely sorry if this be true.

14. To-day I saw Patty Rolt, who heard I was in town; and I dined with Stratford at a merchant's in the city, where I drank the first tokay wine I ever saw; and it is admirable, yet not to a degree I expected. Stratford is worth a plumb, and is now lending the government forty thousand pounds; yet we were educated together at the same school and university. We hear the chancellor is to be suddenly out, and sir Simon Harcourt to succeed him. I am come early home, not caring for the coffeehouse.

15. To-day Mr. Addison, colonel Freind, and I, went to see the million lottery drawn at Guildhall. The jackanapes of blue-coat boys gave themselves such airs in pulling out the tickets, and showed white hands open to the company, to let us see there was no cheat. We dined at a country-house near Chelsea, where Mr. Addison often retires; and to-night at the coffeehouse; we hear sir Simon Harcourt is made lord keeper; so that now we expect every moment the parliament will be dissolved; but I forgot that this letter will not go in three or four days, and that my news will be stale, which I should therefore put in the last paragraph. Shall I send this letter before I hear from MD, or shall I keep it to lengthen? I have not yet seen Stella's mother, because I will not see lady Gifford; but I will contrive to get there when lady Gifford is abroad. I forgot to mark my two former letters; but I remember this is number 3, and I have not yet had number 1 from MD; but I shall by Monday, which I reckon will be just a fortnight after you had my first. I am resolved to bring over a great deal of china. I loved it mightily to-day. What shall I bring?

16. Morning.—Sir John Holland, comptroller of the household, has sent to desire my acquaintance; I have a mind to refuse him, because he is a Whig,

^a An Irish gentleman of fortune.

^b Dr. Sterne, dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.

^c The government premium for his mathematical reckoning tables.

^d Isaac Manley, esq., postmaster-general for Ireland.

^e Sir Thomas Frankland, postmaster-general for England.

^f Who printed the *Tales of a Fox* and other works for the society.

^g Afterwards marquis, lord-lieutenant of Ireland.

^h Vice-treasurer of Ireland.

ⁱ The celebrated lord Somers.

^k Benjamin Hoadly, afterwards bishop of Winchester.

and will, I suppose, be out among the rest; but he is a man of worth and learning. Tell me, do you like this journal way of writing? Is it not tedious and dull?

Night. I dined to-day with a cousin, a printer, where Patty Rolt lodges, and then came home, after a visit or two; and it has been a very insipid day. Mrs. Long's^a misfortune is confirmed to me; bailiffs were in her house; she retired to private lodgings; thence to the country, nobody knows where; her friends leave letters at some inns, and they are carried to her; and she writes answers, without dating them from any place. I swear it grieves me to the soul.

17. To-day I dined six miles out of town, with Will Pate, the learned woollen-draper.^b Mr. Stratford went with me: six miles here is nothing: we left Pate after sunset, and were here before it was dark. This letter shall go on Thursday, whether I hear from MD or no. My health continues pretty well; pray God Stella may give me a good account of hers: and I hope you are now at Trim, or soon designing it. I was disappointed to-night; the fellow gave me a letter, and I hoped to see little MD's hand; and it was only to invite me to a venison pasty to-day: so I lost my pasty into the bargain. Fox on these declining courtiers. Here is Mr. Brydges, the paymaster-general, desiring my acquaintance; but I hear the queen sent Lord Shrewsbury to assure him he may keep his place; and he promises me great assistance in the affair of the first-fruits. Well, I must turn over this leaf to-night, though the side would hold another line; but pray consider this is a whole sheet: it holds a plaguy deal, and you must be content to be weary; but I will do so no more. Sir Simon Harcourt is made attorney-general, and not lord-keeper.

18. To-day I dined with Mr. Stratford at Mr. Addison's retirement near Chelsea; then came to town; got home early, and began a letter to the Tatler, about the corruptions of style and writing, &c.; and having not heard from you, am resolved this letter shall go to-night. Lord Wharton was sent for to town in mighty haste by the duke of Devonshire; they have some project in hand; but it will not do, for every hour we expect a thorough revolution, and that the parliament will be dissolved. When you see Joe, tell him lord Wharton is too busy to mind any of his affairs; but I will get what good offices I can from Mr. Addison, and will write to-day to Mr. Pratt; and bid Joe not to be discouraged, for I am confident he will get the money under any government; but he must have patience.

19. I have been scribbling this morning, and I believe shall hardly fill this side to-day, but send it as it is; and it is good enough for naughty girls that will not write to a body, and to a good boy like Presto. I thought to have sent this to-night, but was kept by company, and could not; and, to say the truth, I had a little mind to expect one post more for a letter from MD. Yesterday at noon died the earl of Anglesea, the great supporter of the Tories; so that employment of vice-treasurer of Ireland is again vacant. We were to have been great friends, and I could hardly have a loss that could grieve me more. The bishop of St. David's (Dr. George Bull) died the same day. The duke of Ormond's daughter was to visit me to-day at a third place by way of advance, and I am to return it to-morrow. I have

had a letter from lady Berkeley, begging me for charity to come to Berkeley Castle, for company to my lord, who has been ill of a dropsy; but I cannot go, and must send my excuse to-morrow. I am told that in a few hours there will be more removals.

20. To-day I returned my visits to the duke's daughters; the insolent drabs came up to my very mouth to salute me; then I heard the report confirmed of removals; my lord president Somers; the duke of Devonshire, lord steward; and Mr. Boyle, secretary of state, are all turned out to-day. I never remember such bold steps taken by a court; I am almost shocked at it, though I did not care if they were all hanged. We are astonished why the parliament is not yet dissolved, and why they keep a matter of that importance to the last. We shall have a strange winter here between the struggles of a cunning provoked discarded party, and the triumphs of one in power; of both which I shall be an indifferent spectator, and return very peaceably to Ireland, when I have done my part in the affair I am entrusted with, whether it succeeds or not. To-morrow I change my lodgings in Pall-mall for one in Bury-street, where I suppose I shall continue while I stay in London. If anything happens to-morrow I will add it.

Robin's Coffeehouse.—We have great news just now from Spain; Madrid taken and Pampeluna. I am here ever interrupted.

21. I have just received your letter, which I will not answer now; God be thanked all things are as well. I find you have not yet had my second; I had a letter from Parisot, who tells me he gave Mrs. Walls a bill of twenty pounds for me, to be given to you; but you have not sent it. This night the parliament is dissolved: great news from Spain; klug Charles and Stanhope are at Madrid, and count Staremberg has taken Pampeluna. Farewell. This is from St. James's Coffeehouse. I will begin my answer to your letter to-night, but not send it this week. Pray, tell me whether you like this journal way of writing. I do not like your reasons for not going to Trim. Parisot tells me he can sell your horse. Sell it with a pox! Pray let him know that he shall sell his soul as soon. What I sell anything that Stella loves, and may sometimes ride! It is hers, and let her do as she pleases; pray let him know this by the first that you know goes to Trim. Let him sell my gray and he hanged.

LETTER THE FOURTH.

London, Sept. 21, 1710.

HERE must I begin another letter, on a whole sheet, for fear saucy little MD should be angry and think much that the paper is too little. I had your letter this night, as I told you just and no more in my last; for this must be taken up in answering yours, sauce-box. I believe I told you where I dined to-day; and to-morrow I go out of town for two days to dine with the same company on Sunday; Mulesworth the Florence envoy,^a Stratford,^b and some others. I heard to-day that a gentlewoman from lady Giffard's house had been at the coffeehouse to inquire for me. It was Stella's mother, I suppose. I shall send her a penny-post letter to-morrow, and contrive to see her without hazarding seeing lady Giffard, which I will not do until she begs my pardon.

22. I dined to-day at Hampstead with lady Lucy, &c., and when I got home found a letter from Joe,

^a A celebrated beauty and toast of the Kit-cat Club, who retired in her misfortune to Lynnh, Norfolk, under an assumed name.

^b Will Pate was a tradesman of such a turn for letters as to be called the learned woollen-draper.

^a John Mulesworth, envoy extraordinary to the king of Saxony, and afterwards to the states of Venice and Switzerland.

^b A merchant in the city often mentioned.

with one enclosed to lord Wharton, which I will send to his excellency, and second it as well as I can; but to talk of getting the queen's orders is a jest. Things are in such a combustion here, that I am advised not to meddle yet in the affair I am upon, which concerns the clergy of a whole kingdom [the first fruits]; and does he think anybody will trouble the queen about Joe? Wa shall, I hope, get a recommendation from the lord-lieutenant to the trustees for the linen business, and I hope that will do; and so I will write to him in a few days, and he must have patience. This is an answer to part of your letter as well as his. I lied, it is to-morrow I go to the country; and I will not answer a bit more of your letter yet.

23. Here is such a stir and bustle with this little MD of ours; I must be writing every night; I cannot go to bed without a word to them; I cannot put out my candle till I have hid them good night; O Lord, O Lord! Well, I dined the first time to-day with Will Frankland and his fortune; she is not very handsome. Did I not say I would go out of town to-day? I hate lying abroad and clutter; I go to-morrow in Frankland's chariot, and come back at night. Lady Berkeley has invited me to Berkeley Castle, and lady Betty Germain to Drayton in Northamptonshire, and I will go to neither. Let me alone, I must finish my pamphlet. I have sent a long letter to Bickerstaff: let the bishop of Clogher smoke it if he can. Well, I will write to the bishop of Killala: but you might have told him how sudden and unexpected my journey was though. Deuce take lady S——; and if I know D——, he is a rawboned faced fellow, not handsome, nor visibly so young as you say: she sacrifices two thousand pounds a year, and keeps only six hundred. Well, you have had all my land journey in my second letter, and so much for that. So you have got into Presto's lodgings; very fine, truly! We have had a fortnight of the most glorious weather on earth, and still continues: I hope you have made the best of it. Ballygall will be a pure good place for air, if Mrs. Ashe makes good her promise. Stella writes like an emperor; I am afraid it hurts your eyes; take care of that, pray, pray, Mrs. Stella. Cannot you do what you will with your own horse? Pray do not let that puppy Parvisol sell him. Patrick is drunk about three times a week, and I bear it, and he has got the better of me; but one of these days I will positively turn him off to the wide world, when none of you are by to intercede for him.—Stuff—how can I get her husband into the Charter-house?—Get a —— into the Charter-house.—Write constantly! Why, sirrah, do not I write every day, and sometimes twice a day, to MD! Now I have answered all your letter, and the rest must be as it can be; send me my bill. Tell Mrs. Brent what I say of the Charter-house. I think this enough for one night; and so farewell till this time to-morrow.

24. To-day I dined six miles out of town at Will Pate's with Stratford, Frankland, and the Molesworths, and came home at night, and was weary and lazy. I can say no more now, but good night.

25. I was so lazy to-day that I dined at next door,^a and have sat at home since six, writing to the bishop of Clogher, dean Sterne, and Mr. Manley: the last, because I am in fear for him about his place, and have sent him my opinion, what I and his other friends here think he ought to do. I hope he will

take it well. My advice was, to keep as much in favour as possible with sir Thomas Frankland, his master here.

26. Smoke how I widen the margin by lying in bed when I write. My bed lies on the wrong side for me, so that I am forced often to write when I am up. Manley, you must know, has had people putting in for his place already; and has been complained of for opening letters. Remember that last Sunday, September 24, 1710, was as hot as Midsummer. This was written in the morning; it is now night, and Presto in bed. Here's a clutter, I have gotten MD's second letter, and I must answer it here. I gave the bill to Tooke, and so—Well, I dined to-day with sir John Holland the comptroller, and sat with him till eight; then came home and sent my letters, and writ part of a lampoon,^a which goes on very slow, and now I am writing to assuage MD; no wonder, indeed, good boys must write to naughty girls. I have not seen your mother yet; my penny-post letter, I suppose, miscarried: I will write another. Mr. S—— came to see me, and said M—— was going to the country next morning with her husband, (who I find is a surly brute), so I could only desire my service to her.

27. To-day all our company dined at Will Frankland's, with Steele and Addison too. This is the first rainy day since I came to town; I cannot afford to answer your letter yet. Morgan, the puppy, writ me a long letter to desire I would recommend him for purse-bearer or secretary to the next lord chancellor that would come with the next governor. I will not answer him; but beg you will say these words to his father, Raymond, or anybody that will tell him—that Dr. Swift has received his letter, and would be very ready to serve him, but cannot do it in what he desires, because he has no sort of interest in the persons to be applied to. These words you may write, and let Joe, or Mr. Warburton,^b give them to him—a pox on him! However, it is by these sort of ways that fools get preferment. I must not end yet, because I cannot say good night without losing a line, and then MD would scold; but now, good night.

28. I have the finest piece of Brazil tobacco for Dingley that ever was born. You talk of Leigh; why, he will not be in Dublin these two months: he goes to the country, then returns to London, to see how the world goes here in parliament. Good night, sirrahs; no, no, not night; I wrote this in the morning, and looking carelessly I thought it had been of last night. I dined to-day with Mrs. Barton alone at her lodgings, where she told me for certain that lady S—— was with child when she was last in England, and pretended a tympany, and saw everybody; then disappeared for three weeks, her tympany was gone, and she looked like a ghost, &c. No wonder she married when she was so ill at containing. Conolly is out,^c and Mr. Roberts in his place, who loses a better here, but was formerly a commissioner in Ireland. That employment cost Conolly three thousand pounds to lord Wharton; so has made one ill bargain in his life.

29. I wish MD a merry Michaelmas. I dined with Mr. Addison, and Jervas the painter, at Addison's country place; and then came home, and wrote more to my lampoon. I made a Tatler since I came, guess which it is, and whether the bishop of Clogher smokes it. I saw Mr. Sterne to-day: he will do as you order, and I will give him chocolate for Stella's

^a In these broken ejaculations he answers the paragraphs of the lady's letter.

^b House's erpet to the doctor.

^c No doubt at Mrs. Vashon's.

^a The Virtues of Sid Hamet the Magician's Rod. A satire on Godolphin.

^b The doctor's curate at his living of Lancaster.

^c A commissioner of the revenue, afterwards speaker.

health. He goes not these three weeks. I wish I could send it some other way. So now to your letter, brave boys. I do not like your way of saving shillings: nothing vexes me but that it does not make Stella a coward in a coach. I do not think any lady's advice about my ears signifies twopenny; however I will, in compliance to you, ask Dr. Cockburn. Radcliffe I know not, and Bernard I never see. Walls [archdeacon] will certainly be stingier for seven years, upon pretence of his rohhery. So Stella puns again; why, it is well enough; but I will not second it, though I could make a dozen: I never thought of a pun since I left Ireland.—Bishop of Clogher's hill? why, he paid it me; do you think I was such a fool to go without it? As for the four shillings, I will give you a bill on Parviol for it on the other side this paper; and pray tear off the two letters I shall write to him and Joe, or let Dingley transcribe and send them; though that to Parviol. I believe, he must have my hand for.—No, no, I will eat no grapes; I eat about six the other day at sir John Holland's; but would not give sixpence for a thousand, they are so had this year. Yes, faith, I hope in God Presto and MD will be together this time twelvemonth; what then? Last year, I suppose, I was at Laracor; but next I hope to eat my Michaelmas goose at my little goose's lodgings. I drink no ale (I suppose you mean ale), but yet good wine every day, of five and six shillings a bottle. O Lord, how much Stella writes; pray do not carry that too far, young women, hnt be temperate to hold out. To-morrow I go to Mr. Harley. Why small hopes from the duke of Ormond? he loves me very well, I believe, and would in my turn give me something to make me easy; and I have good interest among his best friends. But I do not think of anything further than the business I am upon: you see I wrote to Manley before I had your letter, and I fear he will be out. Yes, Mrs. Owl, Blighe's corpse came to Chester when I was there, and I told you so in my letter, or forgot it. I lodge in Bury-street, where I removed a week ago. I have the first floor, a dining-room and bed-chamber, at eight shillings a week; plaguy deep, but I spend nothing for eating never go to a tavern, and very seldom, in a coach; yet after all it will be expensive. Why do you trouble yourself, Mistress Stell, about my instrument? I have the same the archbishop gave me; and it is as good now the hishops are away. The dean friendly! The dean be pox'd: a great piece of friendship indeed, what you heard him tell the hishop of Clogher; I wonder he had the face to talk so: but he lent me money, and that is enough. Faith I would not send this these four days, only for writing to Joe and Parviol. Tell the dean that when the hishops send me any packets, they must not write to me at Mr. Steele's; but direct for Steele, at his office at the Cockpit; and let the enclosed be directed for me; that mistake cost me eighteenpence the other day.

30. I dined with Stratford to-day, but am not to see Mr. Harley till Wednesday: it is late, and I send this before there is occasion for the bell; because I would have Joe have his letter, and Parviol too: which you must so contrive as not to cost them double postage. I can say no more, but that I am, &c.

LETTER THE FIFTH.

London, Sept. 30, 1710.

HAVE not I brought myself into a fine premature to

begu writing letters in whole sheets? and now I dare not leave it off. I cannot tell whether you like these journal letters: I believe they would be dull to me to read them over; but perhaps little MD is pleased to know how Presto passes his time in her absence. I always begin my last the same day I ended the former. I told you where I dined to-day at a tavern with Stratford; Lewis,* who is a great favourite of Harley's, was to have been with us; but he was hurried to Hampton Court, and sent his excuse, and that next Wednesday he would introduce me to Harley. It is good to see what a lamentable confession the Whigs all make me of my ill usage; but I mind them not. I am already represented to Harley as a discontented person, that was used ill for not being Whig enough; and I hope for good usage from him. The Tories drily tell me I may make my fortune if I please; but I do not understand them, or rather I do understand them.

October 1. To-day I dined at Molesworth's, the Florence envoy; and sat this evening with my friend Darteneuf, whom you have heard me talk of; the greatest punner of this town next myself. Have you smoked the Tatler that I writ? it is much liked here, and I think it a pure one. To-morrow I go with Delaval the Portugal envoy to dine with lord Halifax near Hampton Court. Your Manley's brother, a parliament-man here, has gotten an employment, and I am informed uses much interest to preserve his brother; and to-day I spoke to the elder Frankland to engage his father (postmaster here), and I hope he will be safe, although he is cruelly hated by all the Tories of Ireland. I have almost finished my lampoon, and will print it for revenge on a certain great person [the earl of Godolphin]. It has cost me but three shillings in meat and drink since I came here, as thin as the town is. I laugh to see myself so disengaged in these revolutions. Well, I must leave off and go write to sir John Stanley to desire him to engage lady Hyde as my mistress, to engage lord Hyde in favour of Mr. Pratt.

2. Lord Halifax was at Hampton Court at his lodgings, and I dined with him there with Methuen and Delaval and the late attorney-general. I went to the drawing-room before dinner (for the queen was at Hampton Court), and expected to see nobody, but I met acquaintance enough. I walked in the gardens, saw the cartoons of Raphael, and other things, and with great difficulty got from lord Halifax, who would have kept me to-morrow to show me his house and park and improvements. We left Hampton Court at sunset, and got here in a chariot and two horses time enough by starlight. That's something charms me mightily about London; that you go dine a dozen miles off in October, stay all day, and return so quickly; you cannot do anything like this in Dublin. I writ a second penny-post letter to your mother, and hear nothing of her. Did I tell you that earl Berkeley died last Sunday was se'enight at Berkeley Castle, of a dropsy? Lord Halifax began a health to me to-day: it was the resurrection of the Whigs, which I refused, unless he would add their reformation too; and I told him he was the only Whig in England I loved, or had any good opinion of.

3. This morning Stella's sister came to me with a letter from her mother, who is at Sheen, but will soon be in town, and will call to see me: she gave me a bottle of palsy-water, a small one, and desired I would send it you by the first convenience, as I

* Erasmus Lewis, secretary to the earl of Dartmouth.

† Sir Paul Methuen, ambassador at the court of Portugal.

will; and she promises a quart bottle of the same; your sister looked very well, and seems a good modest sort of girl. I went then to Mr. Lewis, first secretary to lord Dartmouth and favourite to Mr. Harley, who is to introduce me to-morrow morning. Lewis had with him one Mr. Dyot, a justice of peace, worth twenty thousand pounds, a commissioner of the stamp-office, and married to a sister of sir Philip Meadows, envoy to the emperor. I tell you this, because it is odds but this Mr. Dyot will be hanged;^a for he is discovered to have counterfeited stamp-paper, in which he was a commissioner; and, with his accomplices, has cheated the queen of a hundred thousand pounds. You will hear of it before this come to you, but may he not so particularly; and it is a very odd accident in such a man. Smoke Presto writing news to MD. I dined to-day with lord Mountjoy at Kensington, and walked from thence this evening to town like an emperor. Remember that yesterday, October 2, was a cruel hard frost, with ice; and six days ago I was dying with heat. As thin as the town is, I have more dinners than ever, and am asked this month by some people, without being able to come for pre-engage-ments. Well, but I should write plainer, when I consider Stella cannot read,^b and Dingley is not so skilful at my ugly hand. I had to-night a letter from Mr. Pratt, who tells me Joe will have his money when there are trustees appointed by the lord-lieutenant for receiving and disposing the linen fund; and whenever those trustees are appointed I will solicit whoever is lord-lieutenant, and am in no fear of succeeding. So pray tell or write him word, and hid him not be cast down; for Ned Southwell^c and Mr. Addison both think Pratt in the right. Do not lose your money at Manley's to-night, sirrabs.

4. After I had put out my candle last night, my landlady came into my room with a servant of lord Halifax to desire I would go dine with him at his house near Hampton Court; but I sent him word I had business of great importance that hindered me, &c. And to-day I was brought privately to Mr. Harley, who received me with the greatest respect and kindness imaginable: he has appointed me an hour on Saturday at four, afternoon, when I will open my business to him; which expression I would not use if I were a woman. I know you smoked it; but I did not till I writ it. I dined to-day at Mr. Delaval's, the envoy of Portugal, with Nic Rowe the poet, and other friends; and I gave my lampoon to be printed. I have more mischief in my heart; and I think it shall go round with them all, as this hits, and I can find hints. I am certain I answered your 2nd letter, and yet I do not find it here. I suppose it was in my 4th; and why N. 2nd, 3rd? Is it not enough to say, as I do, I, 2, 3, &c. I am going to work at another Tatler: I will be far enough but I say the same thing over two or three times, just as I do when I am talking to little MD; but what care I if they can read it as easily as I can write it; I think I have brought these lines pretty straight again. I fear it will be long before I finish two sides at this rate. Pray, dear MD, when I occasionally give you a little commission mixed with my letters, do not forget it, as that to Morgan and Joe, &c., for I write just as I can remember, otherwise I would put them all together. I was to visit Mr. Sterne to-day, and gave him your commission about handkerchiefs: that of chocolate I will do myself, and send it him when he

goes, and you will pay me when the *giocra bread*, &c. To-night I will read a pamphlet to amuse myself. God preserve your dear healths.

5. This morning Delaval came to see me, and we went to Kneller's,^d who was not in town. In the way we met the electors for parliament-men; and the rabble came about our coach, crying a Colt, a Stanhope, &c. We were afraid of a dead cat, or our glasses broken, and so were always of their side.^e I dined again at Delaval's, and in the evening at the coffeehouse heard sir Andrew Fountain came to town. This has been but an insipid sort of day, and I have nothing to remark upon it worth three-pence: I hope MD had a better with the dean, the bishop, or Mrs. Walls. Why, the reason you lost four and eightpence last night but one at Manley's was because you played bad games; I took notice of six that you had ten to one against you: Would any but a mad lady go out twice upon manillo, hasto, and two small diamonds? Then, in that game of spades, you hundered when you had ten ace; I never saw the like of you: and now you are in a huff because I tell you this. Well, here is two and eightpence halfpenny toward your loss.

6. Sir Andrew Fountain came this morning and caught me writing in bed. I went into the city with him, and we dined at the chophouse with Will Pate the learned woollen-draper: then we sauntered at china-shops and booksellers; went to the tavern, drank two pints of white wine, and never parted till ten; and now I am come home, and must copy out some papers I intend for Mr. Harley, whom I am to see, as I told you, to-morrow afternoon: so that this night I shall say little to MD, but that I heartily wish myself with them, and will come as soon as I either full or compass my business. We now hear daily of elections; and, in a list I saw yesterday of about twenty, there are seven or eight more Tories than in the last parliament; so that I believe they need not fear a majority, with the help of those who will vote as the court pleases. But I have been told that Mr. Harley himself would not let the Tories be too numerous, for fear they should be insolent and kick against him; and for that reason they have kept several Whigs in employments, who expected to be turned out every day; as sir John Holland the comptroller, and many others. And so get you gone to your cards and your claret and orange at the dean's,^f and I will go write.

7. I wonder when this letter will be finished: It must go by Tuesday, that is certain; and if I have one from MD before, I will not answer it, that is as certain too! It is now morning, and I did not finish my papers for Mr. Harley last night; for you must understand Presto was sleepy, and made blunders and blots. Very pretty that I must be writing to young women in a morning fresh and fasting, faith. Well, good morrow to you: and so I go to business, and lay aside this paper till night, sirrabs. At night.—Jack Howe told Harley^g that if there were a lower place in hell than another, it was reserved for his porter, who tells lies so gravely and with so civil a manner.^h This porter I have had to deal with, going this evening at four to visit Mr. Harley, by his own appointment. But the fellow told me no lie, though I suspected every word he said. He told me "his master was just gone to dinner, with much company, and desired I would come an hour hence," which I did, expecting to hear Mr. Harley was gone out; but they had just done dinner. Mr. Harley came out to me, brought me in, and pre-

^a He was tried for felony at the Old Bailey, January 18th, 1770-11, and acquitted.

^b Owing to her shortness of sight.

^c A privy councillor, and secretary of state for Ireland.

^d Sir Godfrey Kneller's the painter.

^e The Westminster election was closely contested.

^f Dr. Sterne, dean of St. Patrick's.

sented me to his son-in-law lord Dohlan* (or some such name), and his own son, and among others Will Penn the Quaker: we sat two hours drinking as good wine as you do; and two hours more he and I alone; where he heard me tell my business, entered into it with all kindness, asked for my powers, and read them; and read likewise a memorial I had drawn up, and put it in his pocket to show the queen, told me the measures he would take, and, in short, said everything I could wish; told me he must bring Mr. St. John, secretary of state [the celebrated lord Bolingbroke], and me acquainted; and spoke so many things of personal kindness and esteem for me, that I am inclined half to believe what some friends have told me, that he would do everything to bring me over. He has desired to dine with me (what a comical mistake was that!)—I mean he has desired me to dine with him on Tuesday, and, after four hours being with him, set me down at St. James's Coffeehouse in a hackney coach. All this is odd and comical, if you consider him and me. He knew my christian name very well. I could not forbear saying thus much upon this matter, although you will think it tedious. But I will tell you: you must know it is fatal to me to be a scoundrel and a prince the same day; for being to see him at four, I could not engage myself to dine at any friend's; so I went to Tooke to give him a ballad and dine with him, but he was not at home; so I was forced to go to a blind chophouse, and dine for penance upon gill ale, bad broth, and three chops of mutton; and then go reeking from thence to the first minister of state. And now I am going in charity to send Steele a Tatler, who is very low of late. I think I am civiler than I used to be, and have not used the expression of "you in Ireland" and "we in England," as I did when I was here before, to your great indignation. They may talk of the *you know what*! but, gad, if it had not been for that I should never have been able to get the access I have had; and if that helps me to succeed, than that *same thing* will be serviceable to the church. But how far we must depend upon new friends I have learnt by long practice, though I think, among great ministers, they are just as good as old ones. And so I think this important day has made a great hole in this side of the paper; and the fiddle-faddies of to-morrow and Monday will make up the rest; and, besides, I shall see Harley on Tuesday before this letter goes.

8. I must tell you a great piece of refinement of Harley. He charged me to come to him often; I told him I was loth to trouble him in so much business as he had, and desired I might have leave to come at his leisure; which he immediately refused, and said, "That was not a place for friends to come to." It is now but morning, and I have got a foolish trick; I must say something to MD when I wake, and wish them a good morrow; for this is not a shaving day, Sunday, so I have time enough; but get you gone, you rogues, I must go write: yes, it will vex me to the blood if any of these long letters should miscarry: if they do I will shrink to half-sheets again; but then what will you do to make up the journal? there will be ten days of Presto's life lost, and that will be a sad thing, faith and troth.—At night. I was at a loss to-day for a dinner, unless I would have gone a great way, so I dined with some friends that board hereabout, as a

springer; and this evening sir Andrew Fountaine would needs have me go to the tavern, where, for two bottles of wine, Portugal and Florence, among three of us, we had sixteen shillings to pay; but if ever he catches me so again, I will spend as many pounds; and therefore I have put it among my extraordinary; but we had a neck of mutton dressed à la Maintenon, that the dog could not eat; and it is now twelve o'clock, and I must go sleep. I hope this letter will go before I have MD's third. Do you believe me? and yet faith I long for MD's third too; and yet I would have it to say that I write five for two. I am not fond at all of St. James's Coffeehouse as I used to be. I hope it will mend in winter; but now they are all out of town at elections, or not come from their country houses. Yesterday I was going with Dr. Garth to dine with Charles Main, near the Tower, who has an employment there; he is of Ireland: the bishop of Clogher knows him well; an honest, good-natured fellow, a thorough hearty laugh, mightily beloved by the men of wit; his mistress is never above a cook-maid. And so good night, &c.

9. I dined to-day at sir John Stanley's; my lady Stanley is one of my favourites: I have as many here as the bishop of Killala has in Ireland. I am thinking what scurvy company I shall be to MD when I come back; they know everything of me already: I will tell you no more, or I shall have nothing to say, no story to tell, nor any kind of thing. I was very uneasy last night with ugly, nasty, filthy wine, that turned sour on my stomach. I must go to the tavern! O, but I told you that before. To-morrow I dine at Harley's, and will finish this letter at my return; but I can write no more now, because of the archbishop; faith it is true; for I am going now to write to him an account of what I have done in the business with Harley; and faith, young women, I will tell you what you must count upon, that I never will write one word on the third side in these long letters.

10. Poor MD's letter was lying so buddled up among papers I could not find it: I mean poor Presto's letter. Well, I dined with Mr. Harley to-day, and hope some things will be done, but I must say no more; and this letter must be sent to the post-house, and not by the bellman. I am to dine again there on Sunday next; I hope to some good issue. And so now, soon as ever I can in bed, I must begin my 6th to MD, as gravely as if I had not written a word this month: fine doings, faith. Methinks I do not write as I should, because I am not in bed; see the ugly wide lines. God Almighty ever bless you, &c.

Faith, this is a whole treatise; I will go reckon the lines on the other sides. I have reckoned them.*

LETTER THE SIXTH.

London, Oct. 10, 1710.

So, as I told you just now in the letter I sent half an hour ago, I dined with Mr. Harley to-day, who presented me to the attorney-general, sir Simon Harecourt, with much compliment on all sides, &c. Harley told me he had shown my memorial to the queen, and seconded it very heartily; and he desires me to dine with him again on Sunday, when he promises to settle it with her majesty before she names a governor; and I protest I am in hopes it will be done all but the forms by that time, for he loves the church: this is a popular thing, and he would not have a governor share in it; and besides, I am told by all hands he has a mind to gain me

* George Henry Hay, viscount Dopplin, eldest son to the earl of Kinnoull.

* These words plainly refer to the "Tale of a Tub," for which he had been censured by many of his own profession; but the ministers were dreadfully afraid of Swift's satire and powers when launched at them.

* Seventy-three lines in folio, small hand, upon one side.

over. But in the letter I writ last post (yesterday) to the archbishop I did not tell him a syllable of what Mr. Harley said to me last night, because he charged me to keep it secret; so I would not tell it to you, but that before this goes I hope the secret will be over. I am now writing my poetical description of a Shower in London, and will send it to the Tatler. This is the last sheet of a whole quire I have written since I came to town. Pray, now it comes into my head, will you, when you go to Mrs. Wall, contrive to know whether Mrs. Wesley be in town, and still at her brother's, and how she is in health, and whether she stays in town? I writ to her from Chester to know what I should do with her note, and I believe the poor woman is afraid to write to me; so I must go to my business, &c.

11. To-day at last I dined with lord Montrath, and carried lord Mountjoy and sir Andrew Fountain with me; and was looking over them at omhre till eleven this evening like a fool; they played running omhre half-crowns; and sir Andrew Fountain won eight guineas of Mr. Coote: so I am come home late, and will say but little to MD this night. I have gotten half a husband of coals, and Patrick, the extravagant whelp, had a fire ready for me; but I picked off the coals before I went to bed. It is a sign London is now an empty place, when it will not furnish me with matter for above five or six lines in a day. Did you smoke in my last how I told you the very day and the place you were playing omhre! But I interlined and altered a little, after I had received a letter from Mr. Manley, that said you were at it in his house while he was writing to me; but without his help I guessed within one day. Your town is certainly much more sociable than ours. I have not seen your mother yet, &c.

12. I dined to-day with Dr. Garth and Mr. Addison, at the Devil Tavern, by Temple Bar, and Garth treated; and it is well I dine every day, else I should be longer making out my letters: for we are yet in a very dull state, only inquiring every day after new elections, where the Tories carry it among the new members six to one. Mr. Addison's election [for Malmesbury] has passed easy and undisputed; and I believe if he had a mind to be chosen king he would hardly be refused. An odd accident has happened at Colchester: one captain Lavallin, coming from Flanders or Spain, found his wife with child by a clerk of Doctors Commons, whose trade, you know, it is to prevent fornication; and this clerk was the very same fellow that made the discovery of Dyot's counterfeiting the stamp-paper. Lavallin has been this fortnight hunting after the clerk to kill him; but the fellow was constantly employed at the treasury about the discovery he made: the wife had made a shift to patch up the business, alleging that the clerk had told her her husband was dead, and other excuses; but the other day somebody told Lavallin his wife had intrigues before he married her: upon which he goes down in a rage, shoots his wife through the head, then falls on his sword; and, to make the matter sure, at the same time discharges a pistol through his own head, and died on the spot, his wife surviving him about two hours; but in what circumstances of mind and body is terrible to imagine. I have finished my poem on the Shower, all but the beginning, and am going on with my Tatler. They have fixed about fifty things on me since I came: I have printed but three. One advantage I get by writing to you daily, or rather you get, is that I remember not to write the same things twice; and yet I fear I have done it often already; but I will mind and confine

myself to the accidents of the day; and so get you gone to omhre, and be good girls and save your money, and be rich against Presto comes, and write to me now and then: I am thinking it would be a pretty thing to hear something from saucy MD; but do not hurt your eyes, Stella, I charge you.

13. O Lord, here is but a trifle of my letter written yet; what shall Presto do for prittle-prittle to entertain MD! The talk now grows fresher of the duke of Ormond for Ireland, though Mr. Addison says he hears it will be in commission, and lord Galway's one. These letters of mine are a sort of journal where matters open by degrees; and, as I tell true or false, you will find by the event whether my intelligence be good; but I do not care two-pence whether it be or no. At night.—To-day I was all about St. Paul's, and up at the top like a fool, with sir Andrew Fountain and two more; and spent seven shillings for my dinner like a puppy; this is the second time he has served me so; but I will never do it again, though all mankind should persuade me; unconsidering puppies! There is a young fellow here in town we are all fond of, and about a year or two come from the university, one Harrison,^a a little, pretty fellow, with a great deal of wit, good sense, and good nature; has written some mighty pretty things; that in your 6th *Miscellaneous* about the Sprig of an Orange is his: he has nothing to live on but being governor to one of the duke of Queensberry's sons for forty pounds a-year. The fine fellows are always inviting him to the tavern, and make him pay his club. Henley is a great crony of his: they are often at the tavern at six or seven shillings reckoning, and always make the poor lad pay his full share. A colonel and a lord were at him and me the same way to-night: I absolutely refused, and made Harrison lag behind, and persuaded him not to go to them. I tell you this, because I find all rich fellows have that humour of using all people without any consideration of their fortunes; but I will see them rot before they shall serve me so. Lord Halifax is always teasing me to go down to his country house, which will cost me a guinea to his servants, and twelve shillings coach-hire; and he shall be hanged first. Is not this a plaguy silly story! But I am vexed at the heart; for I love the young fellow, and am resolved to stir up people to do something for him: he is a Whig, and I will put him upon some of my cast Whigs; for I have done with them, and they have I hope done with this kingdom for our time. They were sure of the four members for London above all places, and they have lost three in the four. Sir Richard Onslow we hear has lost for Surrey; and they are overthrown in most places. Lookee, gentlemen, if I write long letters I must write you news and stuff, unless I send you my verses, and some I dare not; and those on the Shower in London I have sent to the Tatler [vol. x.], and you may see them in Ireland. I fancy you will smoke me in the Tatler [No. 258] I am going to write; for I believe I have told you the hint. I had a letter sent me to-night from sir Matthew Dudley, and found it on my table when I came in. Because it is extraordinary I will transcribe it from beginning to end. It is as follows:—"Is the devil in you! Oct. 13, 1710." I would have answered every particular passage in it, only I wanted time. Here is enough for to-night, such as it is, &c.

14. Is that tobacco at the top of the paper, or what! I do not remember I slobbered. Lord, I

^a A French protestant refugee; the same who lost the battle of Almanza.

^b By Swift's interest promoted to a secretaryship, under lord Raby, ambassador at Utrecht.

* See Journal, October 5th.

dreamed of Stella, &c., so confusedly last night, and that we saw dean Bolton and Sterne go into a shop; and she hid me call them to her, and they proved to be two persons I knew not; and I walked without till she was shifting, and such stuff, mixed with much melancholy and unbusiness, and things not as they should be, and I know not how; and it is now an ugly gloomy morning. At night.—Mr. Addison and I dined with Ned Southwell, and walked in the park; and at the coffeehouse I found a letter from the bishop of Clogher, and a packet from MD. I opened the bishop's letter; but put up MD's, and visited a lady just come to town, and am now got into bed, and going to open your little letter: and God send I may find MD well, and happy, and merry, and that they love Presto as they do fires. O, I will not open it yet! yea I will! no I will not; I am going; I cannot stay till I turn over: what shall I do! my fingers itch and I now have it in my left hand; and now I will open it this very moment.—I have just got it, and am cracking the seal, and cannot imagine what is in it; I fear only some letter from a bishop, and it comes too late: I shall employ nobody's credit but my own. Well, I see though—Pshaw, it is from sir Andrew Fountaine: what, another! I fancy that is from Mrs. Barton;^a she told me she would write to me; but she writes a better hand than this: I wish you would inquire; it must be at Dawson's^c office at the castle. I fear this is from Patty Rolt, by the scrawl. Well, I will read MD's letter. Ah, no! it is from poor lady Berkeley, to invite me to Berkeley castle this winter; and now it grieves my heart: she says she hopes my lord is in a fair way of recovery: poor lady. Well, now I go to MD's letter: faith it is all right; I hoped it was wrong. Your letter, No. 3, that I have now received, is dated Sept. 25, and Manley's letter, that I had five days ago, was dated Oct. 3, that is a fortnight's difference: I doubt it has lain in Steele's office, and he forgot. Well, there is an end of that: he is turned out of his place; and you must desire those who send me packets to enclose them in a paper directed to Mr. Addison, at St. James's coffeehouse: not common letters, but packets: the bishop of Clogher may mention it to the archbishop when he sees him. As for your letter, it makes me mad: slidikins, I have been the best boy in Christendom, and you come with your two eggs a-penny—Well; but stay, I will look over my book; adad, I think there was a chasm between my No. 2 and No. 3. Faith, I will not promise to write to you every week; but I will write every night, and when it is full I will send it; that will be once in ten days, and that will be often enough: and if you begin to take up the way of writing to Presto, only because it is Tuesday, a Monday badad, it will grow a task: but write when you have a mind.—No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no.—Agad, agad, agad, agad, agad, agad; no, poor Stellakins. Slids, I would the horse were in your—chamber. Have I not ordered Parvisol to obey your directions about him? and have not I said in my former letters, that you may pickle him, and boil him if you will? What do you trouble me about your horres for? Have I anything to do with them!—Revolutions a hindrance to me in my business; revolutions—to me in my business! if it were not for the revolutions I could do nothing at all; and now I have all hopes possible, though one is

certain of nothing; but to-morrow I am to have an answer, and am promised an effectual one. I suppose I have said enough in this and a former letter how I stand with new people; ten times better than ever I did with the old; forty times more caressed. I am to dine to-morrow at Mr. Harley's; and if he continues as he has begun, no man has been ever better treated by another. What you say about Stella's mother, I have spoken enough to it already. I believe she is not in town; for I have not yet seen her. My lampoon is cried up to the skies; but nobody suspects me for it, except sir Andrew Fountaine: at least they say nothing of it to me. Did not I tell you of a great man who received me very coldly? [lord Godolphin] that is he; but say nothing; it was only a little revenge. I will remember to bring it over. The bishop of Clogher has smoked my Tatler [No. 230] about shortening of words, &c. But, God so! &c.

15. I will write plainer, if I can remember it; for Stella must not spoil her eyes, and Dingley cannot read my hand very well; and I am afraid my letters are too long: then you must suppose one to be two, and read them at twice. I dined to-day with Mr. Harley: Mr. Prior dined with us. He has left my memorial with the queen, who has consented to give the first-fruits and twentieth parts, and will, we hope, declare it to-morrow in the cabinet. But I beg you to tell it to no person alive; for so I am ordered, till in public; and I hope to get something of greater value. After dinner came in lord Peterborow: we renewed our acquaintance, and he grew mightily fond of me. They began to talk of a paper of verses called Sid Hamet. Mr. Harley repeated part, and then pulled them out, and gave them to a gentleman at the table to read, though they had all read them often: lord Peterborow would let nobody read them but himself: so he did; and Mr. Harley bobbed me at every line to take notice of the beauties. Prior rallied lord Peterborow for author of them; and lord Peterborow said he knew them to be his; and Prior then turned it upon me, and I on him. I am not guessed at all in town to be the author; yet so it is: but that is a secret only to you. Ten to one whether you see them in Ireland; yet here they run prodigiously. Harley presented me to lord president of Scotland,^a and Mr. Benson, a lord of the treasury. Prior and I came away at nine, and sat at the Smyrna till eleven, receiving acquaintance.

16. This morning early I went in a chair, and Patrick before it, to Mr. Harley, to give him another copy of my memorial, as he desired; but he was full of business, going to the queen, and I could not see him; but he desired I would send up the paper, and excuse himself upon his hurry. I was a little bauked, but they tell me it is nothing. I shall judge by my next visit. I tipped his porter with a half-crown; and so I am well there for a time at least; I dined at Stratford's in the city, and had Burgundy and tokay: came back a-foot like a scoundrel; then went to Mr. Addison, and supped with lord Mountjoy, which made me sick all night. I forgot that I bought six pounds of chocolate for Stella, and a little wooden box; and I have a great piece of Brazil tobacco for Dingley, and a bottle of palay-water for Stella; all which, with the two handkerchiefs that Mr. Sterne has bought, and you must pay him for, will be put in the box directed to Mrs. Curry's, and sent by Dr. Hawkeham, whom I have not seen; but Sterne has undertaken it.^b The

^a That is, to the next page.

^b Niece to sir Isaac Newton, and widow of colonel Barton.

A favourite among the toasts of the Kit-cat Club.

^c Joshua Dawson, esq., secretary to the lord justices of Ireland.

^a Dalrymple, lord president of the court of session.

^b The misfortune of this box is matter of subsequent speculation.

chocolate is a present, madam, for Stella. Do not read this, you little rogue, with your little eyes; but give it to Dingley, pray now; and I will write as plain as the skies: and let Dingley write Stella's part, and Stella dictate to her, when she apprehends her eyes, &c.

17. This letter should have gone this post, if I had not been taken up with business, and two nights being late out, so it must stay till Thursday. I dined to-day with your Mr. Sterne, by invitation, and drank Irish wine (elaret); but before we parted there came in the prince of puppies, colonel Edgworth; so I went away. This day came out the Tatler, made up wholly of my Shower, and a preface to it [No. 238]. They say it is the best thing I ever writ, and I think so too. I suppose the bishop of Clogher will show it you. Pray tell me how you like it. Tooke is going on with my miscellany. I would give a penny the letter to the bishop of Killaloe was in it: it would do him honour. Could not you contrive to say you hear they are printing my things together, and that you wish the bookseller had that letter among the rest? but do not say anything of it as from me. I forgot whether it was good or no; but only having heard it much commended, perhaps it may deserve it. Well, I have to-morrow to finish this letter in, and then I will send it next day. I am so vexed that you should write your 3rd to me, when you had but my 2nd, and I had written five, which now I hope you have all; and so I tell you, you are saucy, little, pretty, dear rogues, &c.

18. To day I dined, by invitation, with Stratford and others, at a young merchant's in the city, with hermitage and tokay, and staid till nine, and am now come home. And that dog Patrick is abroad, and drinking, and I cannot get my nightgown. I have a mind to turn that puppy away: he has been drunk ten times in three weeks. But I had not time to say more; so good night, &c.

19. I am come home from dining in the city with Mr. Addison, at a merchant's; and just now, at the coffeehouse, we have notice that the duke of Ormond was this day declared lord-lieutenant at Hampton Court, in council [in room of the earl of Wharton]. I have not seen Mr. Harley since; but hope the affair is done about first-fruits. I will see him, if possible, to-morrow morning: but this goes to-night. I have sent a box to Mr. Sterne, to send to you by some friend; I have directed it for Mr. Curry at his house; so you have warning when it comes, as I hope it will soon. The handkerchiefs will be put in some friend's pocket, not to pay custom. And so here ends my 6th, sent when I had but three of MD's; now I am beforehand, and will keep so; and God Almighty bless dearest MD, &c.

LETTER THE SEVENTH

London, Oct. 19, 1710.

O FAITH, I am undone! this paper is larger than the other, and yet I am condemned to a sheet; but since it is MD, I did not value though I were condemned to a pair. I told you in a letter to-day where I had been, and how the day passed; and so, &c.

20. To-day I went to Mr. Lewis, at the secretary's office, to know when I might see Mr. Harley; and by-and-bye comes up Mr. Harley himself, and appoints me to dine with him to-morrow. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and went to wait on the two lady Butlers [daughters of the duke of Or-

mond], but the porter answered they were not at home; the meaning was, the youngest, lady Mary, is to be married to-morrow to lord Ashburnham, the best match now in England, twelve thousand pounds a-year, and abundance of money. Tell me how my Shower is liked in Ireland: I never knew anything pass better here. I spent the evening with Wortley Montague and Mr. Addison, over a bottle of Irish wine. Do they know anything in Ireland of my greatness among the Tories? Everybody reproaches me of it here; but I value them not. Have you heard of the verses about the Rod of Sid Hamet? Say nothing of them for your life. Hardly anybody suspects me for them, only they think nobody but Prior or I could write them. But I doubt they have not reached you. There is likewise a ballad, full of puns, on the Westminster election, that cost me half an hour: it runs, though it be good for nothing. But this is likewise a secret to all but MD. If you have them not, I will bring them over.

21. I got MD's 4th to-day at the coffeehouse. God Almighty bless poor Stella, and her eyes and that head: what shall we do to cure them, poor dear life! Your disorders are a pull-hack for your good qualities. Would to heaven I were this minute shaving your poor dear head, either here or there. Pray do not write, nor read this letter, nor anything else, and I will write plainer for Dingley to read from henceforward, though my pen is apt to ramble when I think who I am writing to. I will not answer your letter until I tell you that I dined this day with Mr. Harley, who presented me to the earl of Sterling, a Scotch lord; and in the evening came in lord Peterborow. I stayed till nine before Mr. Harley would let me go, or tell me anything of my affair. He says the queen has now granted the first-fruits and twentieth parts; but he will not yet give me leave to write to the archbishop, because the queen designs to signify it to the bishops in Ireland in form, and to take notice that it was done upon a memorial from me, which Mr. Harley tells me he does to make it look more respectful to me, &c. And I am to see him on Tuesday. I know not whether I told you that, in my memorial which was given to the queen, I begged for two thousand pounds a-year more, though it was not in my commission; but that Mr. Harley says cannot yet be done, and that he and I must talk of it further; however, I have started it, and it may follow in time. Pray say nothing of the first-fruits being granted, unless I give leave at the bottom of this. I believe never anything was compassed so soon, and purely done by my personal credit with Mr. Harley, who is so excessively obliging, that I know not what to make of it, unless to show the rascals of the other party that they used a man unworthily who had deserved better. The memorial given to the queen from me speaks with great plainness of lord Wharton. I believe this business is as important to you as the convocation disputes from Tisdall.* I hope in a month or two all the forms of settling this matter will be over, and then I shall have nothing to do here. I will only add one foolish thing more, because it is just come into my head. When this thing is made known, tell me impartially whether they give any of the merit to me or no; for I am sure I have so much that I will never take it upon me.—Insolent sluts! because I say Dublin, Ireland, therefore you must say London, England; that is Stella's malice.—Well, for that I will not answer your letter till to-morrow day; and so, and so, I will go write something else, and it will not be much; for it is late.

*The Rev. Mr. Tisdall, an admirer of Stella.

22. I was this morning with Mr. Lewis, the under-secretary to lord Dartmouth, two hours, talking politics, and contriving to keep Steele in his office of stamped paper; he has lost his place of gazetteer, three hundred pounds a-year, for writing a Tatler, some months ago, against Mr. Harley, who gave it him at first, and raised the salary from sixty to three hundred pounds. This was devilish ungrateful; and Lewis was telling me the particulars; but I had a hint given me that I might save him in the other employment; and leave was given me to clear matters with Steele. Well, I dined with sir Matthew Dudley, and in the evening went to sit with Mr. Addison, and offer the matter at distance to him, as the discreeter person; but found party had so possessed him, that he talked as if he suspected me, and would not fall in with anything I said. So I stopped short in my overture, and we parted very drily; and I shall say nothing to Steele, and let them do as they will; but if things stand as they are, he will certainly lose it, unless I save him; and therefore I will not speak to him, that I may not report to his disadvantage. Is not this vexatious! and in there so much in the proverb of proffered service! When shall I grow wise! I endeavoured to act in the most exact points of honour and conscience, and my nearest friends will not understand it so. What must a man expect from his enemies! This would vex me, but it shall not; and so I bid you good night, &c.

23. I know it is neither wit nor diversion to tell you every day where I dine, neither do I write it to fill my letter; but I fancy I shall, some time or other, have the curiosity of seeing some particulars how I passed my life when I was absent from MD this time; and so I tell you now that I dined to-day at Molesworth's the Florence envoy; then went to the coffeehouse, where I behaved myself coldly enough to Mr. Addison, and so came home to scribble. We dine together to-morrow and next day by invitation; but I shall alter my behaviour to him, till he begs my pardon, or else we shall grow bare acquaintance. I am weary of friends, and friendships are all monsters but MD's.

24. I forgot to tell you that last night I went to Mr. Harley's boying—faith, I am blundering, for it was this very night at six; and I hoped he would have told me all things were done and granted; but he was abroad, and came home ill, and was gone to bed, much out of order, unless the porter lied. I dined to day at sir Matthew Dudley's with Mr. Addison, &c.

25. I was to-day to see the duke of Ormond; and, coming out, met lord Berkeley of Stratton, who told me that Mrs. Temple, the widow, died last Saturday, which, I suppose, is much to the outward grief and inward joy of the family. I dined to-day with Mr. Addison and Steele, and a sister of Mr. Addison, who is married to one Mous. Sartre, a Frenchman, prebendary of Westminster, who has a delicious house and garden; yet I thought it was a sort of a monastic life in those cloisters, and I liked Lascor better. Addison's sister is a sort of a wit, very like him. I am not fond of her, &c.

26. I was to-day to see Mr. Congreve,* who is almost blind with cataracts growing on his eyes; and his case is, that he must wait two or three years until the cataracts are riper, and till he is quite blind, and then he must have them couched; and besides he is never rid of the gout, yet he looks young and fresh, and is as cheerful as ever. He is younger by three years or more than I,^b and I am

twenty years younger than he. He gave me a pain in the great toe, by mentioning the gout. I find such suspicions frequently, but they go off again. I had a second letter from Mr. Morgan; for which I thank you: I wish you were whipped for forgetting to send him that answer I desired you in one of my former, "that I could do nothing for him of what he desired, having no credit at all," &c. Go, be far enough, you negligent baggage. I have had also a letter from Parvisol, with an account how many livings are set, and that they are fallen, since last year, sixty pounds. A comfortable piece of news! He tells me plainly that he finds you have no mind to part with the horse, because you sent for him at the same time you sent him my letter; so that I know not what must be done. It is a sad thing that Stella must have her own horse, whether Parvisol will or not! So now to answer your letter that I had three or four days ago. I am not now in bed, but am some home by eight; and it being warm, I write up. I never writ to the bishop of Killala, which I suppose was the reason he had not my letter. I have not time, that is the short of it.—As fond as the dean is of my letter, he has not written to me. I would only know whether dean Bolton^a paid him the twenty pounds; and for the rest, he may kiss—. And that you may ask him, because I am in pain about it, that deau Bolton is such a whipster. It is the most obliging thing in the world in dean Sterne to be so kind to you. I believe he knows it will please me, and makes up, that way, his other usage. No, we have had none of your snow, but a little one morning; yet I think it was great snow for an hour or so, but no longer. I had heard of Will Crowe's death before, but not the foolish circumstance that hastened his end. No, I have taken care that captain Pratt shall not suffer by lord Arglesen's death. I will try some contrivance to get a copy of my picture from Jervas. I will make sir Andrew Fountain buy one as for himself, and I will pay him again and take it, that is, provided I have money to spare when I leave this.—Poor John I is he gone! and Madam Parvisol has been in town? Humm. Why, Tighe and I, when he comes, shall not take any notice of each other; I would not do it much in this town, though we had not fallen out—I was to-day at Mr. Sterne's lodging; he was not within, and Mr. Leigh is not come to town, but I will do Dingley's errand when I see him. What do I know whether china be dear or not! I once took a fancy of resolving to grow mad for it, but now it is off: I suppose I told you so in some former letter. And so you only want some salad-dishes, and plates, and, &c. Yes, yes, you shall. I suppose you have named as much as will cost five pounds.—Now to Stella's little postscript; and I am almost crazed that you vex yourself for not writing. Cannot you dictate to Dingley, and not strain your little dear eyes! I am sure it is the grief of my soul to think you are out of order. Pray be quiet, and if you will write, shut your eyes, and write just a line, and no more, thus [How do you do, Mrs. Stella!]: that was written with my eyes shut. Faith, I think it is better than when they are open; and then Dingley may stand by, and tell you when you go too high or too low.—My letters of business, with packets, if there be any more occasion for such, must be enclosed to Mr. Addison, at St. James's Coffeehouse; but I hope to hear, as soon as I see Mr. Harley, that the main difficulties are over,

^a This gentleman, as well as Swift, was chaplain to lord Berkeley when lord-lieutenant; and promoted to the bishopric of Derry, upon Swift declining, with the utmost contempt and scorn, to give a large bribe demanded by Bushy, lord Berkeley's secretary.

* The celebrated dramatic writer, a friend of the dean's.

^b Congreve was born in the year 1672.

and that the rest will be but form.—Take two or three outgalls, take two or three—galls, stop your receipt in your—! I have no need o't. Here is a cluter! Well, so much for your letter, which I will now put up in my letter-partition in my cabinet, as I always do every letter as soon as I answer it. Method is good in all things. Order governs the world. The devil is the author of confusion. A general of an army, a minister of state; to descend lower—a gardener, a weaver, &c. That may make a fine observation, if you think it worth finishing; but I have not time. Is not this a terrible long piece for one evening? I dined to-day with Patty Rott at my cousin Leach's, with a pox, in the city: he is a printer, and prints the Postman [a Tory newspaper]; oh oh, and is my cousin, God knows how, and he married Mrs. Baby Aires of Leicester; and my cousin Thompson was with us; and my cousin Leach offers to bring me acquainted with the author of the Postman, and says, "he does not doubt but the gentleman will be glad of my acquaintance, and that he is a very ingenious man, and a great scholar, and has been beyond sea." But I was modest, and said, "may be the gentleman was shy, and not fond of new acquaintance;" and so put it off; and I wish you could hear me repeating all I have said of this in its proper tone, just as I am writing it. It is all with the same cadence with oh hoo, or as when little girls say, I have got an apple, miss, and I won't give you some. It is plaguy twelpenny weather this last week, and has cost me ten shillings in coach and chair hire. If the fellow that has your money will pay it, let me beg you to buy bank stock with it, which is fallen near thirty per cent., and pays eight pounds per cent., and you have the principal when you please: it will certainly soon rise. I would to God lady Giffard would put in the four hundred pounds she owes you, and take the five per cent. common interest, and give you the remainder. I will speak to your mother about it when I see her. I am resolved to buy three hundred pounds of it for myself, and take up what I have in Ireland; I have a contrivance for it, that I hope will do, by making a friend of mine buy it as for himself, and I will pay him when I get in my money. I hope Stratford will do me that kindness. I will ask him to-morrow or next day.

27. Mr. Rowe the poet desired me to dine with him to-day. I went to his office (he is under-secretary in Mr. Addison's place that he had in England), and there was Mr. Prior; and they both fell commending my Shower beyond anything that has been written of the kind: there never was such a Shower since Danaë's, &c. You must tell me how it is liked among you. I dined with Rowe; Prior could not come; and after dinner we went to a blind tavern where Congreve, sir Richard Temple, Eastcourt, and Charles Main, were over a bowl of bad punch. The knight sent for six flasks of his own wine for me, and we stayed till twelve. But now my head continues pretty well, I have left off my drinking, and only take a spoonful mixed with water, for fear of the gout, or some ugly distemper; and now, because it is late, I will, &c.

28. Garth and Addison and I dined to-day at a hedge tavern; then I went to Mr. Harley, but he was denied or not at home; so I fear I shall not hear my business is done before this goes. Then I visited lord Pembroke, who is just come to town, and we were very merry talking of old things, and I hit him with one pun. Then I went to the ladies Butler, and the son of a whore of a porter denied them; so I sent them a threatening message by

another lady for not excepting me always to the porter. I was weary of the coffeehouse, and Ford desired me to sit with him at next door, which I did like a fool chattering till twelve, and now am got into bed. I am afraid the new ministry is at a terrible loss about money: the Whigs talk so it would give one the spleen, and I am afraid of meeting Mr. Harley out of humour. They think he will never carry through this undertaking. God knows what will become of it. I should be terribly vexed to see things come round again; it will ruin the church and clergy for ever; but I hope for better. I will send this on Tuesday, whether I hear any further news of my affair or not.

29. Mr. Addison and I dined to-day with lord Mountjoy; which is all the adventures of this day. I chatted a while to-night in the coffeehouse, this being a full night; and now am come home to write some business.

30. I dined to-day at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, and sent a letter to poor Mrs. Long, who writes to us, but is God knows where, and will not tell anybody the place of her residence. I came home early, and must go write.

31. The month ends with a fine day; and I have been walking and visiting Lewis, and concerting where to see Mr. Harley. I have no news to send you. Alre, they say, is taken, though the Whitehall letters this morning say quite the contrary; it is good if it be true. I dined with Mr. Addison and Dick Stuart, lord Mountjoy's brother, a treat of Addison's. They were half tiddled, but not I; for I mixed water with my wine, and left them together between nine and ten; and I must send this by the bellman, which vexes me, but I will put it off no longer. Pray God it does not miscarry. I seldom do so; but I can put off little MD no longer. Pray give the under note to Mrs. Brent.

I am a pretty gentleman; and you lose all your money at cards, sirrah Stella. I found you out; I did so.

I am staying before I can fold up this letter till that ugly D is dry in the last line but one. Do not you see it? O Lord, I am loth to leave you, faith—but it must be so till next time. Pox take that D; I will blot it to dry it.

LETTER THE EIGHTH.

London, Oct. 31, 1728.

So, now I have sent my 7th to your 4th, young women; and now I will tell you what I would not in my last, that this morning sitting in my bed I had a fit of giddiness: the room turned round for about a minute, and then it went off, leaving me sickish, but not very; and so I passed the day as I told you; but I would not end a letter with telling you this, because it might vex you: and I hope in God I shall have no more of it. I saw Dr. Cockburn to-day, and he promises to send me the pills that did me good last year, and likewise has promised me an oil for my ear, that he has been making for that ailment for somebody else.

November 1. I wish MD a merry new year. You know this is the first day of it with us. I had no giddiness to-day, but I drank brandy, and have bought a pint for two shillings. I sat up the night before my giddiness pretty late, and writ very much; so I will impute it to that. But I never eat fruit, nor drink ale, but drink better wine than you do, as I did to-day with Mr. Addison at lord Mountjoy's: then went at five to see Mr. Harley, who could not see me for much company; but sent me his excuse, and desired I would dine with him on Friday; and then I expect some answer to this business, which

must either be soon done or begun again; and then the duke of Ormond and his people will interfere for their honour and do nothing. I came home at six and spent my time in my chamber, without going to the coffeehouse, which I grow weary of; and I studied at leisure, writ not above forty lines, some inventions of my own, and some hints, and read not at all, and this because I would take care of Presto, for fear little MD should be angry.

2. I took my four pills last night, and they lay an hour in my throat, and so they will do to-night. I suppose I could swallow four affronts as easily. I dined with Dr. Cockburn to-day, and came home at seven; but Mr. Ford has been with me till just now, and it is near eleven. I have had no giddiness to-day. Mr. Dopping I have seen, and he tells me coldly my Shower is liked well enough; there is your Irish judgment. I writ this post to the bishop of Clogher. It is now just a fortnight since I heard from you. I must have you write once a fortnight, and then I will allow for wind and weather. How goes omhre? does Mrs. Walls win constantly as she used to do; and Mrs. Stoyte? I have not thought of her this long time; how does she? I find we have a cargo of Irish coming for London: I am sorry for it, but I never go near them. And Tighe is lauded; but Mrs. Wesley, they say, is going home to her husband like a fool. Well, little monkeys mine, I must go write; and so good night.

3. I ought to read these letters I write after I have done; for looking over thus much I found two or three literal mistakes, which should not be when the hand is so bad. But I hope it does not puzzle little Dingley to read, for I think I mend: but methinks when I write plain, I do not know how, but we are not alone, all the world can see us. A bad serawl is so snug, it looks like a PMD.* We have searry Tatlers of late, so pray do not suspect me. I have one or two hints I design to send him, and never any more; he does not deserve it. He is governed by his wife most abominably, as bad as —. I never saw her since I came; nor has he ever made me an invitation; either he dares not, or is such a thoughtless Tisdall fellow that he never minds it. So what care I for his wit? for he is the worst company in the world till he has a bottle of wine in his head. I cannot write straighter in bed, so you must be content. At night in bed.—Stay, let me see where is this letter to MD among these papers? oh! here. Well, I will go on now; but I am very busy (smoke the new pen). I dined with Mr. Harley to-day, and am invited there again on Sunday. I have now leave to write to the primate and archbishop of Dublin, that the queen has granted the first fruits; but they are to take no notice of it till a letter is sent them by the queen's order from lord Dartmouth, secretary of state, to signify it. The bishops are to be made a corporation to dispose of the revenue, &c., and I shall write to the archbishop of Dublin to-morrow (I have had no giddiness to-day). I know not whether they will have any occasion for me longer to be here; nor can I judge till I see what letter the queen sends to the bishops, and what they will do upon it. If despatch be used, it may be done in six weeks; but I cannot judge. They sent me to-day a new commission, signed by the primate and archbishop of Dublin, and promise me letters to the two archbishops here; but mine a— for it all. The thing is done, and has been so these ten days; though I had only leave to tell it to-day. I had this day likewise a letter from

the bishop of Clogher, who complains of my not writing; and, what vexes me, says he knows you have long letters from me every week. Why do you tell him so? it is not right, faith; but I will not be angry with MD at a distance. I writ to him last post, before I had his, and will write again soon, since I see he expects it, and that lord and lady Montjoy put him off upon me to give themselves ease. Lastly, I had this day a letter from a certain naughty rogue called MD, and it was No. 5, which I shall not answer to-night I thank you. No, faith, I have other fish to fry; but to-morrow or next day will be time enough. I have put MD's commissions in a memorandum paper. I think I have done all before, and remember nothing but this to-day about glasses, and spectacles, and spectacle-cases. I have no commission from Stella, but the chocolate and handkerchiefs; and those are bought, and I expect they will be soon sent. I have been with, and sent to, Mr. Sterne, two or three times to know, but he was not within. Odds, my life, what am I doing! I must go write, and do business.

4. I dined to-day at Kensington, with Addison, Steele, &c.; came home, and writ a short letter to the archbishop of Dublin, to let him know the queen has granted the thing, &c. I writ in the coffeehouse, for I stayed at Kensington till nine, and am plaguily weary; for colonel Proud was very ill company, and I will never be of a party with him again; and I drank punch, and that and ill company has made me hot.

5. I was with Mr. Harley from dinner to seven this night, and went to the coffeehouse, where Dr. Davenant [son of the celebrated sir William] would fain have had me gone and drink a bottle of wine at his house hard by, with Dr. Chamberlain; but the puppy used so many words, that I was afraid of his company; and, though we promised to come at eight, I sent a messenger to him, that Chamberlain was going to a patient, and therefore we would put it off till another time: so he, and the comp troller, and I, were prevailed on by sir Matthew Dudley to go to his house, where I stayed till twelve, and left them. Davenant has been teasing me to look over some of his writings that he is going to publish, but the rogue is so fond of his own productions, that I hear he will not part with a syllable; and he has lately put out a foolish pamphlet, called, "The Third Part of Tom Double," to make his court to the Tories, whom he had left.

6. I was to-day gambling in the city to see Patty Rolt, who is going to Kingston, where she lodges; but, to say the truth, I had a mind for a walk to exercise myself, and happened to be disengaged; for dinners are ten times more plentiful with me here than ever, or than in Dublin. I will not answer your letter yet, because I am busy. I hope to send this before I have another from MD: it would be a sad thing to answer two letters together, as MD does from Presto. But when the two sides are full, away the letter shall go, that is certain, like it or not like it; and that will be about three days hence, for the answering night will be a long one.

7. I dined to-day at sir Richard Temple's with Congreve, Vanbrugh, lieutenant-general Farrington, &c. Vanbrugh, I believe I told you, had a long quarrel with me about those verses on his house; but we were very civil and cold. Lady Marlborough used to tease him with them, which had made him angry, though he be a good-natured fellow. It was a thanksgiving day, and I was at court, where the queen passed by us with all Tories about her; not one Whig: Buckingham, Rochester, Leeds, Shrews-

* Alluding to the language in their own familiar conversation.

bury, Berkeley of Stratton, lord-keeper Harcourt, Mr. Harley, lord Pembroke, &c., and I have seen her without one Tory. The queen made me a euryty, and said in a sort of familiar way to Presto, "How does MD?" I considered she was a queen, and so excused her. I do not miss the Whigs at court, but have as many acquaintance there as formerly.

8. Here is ado and a clutter! I must now answer MD's 5th; but first you must know I dined at the Portugal envoy's to-day with Addison, Vanbrugh, admiral Wager, sir Richard Temple, Methuen, &c. I was weary of their company, and stole away at five, and came home like a good boy, and studied till ten, and had a fire; O ho! and now am in bed. I have no fireplace in my bedchamber; but it is very warm where when one is in bed. Your fine cap, madam Dingley, is too little and too hot: I will have that fur taken off; I wish it were far enough; and my old velvet cap is good for nothing. Is it velvet under the fur? I was feeling, but cannot find: if it be, it will do without it, else I will face it; but then I must buy new velvet; but may be I may beg a piece. What shall I do? well, now to rogue MD's letter. God be thanked for Stella's eyes mending; and God send it holds; but faith you write too much at a time; better write less, or write it at ten times. Yes, faith, a long letter in a morning from a dear friend is a dear thing. I smoke a compliment, little mischievous girls, I do so. But who are those wigs that think I am turned Tory? Do you mean Whigs? Which wigs, and what do you mean? I know nothing of Raymond, and only had one letter from him a little after I came here. (Pray remember Morgau.) Raymond is indeed like to have much influence over me in London, and to share much of my conversation. I shall no doubt introduce him to Harley, and lord-keeper, and the secretary of state. The Tatter upon Ithuriel's spear is not mine, madam. What a puzzle there is between you and your judgment! In general you may be sometimes sure of things, as that about *style*, because it is what I have frequently spoken of; but guessing is mine a—, and I defy mankind if I please. Why, I writ a pamphlet when I was last in London, that you and a thousand have seen, and never guessed it to be mine. Could you have guessed the Shower in Town to be mine? How chance you did not see that before your last letter went? But I suppose you in Ireland did not think it worth mentioning. Nor am I suspected for the lampoon: only Harley said he smoked me, (have I told you so before?) and some others knew it. It is called the Rod of Sid Hamet. And I have written several other things that I here commended, and nobody suspects me for them; nor you shall not know till I see you again. What do you mean, "That boards near me, that I dine with now and then?" I know no such person: I do not dine with boarders. What the pox! You know whom I have dined with every day since I left you better than I do. What do you mean, *sirrah*? Sids, my ailment has been over these two months almost. Impudence, if you vex me, I will give ten shillings a-week for my lodging; for I am almost stunk out of this with the sink, and it helps me to verses in my Shower. Well, madam Dingley, what say you to the world to come? What hallad? Why go look, it was not good for much: have patience till I come back; patience is a gay thing as, &c. I hear nothing of lord Mountjoy's coming for Ireland. When is Stella's birthday? in March? Lord bless

* This was, in Swift's language, a "pure bite." He was not introduced at court.

me, my turn at Christ Church; it is so natural to hear you write about that, I believe you have done it a hundred times; it is as fresh in my mind, the verger coming to you; and why to you? would he have you preach for me! O, pox on your spelling of Latin. *Jensonibus atque*, that is the way. How did the dean get that name by the end? It was you betrayed me: not I faith; I will not break his head. Your mother is still in the country, I suppose, for she promised to see me when she came to town. I writ to her four days ago, to desire her to break it to lady Giffard to put some money for you in the Bank, which was then fallen thirty per cent. Would to God mine had been here, I should have gained one hundred pounds, and got as good interest as in Ireland, and much securer. I would fain have borrowed three hundred pounds, but money is so scarce here, there is no borrowing by this fall of stocks. It is rising now, and I knew it would: it fell from one hundred and twenty-nine to ninety-six. I have not heard since from your mother. Do you think I would be so unkind not to see her, that you desire me in a style so melancholy? Mrs. Raymond you say is with child: I am sorry for it, and so is, I believe, her husband. Mr. Harley speaks all the kind things to me in the world; and I believe would serve me, if I were to stay here; but I reckon in time the duke of Ormond may give me some addition to Laracor. Why should the Whigs think I came to England to leave them? Sure my journey was no secret! I protest sincerely I did all I could to hinder it, as the dean can tell you, although now I do not repent it. But who the devil cares what they think? Am I under obligations in the least to any of them all? Rot them, for ungrateful dogs; I will make them repeat their usage before I leave this place. They say here the same thing of my leaving the Whigs; but they own they cannot blame me, considering the treatment I have had. I will take care of your spectacles, as I told you before, and of the bishop of Killake's; but I will not write to him, I have not time. What do you mean by my 4th, madam Dingley? Does not Stella say you have had my 5th, Goody Blunder? you frightened me till I looked back. Well, this is enough for one night. Pray give my humble service to Mrs. Stoyte and her sister—Kate is it, or Sarah? I have forgot her name, faith. I think I will even (and to Mrs. Walls and the archdeacon) send this to-morrow: no faith, that will be in ten days from the last. I will keep it till Saturday, though I write no more. But what if a letter from MD should come in the mean time? why then I would only say, "Madam, I have received your 6th letter; your most humble servant to command, Presto!" and so conclude. Well, now I will write and think a little, and so to bed, and dream of MD.

9. I have my mouth full of water, and was going to spit it out, because I reasoned with myself, how could I write when my mouth was full. Have not you done things like that, reasoned wrong at first thinking? Well, I was to see Mr. Lewis this morning, and am to dine a few days hence, as he tells me, with Mr. secretary St. John, and I must contrive to see Harley soon again, to hasten this business from the queen. I dined to-day at lord Monrath's with lord Mountjoy, &c., but the wine was not good, so I came away, stayed at the coffeehouse till seven, then came home to my fire, the maidenhead of my second half-husbel, and am now in bed at eleven, as usual. It is mighty warm; yet I fear I shall catch cold this wet weather if I sit an evening in my room after coming from warm places: and I must make much

of myself, because MD is not here to take care of Presto; and I am full of business, writing, &c., and do not care for the coffeehouse; and so this serves for altogether, not to tell it you over and over, as silly people do; but Presto is a wiser man, faith, than so, let me tell you, gentlewomen. See, I am got to the third side; but, faith, I will not do that often; but I must say something early to-day, till the letter is done, and on Saturday it shall go; so I must save something till to-morrow, till to-morrow and next day.

10. O Lord, I would this letter was with you with all my heart: If it should miscarry, what a deal would be lost! I forgot to leave a gap in the last line but one for the seal, like a puppy; but I should have allowed for "night, good night;" but when I am taking leave I cannot leave a bit, faith; but I fancy the seal will not come there. I dined to-day at lady Lucy's, where they ran down my Shower; and said Sir Hamet was the silliest poem they ever read, and told Prior so, whom they thought to be the author of it. Do not you wonder I never dined there before? But I am too busy, and they live too far off; and besides, I do not like women so much as I did. [MD, you must know, are not women.] I supped to-night at Addison's with Garth, Steele, and Mr. Dopping; and am come home late. Lewis has sent me to desire I will dine with some company I shall like. I suppose it is Mr. secretary St. John's appointment. I had a letter just now from Raymond, who is at Bristol, and says he will be at London in a fortnight, and leave his wife behind him; and desires any lodging in the house where I am; but that must not be. I shall not know what to do with him in town: to be sure I will not present him to any acquaintance of mine, and he will live a delicate life, a parson and a perfect stranger. Paast twelve o'clock, and so good night, &c. O! but I forgot, Jemmy Leigh is come to town; says he has brought Dingley's things, and will send them by the first convenience. My parcel, I hear, is not sent yet. He thinks of going for Ireland in a month, &c. I cannot write to-morrow, because—what, because of the archbishop; because I will seal my letter early; because I am engaged from noon till night; because of many kind of things; and yet I will write one or two words to-morrow morning, to keep up my journal constant, and at night I will begin the ninth.

11. Morning by candle-light. You must know that I am in my night-gown every morning betwixt six and seven, and Patrick is forced to ply me fifty times before I can get on my night-gown; and so now I will take my leave of my own dear MD for this letter, and begin my next when I come home at night. God Almighty bless and protect dearest MD. Farewell, &c.

This letter's as long as a sermon, faith.

LETTER THE NINTH.

London, Nov. 11, 1710.

I DINED to-day, by invitation, with the secretary of state, Mr. St. John. Mr. Harley came into us before dinner, and made me his excuses for not dining with us, because he was to receive people who came to propose advancing money to the government: there dined with us only Mr. Lewis, and Dr. Freind [a celebrated physician and philosopher], that writ lord Peterborow's actions in Spain. I stayed with them till just now, between ten and eleven, and was forced again to give my 8th to the bellman, which I did with my own hands, rather than keep it till next post. The secretary used me with all the kindness

in the world. Prior came in after dinner; and upon an occasion, he (the secretary) said, the best thing he ever read is not yours, but Dr. Swift's on Vanbrugh; which I do not reckon so very good neither. But Prior was daisied until I stuffed him with two or three compliments. I am thinking what a veneration we need to have for sir William Temple, because he might have been secretary of state at fifty; and here is a young fellow, hardly thirty, in that employment. His father is a man of pleasure, that walks the Mall, and frequents St. James's coffee-house, and the chocolate-houses,* and the young son is principal secretary of state. Is there not something very odd in that? He told me, among other things, that Mr. Harley complained he could keep nothing from me, I had the way so much of getting into him. I knew that was a refinement; and so I told him, and it was so: indeed it is hard to see these great men use me like one who was their betters, and the puppies with you in Ireland hardly regarding me; but there are some reasons for all this, which I will tell you when we meet. At coming home I saw a letter from your mother, in answer to one I sent her two days ago. It seems she is in town; but cannot come out in a morning, just as you said, and God knows when I shall be at leisure in an afternoon; for if I should send her a penny-post letter, and afterward not be able to meet her, it would vex me; and, besides, the days are short, and why she cannot come early in a morning before she is wanted I cannot imagine. I will desire her to let lady Giffard know that she hears I am in town, and that she would go to see me to inquire after you. I wonder she will confine herself so much to that old heart's humour. You know I cannot in honour see lady Giffard, and consequently not go into her house. This I think is enough for the first time.

12. And how could you write with such thin paper? (I forgot to say this in my former.) Cannot you get thicker? Why, that is a common caution that writing-masters give their scholars; you must have heard it a hundred times. It is this—

If paper be thin, ink will slip in;

But if it be thick, you may write with a stick.

I had a letter to-day from poor Mrs. Long, giving me an account of her present life, obscure in a remote country town, and how easy she is under it. Poor creature! it is just such an alteration in life as if Presto should be banished from MD, and condemned to converse with Mrs. Raymond. I dined to-day with Ford, sir Richard Levinge, &c., at a place where they board hard by. I was lazy, and not very well sitting so long with company yesterday. I have been very busy writing this evening at home, and had a fire: I am spending my second half-bushel of coals; and now am in bed, and it is late.

13. I dined to-day in the city, and then went to christen Will Frankland's child; and lady Falconbridge was one of the godmothers: this is a daughter of Oliver Cromwell, and extremely like him by his pictures that I have seen. I stayed till almost eleven, and am now come home and gone to bed. My business in the city was to thank Stratford for a kindness he has done me, which now I will tell you. I found bank stock was fallen thirty-four in the hundred, and was mighty desirous to buy it; but I was a little too late for the cheapest time, being hindered by business here; for I was so wise to guess to a day when it would fall. My project was this: I had three hundred pounds in Ireland; and so I writ Mr. Stratford in the city, to desire he would buy me three hundred pounds in bank stock,

* Sir Henry St. John, father of the statesman.

and that he should keep the papers, and that I would be bound to pay him for them; and if it should rise or fall I would take my chance, and pay him interest in the mean time. I showed my letter to one or two people, who understand those things, and they said "money was so hard to be got here that no man would do it for me." However, Stratford, who is the most generous man alive, has done it; but it cost one hundred pounds and a half—that is ten shillings,—so that three hundred pounds cost me three hundred pounds and thirty shillings. This was done about a week ago, and I can have five pounds for my bargain already. Before it fell it was one hundred and thirty pounds, and we are sure it will be the same again. I told you I write to your mother to desire that lady Gifford would do the same with what she owes you; but she tells your mother she has no money. I would to God all you had in the world was there. Whenever you lend money take this rule, to have two people bound, who have both visible fortunes; for they will hardly die together; and, when one dies, you fall upon the other, and make him add another security. And if Rathburn (now I have his name) pays you in your money, let me know, and I will direct Parvisol accordingly; however, he shall wait on you and know. So, ladies, enough of business for one night. Passaat twelve o'clock. I must only add, that, after a long fit of rainy weather, it has been fair two or three days, and is this day grown cold and frosty; so that you must give poor little Presto leave to have a fire in his chamber morning and evening too, and he will do as much for you.

14. What, has your chaneellor lost his senses, like Will Crowe? I forgot to tell Dingley that I was yesterday at Ludgate bespeaking the spectacles at the great shop there, and shall have them in a day or two. This has been an insipid day. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and came gravely home, after just visiting the coffeehouse. Sir Richard Cox, they say, is sure of going over lord chaneellor, who is as errant a puppy as ever ate bread; but the duke of Ormond has a natural affection to puppies, which is a thousand pities, being none himself. I have been amusing myself at home till now, and in bed hid you good night.

15. I have been visiting this morning, but nobody was at home, secretary St. John, sir Thomas Hamner, sir Chancellor Coxcomb, &c. I attended the duke of Ormond with about fifty other Irish gentlemen at Skinner's-hall, where the Londonderry Society laid out three hundred pounds to treat us and his grace with a dinner. Three great tables with the dessert laid in mighty figure. Sir Richard Levinge and I got discreetly to the head of the second table, to avoid the crowd at the first; but it was so cold, and so confounded a noise with the trumpets and hautboys, that I grew weary, and stole away before the second course came on; so I can give you no account of it, which is a thousand pities. I called at Ludgate for Dingley's glasses, and shall have them in a day or two; and I doubt it will cost me thirty shillings for a microscope, but not without Stella's permission; for I remember she is a virtuoso. Shall I buy it or no? It is not the great hulky ones, nor the common little ones, to impale a house (saving your presence) upon a needle's point; but of a more exact sort, and clearer to the sight, with all its equipage in a little trunk that you may carry in your pocket. Tell me, sirrah, shall I buy it or not for you? I came home straight, &c.

* Speaker of the house of commons, and lord chief justice of the queen's bench in Ireland.

16. I dined to-day in the city with Mr. Manley who invited Mr. Addison and me, and some other friends, to his lodging, and entertained us very handsomely. I returned with Mr. Addison, and loitered till nine in the coffeehouse, where I am hardly known by going so seldom. I am here solliciting for Trounre; you know him: he was gunner in the former yacht, and would fain be so in the present one: if you remember him, a good lusty fresh-coloured fellow. Shall I stay till I get another letter from MD before I close up this? Mr. Addison and I meet a little seldom than formerly, although we are still at bottom as good friends as ever; but differ a little about party.

17. To-day I went to Lewis at the secretary's office, where I saw and spoke to Mr. Harley, who promised in a few days to finish the rest of my business. I reproached him for putting me on the necessity of reminding him of it, and rallied him, &c., which he took very well. I dined to-day with one Mr. Gore, elder brother to a young merchant of my acquaintance, and Stratford, and my other friend merchants dined with us, where I stayed late, drinking claret and Burgundy, and am just got to bed, and will say no more, but that it now begins to be time to have a letter from my own little MD; for the last I had above a fortnight ago, and the date was old too.

18. To-day I dined with Lewis and Prior at an eating-house, but with Lewis's wine. Lewis went away, and Prior and I sat on, where we complimented one another for an hour or two upon our mutual wit and poetry. Coming home at seven, a gentleman unknown stopped me in the Pall-mall, and asked my advice; said he had been to see the queen (who was just come to town), and the people in waiting would not let him see her; that he had two hundred thousand men ready to serve her in the war; that he knew the queen perfectly well, and had an apartment at court, and if she heard he was there she would send for him immediately; that she owed him two hundred thousand pounds, &c.; and he desired my opinion whether he should go try again whether he could see her; or because, perhaps, she was weary after her journey, whether he had not better stay till to-morrow. I had a mind to get rid of my companion, and begged him of all love to wait on her immediately; for that, to my knowledge, the queen would admit him; that this was an affair of great importance, and required despatch; and I instructed him to let me know the success of his business, and come to the Smyrna Coffeehouse, where I would wait for him till midnight; and so ended this adventure. I would fain have given the man half a crown; but was afraid to offer it him, lest he should be offended; for, besides his money, he said he had a thousand pounds a year. I came home not early, and so, madams both, good night, &c.

19. I dined to-day with poor lord Mountjoy, who is ill of the gout; and this evening I christened our coffee-man Elliot's child; where the rogue had a most noble supper, and Steele and I sat among some scurvy company over a bowl of punch, so that I am come home late, young women, and cannot stay to write to little rogues.

20. I loitered at home, and dined with sir Andrew Fountain at his lodging, and then came home; a silly day.

21. I was visiting all this morning, and then went to the secretary's office, and found Mr. Harley, with whom I dined, and secretary St. John, &c.; and

* Elliot was keeper of the St. James's Coffeehouse.

Harley promised in a very few days to finish what remains of my business. Prior was of the company, and we all dine at the secretary's to-morrow. I saw Stella's mother this morning: she came early, and we talked an hour. I wish you would propose to lady Giffard to take the three hundred pounds out of her hands, and give her common interest for life, and security that you will pay her: the bishop of Clogher, or any friend, would be security for you, if you gave them counter-security; and it may be argued that it will pass better to be in your hands than hers, in ease of mortality, &c. Your mother says, if you write she will second it; and you may write to your mother, and then it will come from her. She tells me lady Giffard has a mind to see me, by her discourse; but I told her what to say with a vengeance. She told lady Giffard she was going to see me: she looks extremely well. I am writing in my bed like a tiger, and so good night, &c.

22. I dined with secretary St. John; and lord Dartmouth, who is the other secretary, dined with us, and lord Orrery, and Prior, &c. Harley called, but could not dine with us, and would have bid me away while I was at dinner; but I did not like the company he was to have. We stayed till eight, and I called at the coffeehouse, and looked where the letters lie; but no letter directed for Mr. Presto: at last I saw a letter to Mr. Addison, and it looked like a rogue's hand, so I made the fellow give it me, and opened it before him, and saw three letters all for myself: so, truly, I put them in my pocket, and came home to my lodging. Well, and so you shall hear: well, and so I found one of them in Dingley's hand, and the other in Stella's, and the third in Domville's. Well, so you shall hear: so, said I to myself, What now, two letters from MD together? But I thought there was something in the wind; so I opened one, and I opened the other; and so you shall hear, one was from Walls. Well, but the other was from my own dear MD; yes it was. O faith, have you received my 7th, young women, already? then I must send this to-morrow, else there will be old doings at our house, faith. Well, I will not answer your letter in this: no faith, catch me at that, and I never saw the like. Well, but as to Walls, tell him (with service to him and wife, &c.) that I have no imagination of Mr. Pratt's losing his place: and while Pratt continues, Clements is in no danger; and I have already engaged lord Hyde he speaks of for Pratt and twenty others; but if such a thing should happen, I will do what I can. I have above ten businesses of other people's now on my hands, and I believe, shall miscarry in half. It is your 6th I now have received. I writ last post to the bishop of Clogher again. Shall I send this to-morrow? Well, I will, to oblige MD. Which would you rather, a short letter every week, or a long one every fortnight? A long one; well, it shall be done, and so good night. Well, but is this a long one? No, I warrant you: too long for naughty girls.

23. I only ask, have you got both the ten pounds, or only the first? I hope you mean both. Pray be good housewives, and I beg you to walk when you can for health. Have you the horse in town? and do you ever ride him? how often? Confess. Ahhh, sirrah, have I caught you? Can you contrive to let Mrs. Fenton (Swift's sister) know that the request she has made me in her letter I will use what credit I have to bring about, although I bear it is very difficult, and I doubt I shall not succeed. Cox is not to be your chancellor: all joined against him. I have been supping with lord Peterborough, at his house, with Prior, Lewis, and Dr. Freind. It is the

ramblingst lying rogue on earth. Dr. Raymond is come to town: it is late, and so I bid you good night.

24. I tell you pretty management: Ned Southwell told me the other day he had a letter from the bishops of Ireland, with an address to the duke of Ormond, to intercede with the queen to take off the first-fruits. I dined with him to-day, and saw it, with another letter to him from the bishop of Kildare to call upon me for the papers, &c., and I had just post one from the archbishop of Dublin, telling me the reason of this proceeding; that upon hearing the duke of Ormond was declared lord-lieutenant they met, and the bishops were for this project, and talked coldly of my being solicitor, as one that was favoured by the other party, &c., but desired that I would still solicit. Now the wisdom of this is admirable; for I had given the archbishop an account of my reception from Mr. Harley, and how he had spoken to the queen, and promised it should be done; but Mr. Harley ordered me to tell no person alive. Some time after he gave me leave to let the primate and archbishop know that the queen had remitted the first-fruits, and that in a short time they should have an account of it in form from lord Dartmouth, secretary of state. So, while their letter was on the road to the duke of Ormond and Southwell, mine was going to them with an account of the thing being done. I writ a very warm answer to the archbishop immediately, and showed my resentment, as I ought, against the bishops, only in good manners excepting himself. I wonder what they will say when they hear the thing is done. I was yesterday forced to tell Southwell so, that the queen had done it, &c., for he said, my lord duke would think of it some months hence when he was going for Ireland; and he had it three years in doing formerly, without any success. I give you free leave to say, on occasion, that it is done, and that Mr. Harley prevailed on the queen to do it, &c., as you please. As I hope to live, I despise the credit of it, out of an excess of pride, and desire you will not give me the least merit when you talk of it; but I would vex the bishops, and have it spread that Mr. Harley had done it: pray do so. Your mother sent me last night a parcel of wax candles, and a band-box full of small plum-cakes. I thought it had been something for you; and, without opening them, sent answer by the maid that brought them, that I would take care to send the things, &c., but I will write her thanks. Is this a long letter, sirrah? Now, are you satisfied? I have had no fit since the first: I drink handy every morning, and take pills every night. Never fear; I am not vexed at this puppy business of the bishops, although I was a little at first. I will tell you my reward: Mr. Harley will think he has done me a favour; the duke of Ormond, perhaps, that I have put a oeglet on him; and the bishops in Ireland that I have done nothing at all. So goes the world. But I have got above all this, and perhaps I have better reason for it than they know: and so you shall hear no more of first-fruits, dukes, Harleys, archbishops, and Southwells.

I have slipped off Raymond upon some of his countrymen to show him the town, &c., and I lend him Patrick. He desires to sit with me in the evenings; upon which I have given Patrick positive orders that I am not within at evenings.

LETTER THE TENTH.

London, Nov. 18, 1719.

I will tell you something that is plaguy silly; I had forgot to say on the 23rd in my last where I

dined; and because I had done it constantly, I thought it was a great omission, and was going to interline it; but at last the silliness of it made me cry, phah, and I let it alone. I was to-day to see the parliament meet, but only saw a great crowd; and Furd and I went to see the tombs at Westminster, and sauntered so long I was forced to go to an eating-house for my dinner. Bromley is chosen speaker, *namine contradicente*: do you understand those two words? and Pompey, colonel Hill's black, designs to stand speaker for the footmen. I am engaged to use my interest for him, and have spoken to Patrick to get him some votes. We are now all impatient for the queen's speech, what she will say about removing the ministry, &c. I have got a cold, and I do not know how; but got it I have, and am hoarse: I do not know whether it will grow better or worse. What is that to you? I will not answer your letter to-night. I will keep you a little longer in suspense: I cannot send it. Your mother's cakes are very good, and one of them serves me for breakfast, and so I will go sleep like a good boy.

26. I have got a cruel cold, and stayed within all this day in my nightgown, and dined on sixpenny-worth of virtuels, and read and writ, and was denied to everybody. Dr. Raymond called often, and I was denied; and at last, when I was weary, I let him come up, and asked him without consequence, "How Patrick denied me, and whether he had the art of it?" So by this means he shall be used to have me denied to him, otherwise he would be a plaguy trouble and bindrooe to me: he has sat with me two hours, and drank a pint of ale cost me five-pence, and smoked his pipe, and it is now past eleven that he is just gone. Well, my 8th is with you now, young women, and your 7th to me is somewhere in a postboy's bag; and so go to your gang of deans, and Stoytes, and Walls, and lose your money; go, sauceboxes, and so good night and be happy, dear rogues. O, but your box was sent to Dr. Hawkshaw by Sterne, and you will have it with Hawkshaw, and spectacles, &c., &c.

27. To-day Mr. Harley met me in the court of requests, and whispered me to dine with him. At dinner I told him what those bishops had done, and the difficulty I was under. He hid me never trouble myself; he would tell the duke of Ormond the business was done, and that he need not concern himself about it. So now I am easy, and they may hang themselves for a parcel of insolent ungrateful rascals. I suppose I told you in my last how they sent an address to the duke of Ormond, and a letter to Southwell, to call on me for the papers after the thing was over; but they had not received my letter, though the archbishop might, by what I writ to him, have expected it would be done. Well, there is an end of that, and in a little time the queen will send them notice, &c. And so the methods will be settled, and then I shall think of returning, although the baseness of those bishops makes me love Ireland less than I did.

28. Lord Halifax sent to invite me to dinner, where I stayed till six, and crossed him in all his Whig talk, and made him often come over to me. I know he makes court to the new men, although he affects to talk like a Whig. I had a letter to-day from the bishop of Clogher, but I writ to him lately that I would obey his commands to the duke of Ormond. He says I bid him read the London *Shaver*, and that you both swore it was Shaver, and not Shower. You all lie, and you are puppies, and cannot read Presto's hand. The bishop is out entirely in his conjectures of my share in the Tattlers. I have other things to mind, and of much greater

importance [political controversies], else I have little to do to be acquainted with a new ministry, who consider me a little more than Irish bishops do.

29. Now for your saucy good dear letter; let me see, what does it say? come then. I dined to-day with Ford, and went home early; he debauched me to his chamber again with a bottle of wine till twelve; so good night. I cannot write an answer now, you rogues.

30. To day I have been visiting, which I had long neglected; and I dined with Mrs. Barton alone; and sauntered at the coffeehouse till past eight, and have been busy till eleven, and now I will answer your letter, saucebox. Well, let me see now again. My wax candle's almost out, but however I will begin. Well then, do not be so tedious, Mr. Presto; what can you say to MD's letter? Make haste, have done with your preambles. Why, I say, I am glad you are so often abroad; your mother thinks it is want of exercise hurts you, and so do I. (She called here to-night, but I was not within: that is by the bye.) Sure you do not deceive me, Stella, when you say you are in better health than you were these three weeks; for Dr. Raymond told me yesterday that Smyth, of the Blind Quay, had been telling Mr. Leigh that he left you extremely ill; and, in short, spoke so that he almost put poor Leigh into tears, and would have made me run distracted; though your letter is dated the 11th instant, and I saw Smyth in the city above a fortnight ago, as I passed by in a coach. Pray, pray, do not write, Stella, until you are mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty well in your eyes, and are sure it won't do you the least hurt. Or come, I will tell you what; you, mistress Stella, shall write your share at five or six sittings, one sitting a day; and then comes Dingley all together, and then Stella a little crumb toward the end, to let us see she remembers Presto; and then conclude with something handsome and genteel, as "your most bumble cumdumble," or, &c. O Lord! does Patrick write of my not coming till spring? Insolent man! he know my secrets! No; as my lord mayor said, "No; if I thought my shirt knew," &c. Faith, I will come as soon as it is in any way proper for me to come; but, to say the truth, I am at present a little involved with the present ministry in some certain things (which I tell you as a secret); as soon as ever I can clear my hands I will stay no longer; for I hope the first-fruit-business will be soon over in all its forms. But, to say the truth, the present ministry have a difficult task, and want me, &c. Perhaps they may be just as grateful as others; but, according to the best judgment I have, they are pursuing the true interest of the public; and therefore I am glad to contribute what is in my power. For God's sake, not a word of this to any alive. Your chancellor! why, madam, I can tell you he has been dead this fortnight. Faith, I could hardly forbear our little language about a nasty dead chancellor, as you may see by the list.^a Ploughing! A pox plough them; they will plough me to nothing. But have you got your money, both the ten pounds? How durst he pay the second so soon? Pray be good housewives. Ay, well, and Joe; why, I had a letter lately from Joe, desiring I would take some care of their poor town [Trim], who, he says, will lose their liberties. To which I desired Dr. Raymond would return answer, "That the town had behaved themselves so ill to me, so little regarded the advice I gave them, and disagreed so much among them-

^a The words "this fortnight" had been written in what he calls their little language, then scratched out, and written plain.

selves, that I was resolved never to have more to do with them; but that whatsoever personal kindness I could do to Joe should be done." Pray, when you happen to see Joe tell him this, lest Raymond should have blundered or forgotten. Poor Mrs. Wesley—why these poligyes [apologies] for being abroad! Why should you be at home at all until Stella is quite well! No, here is mistress Stella again with her two eggs, &c. My Shower admired with you; why, the bishop of Clogher says he has seen something of mine of the same sort better than the Shower. I suppose he means the Morning; but it is not half so good. I want your judgment of things, and not your country's. How does MD like it! and do they taste it all! &c. I am glad dean Bolton has paid the twenty pounds. Why should not I chide the bishop of Clogher for writing to the archbishop of Cashel, without sending the letter first to me! It does not signify a —; for he has no credit at court. Stuff—they are all puppies. I will break your head in good earnest, young woman, for your nasty jest about Mrs. Barton. Unlucky slut-ikin, what a word is there! Faith, I was thinking yesterday, when I was with her, whether she could break them or no, and it quite spoiled my imagination. Mrs. Wall, does Stella win as she pretends! No, indeed, doctor; she loses always, and will play so venturesomely, how can she win! See here now; are not you an impudent lying slut! Do open Donville's letter; what does it signify, if you have a mind! Yes, faith, you write smartly with your eyes shut; all was well but the so. See how I can do it. "Madam Stella, your humble servant." O, but one may look whether one goes crooked or no, and so write on. I will tell you what you may do; you may write with your eyes half shut, just as when one is going to sleep; I have done so for two or three lines now; it is but just seeing enough to go straight. Now, madam Dingley, I think I bid you tell Mr. Walls that in case there be occasion I will serve his friend as far as I can; but I hope there will be none. Yet I believe you will have a new parliament; but I care not whether you have or no a better. You are mistaken in all your conjectures about the Tatlers. I have given him one or two hints, and you have heard me talk about the Shilling. Faith, these answering letters are very long ones: you have taken up almost the room of a week in Journals; and I will tell you what, I saw fellows wearing crosses to-day [St. Andrew's day], and I wondered what was the matter; but just this minute I recollect it is little Presto's birthday; and I was resolved these three days to remember it when it came, but could not. Pray, drink my health to-day at dinner; do, you rogues. Do you like Sid Hamet's rod! Do you understand it all! Well, now at last I have done with your letter, and so I will lay me down to sleep, and about fair maids; and I hope merry maids all.

December 1. Morning. I wish Smyth were hanged. I was dreaming the most melancholy things in the world of poor Stella, and was grieving and crying all night. Pshaw, it is foolish: I will rise and divert myself; so good-morrow, and God of his infinite mercy keep and protect you. The bishop of Clogher's letter is dated Nov. 21. He says you thought of going with him to Clogher. I am heartily glad of it, and wish you would ride there, and Dingley go in a coach. I have had no fit since my first, although sometimes my head is not quite in good order. At night,—I was this morning to visit Mr. Pratt, who is come over with poor sick lord Shelburn; they made me dine with them, and there I stayed like a booby till eight, looking

over them at ombre; and then came home. Lord Shelburn's giddiness is turned into a colic, and he looks miserably.

2. Steele, the rogue, has done the impudentest thing in the world; he said something in a Tatler, that we ought to use the word Great Britain, and not England, in common conversation; as, the finest lady in Great Britain, &c. Upon this Rowe, Prior, and I sent him a letter, turning this into ridicule. He has to-day printed the letter, and signed it J. S., M. P., and N. R., the first letters of our names. Congreve told me to-day he smoked it immediately. Congreve and I, and sir Charles Wager, dined to-day at Delaval's, the Portugal envoy; and I stayed there till eight, and came home, and am now writing to you before I do business, because that dog Patrick is not at home, and the fire is not made, and I am not in my gear. Fox take him!—I was looking by chance at the top of this side, and find I make plaguy mistakes in words; so that you must fence against that as well as bad writing. Faith, I cannot nor will not read what I have written. (Fox of this puppy!) Well, I will leave you till I am got to bed, and then I will say a word or two. Well, it is now almost twelve, and I have been busy ever since, by a fire too (I have my coals by half a bushel at a time, I will assure you), and now I am got to bed. Well, and what have you to say to Presto now he is abed! Come, now, let us bear your speeches. No, it is a lie, I am not sleepy yet. Let us sit up a little longer, and talk. Well, where have you been to-day, that you are but just this minute come home in a coach! What have you lost! Pay the coachman, Stella. No, faith, not I, he will grumble. What new acquaintance have you got! come, let us hear. I have made Delaval promise to send me some Brazil tobacco from Portugal for you, madam Dingley. I hope you will have your chocolate and spectacles before this comes to you.

3. Pshaw, I must be writing to those dear saucy brats every night, whether I will or no, let me have what business I will, or come home ever so late, or be ever so sleepy; but an old saying and a true one,—

Be you lords, or be you earls,
You must write to naughty girls.

I was to-day at court, and saw Raymond among the beef-eaters, staying to see the queen; so I put him in a better station, made two or three dozen of bows, and went to church, and then to court again to pick up a dinner, as I did with sir John Stanley; and then we went to visit lord Mountjoy, and just now left him, and it is near eleven at night, young women, and methinks this letter comes pretty near to the bottom, and it is but eight days since the date, and do not think I will write on the other side, I thank you for nothing. Faith, if I would use you to letters on sheets as broad as this room, you would always expect them from me. O, faith, I know you well enough; but an old saying, &c.

Two sides is a sheet,
And one is a street.

I think that is but a silly old saying, and so I will go to sleep, and do you so too.

4. I dined to-day with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and then came home and studied till evening. No adventure at all to-day.

5. So I went to the court of requests (we have had the devil and all of rain by the bye) to pick up a dinner, and Henley made me go dine with him and one colonel Brag at a tavern; cost me money, faith. Congreve was to be there, but came not. I came with Henley to the coffee-house, where lord

Salisbury seemed mighty desirous to talk with me; and while he was wriggling himself into my favour, that dog Henley asked me aloud whether I would go to see lord Somers as I had promised? (which was a lie), and all to vex poor lord Salisbury, who is a high Tory. He played two or three other such tricks, and I was forced to leave my lord, and I came home at seven, and have been writing ever since, and will now go to bed. The other day I saw Jack Temple in the court of requests; it was the first time of seeing him; so we talked two or three careless words, and parted. Is it true that your recorder and mayor, and fanatic aldermen, a month or two ago, at a solemn feast, drank Mr. Harley's, lord Rochester's, and other Tory healths? Let me know; it was confidently said here. The scoundrels! It shall not do, Tom.

6. When is this letter to go? I wonder: hearkee, young women, tell me that! Saturday next for certain, and not before: then it will be just a fortnight; time enough for naughty girls, and long enough for two letters, faith. Congreve and Delaval have at last prevailed on sir Godfrey Kneller to entreat me to let him draw my picture for nothing; but I know not yet when I shall sit. It is such monstrous rainy weather that there is no doing with it. Secretary St. John sent to me this morning, that my dining with him to-day was put off till to-morrow; so I peaceably sat with my neighbour Ford, dined with him, and came home at six, and am now in bed as usual; and now it is time to have another letter from MD, yet I would not have it till this goes; for that would look like two letters for one. Is it not whimsical that the dean has never once written to me? And I find the archbishop very silent to that letter I sent him with an account that the business was done. I believe he knows not what to write or say; and I have since written twice to him, both times with a vengeance. Well, go to bed, sirrabs, and so will I. But have you lost to-day? Three shillings. O fie, O fie.

7. No, I will not send this letter to-day, nor till Saturday, faith; and I am so afraid of one from MD between this and that: if it comes I will just say I received a letter, and that is all. I dined to-day with Mr. secretary St. John, where were lord Anglesea, sir Thomas Hanmer, Prior, Freind, &c., and then made a debauch after nine at Prior's house, and have eaten cold pie, and I hate the thoughts of it, and I am full, and I do not like it, and I will go to bed, and it is late, and so good night.

8. To-day I dined with Mr. Harley and Prior; but Mr. St. John did not come, though he promised; he chid me for not seeing him oftener. Here is a damned libellous pamphlet come out against lord Wharton, giving the character first, and then telling some of his actions: the character is very well, but the facts indifferent.^a It has been sent by dozens to several gentlemen's lodgings, and I had one or two of them, but nobody knows the author or printer. We are terribly afraid of the plague; they say it is at Newcastle. I begged Mr. Harley for the love of God to take some care about it, or we are all ruined. There have been orders for all ships from the Baltic to pass their quarantine before they land; but they neglect it. You remember I have been afraid these two years.

9. O faith, you are a saucy rogue. I have had your 6th letter just now, before this is gone; but I will not answer a word of it, only that I never was giddy since my first fit, but I have had a cold just a fortnight, and cough with it still morning and even-

^a This was his own writing, but unsuspected at the time.

ing; but it will go off. It is, however, such abominable weather that no creature can walk. They say here three of your commissioners will be turned out, Ogle, South, and St. Quotain, and that Dick Stuart and Ludlow will be two of the new ones. I am a little soliciting for another; it is poor lord Abercorn, but that is a secret; I mean, that I befriend him is a secret; but I believe it is too late, by his own fault and ill fortune. I dined with him to-day. I am heartily sorry you do not go to Clogher, faith I am; and so God Almighty protect poor dear, dear, dear, dearest MD. Farewell till to-night. I will begin my 11th to-night; so I am always writing to little MD.

LETTER THE ELEVENTH.

London, Dec. 9, 1710.

So, young women, I have just sent my 10th to the post-office, and, as I told you, have received your 7th (faith I am afraid I mistook, and said your 6th, and then we shall be all in confusion this month). Well, I told you I dined with lord Abercorn to-day, and that is enough till by and by; for I must go write idle things, and twittle-twattle. What is here to do with your little MD's? and so I put this by for a while. It is now late, and I can only say MD is a dear, saucy rogue; and what then? Presto loves them the better.

10. This son of a b— Patrick is out of the way, and I can do nothing; am forced to borrow coals: it is now six o'clock, and I am come home after a pure walk in the park; delicate weather, begun only to-day. A terrible storm last night: we hear one of your packet-boats is cast away, and young beau Swift in it, and general Sankey: I know not the truth; you will before me. Raymond talks of leaving the town in a few days, and going in a month to Ireland, for fear his wife should be too far gone, and forced to be brought to bed here. I think he is in the right, but perhaps this packet-boat will fright him. He has no relish for London; and I do not wonder at it. He has got some Templars from Ireland that show him the town. I do not let him see me above twice a week, and that only while I am dressing in the morning. So now the puppy's come in, and I have got my own ink, but a new pen; and so now you are rogues and saucy-boxes till I go to bed, for I must go study, sirrabs. Now I think of it, tell the bishop of Clogher he shall not cheat me of one inch of my bell-metal. You know it is nothing but to save the town money, and Enniskilling can afford it better than Laracor; he shall have but one thousand five hundred weight. I have been reading, &c., as usual, and am now going to bed, and I find this day's article is long enough; so get you gone till to-morrow, and then. I dined with sir Matthew Dudley.

11. I am come home again as yesterday, and the puppy had again locked up my ink, notwithstanding all I said to him yesterday; but he came home a little after me, so all is well; they are lighting my fire, and I will go study. The fair weather is gone again, and it has rained all day. I do not like this open weather, though some say it is healthy. They say it is a false report about the plague at Newcastle. I have no news to-day; I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, to desire them to buy me a scarf; and lady Abercorn is to buy me another, to see who does best; mine is all in rags. I saw the duke of Richmond yesterday at court again, but would not speak to him; I believe we are fallen out. I am now in bed, and it has rained all this evening like wildfire. Have you so much ra in your town?

Raymond was in a fright as I expected upon the news of this shipwreck, but I persuaded him, and he leaves this town in a week. I got him acquainted with sir Robert Raymond, the solicitor-general, who owns him to be of his family; and I believe it may do him a kindness by being recommended to your new lord chancellor. I had a letter from Mrs. Long that has quite turned my stomach against her; no less than two nasty jests in it, with dashes to suppose them. She is corrupted in that country-town [Lynn, Norfolk] with vile conversation. I will not answer your letter till I have leisure, so let this go on as it will, what care I! what cares saucy Presto!

12. I was to-day at the secretary's office with Lewis, and in came lord Rivers, who took Lewis out and whispered him, and then came up to me to desire my acquaintance, &c.; so we bowed and complimented a while, and parted; and I dined with Phil. Savage* and his Irish club at their boarding-place, and, passing an evening scurvily enough, did not come home till eight. Mr. Addison and I hardly meet once a fortnight; his parliament and my different friendships keep us asunder. Sir Matthew Dudley turned away his butler yesterday morning, and at night the poor fellow died suddenly in the streets. Was not it an odd event? But what care you! but then I knew the butler. Why, it seems your packet-boat is not lost: pshaw, how silly that is, when I had already gone through the forms, and said it was a sad thing, and that I was sorry for it! But when must I answer this letter of our MD's! Here it is, lies between this paper on the other side the leaf: one of these odd-come-short-lies I will consider, so good night.

13. Morning. I am to go trapesing with lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt to see sights all this day: they engaged me yesterday morning at tea. You hear the havoc making in the army: Meredith, Macartney, and colonel Honeywood, are obliged to sell their commands at half value, and leave the army, for drinking destruction to the present ministry, and dressing up a hat on a stick and calling it Harley; then drinking a glass with one hand, and discharging a pistol with the other at the maikin, wishing it were Harley himself, and a hundred other such pretty tricks, as inflaming their soldiers and foreign ministers against the late changes at court. Cadogan has had a little paring; his mother told me yesterday he had lost the place of envoy;^b but I hope they will go no further with him, for he was not at those mutinous meetings. Well, these saucy jades take up so much of my time with writing to them in a morning; but faith I am glad to see you whenever I can: a little snap and away; so hold your tongue, for I must rise; not a word for your life. How now! so very well; stay till I come home, and then perhaps you may hear further from me. And where will you go to-day, for I cannot be with you for these ladies! It is a rainy ugly day. I would have you send for Walls, and go to the dean's; but do not play small games when you lose. You will be ruined by Manilio, Basto, the queen, and two small trumps in red. I confess it is a good hand against the player; but then there are Spadilio, Panto, the king, strong trumps against you, which, with one trump more, are three tricks ten ace: for, suppose you play your Manilio. O, silly, how I prate and cannot get away from this MD in a morning. Go, get you gone, dear naughty girls, and let me rise. There, Patrick locked up my ink again the third time.

* Chancellor of the exchequer in Ireland.

^b Lieutenant general, after earl of Cadogan, the friend of Marlborough, envoy to the United Provinces and the government of Spanish Flanders.

last night: the rogue gets the better of me; but I will rise in spite of you, sirrah. At night.—Lady Kerry, Mrs. Pratt, Mrs. Cadogan, and I in one coach; lady Kerry's son and his governor and two gentlemen in another; maids and misses, and little master (lord Shelburn's children), in a third, all hackneys; set out at ten o'clock this morning from Lord Shelburn's house in Piccadilly to the Tower, and saw all the sights, lions, &c.; then to Bedlam; then dined at the chop-house behind the Exchange; then to Gresham College (but the keeper was not at home), and concluded the night at the puppet-show, whence we came home safe at night, and I left them. The ladies were all in mobs; how do you call it! undressed; and it was the rainiest day that ever dripped; and I am weary, and it is now past eleven.

14. Stay, I will answer some of your letter this morning in bed: let me see; come and appear, little letter. Here I am, says he, and what say you to Mrs. MD this morning, fresh and fasting! who dares think MD negligent! I allow them a fortnight, and they give it me. I could fill a letter in a week; but it is longer every day, and so I keep it a fortnight, and then it is cheaper by one half. I have never been giddy, dear Stella, since that morning: I have taken a whole box of pills, and keeled at them every night, and drank a pint of brandy at mornings. O then, you kept Presto's little birthday: would to God I had been with you. I forgot it, as I told you before. Ridiculous, madam! I suppose you mean ridiculous: let me have no more of that; it is the author of the Atlantis's spelling. I have mended it in your letter. And can Stella read this writing without hurting her dear eyes! O, faith, I am afraid not. Have a care of those eyes, pray, pray, pretty Stella. It is well enough what you observe, that if I writ better, perhaps you would not read so well, being used to this manner; it is an alphabet you are used to; you know such a pothook makes a letter; and you know what letter, and so and so. I will swear he told me so, and that they were long letters too; but I told him it was a gasconade of yours, &c. I am talking of the bishop of Clogher, how he forgot. Turn over.^a I had not room on the other side to say that, so I did it on this: I fancy that is a good Irish blunder. Ah, why do not you go down to Clogher, nautinautinauti-dear girls; I dare not say nauti without dear: O, faith, you govern me. But seriously, I am sorry you do not go, as far as I can judge at this distance. No, we would get you another horse; I will make Parvisol get you one. I always doubted that horse of yours; prithee, sell him, and let it be a present to me. My heart aches when I think you ride him. Order Parvisol to sell him, and that you are to return me the money: I shall never be easy until he is out of your hands. Faith, I have dreamed five or six times of horses stumbling since I had your letter. If he cannot sell him, let him run this winter. Faith, if I was near you I would whip your — to some tune, for your grave saucy answer about the dean and Jononibus; I would, young women. And did the dean preach for me! very well. Why, would they have me stand here and preach to them! No, the Tatler of the Shilling was not mine, more than the hint and two or three general heads for it. I have much more important business on my hands: and, besides, the ministry hate to think that I should help him, and have made reproaches on it; and I frankly told them I would do it no more. This is a secret though, madam Stella. You win eight shillings! you win eight fiddlesticks. Faith, you say nothing

^a He seems to have written these words in a whim, for the sake of what follows.

of what you lose, young woman. I hope Mauley is in no great danger; for Ned Southwell is his friend, and so is sir Thomas Frankland; and his brother John Manley stands up heartily for him. On the other side, all the gentlemen of Ireland here are furiously against him. Now, mistress Dingley, are not you an impudent slut to expect a letter next packet from Presto, when you confess yourself that you had so lately two letters in four days! unreasonable baggage! no, little Dingley, I am always in bed by twelve! I mean my candle's out by twelve, and I take great care of myself. Pray let everybody know, upon occasion, that Mr. Harley got the first-fruits from the queen for the clergy of Ireland, and that nothing remains but the forms, &c. So you say the dean and you dined at Stoyte's, and Mrs. Stoyte was in raptures that I remembered her. I must do it but seldom, or it will take off her rapture. But, what now, you saucy sluts! all this written in a morning, and I must rise and go abroad. Pray stay till night: do not think I will squander mornings upon you, pray good madam. Faith, if I go on longer in this trick of writing in the mornings, I shall be afraid of leaving it off, and think you expect it, and be in awe. Good-morrow, sirrahs; I will rise. At night.—I went to-day to the court of requests (I will not answer the rest of your letter yet, that by the way) in hopes to dine with Mr. Harley: but lord Dupplin, his son-in-law, told me he did not dine at home; so I was at a loss, until I met with Mr. secretary St. John, and went home and dined with him, where he told me of a good hite [a quia]. Lord Rivers told me two days ago that he was resolved to come Sunday fortnight next to hear me preach before the queen. I assured him the day was not yet fixed, and I knew nothing of it. To-day the secretary told me that his father (sir Harry St. John) and lord Rivers were to be at St. James's church, to hear me preach there; and were assured I was to preach: so there will be another bite [quia]; for I know nothing of the matter, but that Mr. Harley and St. John are resolved I must preach before the queen, and the secretary of state has told me he will give me three weeks' warning; but I desired to be excused, which he will not. St. John, "you shall not be excused!" however, I hope they will forget it: for, if it should happen, all the puppies hereabouts will throng to hear me, and expect something wonderful, and be pluggily balked, for I shall preach plain honest stuff.* I stayed with St. John till eight, and then came home, and Patrick desired leave to go abroad, and by and by comes up the girl to tell me a gentleman was below in a coach who had a bill to pay me; so I let him come up, and who should it be but Mr. Addison and Sam Dopping, to haul me out to supper, where I have stayed till twelve. If Patrick had been at home I should have escaped this; for I have taught him to deny me almost as well as Mr. Harley's porter. Where did I leave off in MD's letter? let me see. So, now I have it. You are pleased to say, madam Dingley, that those that go for England can never tell when to come back. Do you mean this as a reflection upon Presto, madam! Sauceboxes, I will come back as soon as I can: this is his common phrase, and I hope with some advantage, unless all ministries be alike, as perhaps they may. I hope Hawkshaw is in Dublin before now, and that you have your things, and like your spectacles; if you did not you shall have better. I hope Dingley's tobacco did not spoil Stella's chocolate, and that all is safe; pray let me know. Mr. Addison and I are different as black

and white, and I believe our friendship will go off by this damned business of party: he cannot bear seeing me fall in so with this ministry; but I love him still as well as ever, though we seldom meet.—Hussy, Stella, you jest about poor Congreve's eyes; you do so, hussy, but I will hang your bones, faith.—Yes, Steele was a little while in prison, or at least in a spunging-house, some time before I came, but not since.—Pox on your convocation and your Lamberts! they write with a vengeance! I suppose you think it a piece of affectation in me to wish your Irish folks would not like my Shower; but you are mistaken. I should be glad to have the general applause there as I have here (though I say it), but I have only that of one or two, and therefore I would have none at all, but let you all be in the wrong. I do not know, that is not what I would say; but I am so accustomed with supper and stuff that I cannot express myself. What you say of Sid Hamet is well enough; that an eueeny should like it, and a friend not; and that telling the author would make both change their opinions. Why did not you tell Grifsyth that you fancied there was something in it of my manner? but first spur up his commendation to the height, as we served my poor uncle about the scenes that I mended. Well, I desired you to give what I intended for an answer to Mrs. Fenton, to save her postage and myself trouble; and I hope I have done it if you have not.

15. Lord, what a long day's writing was yesterday's answer to your letter, sirrahs. I dined to-day with Lewis and Ford, whom I have brought acquainted. Lewis told me a pure thing. I had been banking with Mr. Harley to save Steele his other employment, and have a little mercy on him, and I had been saying the same thing to Lewis, who is Mr. Harley's chief favourite. Lewis tells Mr. Harley how kindly I should take it if he would be reconciled to Steele, &c. Mr. Harley, on my account, falls in with it, and appoints Steele a time to let him attend him, which Steele accepts with great submission, but never comes, nor sends any excuse. Whether it was blundering, sullenness, insolence, or rancour of party, I cannot tell; but I shall trouble myself no more about him. I believe Addison blundered him out of mere spite, being grated to the soul to think he should ever want my help to save his friend; yet now he is soliciting me to make another of his friends queen's secretary at Geneva; and I will do it if I can; it is poor Pastoral Philips.

16. O, why did you leave my picture behind you at the other lodgings; forget it I well; but pray remember it now, and do not roll it up, do you hear? but hang it carefully in some part of your room, where chairs, and candles, and mopsticks, will not spoil it, sirrahs. No, truly, I will not be god-father to Goody Walls this bout, and I hope she will have no more. There will be no quiet nor cards for this child. I hope it will die the day after the christening. Mr. Harley gave me a paper, with an account of the sentence you speak of against the lads that defaced the statue,^b and that Ingoldsby reprieved that part of it standing before the statue. I hope it was never executed. We have got your Broderick out; Doyme is to succeed him, and Cox Doyme. And so there is an end of your letter; it is all answered, and now I must go on upon my own stock: go on, did I say? why, I have written enough: but this is too soon to send it yet, young women; faith I dare not use you to it, you will always expect it; what remains shall be only short journals of a

* Dr. Lambert, chaplain to lord Wharton.

* They did not succeed, for the doctor never would preach before the queen.

^b Of king William, erected after the battle of the Boyne, in the College-green, Dublin.

day, and so I will rise, for this morning. At night.—I dined with my opposite neighbour, Darteneif [a great epicure], and I was soliciting this day to present the bishop of Clogher [Dr. St. George Ashe] vice chancellor; but it will not do; they are all set against him, and the duke of Ormond, they say, has resolved to dispose of it somewhere else. Well; little saucy rogues, do not stay out too late to-night, because it is Saturday night, and young women should come home soon then.

17. I went to court to seek a dinner, but the queen was not at church, she has got a touch of the gout; so the court was thin, and I went to the coffeehouse; and sir Thomas Frankland and his eldest son and I went and dined with his son William. I talked a great deal to sir Thomas about Manley, and find he is his good friend, and so has Ned Southwell been, and I hope he will be safe though all the Irish folk here are his mortal enemies. There was a devilish bite to-day. They had it, I knew not how, that I was to preach this morning at St. James's church, and abundance went, among the rest lord Radnor, who never is abroad till three in the afternoon. I walked all the way home from Hatton-garden at six, by moonlight, a delicate night. Raymond called at nine, but I was denied, and now I am in bed between eleven and twelve, just going to sleep, and dream of my own dear roguish impudent pretty MD.

18. You will now have short days' work, just a few lines to tell you where I am, and what I am doing; only I will keep room for the last day to tell you news, if there be any worth sending. I have been sometimes like to do it at the top of my letter, until I remarked it would be old before it reached you. I was hunting to dine with Mr. Harley to-day, but could not find him; and so I dined with honest Dr. Cockburn, and came home at six, and was taken out to next door by Dopping and Ford, to drink bad claret and oranges, and we let Raymond come to us, who talks of leaving the town to-morrow, but I believe will stay a day or two longer. It is now late, and I will say no more, but end this line with hiding my own dear saucy MD good night, &c.

19. I am come down proud stomach in one instance, for I went to-day to see the duke of Buckingham, but came too late; then I visited Mrs. Barton, and thought to have dined with some of the ministry; but it rained, and Mrs. Vanhomrigh was high, and I took the opportunity of paying her for a scarf she bought me, and dined there; at four I went to congratulate with lord Shelburn, for the death of poor lady Shelburn dowager: he was at his country house, and returned while I was there, and had not heard of it, and he took it very well. I am now come home before six, and find a packet from the bishop of Clogher, with one enclosed to the duke of Ormond, which is ten days earlier dated than another I had from Parviss; however, it is no matter, for the duke has already disposed of the vice chancellorship to the archbishop of Tuam, and I could not help it, for it is a thing wholly, you know, in the duke's power; and I find the bishop has enemies about the duke. I writ this while Patrick is folding up my scarf, and doing up the fire (for I keep a fire, it costs me twelvepence a week), and so be quiet till I am gone to bed, and then sit down by me a little, and we will talk a few words more. Well; now MD is at my bedside; and now what shall we say? How does Mrs. Stoyte? What had the dean for supper? How much did Mrs. Walls win? Poor lady Shelburn: well, go get you to bed, sirrah.

* Dr. John Vesey, bishop of Limerick, June 11th, 1673; translated to Tuam, March 18th, 1678. He died in 1716.

VOL. I.

20. Morning.—I was up this morning early, and shaved by candlelight, and wrote this by the fireside. Poor Raymond just came in and took his leave of me; he is summoned by high order from his wife, but pretends he has had enough of Loudon. I was a little melancholy to part with him: he goes to Bristol, where they are to be with his merchant brother, and now thinks of staying till May; so she must be brought to bed in England. He was so easy and manageable, that I almost repent I suffered him to see me so seldom. But he is gone, and will save Patrick some lies in a week: Patrick is grown admirable at it, and will make his fortune. How now, sirrah, must I write in a morning to your impudence?

Stay till night, And then I'll write, In black and white, By candlelight	Of wax so bright, It helps the sight, A little bite! Marry come up, Mrs. Boldface.
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At night.—Dr. Raymond came back, and goes to-morrow. I did not come home till eleven, and found him here to take leave of me. I went to the Court of Requests, thinking to find Mr. Harley and dine with him, and refuse Heuley and every body, and at last knew not where to go, and met Jemmy Leigh by chance, and was just in the same way, so I dined at his lodging on a beefsteak, and drank your health, then left him, and went to the tavern with Ben Tooke and Portlack, the duke of Ormond's secretary, drinking nasty white wine till eleven. I am sick and ashamed of it, &c.

21. I met that beast Ferris, lord Berkeley's steward formerly: I walked with him a turn in the Park, and that second dog is as bappy as an emperor, has married a wife with a considerable estate in land and houses about this town, and lives at his ease at Hammersmith. See your confounded sect [sex]. Well; I had the same luck to-day with Mr. Harley: it was a lovely day, and went by water into the city, and dined with Stratford at a merchant's house, and walked home with as great a dunce as Ferris (I mean colonel Caulfield, and came home by eight, and now am in bed, and going to sleep for a wager, and will send this letter on Saturday, or so; but first I will wish you a merry Christmas and a happy new year, and pray God we may never keep them asunder again.

22. Morning.—I am going now to Mr. Harley's levee on purpose to vex him: I will say I had no other way of seeing him. &c. Patrick says it is a dark morning, and that the duke of Argyll is to be knighted to-day; the booby means installed at Windsor. But I must rise, for this is a shaving day, and Patrick says there is a good fire. I wish MD were by it, or I by MD's. At night.—I forgot to tell you, madam Dingley, that I paid nine shillings for your glass and spectacles, of which three were for the bishop's case. I am sorry I did not buy you such another case; but if you like it, I will bring one over with me; pray tell me: the glass to read was four shillings, the spectacles two. And have you had your chocolate? Leigh says he sent the petticoat by one Mr. Spencer. Pray, have you no further commissions for me? I paid the glassman but last night, and he would have made me a present of the microscope worth thirty shillings, and would have sent it home with me. I thought the deuce was in the man; he said I could do him more service than that was worth, &c. I refused his present, but promised him all service I could do him; and so now I am obliged in honour to recommend him to everybody. At night.—I went to Mr. Harley's levee: he came and asked me what had I to do there, and bid me come and dine with

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him on a family dinner; which I did, and it was the first time I ever saw his lady and daughter. At five my lord keeper came in: I told Mr. Harley, he had formerly presented me to sir Simon Harcourt, but now must to my lord keeper, so he laughed, &c.

23. Morning.—This letter goes to-night without fail. I hope there is none from you yet at the coffee-house; I will send and see by and by; and let you know, and so and so. Patrick goes to see for a letter: what will you lay, is there one from MD or no. No, I say; done, for sixpence. Why has the dean never once written to me!—I won sixpence; I won sixpence; there is not one letter to Presto. Good morrow, dear sirrahs: Stratford and I dine to-day with lord Mountjoy. God Almighty preserve and bless you! farewell, &c.

I have been dining at lord Mountjoy's; and am come to study: our news from Spain this post takes off some of our fears. The parliament is prorogued to-day, or adjourned rather, till after the holidays. Bank stock is 105, so I may get 12*l*. for my harguin already. Patrick the puppy is abroad, and how shall I send this letter? Good night, little dears both, and be happy, and remember your poor Presto, that wants you sadly, as hope saved. Let me go study, naughty girls, and do not keep me at the bottom of the paper. O faith, if you knew what lies on my hands constantly, you would wonder to see how I could write such long letters; but we will talk of that some other time. Good night again, and God bless dear MD with his best blessing; yes, yes, and Dingley, and Stella, and me too! &c.

Ask the bishop of Clogher about the pun I sent him of lord Stawell's brother; it will be a pure hite. This letter has 199 lines in it, besides all postscripts; I had a curiosity to reckon.

There is a long letter for you.

It is longer than a sermon, faith.

I had another letter from Mrs. Fenton, who says you were with her. I hope you did not go on purpose. I will answer her letter soon; it is about some money in lady Giffard's hands.

They say you have had eight packets due to you; so pray, madams, do not blame Presto, but the wind.

My humble service to Mrs. Walls and Mrs. Stoyte; I missed the former a good while.

LETTER THE TWELFTH.

London, Dec. 23, 1710.

I HAVE sent my 11th to-night as usual, and begin the dozenth, and told you I dined with Stratford at lord Mountjoy's, and I will tell you no more at present: guess for why; because I am going to mind things, and mighty affairs, not your nasty first-fruits. I let them alone till Mr. Harley gets the queen's letter, but other things of greater moment, that you shall know one day, when the ducks have eaten up all the dirt. So sit still a while just by me while I am studying, and do not say a word, I charge you, and when I am going to bed, I will take you along, and talk with you a little while; so there, sit there.—Come then, let us see what we have to say to these saucy brats, that will not let us go sleep at past eleven. Why, I am a little impatient to know how you do; but that I take it for a standing maxim, that when you are silent, all is pretty well, because that is the way I will deal with you; and if there was anything you ought to know now, I would write by the first post, although I had written but the day before. Remember this, young women, and God Almighty

preserve you both, and make us happy together; and tell me how accounts stand between us, that you may be paid long before it is due, not to want. I will return no more money while I stay, so that you need not be in pain to be paid; but let me know at least a month before you can want. Observe this, do you hear, little dear sirrahs, and love Presto as Presto loves MD, &c.

24. You will have a merrier Christmas eve than we here. I went up to court before church, and in one of the rooms, there being but little company, a fellow in a red coat without a sword came up to me, and after words of course, asked me how the ladies did. I asked what ladies? He said Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnson: very well, said I, when I heard from them last: and pray, when came you from thence, sir? He said, I never was in Ireland; and just at that word lord Winchelsea comes up to me, and the man went off: as I went out I saw him again, and recollected him; it was Vedeau with a pox.* I then went and made my apologies, that my head was full of something I had to say to lord Winchelsea, &c., and I asked after his wife, and so all was well, and be inquired after my lodging, because he had some favour to desire of me in Ireland, to recommend somebody to somebody, I know not what it is. When I came from church I went up to court again, where sir Edmund Bacon told me the had news from Spain,[†] which you will hear before this reaches you; as we have it now, we are undone there, and it was odd to see the whole countenances of the court changed so in two hours. Lady Mountjoy carried me home to dinner, where I stayed not long after, and came home early, and now am got into bed, for you must always write to your MD's in bed, that is a maxim.

Mr. White and Mr. Red, Write to MD when abed;

Mr. Black and Mr. Brown, Write to MD when you are down;

Mr. Oak and Mr. Willow, Write to MD on your pillow.

What is this? faith I smell fire; what can it be? this house has a thousand stinks in it. I think to leave it on Thursday, and lodge over the way. Faith I must rise, and look at my chimney, for the smell grows stronger; stay—I have been up, and in my room, and found all safe, only a mouse within the fender to warm himself, which I could not catch. I smell nothing there, but now in my bed-chamber I smell it again; I believe I have singed the woollen curtains, and that is all, though I cannot smoke it. Presto's plaguy silly to-night; is not he? Yes, and so he be. Ay, but if I should wake and see fire. Well; I will venture; so good night, &c.

25. Pray, young women, if I write so much as this every day, how will this paper hold a fortnight's work, and answer one of yours into the bargain? You never think of this, but let me go on like a simpleton. I wish you a merry Christmas, and many, many a one with poor Presto at some pretty place. I was at church to-day by eight, and received the sacrament, and came home by ten; then went to court at two. It was a collar-day, that is, when the knights of the Garter wear their collars; but the queen stayed so late at sacrament, that I came back, and dined with my neighbour Ford, because all people dine at home on this day. This is likewise a collar-day all over England in every house, at least where there is brawn: that is very well.—I tell you a good pun: a fellow hard by pretends to cure agues, and has set out a sign, and spells it *egoes*; a gentleman and I observing it, he said, How does that

* A shopkeeper, and left his counter and trade for the army.

† The loss of the battle of Villa Vicosa.

fellow pretend to cure agues! I said, I did not know, but I was sure it was not by a *spell*. That is admirable. And so you asked the bishop about that pun of lord Stawell's brother. Bite. Have I caught you, young women! Must you pretend to ask after roguish puns, and Latin ones too! O but you smoke me, and did not ask the bishop. O you are a fool, and you did. I met Vedeau again at court to-day, and I observed he had a sword on. I fancy he was broke (as a *trader*), and has got a commission, but I never asked him. Vedeau I think his name is, yet Parvisol's man is Vedel, that is true. Bank stock will fall like stockfish by this bad news, and two days ago I could have got 12l. by my bargain; but do not intend to sell, and in time it will rise. It is odd that my lord Peterborow foretold this loss two months ago, one night at Mr. Harley's, when I was there: he hid us count upon it, that Stanhope would lose Spain before Christmas; that he would venture his head upon it, and give us reasons; and though Mr. Harley argued the contrary, he still held to his opinion. I was telling my lord Anglessea this at court this morning, and a gentleman by said, he had heard my lord Peterborow affirm the same thing. I have heard wise folks say, An ill tongue may do much. And it is an old saying.

Once I guess'd right, and I got credit by it;
Thrice I guess'd wrong, and I kept my credit on.

No, it is you are sorry, not I.

26. By the lord Harry I shall be done here with Christmas-boxes. The rogues at the coffeehouse have raised their tax, every one giving a crown, and I gave mine for shame, besides a great many half-crowns, to great men's porters, &c. I went to-day by water into the city, and dined with no less a man than the city printer.* There is an enmity between us, built upon reasons that you shall know when I see you: but the rain caught me within twelve-penny length of home. I called at Mr. Harley's, who was not within, dropped my half-crown with his porter, drove to the coffeehouse, where the rain kept me till nine. I had letters to-day from the archbishop of Dublin, and Mr. Bernage: the latter sends me a melancholy account of lady Shelburn's death, and his own disappointments, and would gladly be a captain; if I can help him I will.

27. Morning.—I hespoko a lodging over the way for to-morrow, and the dog let it yesterday to another. I gave him no earnest, so it seems he could do it. Patrick would have had me give him earnest to bind him; but I would not. So I must go saunter to-day for a lodging somewhere else. Did you ever see so open a winter in England! We have not had two frosty days; but it pays it off in rain: we have not had three fair days these six weeks. O faith, I dreamed mightily of MD last night; but so confused I cannot tell a word. I have made Ford acquainted with Lewis, and to-day we dined together: in the evening I called at one or two neighbours, hoping to spend a Christmas evening; but none were at home, they were all gone to be merry with others. I have often observed this, that in merry times every body is abroad; where the deuce are they! So I went to the coffeehouse and talked with Mr. Addison an hour, who at last remembered to give me two letters, which I cannot answer to-night, nor to-morrow neither. I can assure you, young women, count upon that. I have other things to do than to answer naughty girls; an old saying and true.

Letters from MD's

Must not be answered ten days:

It is but bad rhyme, &c.

* Mr. John Barber, afterwards lord mayor.

28. To-day I had a message from sir Thomas Hammer to dine with him: the famous Dr. Smalridge [afterwards bishop of Bristol] was of the company, and we sat till six, and I came home to my new lodgings in St. Alban Street, where I pay the same rent (eight shillings a week) for an apartment two pair of stairs; but I have the use of the parlour to receive persons of quality, and I am got into my new bed, &c.

29. Sir Andrew Fountaine has been very ill this week, and sent to me early this morning to have prayers, which you know is the last thing. I found the doctors and all in despair about him. I read prayers to him, found he had settled all things; and when I came out the nurse asked me, whether I thought it possible he could live, for the doctors thought not. I said, I believed he would live; for I found the seeds of life in him, which I observe seldom fail; (and I found them in poor dearest Stella, when she was ill many years ago;) and to-night I was with him again, and he was mightily recovered, and I hope he will do well, and the doctor approved my reasons; but if he should die, I should come off scurrily. The secretary of state (Mr. St. John) sent to me to dine with him; Mr. Harley and lord Peterborow dined there too, and at night came lord Rivers. Lord Peterborow goes to Vienna in a day or two; he has promised to make me write to him. Mr. Harley went away about six, but we stayed till seven. I took the secretary aside, and complained to him of Mr. Harley, that he got the queen to grant the first-fruits, promised to bring me to her, and get her letter to the bishops of Ireland; but the last part he had not done in six weeks, and I was in danger to lose reputation, &c. He took the matter right, desired me to be with him on Sunday morning, and promised me to finish the affair in four days; so I shall know in a little time what I have to trust to.—It is nine o'clock, and I must go study, you little rogues; and so good night, &c.

30. Morning.—The weather grows cold, you sauceboxes. Sir Andrew Fountaine, they bring me word, is better. I will go rise, for my hands are starving while I write in bed. Night.—Now sir Andrew Fountaine is recovering he desires to be at ease; for I called in the morning to read prayers, but he had given orders not to be disturbed. I have lost a legacy by his living; for he told me he had left me a picture and some books, &c. I called to see my quondam neighbour Ford, (do you know what *quondam* is, thought?) and he engaged me to dine with him; for he always dines at home on opera days. I came home at six, writ to the archbishop, then studied till past eleven, and stole to bed, to write to MD these few lines to let you know I am in good health at the present writing hereof, and hope in God MD is so too. I wonder I never write politics to you: I could make you the profoundest politician in all the lane.—Well, but when shall we answer this letter, No. 8, of MD's! Not till next year, faith. O Lord—ho—but that will be a Monday next. Cod's so, is it? and so it is: never saw the like.—I made a pun the other day to Ben Portlack about a pair of drawers. Poh, said he, that is mine a—all over. Pray, pray, Dingley, let me go sleep; pray, pray, Stella, let me go slumber, and put out my wax candle.

31. Morning.—It is now seven, and I have got a fire, but am writing shod in my bedchamber. It is not shaving day, so I shall be ready early to go before church to Mr. St. John, and to-morrow I will answer our MD's letter.

Would you answer MD's letter,
On New-year's day you will do it better:
For when the year with MD's gins,
It without MD's never lins.

(These proverbs have always old words in them; *hine* is leave off.)

But if on New year you write none,
MD then will bang your bones.—

But Patrick says I must rise. Night.—I was early this morning with secretary St. John, and gave him a memorial to get the queen's letter for the first-fruits, who has promised to do it in a very few days. He told me he had been with the duke of Marlborough, who was lamenting his former wrong steps in joining with the Whigs, and said he was worn out with age, fatigues and misfortunes. I swear it pitted me; and I really think they will not do well in too much mortifying that man, although indeed it is his own fault. He is covetous as hell, and ambitious as the prince of it: he would fain have been general for life, and has broken all endeavours for peace, to keep his greatness and get money. He told the queen he was neither covetous nor ambitious. She said, if she could have conveniently turned about, she would have laughed, and could hardly forbear it in his face. He fell in with all the abominable measures of the late ministry; because they gratified him for their own designs. Yet he has been a successful general, and I hope he will continue his command. O Lord, smoke the politics to MD. Well; but if you like them, I will scatter a little now and then, and mine are all fresh from the chief hands. Well, I dined with Mr. Harley, and came away at six: there was much company, and I was not merry at all. Mr. Harley made me read a paper of verses of Prior's. I read them plain without any fine manner, and Prior swore I should never read any of his again; but he would be revenged, and read some of mine as bad. I excused myself, and said, I was famous for reading verses the worst in the world, and that everybody snatched them from me when I offered to begin. So we laughed.—Sir Andrew Fountaine still continues ill. He is plagued with some sort of bile.

January 1. Morning.—I wish my dearest pretty Dingley and Stella a happy new-year, and health and mirth, and good stomachs, and Fr's company. Faith, I did not know how to write Fr. I wondered what was the matter; but now I remember I always write Pdf'r. Patrick wishes me a happy new year, and desires I would rise, for it is a good fire, and faith it is cold. I was so politic last night with MD, never saw the like. Get the Examiners, and read them; the last nine or ten are full of the reasons for the late change, and of the abuses of the last ministry; and the great men assure me they are all true. They are written by their encouragement and direction. I must rise and go see Sir Andrew Fountaine; but perhaps to-night I may answer MD's letter; so good morrow, my mistresses all, good morrow.

I wish you both a merry new year,
Roast beef, minced pies, and good strong beer,
And me a share of your good cheer;
That I was there, or you were here,
And you are a little saucy dear.

Good morrow again, dear sirrha; one cannot rise for your play. At night.—I went this morning to visit lady Kerry and lord Shelburn, and they made me dine with them. Sir Andrew Fountaine is better. And now let us come and see what this saucy dear letter of MD says. Come out, letter, come out from between the sheets; here it is underneath, and it will not come out. Come out again, I say; so there. Here it is. What says Presto to me, pray? says it. Come, and let me answer for you to your ladies. Hold up your head then, like

* So it read very badly.

a good letter. There. Pray, how have you got up with Presto, madam Stella? You write your 8th when you receive mine: now I write my 12th when I receive your 8th. Do not you allow for what are upon the road, singleton? what say you to that? and so you kept Presto's little birthday, I warrant: would to God I had been at the health, rather than here, where I have no manner of pleasure, nothing but eternal business upon my hands. I shall grow wise in time; but no more of that: only I say Amen with my heart and vitals, that we may never be asunder again ten days together while poor Presto lives. I cannot be merry so near any splenetic talk; so I made that long line, and now all is well again. Yes, you are a pretending slut, indeed, with your 4th and 5th in the margin, and your journal, and every thing. Wind—we saw no wind here, nothing at all extraordinary at any time. We had it once when you had it not. But an old saying and a true;

I hate all winds before and behind,
From cheeks with eyes, or from blind.

Your chimney fall down! God preserve you. I suppose you only mean a brick or two: but that is a damned lie of your chimney being carried to the next house with the wind. Do not put such things upon us; those matters will not pass here; keep a little to possibilities. My lord Hertford would have been ashamed of such a stretch. You should take care of what company you converse with: when one gets that faculty, it is hard to break one's self of it. Jemmy Leigh talks of going over, but *quando*? I do not know when he will go. O, now you have had my 9th, now you are come up with me; marry, come up with you, indeed. I know all that business of lady S. Will nobody cut that D—y's throat? Five hundred pounds do you call poor pay for living three months the life of a king! They say she died with grief, partly being forced to appear as witness in court about some squabble among their servants. The bishop of Clogher showed you a pamphlet. Well, but you must not give your mind to believe those things; people will say anything. The character is here reckoned admirable, but most of the facts are trifles. It was first printed privately here; and then some bold ear ventured to do it publicly, and sold two thousand in two days: who the author is must remain uncertain. Do you pretend to know, impudence! how durst you think so? pox on your parlements: the archbishop has told me of it; but we do not vouchsafe to know anything of it here. No, no, no more giddiness yet: thank you, Stella, for asking after it; thank you; God Almighty bless you for your kindness to poor Presto! You write to lady Giffard and your mother upon what I advise, when it is too late. But yet I fancy this bad news will bring down stocks so low that one might buy to great advantage. I design to venture going to see your mother some day when lady Giffard is abroad. Well, keep your Rathbun and stuff. I thought he was to pay in your money upon his houses to be flung down about the what do you call it?—Well, madam Dingley, I sent you inclosed to Bristol, but have not heard from Raymond since he went. Come, come, young women, I keep a good fire; it costs me twelvapence a-week, and I fear something more; vex me, and I will have one in my bedchamber too. No, did not I tell you but just now, we have no high winds here! Have you forgot already? Now you are at it again, silly Stella; why does your mother say my esquires are scandalous? they are good sixes in the pound, and she said I was extravagant enough to burn them by

daylight. I never burn fewer at a time than one. What would people have! the d— burst Hawkshaw. He told me he had not the box, and the next day Sterne* told me he had sent it a fortnight ago; Patrick could not find him the other day, but he shall to-morrow: dear life and heart, do you tease me! does Stella tease Presto! that palsy water was in the box: it was too big for a packet, and I was afraid of its breaking. Leigh was not in town then, or I would not have trusted it to Sterne, whom yet I have befriended enough to do me more kindness than that. I will never rest till you have it, or till it is in a way for you to have it. Poor dear rogue, naughtily to think it teases me; how could I ever forgive myself for neglecting any thing that related to your health? sure I were a devil if I did. * * * * * See how far I am forced to stand from Stella, because I am afraid she thinks poor Presto has not been careful about her little things; I am sure I thought them immediately according to order, and packed them up with my own hands, and sent them to Sterne, and was six times with him about sending them away. I am glad you are pleased with your glasses. I have got another velvet cap, a new one Lord Herbert thought and presented me one morning I was at breakfast with him, where he was as merry and easy as ever I saw him, yet had received a challenge half an hour before, and half an hour after fought a duel. It was about ten days ago. You are mistaken in your guesses about Tatlers! I did neither write that on Noses, nor Religion, nor do I send him of late any hints at all.—Indeed, Stella, when I read your letter I was not uneasy at all; but when I came to answer the particulars, and found that you had not received your box, it grated me to the heart, because I thought through your little words, that you imagined I had not taken the care I ought. But there has been some blunder in this matter, which I will know to-morrow, and write to Sterne, for fear he should not be within.—And pray, pray, Presto, pray now do.—No, Raymond was not above four times with me while he stayed, and then only while I was dressing. Mrs. Fenton has written me another letter about some money of hers in Lady Giffard's hands, that is entrusted to me by my mother, not to come to her husband. I send my letters constantly every fortnight, and if you will have them oftener you may, but then they will be the shorter. Pray, let Parvisol sell the horse. I think I spoke to you of it in a former letter: I am glad you are rid of him, and was in pain while I thought you rode him; but if he would buy you another, or any body else, and that you could be often able to ride, why do not you do it?

2. I went this morning early to the secretary of state, Mr. St. John, and he told me from Mr. Harley, that the warrant was now drawn, in order for a patent for the first-fruits: it must pass through several offices and take up some time, because in things the queen gives they are always considerate; but that he assures me it is granted and done, and past all dispute, and desires I will not be in any pain at all. I will write again to the archbishop to-morrow, and tell him this, and I desire you will say it on occasion. From the secretary I went to Mr. Sterne, who said he would write to you to-night, and that the box must be at Chester, and that some friend of his goes very soon, and will carry it over. I dined with Mr. Secretary St. John, and at six went to Darteneuf's house to drink punch with him, and Mr. Addison, and little Harrison, a young

* Enoch Sterne, esq., clerk to the house of lords in Ireland.

poet whose fortune I am making. Steele was to have been there, but came not, nor never did twice since I knew him to any appointment. I stayed till past eleven, and am now in bed. Steele's last Tatler came out to-day. You will see it before this comes to you, and how he takes leave of the world. He never told so much as Mr. Addison of it, who was surprised as much as I; but to say the truth, it was time, for he grew cruel dull and dry. To my knowledge he had several good hints to go upon; but he was so lazy and weak of the work, that he would not improve them. I think I will send this after to-morrow: shall I before it is full. Dingley!

3. Lord Peterborow yesterday called me into a harber's shop, and there we talked deep politics: he desired me to dine with him to-day at the Globe in the Strand: he said he would show me so clearly how to get Spain, that I could not possibly doubt it. I went to-day accordingly, and saw him among half a dozen lawyers and attorneys and hang dogs, signing deeds and stuff before his journey; for he goes to-morrow to Vienna. I sat among that scurvy company till after four, but heard nothing of Spain; only I find by what he told me before, that he fears he shall do so good in his present journey. We are to be mighty constant correspondents. So I took my leave of him, and called at Sir Andrew Fountain's, who merits much. I came home and please you at six, and have been studying till now past eleven.

4. Morning.—Morrow, little dears. O faith, I have been dreaming; I was to be put in prison, I do not know why, and I was so afraid of a black dungeon: and then all I had been inquiring yesterday of sir Andrew Fountain's sickness I thought was of poor Stella. The worst of dreams is, that one wakes just in the humour they leave one. Shall I send this to-day? with all my heart: it is two days within the fortnight; but may be MD are in haste to have a round dozen, and then how are you to come up to me with your 8th, young women! But you indeed ought to write twice slower than I, because there are two of you; I own that.—Well then, I will seal up this letter by my morning candle, and carry it into the city with me, where I go to dine, and put it in the post-office with my own fair hands. So let me see whether I have any news to tell MD. They say they will very soon make some inquiries into the corruptions of the late ministry; and they must do it, to justify their turning them out. Atterbury, [who succeeded] we think is to be the dean of Christchurch in Oxford; but the college would rather have Smallridge.—What is all this to you? what care you for Atterburys and Smallridges? No, you care for nothing but Presto, faith. So I will rise and bid you farewell; yet I am loth to do so, because there is a great hit of paper yet to talk upon; but Dingley will have it so: yes, says she, make your journals shorter, and send them oftener; and so I will. And I have cheated you another way too; for this is clipped paper, and holds at least six lines less than the former ones. I will tell you a good thing I said to my lord Carteret. So, says he, my Lord — came up to me, and asked me, &c. No, said I, my Lord — never did, nor ever can come up to you. We all pun here sometimes. Lord Carteret set down Prior the other day in his chariot, and Prior thanked him for his charity; that was fit for Dilly [Dillon Ashe]. I do not remember I heard one good one from the ministry, which is really a shame. Hentley is gone to the country for Christmas. The puppy comes here without his wife, and keeps no house, and would have me dine with him at eating-houses;

but I have only done it once, and will do it no more. He had not seen me for some time in the coffeehouse, and, asking after me, desired lord Herbert to tell me, I was a beast for ever after the order of Melchisedec. Did you ever read the Scripture? it is only changing the word priest to beast.—I think I am bewitched to write so much in a morning to you, little MD. Let me go, will you? and I will come again to-night in a fine clean sheet of paper; but I can nor will stay no longer now; no, I will not, for all your wheedling; no, no, look off, do not smile at me, and say, pray, pray, Presto, write a little more. Ah! you are a wheedling slut, you be so. Nay, but pray thee turn about, and let me go, do: it is a good girl, and do. O faith, my morning candle is just out, and I must go now in spite of my teeth; for my bed-chamber is dark with curtains, and I am at the wrong side. So farewell, &c. &c.

I am in the dark almost: I must have another candle when I am up to seal this; but I will fold it up in the dark, and make what you can of this, for I can only see this paper I am writing upon. Service to Mrs. Walls and Mrs. Stoyte.

God Almighty bless you, &c. What I am doing I cannot see; but I will fold it up, and not look on it again.

LETTER THE THIRTEENTH.

London, Jan. 4, 1710-11.

I WAS going into the city (where I dined) and put my 12th with my own fair hands into the post-office as I came back, which was not till nine this night. I dined with people that you never heard of, nor is it worth your while to know; an authoress and a printer. I walked home for exercise, and at eleven got into bed; and all the while I was undressing myself, there was I speaking monkey things in air, just as if MD had been by, and did not recollect myself till I got into bed. I writ last night to the archbishop, and told him the warrant was drawn for the first-fruits, and I told him lord Peterborow was set out for his journey to Vienna: but it seems the lords have addressed to have him stay to be examined about Spanish affairs, upon this defeat there, and to know where the fault lay, &c. So I write to the archbishop a lie; but I think it was not a sin.

5. Mr. Secretary St. John sent for this morning so early, that I was forced to go without shaving, which put me quite out of method: I called at Mr. Ford's, and desired him to lend me a shaving, and so made a shift to get into order again. Lord Vere is an impertinence: sir Andrew Fountaine's mother and sister are come above a hundred miles from Worcester to see him before he died. They got here but yesterday, and he must have been past hopes, or past fears, before they could reach him. I felt a scolding when I heard they were coming; and the people about him wondered at me, and said what a mighty content it would be on both sides to die when they were with him. I knew the mother; she is the greatest overdo upon earth, and the sister, they say, is worse; the poor man will relapse again among them. Here was the second lord brother always crying in the outer room till sir Andrew was in danger, and the dog was to have all his estate if he died; and it is an ignorant, worthless, scoundrel rake; and the nurses were comforting him, and desiring he would not take on. I dined to-day the first time with Ophelia Butler and his wife; and you supped with the dean, and lost two-and-twenty pence at cards. And so Mrs

Walls is brought to bed of a girl, who died two days after it was christened; and betwixt you and me, she is not very sorry; she loves her ease and diversions too well to be troubled with children. I will go to bed.

6. Morning.—I went last night to put some coals on my fire after Patrick was gone to bed; and there I saw in a closet a poor linnet he has bought to bring over to Dingley; it cost him sixpence, and is as tame as a dormouse. I believe he does not know he is a bird; where you put him there he stands, and seems to have neither hope nor fear; I suppose in a week he will die of the spleen. Patrick advised with me before he bought him. I laid fairly before him the greatness of the sum, and the rashness of the attempt; showed how impossible it was to carry him safe over the salt sea; but he would not take my counsel, and he will repent it. It is very cold this morning in bed, and I hear there is a good fire in the room without, what do you call it, the dining-room. I hope it will be good weather, and so let me rise, sirrns, do so. At night.—I was this morning to visit the dean, or Mr. Prolocutor, I think you call him, do not you? Why should not I go to the dean's as well as you? A little black man of pretty near fifty! Ay, the same. A good pleasant man! Ay, the same. Cunning enough! Yes. One that understands his own interest! As well as any body. How comes it MD and I do not meet there sometimes? A very good face, and abundance of wit; do you know his lady? O Lord! whom do you mean? I mean Dr. Atterbury, dean of Carlisle, and prolocutor. Pahaw, Presto, you are a fool; I thought you had meant our dean of St. Patrick's. Silly, silly, you are silly, both are silly, every kind of thing is silly. As I walked into the city, I was stopped with clusters of boys and wenches, huzzing about the caskshops like flies. There had the fools let out their shops two yards forward into the streets, all spread with great cakes frothed with sugar, and stuck with streamers of tinsel. And then I went to Bateman's, the bookseller, and laid out eight-and-forty shillings for books. I bought three little volumes of Lucian, in French, for our Stella, and so, and so. Then I went to Garraway's, to meet Stratford, and dine with him; but it was an idle day with the merchants, and he was going to our end of the town; so I dined with sir Thomas Frankland, at the post-office, and we drank your Manley's health. It was in a newspaper that he was turned out, but secretary St. John told me it was false; only that newswriter is a plaguy Tory. I have not seen one bit of Christmas merriment.

7. Morning.—Your new lord-chancellor sets out to-morrow for Ireland: I never saw him. He carries over one Trapp, a parson, as his chaplain, a sort of pretender to wit, a second-rate pamphleteer for the cause, whom they pay by sending him to Ireland. I never saw Trapp neither. I met Tighe, and your Smyth, of Lovet's, yesterday by the Exchange. Tighe and I took no notice of each other; but I stopped Smyth, and told him of the box that lies for you at Chester, because he says he goes very soon to Ireland, I think this week; and I will send this morning to Sterne, to take measures with Smyth; so good-morrow, sirrns, and let me rise, pray. I took up this paper when I came in at evening, I mean this minute, and then said I, No, no, indeed, MD, you must stay, and then was laying it aside, but could not for my heart, though I am very busy, till I just ask you how you do since morning; by and by we shall talk more, so let me lay you softly down, little paper, till then; so ther—now to

business; there, I say, got you gone; no, I will not push you neither, but hand you on one side—So—Now I am got into bed, I will talk with you. Mr. Secretary St. John sent for me this morning in all haste; but I would not lose my shaving for fear of missing church. I went to court, which is of late always very full, and young Manley and I dined at sir Matthew Dudley's. I must talk politics. I protest I am afraid we shall all be embroiled with parties. The Whigs, now they are fallen, are the most malicious toads in the world. We have had now a second misfortune, the loss of several Virginia ships. I fear people will begin to think that nothing thrives under this ministry; and if the ministry can once be rendered odious to the people, the parliament may be chosen Whig or Tory, as the queen pleases. Then I think our friends press a little too hard on the duke of Marlborough. The country members are violent to have past faults inquired into, and they have reason; but I do not observe the ministry to be very fond of it. In my opinion, we have nothing to save us but a peace, and I am sure we cannot have such a one as we hoped, and then the Whigs will bawl what they would have done had they continued in power. I tell the ministry this as much as I dare, and shall venture to say a little more to them, especially about the duke of Marlborough, who, as the Whigs give out, will lay down his command; and I question whether ever any wise state laid aside a general who had been successful nine years together, whom the enemy so much dreaded, and his own soldiers cannot but believe must always conquer; and you know that in war opinion is nine parts in ten. The ministry hear me always with appearance of regard, and much kindness; but I doubt they let personal quarrels mingle too much with their proceedings. Meantime, they seem to value all this as nothing, and are as easy and merry as if they had nothing in their hearts, or upon their shoulders; like physicians, who endeavour to cure, but feel no grief, whatever the patient suffers. Pshaw! what is all this? Do you know one thing, that I find I can write politics to you much easier than to any body alive! But I swear my head is full, and I wish I were at Laracor, with my dear charming MD, &c.

8. Morning.—Methinks, young women, I have made a great progress in four days, at the bottom of this side already, and no letter yet come from MD. (That word interlined is morning.) I find I have been writing state affairs to MD. How do they relish it? Why, any thing that comes from Presto is welcome; though really, to confess the truth, if they had their choice, not to disguise the matter, they had rather, &c. Now, Presto, I must tell you, you grow silly, says Stella. That is but one body's opinion, madam. I promised to be with Mr. Secretary St. John this morning; but I am lazy, and will not go, because I had a letter from him yesterday, to desire I would dine there to-day. I shall be child, but what care I? Here has been Mrs. South with me, just come from sir Andrew Fountain, and going to market. He is still in a fever, and may live or die. His mother and sister are now come up, and in the house, so there is a hurry. I gave Mrs. South half a pistole for a new year's gift; so good-morrow, dears, both, till anon. At night.—Lord, I have been with Mr. Secretary from dinner till eight; and, though I drank wine and water, I am so hot. Lady Stanley came to visit Mr. St. John, and sent up for me, to make up a quarrel with Mrs. St. John, whom I never yet saw; and do you think that devil of a secretary would not let me go, but kept me by main

force, though I told him I was in love with his lady, and it was a shame to keep back a lover, &c. But all would not do. So at last I was forced to break away, but never went up, it was then too late; and here I am, and have a great deal to do to-night, though it be nine o'clock; but one must say something to these naughty MD's, else there will be no quiet.

9. To-day Ford and I set apart to go into the city to buy books; but we only had a scurvy dinner at an alehouse, and he made me go to the tavern, and drink Florence, four and sixpence a flask; damned wine! so I spent my money, which I seldom do, and past an insipid day, and saw nobody, and it is now ten o'clock, and I have nothing to say, but that it is a fortnight to-morrow since I had a letter from MD, but if I have it time enough to answer here, it is well enough, otherwise woe betide you, faith! I will go to the toyman's here just in Pall-mall, and he sells great huge batoons; yes, faith, and so he does. Does not he, Dingley! Yes, faith. Do not lose your money this Christmas.

10. I must go this morning to Mr. Secretary St. John. I promised yesterday, but failed, so I cannot write any more till night, to poor dear MD. At night.—O, faith, Dingley, I had company in the morning, and could not go where I designed; and I had a basket from Raymond at Bristol, with six bottles of wine, and a pound of chocolate, and some tobacco to snuff; and he writ under, the carriage was paid; but he lied, or I am cheated, or there is a mistake; and he has written to me so confusedly about things, that Lucifer could not understand him. This wine is to be drank with Harley's brother and sir Robert Raymond, solicitor-general, in order to recommend the doctor to your new lord chancellor, who left this place on Monday, and Raymond says he is hasting to Chester to go with him. I suppose he leaves his wife behind; for, when he left London, he had no thoughts of stirring till summer. So I suppose he will be with you before this. Ford came and desired I would dine with him, because it was opera day, which I did, and sent excuses to lord Shelburn, who had invited me.

11. I am setting up a new Tatler, little Harrison, whom I have mentioned to you. Others have put him on it, and I encourage him; and he was with me this morning and evening, showing me his first, which comes out on Saturday. I doubt he will not succeed, for I do not much approve his manner; but the scheme is Mr. Secretary St. John's and mine, and would have done well enough in good hands. I recommended him to a printer, whom I sent for, and settled the matter between them this evening. Harrison has just left me, and I am tired with correcting his trash.

12. I was this morning upon some business with Mr. Secretary St. John, and he made me promise to dine with him, which otherwise I would have done with Mr. Harley, whom I have not been with these ten days. I cannot but think they have mighty difficulties upon them; yet I always find them as easy and disengaged as schoolboys on a holiday. Harley has the procuring of five or six millions on his shoulders, and the Whigs will not lend a groat; which is the only reason of the fall of stocks; for they are like Quakers and fanatics, that will only deal among themselves, while all others deal indifferently with them. Lady Marlborough offers, if they will let her keep her employments, never to come into the queen's presence. The Whigs say the duke of Marlborough will serve no more; but I hope and think otherwise. I would to heaven I were this minute with MD at Dublin;

for I am weary of politics that give me such melancholy prospects.

13. O faith, I had an ugly giddy fit last night in my chamber, and I have got a new box of pills to take, and hope I shall have no more this good while. I would not tell you before, because it would vex you, little rogues; but now it is over. I dined to-day with lord Shelburn, and to-day little Harrison's new Tatler came out; there is not much in it, but I hope he will mend. You must understand that, upon Steele's leaving off, there were two or three scrub Tatlars came out, and one of them holds on still, and to-day it advertised against Harrison's; and so there must be disputes which are genuine, like the straps for razors. I am afraid the little toad has not the true vein for it. I will tell you a copy of verses. When Mr. St. John was turned out from being secretary at war, three years ago, he retired to the country; there he was talking of something he would have written over his summer-house, and a gentleman gave him these verses:—

From business and the noisy world retired,
Nor vex'd by love, nor by ambition fired,
Gently I wait the call of Heaven's hand,
Still drinking like a fish, and — like a gent.

He swore to me he could hardly bear the jest; for he pretended to retire like a philosopher, though he was but twenty-eight years old; and I believe the thing was true; for he had been a thorough rake. I think the three grave lines do introduce the last well enough. Od so, but I will go sleep; I sleep early now.

14. O faith, young women, I want a letter from MD; it is now nineteen days since I had the last; and where have I room to answer it, pray? I hope I shall send this away without any answer at all; for I will hasten it, and away it goes on Tuesday, by which time this side will be full. I will send it two days sooner on purpose out of spite, and the very next day after, you must know, your letter will come, and then it is too late, and I will so laugh, never saw the like! It is spring with us already, I ate asparagus the other day. Did you ever see such a frostless winter! Sir Andrew Fountaine lies still extremely ill; it costs him ten guineas a-day to doctors, surgeons, and apothecaries, and has done so these three weeks. I dined to-day with Mr. Ford: he sometimes chooses to dine at home, and I am content to dine with him; and at night I called at the coffeehouse, where I had not been a week, and talked coldly awhile with Mr. Addison: all our friendship and dearness are off: we are civil acquaintance, talked words of course, of when we shall meet, and that is all. I have not been at any house with him these six weeks: the other day we were to have dined together at the comptroller's; but I sent my excuses, being engaged to the secretary of state. Is not it odd? But I think he has used me ill, and I have used him too well, at least his friend Steele.

15. It has cost me three guineas to-day for a periwig. I am undone! It was made by a Leicester lad, who married Mr. Worrell's daughter, where my mother lodged; so I thought it would be cheap, and especially since he lives in the city. Well, London liekenny: I find it true. I have given Harrison hints for another Tatler to-morrow. The jackanapes wants a right taste; I don't he will not do. I dined with my friend Lewis of the secretary's office, and am got home early, because I have much business to do; but before I begin I must needs say something to MD, faith—No, faith, I lie, it is but nineteen days to-day since my last from MD. I have got Mr. Harley to promise that whatever changes are made

in the council, the bishop of Clogher shall not be removed, and he has got a memorial accordingly. I will let the bishop know so much in a post or two. This is a secret; but I know he has enemies, and they shall not be gratified, if they designed any such thing, which perhaps they might; for some changes there will be made. So drink up your claret and be quiet, and do not lose your money.

16. Morning.—Faith I will send this letter to-day to shame you, if I have not one from MD before night, that is certain. Will not you grumble for want of the third side, pray, now? Yes, I warrant you; yes, yes, you shall have the third, you shall so, when you can catch it, some other time; when you be writing, girls.—O faith, I think I will not stay till night, but seal up this just now, and carry it in my pocket, and whip it into the post-office as I come home at evening. I am going out early this morning.—Patrick's bills for coals and candles, &c., come sometimes to three shillings a-week; I keep very good fires, though the weather be warm. Ireland will never be happy till you get some small coal likewise; nothing so easy, so convenient, so cheap, so pretty for lighting a fire. My service to Mrs. Stoyte and Walls; has she a boy or a girl? A girl, hrm; and died in a week, hmmm, and was poor Stella forced to stand for godmother?—Let me know how accounts stand, that you may have your money betimes. There is four months for my lodging, that must be thought on too; and so go dine with Manley, and lose your money, do, extravagant sluttikin, but do not fret.—It will be just three weeks when I have the next letter, that is to-morrow. Farewell, dearest beloved MD, and love poor, poor Presto, who has not had one happy day since he left you, as hope saved.—It is the last sally I will ever make, but I hope it will turn to some account. I have done more for these, and I think they are more honest than the last (ministry); however, I will not be disappointed. I would make MD and me easy; and I never desired more. Farewell, &c., &c.

LETTER THE FOURTEENTH.

London, Jan. 16, 1719-11.

O FAITH, young women, I have sent my letter No. 13, without one crumb of an answer to any of MD's; there is for you now; and yet Presto be'n't angry faith, not a bit, only he will begin to be in pain next Irish post, except he sees MD's little handwriting in the glass frame at the bar of St James's Coffeehouse, where Presto would never go but for that purpose. Presto's at home, God help him, every night from six till bed time, and has as little enjoyment or pleasure in life at present as any body in the world, although in full favour with all the ministry. As hope saved, nothing gives Presto any sort of dream of happiness, but a letter now and then from his own dearest MD. I love the expectation of it, and when it does not come, I comfort myself, that I have it yet, to be happy with. Yes, faith, and when I write to MD, I am happy too; it is just as if methinks you were here, and I prating to you, and telling you where I have been: Well, says you, Presto, come, where have you been to-day? come, let's bear now. And so then I answer; Ford and I were visiting Mr Lewis, and Mr Prior, and Prior has given me a fine Plautus, and then Ford would have had me dine at his lodgings, and so I would not; and so I dined with him at an eating-house; which I have not done five times since I came here; and so I came home, after visiting sir Andrew Fountaine's mother and sister, and sir Andrew Fountaine is mending, though slowly.

17. I was making, this morning, some general

visits, and at twelve I called at the coffeehouse for a letter from MD; so the man said he had given it to Patrick; then I went to the Court of Requests and Treasury to find Mr. Harley, and after some time spent in mutual reproaches, I promised to dine with him; I stayed there till seven, then I called at Sterne's and Leigh's to talk about your box, and to have it sent by Smyth. Sterne says he has been making inquiries, and will set things right as soon as possible. I suppose it lies at Chester, at least I hope so, and only wants a lift over to you. Here has little Harrison been to complain that the printer I recommended to him for his Father is a coxcomb; and yet to see how things will happen; for this very printer is my cousin; his name is Dryden Leach; did you never hear of Dryden Leach, he that prints the Postman? He acted Oroonoko; he is in love with Miss Cross.—Well, so I came home to read my letter from Stella, but the dog Patrick was abroad; at last he came, and I got my letter. I found another hand had superscribed it: when I opened it, I found it written all in French, and subscribed Bernage; faith, I was ready to fling it at Patrick's head. Bernage tells me, he had been to desire your recommendation to me to make him a captain; and your cautious answer, "That he had as much power with me as you," was a notable one; if you were here I would present you to the ministry as a person of ability. Bernage should let me know where to write to him; this is the second letter I have had without any direction; however, I beg I may not have a third, but that you will ask him, and send me how I shall direct to him. In the mean time, tell him, that if regiments are to be raised here, as he says, I will speak to George Granville, secretary at war, to make him a captain; and use what other interest I conveniently can. I think that is enough, and so tell him, and do not trouble me with his letters when I expect them from MD; do you hear, young women? write to Presto.

18. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary St. John, and we were to dine at Mr. Harley's alone, about some business of importance; but there were two or three gentlemen there. Mr. Secretary and I went together from his office to Mr. Harley's, and thought to have been very wise; but the deuce a bit: the company stayed, and more came, and Harley went away at seven, and the secretary and I stayed with the rest of the company till eleven; I would then have had him come away, but he was in for it; and though he swore he would come away at that flask, there I left him. I wonder at the civility of these people; when he saw I would drink no more, he would always pass the bottle by me, and yet I could not keep the toad from drinking himself, nor he would not let me go neither, nor Masham, who was with us. When I got home I found a parcel directed to me, and opening it, I found a pamphlet written entirely against myself, not by name, but against something I writ: it is pretty civil, and affects to be so, and I think I will take no notice of it; it is against something written very lately; and indeed I know not what to say, nor do I care; and so you are a saucy rogue for losing your money to-day at Stoyte's; to let that hungler beat you! fie, Stella, are not you ashamed! well, I forgive you this once, never do so again; no, noooo. Kiss and be friends, sirrah.—Come, let me go sleep. I go earlier to bed than formerly; and have not been out so late these two months; but the secretary was in a drinking humour. So good night, my wulittledearsaucyinsolentrogues.

19. Then you read that long word in the last line, no faith, have not you. Well, when will this letter

come from our MD! to-morrow or next day without fail; yes faith, and so it is coming. This was an insipid snowy day, no walking day, and I dined gravely with Mrs Vanhomrigh, and came home, and am now got to bed a little after ten: I remember old Culpepper's maxim:

Would you have a settled head, You must early go to bed; I tell you, and I tell it again, You must be in bed at ten.
20. And so I went to-day with my new wig, o honor to visit Lady Worsley, whom I had not seen before, although she was near a month in town. Then I walked in the Park to find Mr. Ford, whom I had promised to meet, and coming down the Mall, who should come toward me but Patrick, and gives me five letters out of his pocket. I read the superscription of the first, Pshoh, said I; of the second, pshoh again; of the third, pshah, pshah, pshah; of the fourth, a gad, a gad, a gad, I am in a rage; of the fifth and last, O hoooa; my marry, this is something, this is our MD; so truly we opened it, I think immediately, and it began the most impudently in the world, thus: Dear Presto, we are even thus far. Now we are even, quoth Stephen, when he gave his wife six blows for one. I received your ninth four days after I had sent my thirteenth. But I will reckon with you anon about that, young women. Why did you not recant at the end of your letter when you got your eleventh? tell me that, huzzies base, were we even then, were we, sirrah! but I will not answer your letter now, I will keep it for another time. We had a great deal of snow to-day, and it is terrible cold. I dined with Ford, because it was his opera-day and snowed, so I did not care to stir farther. I will send to-morrow to Smyth.

21. Morning.—It has snowed terribly all night, and is vengeance cold. I am not yet up, but cannot write long; my hands will freeze. Is there a good fire, Patrick? Yes, sir. Then I will rise: come, take away the candle. You must know I write on the dark side of my bed-chamber, and am forced to have a candle till I rise, for the bed stands between me and the window, and I keep the curtains shut this cold weather. So pray let me rise, and, Patrick, here, take away the candle. At night. We are now here in high frost and snow; the largest fire can hardly keep us warm. It is very ugly walking; a baker's boy broke his thigh yesterday. I walk slow, make short steps, and never tread on my heel. It is a good proverb the Devonshire people have:

Walk fast in snow,	And still as you go,
In frost walk slow,	Tread on your toe!
When frost and snow are both together,	
Slit by the fire and spare shoe-leather.	

I dined to-day with Dr. Cockburn, but will not do so again in haste, he has generally such a parcel of Scots with him.

22. Morning.—Starving, starving, uth, uth, uth, uth. Do not you remember I used to come into your chamber, and turn Stella out of her chair, and rake up the fire in a cold morning, and cry uth, uth, uth! &c. O faith I must rise, my hand is so cold I can write no more. So good morrow, sirrah. At night.—I went this morning to lady Giffard's house, and saw your mother, and made her give me a pint bottle of palsy-water, which I brought home in my pocket, and sealed and tied up in a paper, and sent it to Mr. Smyth, who goes to-morrow for Ireland, and sent a letter to him to desire his care of it, and that he would inquire at Chester about the box. He was not within, so the bottle and letter were left for him at his lodgings, with strict orders to give them to him; and I will send Patrick in a day

or two, to know whether it was given, &c. Dr. Stratford and I dined to-day with Mr. Stratford in the city by appointment; but I chose to walk there for exercise in the frost. But the weather had given a little, as you women call it, so it was something slobbery. I did not get home till nine, and now I am in bed to break your head.

23. Morning.—They tell me it freezes again, but it is not so cold as yesterday; so now I will answer a bit of your letter. At night.—O faith I was just going to answer some of our MD's letter this morning, when a printer came in about some business, and stayed an hour; so I rose, and then came in Ben Touke, and then I shaved and scribbled, and it was such a terrible day I could not stir out till one, and then I called at Mrs. Barton's, and we went to lady Worsley's, where we were to dine by appointment. The earl of Berkeley is going to be married to lady Louisa Lennox, the duke of Richmond's daughter. I writ this night to dean Sterne, and bid him tell you all about the bottle of palsy-water by Smyth, and to-morrow morning I will say something to your letter.

24. Morning.—Come now to your letter. As for your being even with me, I have spoken to that already. So now, my dearly beloved, let us proceed to the next. You are always grumbling that you have not letters fast enough, "surely we shall have your 10th;" and yet before you end your letter, you own you have my 11th. And why did not MD go into the country with the bishop of Clogher? faith such a journey would have done you good; Stella should have rid, and Dingley gone in the coach. The bishop of Kilmore I know nothing of; he is old and may die: he lives in some obscure corner, for I never hear of him. As for my old friends, if you mean the Whigs, I never see them, as you may find by my journals, except lord Halifax, and him very seldom; lord Somers never since the first visit, for he has been a false, deceitful rascal. My new friends are very kind, and I have promises enough, but I do not count upon them; and besides, my pretences are very young to them. However, we will see what may be done, and if nothing at all, I shall not be disappointed; although perhaps MD may, and then I shall be sorrier for their sakes than my own. Talk of a merry Christmas, (why did you write it so then, young women! sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander,) I have wished you all that two or three letters ago. Good luck; and your news, that Mr. St. John is going to Holland; he has no such thoughts to quit the great station he is in, nor if he had, could I be spared to go with him. So faith, politic madam Stella, you come with your two eggs a penny, &c. Well, madam Dingley, and so Mrs. Stoyte invites you, and so you stay at Donnybrook, and so you could not write. You are plaguily exact in your journals from December 25th to January 4th. Well, Smyth and the palsy-water I have handled already, and he does not lodge (or rather did not, for, poor man, now he is gone) at Mr. Jesse's, and all that stuff; but we found his lodging, and I went to Stella's mother on my own bead, for I never remembered it was in the letter to desire another bottle; but I was so fretted, so tosted, and so impatient, that Stella should have her water, (I mean decently, don't be rogues,) and so vexed with Sterne's carelessness. Pray God Stella's illness may not return. If they come seldom, they begin to be weary; I judge by myself; for when I seldom visit, I grow weary of my acquaintance. Leave a good deal of my 10th unanswered—Impudent slut! when did you

ever answer my 10th, or 9th, or any other number? or who desires you to answer, provided you write? I defy the d— to answer my letters: sometimes there may be one or two things I should be glad you would answer, but I forget them, and you never think of them. I shall never love answering letters again, if you talk of answering. Answering, quotha; pretty answers truly. As for the pamphlet you speak of, and call it scandalous, and that one Mr. Presto is said to write it, hear my answer. Fie, child, you must not mind what every idle body tells you. I believe you lie, and that the dogs were not crying it when you said so; come, tell truth. I am sorry you go to St. Mary's so soon, you will be as poor as rats; that place will drain you with a vengeance: besides, I would have you think of being in the country in summer. Indeed, Stella, pippins produced plentifully; Parvial could not send from Laracor: there were about half a score. I would be glad to know whether they were good for anything. Mrs. Wells at Donnybrook with you; why, is she not brought to bed? Well, well, well, Dingley, pray be satisfied! you talk as if you were angry about the bishop's not offering you conveniences for the journey; and so he should. What sort of Christmas? why, I have had no Christmas at all; and has it really been Christmas of late? I never once thought of it. My service to Mrs. Stoyte and Catherine, and let Catherine get the coffee ready against I come, and not have so much care on her countenance; for all will go well. Mr. Bernage, Mr. Bernage, Mr. Fiddlenage, I have had three letters from him now successively; he sends no directions, and how the d— shall I write to him? I would have burnt his last, if I had not seen Stella's hand at the bottom: his request is all nonsense. How can I assist him in buying? and if he be ordered to go to Spain, go be must, or else sell; and I believe one can hardly sell at such a juncture. If he had stayed, and new regiments raised, I would have used my endeavour to have had him removed, although I have no credit that way, or very little: but if the regiment goes, he ought to go too; he has had great indulgence, and opportunities of saving; and I have urged him to it a hundred times. What can I do? Whenever it lies in my power to do him a good office, I will do it. Pray draw up this into a handsome speech, and represent it to him from me, and that I would write, if I knew where to direct to him; and so I have told you, and desired you would tell him, fifty times. Yes, madam Stella, I think I can read your long concluding word, but you cannot read mine after bidding you good night. And yet, methinks, I mend extremely in my writing; but when Stella's eyes are well, I hope to write as bad as ever. So now I have answered your letter, and mine is an answer; for I lay yours before me, and I look and write, and write and look, and look and write again. So good morrow, madams both, and I will go rise, for I must rise; for I take pills at night, and so I must rise early, I do not know why.

25. Morning.—I did not tell you how I passed my time yesterday, nor bid you good night, and there was good reason. I went in the morning to secretary St. John about some business; he had got a great Whig with him, a creature of the duke of Marlborough, who is a go-between to make peace between the duke and the ministry; so he came out of his closet, and after a few words desired I would dine with him at three, but Mr. Lewis stayed till six before he came; and there we sat talking, and the time slipped so, that at last, when I was

* Swift had a great dislike to Somers.

* It was said that the duke would have taken office under queen Anne's new ministry.

positive to go, it was past two o'clock; so I came home and went straight to bed. He would never let me look at his watch, and I could not imagine it above twelve when we went away. So I bid you good night for last night, and now I bid you good morrow, and I am still in bed, though it be near ten, but I must rise.

26, 27, 28, 29, 30. I have been so lazy and negligent these last four days, that I could not write to MD. My head is not in order, and yet it is not absolutely ill, but giddyish, and makes me listless. I walk every day, and take drops of Dr. Cockburn, and I have just done a box of pills, and to-day lady Kerry sent me some of her bitter drink, which I design to take twice a-day, and hope I shall grow better. I wish I were with MD; I long for spring and good weather, and then I will come over. My riding in Ireland keeps me well. I am very temperate, and eat of the easiest meats, as I am directed, and hope the malignity will go off; but one fit shakes me a long time. I dined to-day with lord Mountjoy, yesterday at Mr. Stone's in the city, on Sunday at Vanhomrigh's, Saturday with Ford, and Friday I think at Vanhomrigh's, and that is all the journal I can send MD; for I was so lazy while I was well, that I could not write. I thought to have sent this to-night, but it is ten, and I will go to-bed, and write on the other side to Parvisol to-morrow, and send it on Thursday; and so good night, my dears, and love Presto, and be healthy, and Presto will be so too, &c.

Cut off these notes handsomely, do you hear, sirrabs! and give Mrs. Brent hers, and keep yours till you see Parvisol, and then make up the letter to him, and send it him by the first opportunity; and so God Almighty bless you both, here and ever, and poor Presto.

What, I warrant you thought at first that these last lines were another letter.

Dingley, Pray pay Stella six shillings, and place them to the account of your humble servant, Presto.

Stella, Pray pay Dingley six shillings, and place them to the account of your humble servant, Presto.

There's hills of exchange for you.

LETTER THE FIFTEENTH.

London, Jan. 31, 1710-11.

I AM to send you my 14th to-morrow, but my head having some little disorder, confounds all my journals. I was early this morning with Mr. Secretary St. John, about some business, so I could not scribble my morning lines to MD. They are here intending to tax all little printed penny papers a halfpenny every half-sheet, which will utterly ruin Grub-street, and I am endeavouring to prevent it. Besides, I was forwarding an impeachment against a certain great person: that was two of my businesses with the secretary—were they not worthy ones? It was Ford's birthday, and I refused the secretary, and dined with Ford. We are here in as smart a frost for the time as I have seen; delicate walking weather, and the Canal and Rosamond's Pond full of the rabble sliding, and with skates, if you know what those are. Patrick's bird's water freezes in the gallipot, and my hands in bed.

February 1. I was this morning with poor lady Kerry, who is much worse in her head than I. She sends me bottles of her bitter, and we are so fond of one another, because our ailments are the same; do not you know that, madam Stella! have not I seen you conning ailments with Joe's wife [Mrs. Beau-

mont], and some others, sirrah! I walked into the city to dine, because of the walk; for we must take care of Presto's health, you know, because of poor little MD. But I walked plaguily carefully, for fear of sliding against my will; and I am very busy.

2. This morning Mr. Ford came to me to walk into the city, where he had business, and then to buy books at Bateman's; and I laid out one pound five shillings for a Strabo and Aristophanes, and I have now got books enough to make me another shelf, and I will have more, or it shall cost me a full; and so as we came back we drank a flask of right French wine at Ben Tooke's chamber; and when I got home Mrs. Vanhomrigh sent me word her eldest daughter was taken suddenly very ill, and desired I would come and see her. I went, and found it was a silly trick of Mrs. Armstrong, lady Lucy's sister, who, with Moll Stanhope, was visiting there: however, I rattled off the daughter.

3. To-day I went and dined at lady Lucy's, where you know I have not been this long time: they are plaguily whigs, especially the sister Armstrong, the most insupportable of all women pretending to wit, without any taste. She was running down the last Examiner, the prettiest I had read, with a character of the present ministry. I left them at five, and came home. But I forgot to tell you, that this morning my cousin Dryden Leach, the printer, came to me with a heavy complaint, that Harrison, the new Tatler, had turned him off, and taken the last Tatler's printers again. He vowed revenge. I answered gravely, and so he left me, and I have ordered Patrick to deny me to him from henceforth: and at night comes a letter from Harrison, telling me the same thing, and excused his doing it without my notice, because he would bear all the blame; and in his Tatler of this day he tells you the story, how he has taken his old officers; and there is a most humble letter from Morphew and Lilly, to beg his pardon, &c. And lastly, this morning Ford sent me two letters from the coffeehouse, (where I hardly ever go), one from the archbishop of Dublin, and the other from —. Who do you think the other was from? — I will tell you, because you are friends; why then it was, with it was from my own dear little MD, No. 10. O, but will not answer it now, no, nooooooh, I will keep it between the two sheets; here it is, just under: O, I lifted up the sheets and saw it there: lie still, you shall not be answered yet, little letter; for I must go to bed, and take care of my head.

4. I avoid going to church yet, for fear of my head, though it has been much better these last five or six days, since I have taken lady Kerry's bitter. Our frost holds like a dragon. I went to Mr. Addison's, and dined with him at his lodgings; I had not seen him these three weeks; we are grown common acquaintance: yet what have not I done for his friend Steele? Mr. Harley reproached me the last time I saw him, that to please me, he would be reconciled to Steele, and had promised and appointed to see him, and that Steele never came. Harrison, whom Mr. Addison recommended to me, I have introduced to the secretary of state, who has promised me to take care of him; and I have represented Addison himself so to the ministry, that they think and talk in his favour, though they bated him before.—Well; he is now in my debt, and there is an end; and I never had the least obligation to him, and there is another end. This evening I had a message from Mr. Harley, desiring to know whether I was alive, and that I would dine with him to-morrow. They dine so late, that since my head has been wrong I have avoided being with them. Patrick has been out of favour

these ten days; I talk dry and cross to him, and have felled him friend three or four times. But, sirahs, get you gone.

5. Morning.—I am going this morning to see Prior, who dines with me at Mr. Harley's; so I cannot stay hidding and talking with dear little brats in a morning, and it is still terribly cold. I wish my cold hand was in the warmest place about you, young women, I would give ten guineas upon that account with all my heart, faith; oh, it starves my thigh; so I will rise, and bid you good morrow. Come, stand away, let me rise: Patrick take away the candle. Is there a good fire?—So—up adazy. At night.—Mr. Harley did not sit down till six, and I staid till eleven; henceforth, I will choose to visit him in the evening, and dine with him no more if I can help it. It breaks all my measures, and hurts my health; my head is disorderly, but not ill, and I hope it will mend.

6. Here has been such a hurry with the queen's birthday, so much fine clothes, and the court so crowded, that I did not go there. All the frost is gone. It thawed on Sunday, and so continues, yet ice is still on the canal, (I did not mean that of Laracor, but St. James's Park,) and boys sliding on it. Mr. Ford pressed me to dine with him in his chamber. Did not I tell you Patrick has got a bird, a linnet, to carry over to Dingley? It was very tame at first, and it is now the wildest I ever saw. He keeps it in a closet, where it makes a terrible litter; but I say nothing: I am as tame as a clout. When must we answer our MD's letter! one of these odd-come-shortlies. This is a week old, you see, and no farther yet. Mr. Harley desired I would dine with him again to-day; but I refused him, for I fell out with him yesterday, and will not see him again till he makes me amends; and so I go to bed.

7. I was this morning early with Mr. Lewis of the secretary's office, and saw a letter Mr. Harley had sent to him desiring to be reconciled; but I was deaf to all entreaties, and have desired Lewis to go to him, and let him know I expect further satisfaction, if we let these great ministers pretend too much, there will be no governing them. He promises to make me easy, if I will but come and see him; but I will not, and he shall do it by message, or I will cast him off. I will tell you the cause of our quarrel when I see you, and refer it to yourselves. In that he did something,* which he intended for a favour, and I have taken it quite otherwise, disliking both the thing and the manner, and it has heartily vexed me, and all I have said is truth, though it looks like jest; and I absolutely refuse to submit to his intended favour, and expect further satisfaction. Mr. Ford and I dine with Mr. Lewis. We have a monstrous deal of snow, and it cost me two shillings to-day in chair and coach, and walked till I was dirty besides. I know not what it is now to read or write after I am in bed. The last thing I do up is to write something to our MD, and then get into bed, and put out my candle, and so go sleep as fast as ever I can. But in the mornings I do write sometimes in bed, as you know.

8. Morning.—"I have desired Apronia to be always careful, especially about the legs." Pray, do you see any such great wit in that sentence? I must freely own that I do not. But party carries everything now-a-days, and what a splutter have I heard about the wit of that saying, repeated with admiration about a hundred times in half an hour. Pray read it over again this moment, and consider it. I think the word is *advised*, and not *desired*. I should not

have remembered it if I had not heard it so often. Why—ay—You must know I dreamed it just now, and waked with it in my mouth. Are you hit, or are you not, sirrah? I met Mr. Harley in the court of requests, and he asked me how long I had learnt the trick of writing to myself. He had seen your letter through the glass case, at the coffeehouse, and would swear it was my hand; and Mr. Ford, who took and sent it me, was of the same mind. I remember others have formerly said so too. I think I was little MD's writing-master. But come, what is here to do, writing to young women in a morning? I have other fish to fry; so good morrow, my ladies all, good morrow. Perhaps I will answer your letter to-night, perhaps I will not; that is, as saucy little Presto takes the humour. At night,—I walked in the Park to-day, in spite of the weather, as I do always, when it does not actually rain. Do you know what it has gone and done? We had a thaw for three days, then a monstrous dirt and snow, and now it freezes, like a potlid upon our snow. I dined with lady Betty Germain, the first time since I came for England; and there did I sit, like a booby, till eight, looking over her and another lady at piquet, when I had other business enough to do. It was the coldest day I felt this year.

9. Morning.—After I had been a-bed an hour last night, I was forced to rise and call to the landlady and maid to have the fire removed in a chimney below stairs, which made my bedchamber smoke, though I had no fire in it. I have been twice served so. I never lay so miserable an hour in my life. Is it not plaguy vexatious? It has snowed all night, and rains this morning. Come, where is MD's letter? Come, Mrs. Letter, make your appearance. Here am I, says she, answer me to my face. O, faith, I am sorry you had my twelfth so soon; I doubt you will stay longer for the rest. I am so afraid you have got my fourteenth while I am writing this, and I would always have one letter from Presto reading, one travelling, and one writing. As for the box, I now believe it lost. It is directed for Mr. Curry, at his house in Capel-street, &c. I had a letter yesterday from Dr. Raymond in Chester, who says, he sent his man everywhere, and cannot find it; and God knows whether Mr. Smyth will have better success. Sterne spoke to him, and I writ to him with the bottle of palsy water; that bottle, I hope, will not miscarry: I long to hear you have it. O, faith, you have too good an opinion of Presto's care. I am negligent enough of everything but MD, and I should not have trusted Sterne. But it shall not go so: I will have one more tug for it. As to what you say of Goodman Pensley and Isaac, I answer as I did before. Fie, child! you must not give yourself the way to believe any such thing; and afterward, only for curiosity, you may tell me how those things are approved, and how you like them; and whether they instruct you in the present course of affairs, and whether they are printed in your town, or only sent from hence. Sir Andrew Fountaine is recovered; so take your sorrow again, but do not keep it; fling it to the dogs. And does little MD walk, indeed? I am glad of it at heart. Yes, we have done with the plague here: it was very saucy in you to pretend to have it before your heters. Your intelligence that the story is false about the officers forced to sell is admirable. You may see them all three every day, no more in the army than you. Twelve shillings for mending the strong box; that is, for putting a farthing's worth of iron on a hinge, and gilding it; give him six shillings, and I will pay it, and never employ him again. N

* This alludes to an offer of fifty pounds from Harley, which his indignation rejected.

* The life is here

—indeed, I put off preaching as much as I can. I am upon another foot: nobody doubts here whether I can preach, and you are fools. The account you give of that weekly paper [the Examiner] agrees with us here. Mr. Prior was like to be insulted in the street for being supposed the author of it, but one of the last papers cleared him. Nobody knows who it is, but the few in the secret. I suppose the ministry and the printer. Poor Stella's eyes, God bless them, and send them better. Pray spare them, and write not above two lines a-day in broad daylight. How does Stella look, madam Dingley? Pretty well; a handsome young woman still. Will she pass in a crowd? Will she make a figure in a country church? Stay a little, fair ladies. I this minute sent Patrick to Sterne: he brings back word that your box is very safe with one Mr. Earl's sister, in Chester; and that colonel Edgworth's sister goes for Ireland on Monday next, and will receive the box at Chester, and deliver it to you safe; so there is some hopes now. Well, let us go on to your letter. The warrant is passed for the first-fruits. The queen does not send a letter, but a patent will be drawn here, and that will take up time. Mr. Harley, of late, has said nothing of presenting me to the queen: I was overseen when I mentioned it to you. He has such a weight of affairs on him that he cannot mind all; but he talked of it three or four times to me, long before I dropped it to you.* What! is not Mrs. Wall's business over yet? I had hopes she was up, and well, and the child dead before this time. You did right, at last, to send me your accounts; but I did not stay for them, I thank you. I hope you have your bill sent in my last, and there will be eight pounds interest soon due from Hawkshaw; pray look at his bond. I hope you are good managers, and that, when I say so, Stella will not think I intend she should grudge herself wine. But going to those expensive lodgings requires some fund. I wish you had stayed till I came over, for some reasons. That Frenchwoman [MD's landlady] will be grumbling again in a little time; and, if you are invited anywhere to the country, it will vex you to pay in absence; and the country may be necessary for poor Stella's health; but do as you like, and do not blame Presto. O, but you are telling your reasons. Well, I have read them; do as you please. Yes, Raymond says he must stay longer than he thought, because he cannot settle his affairs. M— is in the country at some friend's, comes to town in spring, and then goes to settle in Herefordshire. Her husband is a surly ill-natured brute, and cares not she should see anybody. O Lord, see how I blundered, and left two lines short; it was that ugly score in the paper that made me mistake.—I believe you lie about the story of the fire, only to make it more odd. Bernage must go to Spain, and I will see to recommend him to the duke of Argyll, his general, when I see the duke next; but the officers tell me it would be dishonourable in the last degree for him to sell now, and he would never be preferred in the army; so that, unless he designs to leave it for good and all, he must go. Tell him so, and that I would write if I knew where to direct to him; which I have said fourscore times already. I had rather anything almost than that you should strain yourselves to send a letter when it is inconvenient; we have settled that matter already. I will write when I can, and so shall MD; and, upon occasions extraordinary, I will write, though it be a line; and when we have not letters soon, we agree that all things are well; and so that

* The queen's objections to Swift, as the author of the *Talk of a Tree*, were found invisible.

is settled for ever, and so hold your tongue. Well, you shall have your pins; but, for the candle-ends, I cannot promise, because I burn them to the stumps; besides, I remember what Stella told Dingley about them many years ago, and she may think the same thing of me. And Dingley shall have her hinged spectacles. Poor dear Stella, how durst you write those two lines by candle-light, bang your bones? Faith, this letter shall go to-morrow, I think, and that will be in ten days from the last, young women; that is too soon, of all conscience; but answering yours has filled it up so quick, and I do not design to use you to three pages in folio, no nooooo. All this is one morning's work in bed; and so good-morrow, little sirrals, that is for the rhyme. You want politics: faith, I cannot think of any, but may be at night I may tell you a passage. Come, sit off the bed, and let me rise, will you? At night.—I dined to-day with my neighbour Vanhomrigh; it was such dismal weather, I could not stir farther. I have had some threatenings with my head, but no fits; I still drink Dr. Radcliffe's bitter, and will continue it.

10. I was this morning to see the secretary of state, and have engaged him to give a memorial from me to the duke of Argyll, in behalf of Bernage. The duke is a man that distinguishes people of merit, and I will speak to him myself; but the secretary backing it will be very effectual, and I will take care to have it done to purpose. Pray tell Bernage so, and that I think nothing can be luckier for him, and that I would have him go by all means. I will order it that the duke shall send for him when they are in Spain; or, if he fails, that he shall receive him kindly when he goes to wait on him. Can I do more? Is not this a great deal? I now send away this letter that you may not stay. I dined with Ford upon his opera-day, and am now come home, and am going to study; do not you pretend to guess, sirrals, impudent saucy dear boxes. Toward the end of a letter I could not say saucy boxes without putting dear between. En'that right now? Farewell. *This should be longer, but that I send it to-night.*

O silly, silly loggerhead!

I sent a letter this post to one Mr. Stannton, and I direct it to Mr. Acton's, in St. Michael's lane. He formerly lodged there, but he has not told me where to direct. Pray send to that Acton, whether the letter is come there, and whether he has sent it to Staunton.

If Bernage designs to sell his commission and stay at home, pray let him tell me so, that my recommendation to the duke of Argyll may not be in vain.

LETTER THE SIXTEENTH.

London, Feb. 10, 1710-11.

I HAVE just dispatched my 15th to the post: I tell you how things will be, after I have got a letter from MD. I am in a furious haste to finish mine, for fear of having two of MD's to answer to one of Presto's, which would be such a disgrace, never saw the like; but before you write to me I write at my leisure, like a gentleman, a little every day, just to let you know how matters go, and so, and so; and I hope before this comes to you, you will have got your box and chocolate, and Presto will take more care another time.

11. Morning.—I must rise and go see my lord keeper, which will cost me two shillings in coach-hire. Do not call them two thirteens.* At night,—

* A shifting pence for thirteen pence in Ireland.

It has rained all day, and there was no walking. I read prayers to sir Andrew Fountaine in the afternoon, and I dined with three Irishmen at one Mr. Cope's lodgings; the other two were one Morris, an archdeacon, and Mr. Ford. When I came home this evening, I expected that little jockanapes Harrison would have come to get help about his Tatler for Tuesday: I have fixed two evenings in the week which I allow him to come. The toad never came, and I expecting him feil a reading, and left off other business. Come, what are you doing? how do you pass your time this ugly weather? Gaming and drinking, I suppose: fine diversions for young ladies, truly. I wish you had some of our Seville oranges, and we some of your wine. We have the finest oranges for two-pence a piece, and the basest wine for six shillings a bottle. They tell me wine grows cheap with you. I am resolved to have half a hog's-head when I get to Ireland, if it be good and cheap, as it used to be; and I will treat MD at my table in an evening, oh ho, and laugh at great ministers of state.

12. The days are grown fine and long, — be thanked. O faith, you forget all our little sayings, and I am angry. I dined to-day with Mr. Secretary St. John: I went to the Court of Requests at noon, and sent Mr. Harley into the house to call the secretary, to let him know I would not dine with him if he dined late. By good luck the duke of Argyll was at the lobby of the house too, and I kept him in talk till the secretary came out, then told them I was glad to meet them together, and that I had a request to the duke, which the secretary must second, and his grace must grant. The duke said, he was sure it was something insignificant, and wished it was ten times greater. At the secretary's house I writ a memorial, and gave it to the secretary to give the duke, and shall see that he does it. It is, that his grace will please to take Mr. Bernage into his protection; and if he finds Bernage answers his character, to give him all encouragement. Colonel Masham and colonel Hill (Mrs. Masham's brother) tell me my request is reasonable, and they will second it heartily to the duke too: so I reckon Bernage is on a very good foot when he goes to Spain. Pray tell him this, though perhaps I will write to him before he goes; yet where shall I direct? for I suppose he has left Conolly's.

13. I have left off lady Kerry's hither, and got another box of pills. I have no fits of giddiness, but only some little disorders toward it; and I walk as much as I can. Lady Kerry is just as I am, only a great deal worse: I dined to-day at lord Shelburn's, where she is, and we on ailments, which makes us very fond of each other. I have taken Mr. Harley into favour again, and called to see him, but he was not within: I will use to visit him after dinner, for he dines too late for my head: then I went to visit poor Congreve, who is just getting out of a severe fit of the gout, and I sat with him till near nine o'clock. He gave me a Tatler he had written out, as blind as he is, for little Harrison. It is about a scoundrel that was grown rich, and went and bought a coat of arms at the Herald's, and a set of ancestors at Fleet-ditch: it is well enough, and shall be printed in two or three days, and if you read those kind of things, this will divert you. It is now between ten and eleven, and I am going to bed.

14. This was Mrs. Vanhomrigh's daughter's birthday, and Mr. Ford and I were invited to dinner to keep it, and we spent the evening there drinking

^a Robert Cope, esq., a gentleman of learning, and correspondent of Swift's.

punch. That was our way of beginning Lent; and in the morning, lord Shelburn, lady Kerry, Mrs. Pratt, and I, went to Hyde Park, instead of going to church; for till my head is a little settled, I think it better not to go; it would be so silly and troublesome to go out sick. Dr. Duke died suddenly two or three nights ago: he was one of the wits when we were children, but turned parson, and left it, and never writ further than a prologue or commendatory copy of verses. He had a fine living given him by the bishop of Winchester about three months ago: he got his living suddenly, and he got his dying so too.

15. I walked purely to-day about the Park, the rain being just over, of which we have had a great deal, mixed with little short frosts. I went to the Court of Requests, thinking if Mr. Harley dined early to go with him. But meeting Leigh and Sterne, they invited me to dine with them, and away we went. When we got into his room, one II—, a worthless Irish fellow, was there ready to dine with us; so I stepped out and whispered them, "that I would not dine with that fellow." They made excuses, and begged me to stay, but away I went to Mr. Harley's, and he did not dine at home, and at last I dined at sir John Germain's, and found lady Betty had just recovered of a miscarriage. I am writing an inscription for lord Berkeley's tomb: you know the young rake his son, the new earl, is married to the duke of Richmond's daughter, at the duke's country house, and are now coming to town. She will be fluxed in two months, and they will be parted in a year. You ladies are brave, bold, venturesome folks; and the chit is but seventeen, and is ill-natured, covetous, vicious, and proud in extremes. And so get you gone to Stoyte to-morrow.

16. Faith this letter goes on but slow: it is a week old, and the first side not written. I went to-day into the city for a walk, but the person I designed to dine with was not at home; so I came back and called at Congreve's, and dined with him and Estcourt,^a and laughed till six, then went to Mr. Harley's, who was not gone to dinner; there I stayed till nine, and we made up our quarrel, and he has invited me to dinner to-morrow, which is the day of the week (Saturday) that lord keeper and secretary St. John dine with him privately; and at last they have consented to let me among them on that day. Atterbury and Prior went to bury poor Dr. Duke. Congreve's nasty white wine has given me the heartburn.

17. I took some good walks in the Park to-day, and then went to Mr. Harley. Lord Rivers was got there before me, and I chid him for presuming to come on a day when only lord keeper, the secretary, and I were to be there; but he regarded me not; so we all dined together, and sat down at four; and the secretary has invited me to dine with him to-morrow. I told them I had no hopes they could ever keep in, but that I saw they loved one another so well, as indeed they seem to do. They call me nothing but Jonathan; and I said, I believed they would leave me Jonathan as they found me, and that I never knew a ministry do anything for those whom they make companions of their pleasures; and I believe you will find it so; but I care not. I am upon a project of getting five hundred pounds, without being obliged to anybody; but that is a secret, till I see my dearest MD; and so hold your tongue, and do not talk, sirrabs, for I am now about it.

18. My head has no fits, but a little disordered

^a Mr. Richard Estcourt, a player and dramatic writer, celebrated in *THE SECRETARY*, and other works of the time.

before dinner; yet I walk stoutly, and take pills, and hope to mend. Secretary St. John would needs have me dine with him to-day, and there I found three persons I never saw; two I had no acquaintance with, and one I did not care for: so I left them early, and came home, it being no day to walk, but scurvy rain and wind. The secretary tells me he has put a cheat on me; for Lord Peterborough sent him twelve dozen flasks of Burgundy, on condition that I should have my share; but he never was quiet till they were all gone; so I reckon he owes me thirty-six pounds. Lord Peterborough is now got to Vienna, and I must write to him to-morrow. I begin now to be toward looking for a letter from some certain ladies of Presto's acquaintance, that lived at St. Mary's, and are called, in a certain language, our little MD. No, stay, I do not expect one these six days, that will be just three weeks; 't'not I a reasonable creature! We are plagued here with an October Club; that is, a set of above a hundred parliament-men of the country, who drink October beer at home, and meet every evening at a tavern near the parliament, to consult affairs and drive things on to extremes against the Whigs, to call the old ministry to account, and get off five or six heads. The ministry seem not to regard them; yet one of them in confidence told me, that there must be something thought on to settle things better. I will tell you one great state secret; the queen, sensible how much she was governed by the late ministry, runs a little into the other extreme, and is jealous in that point even of those who got her out of the other's hands. The ministry is for gentler measures, and the other Tories for more violent. Lord Rivers, talking to me the other day, cursed the paper called the Examiner, for speaking civilly of the duke of Marlborough: this I happened to talk of to the secretary, who blamed the warmth of that lord, and some others, and swore that if their advice were followed, they would be blown up in twenty-four hours. And I have reason to think that they will endeavour to prevail on the queen to put her affairs more into the hands of a ministry than she does at present; and there are, I believe, two men thought on, one of them you have often met the name of in my letter. But so much for politics.

19. This proved a terrible rainy day, which prevented my walk into the city, and I was only able to run and dine with my neighbour Vanhomrigh, where sir Andrew Fountaine dined too, who has just began to sally out, and has shipped his mother and sister, who were his nurses, back to the country. This evening was fair, and I walked a little in the Park till Prior made me go with him to the Smyrna Coffeehouse, where I sat a while, and saw four or five Irish persons, who are very handsome, genteel fellows, but I know not their names. I came away at seven, and got home. Two days ago I writ to Bernage, and told him what I had done, and directed the letter to Mr. Curry's to be left with Dingley. Brigadiers Hill and Masham, brother and husband to Mrs. Masham, the queen's favourite, colonel Disney, and I, have recommended Bernage to the duke of Argyll; and secretary St. John has given the duke my memorial; and, besides, Hill tells me that Bernage's colonel, Fielding, designs to make him his captain-lieutenant; but I believe I said this to you before, and in this letter, but I will not look.

20. Morning.—It snows terribly again, and it is mistaken, for I now want a little good weather: I bid you good morrow, and, if it clear up, get you gone to poor Mrs. Walls, who has had a hard time of

it, but is now pretty well again. I am sorry it is a girl: the poor archdeacon too, see how simply he looked when they told him! what did it cost Stella to be gossip! I will rise; so, do you hear! let me see you at night, and do not stay late out, and catch cold, sirrahs. At night.—It grew good weather, and I got a good walk, and dined with Ford upon his opera-day: but now all his wine is gone, I shall dine with him no more. I hope to send this letter before I hear from MD: methinks there is—something great in doing so, only I cannot express where it lies; and faith this shall go by Saturday, as sure as you are a rogue. Mrs. Edgeworth was to set out but last Monday, so you will not have your box so soon perhaps as this letter; but Sterne told me since that it is safer at Chester, and that she will take care of it. I would give a guinea you had it.

21. Morning.—Faith I hope it will be fair for me to walk into the city, for I take all occasions of walking. I should be plaguy busy at Laracor if I were there now, cutting down willows, planting others, securing my canal, and every kind of thing. If Raymond goes over this summer, you must submit, and make them a visit, that we may have another eel and trout fishing; and that Stella may ride by and see Presto in his morning-gown in the garden, and so go up with Joe to the Hill of Bree, and round by Seurlock's Town. O Lord, how I remember names! faith it gives me short sighs; therefore no more of that if you love me. Good morrow, I will go rise like a gentleman, my pills say I must. At night.—Lady Kerry sent to desire me to engage some lords about an affair she has in their house. I called to see her, but found she had already engaged every lord I knew, and that there was no great difficulty in the matter, and it rained like a dog; so I took coach, for want of better exercise, and dined privately with a hang-dog in the city, and walked back in the evening. The days are now long enough to walk in the Park after dinner; and so I do whenever it is fair. This walking is a strange remedy; Mr. Prior walks to make himself fat,* and I to bring myself down; he has generally a cough, which he only calls a cold; we often walk round the Park together. So I will go sleep.

22. It snowed all this morning prodigiously, and was some inches thick in three or four hours. I dined with Mr. Lewis of the secretary's office at his lodgings: the chairmen that carried me squeezed a great fellow against a wall, who wheely turned his back, and broke one of the side glasses in a thousand pieces. I fell a scolding, pretended I was like to be cut in pieces, and made them set down the chair in the Park, while they picked out the bits of glasses; and when I paid them, I quarrelled still, so they dared not grumble, and I came off for my fare: but I was plaguy afraid they would have said, "God bless your honour, will not you give us something for our glass?" Lewis and I were forming a project how I might get three or four hundred pounds, which I suppose may come to nothing. I hope Smyth has brought you your palsy-drops; how does Stella do? I begin more and more to desire to know. The three weeks since I had your last is over within two days, and I will allow three for accidents.

23. The snow is gone every bit, except the remainder of some great halls made by the hoys. Mr. Sterne was with me this morning about an affair he has before the treasury. That drab Mrs. Edgeworth is not yet set out, but will infallibly next Monday, and this is the third infallible Monday, and pox take

* Prior, as Swift elsewhere mentions, was a slight thin figure.

her! So you will have this letter first; and this shall go to-morrow; and if I have one from MD in that time, I will not answer it till my next; only I will say, Madam, I received your letter, and so and so. I dined to-day with my Mrs. Butler, who grows very disagreeable.

24. Morning.—This letter certainly goes this evening, sure as you are alive, young women, and then you will be so ashamed that I have none from you; and if I was to reckon like you, I would say, I were six letters before you, for this is No. 16, and I have had your No. 10. But I reckon you have received but fourteen and have sent eleven. I think to go to-day a minister of state hunting in the Court of Requests; for I have something to say to Mr. Harley. And it is fine cold sunshiny weather. I wish dear MD would walk this morning in your Stephen's Green; it is as good as our Park, but not so large. Faith this summer we will take a coach for sixpence to the Green Well, the two walks, and thence all the way to Stoyte's. My hearty service to Goody Stoyte and Catherine, and I hope Mrs. Walls had a good time. How inconsistent I am! I cannot imagine I was ever in love with her. Well, I am going; what have you to say? *I do not care how I write none.* I do not design to write on this side; these few lines are but so much more than your due; so I will write large or small as I please. O faith, my hands are starving in bed; I believe it is a hard frost. I must rise, and bid you good bye, for I will seal this letter immediately, and carry it in my pocket, and put it into the post-office with my own fair hands. Farewell.

This letter is just a fortnight's Journal to-day. Yes, and so it is, I am sure, says you, with your two eggs a penny.

Lele, lele, lele—There, there, there.

O Lord, I am saying there, there, to myself in all our little keys; and now you talk of keys, that dog Patrick broke the key-general of the chest of drawers with six locks, and I have been so plagued to get a new one, beside my good two shillings.

LETTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

London, Feb. 24, 1770-1771.

Now, young women, I gave in my 10th this evening. I dined with Ford, it was his opera day as usual; it is very convenient to me to do so, for coming home early after a walk in the Park, which now the days will allow. I called on the secretary at his office, and he had forgot to give the memorial about Bernage to the duke of Argyll; but two days ago I met the duke, who desired I would give it him myself, which should have more power with him than all the ministry together, as he protested solemnly, repeated it two or three times, and bid me count upon it. So that I verily believe Bernage will be in a very good way to establish himself. I think I can do no more for him at present, and there is an end of that; and so get you gone to bed, for it is late.

25. The three weeks are out yesterday since I had your last, and so now I will be expecting every day a pretty dear letter from my own MD, and hope to hear that Stella has been much better in her head and eyes; my head continues as it was; no fits, but a little disorder every day, which I can easily bear, if it will not grow worse. I dined to-day with Mr. Secretary St. John, on condition I might choose my company, which were Lord Rivers, Lord Carteret, sir Thomas Mansel, and Mr. Lewis. I invited Masham, Hill, sir John Stanley, and George Granville, but they were engaged; and I did it in revenge of his

having such bad company when I dined with him before; so we laughed, &c. And I ventured to go to church to-day, which I have not done this month before. Can you send me such a good account of Stella's health, pray now? Yes, I hope, and better too. We dined (says you) at the dean's, and played at cards till twelve, and there came in Mr. French, and Dr. Travers, and Dr. Whittingham, and Mr. (I forgot his name, that I always tell Mrs. Walls of) the banker's son—a pox on him! And we were so merry; I vow they are pure good company. But I lost a crown; for you must know I had always hands tempting me to go out, but never took in anything, and often two black aces without a manilla. Was not that hard, Presto! hold your tongue, &c.

26. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary about some business, and he tells me that colonel Fielding is now going to make Bernage his captain-lieutenant,—that is, a captain by commission, and the perquisites of the company, but not captain's pay, only the first step to it. I suppose he will like it, and the recommendation to the duke of Argyll goes on. And so trouble me no more about your Bernage; the jackanapes understands what fair solicitors he has got, I warrant you. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined by invitation with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. You say they are of no consequence; why, they keep as good female company as I do male: I see all the drabs of quality at this end of the town with them; I saw two lady Bettys there this afternoon. The beauty of one, the good breeding and nature of the other, and the wit of either, would have made a fine woman. Rare walking in the Park now; why do not you walk in the Green of St. Stephen; the walks there are finer gravelled than the Mall. What boasts the Irish women are, never to walk!

27. Dartineuf and I, and little Harrison the new Tatler, and Jervas the painter, dined to-day with James—I know not his other name, but it is one of Dartineuf's dining places, who is a true epicure. James is clerk of the kitchen to the queen, and has a little snug house at St. James's, and we had the queen's wine, and such very fine victuals, that I could not eat it. Three weeks and three days since my last letter from MD, rare doings! why truly we were so busy with poor Mrs. Walls, that, indeed, Presto, we could not write; we were afraid the poor woman would have died, and it pitted us to see the archdeacon, how concerned he was. The dean never came to see her but once; but now she is up again, and we go and sit with her in the evenings. The child died the next day after it was born, and I believe, between friends, she is not very sorry for it. Indeed, Presto, you are plaguily silly to-night, and have not guessed one word right, for she and the child are both well, and it is a fine girl, likely to live; and the dean was godfather, and Mrs. Catherine and I were godmothers; I was going to say Stoyte, but I think I have heard they do not put maids and married women together, though I know not why I think so, nor I do not care; what care I; but I must prate, &c.

28. I walked to-day into the city for my health, and there dined, which I always do when the weather is fair and business permits, that I may be under a necessity of taking a good walk, which is the best thing I can do at present for my health. Some bookseller has raked up everything I write, and published it the other day in one volume; but I know nothing of it; it was without my knowledge or consent; it makes a four shilling book, and is called "Miscellanies in Prose and Verse." Tooke pretends

* London, printed for John Morphew, near Stationers' Hall, 1771. OCTAVO.

he knows nothing of it, but I doubt he is at the bottom. One must have patience with these things; the best of it is, I shall be plagued no more. However, I will bring a couple of them over with me for MD; perhaps you may desire to see them. I hear they sell mightily.

March 1. Morning.—I have been calling to Patrick to look in his almanac for the day of the month: I did not know but it might be leap-year. The almanac says it is the third after leap-year, and I always thought till now that every third year was leap-year. I am glad they come so seldom; but I am sure it was otherwise when I was a young man; I see times are mightily changed since then. Write to me, sirrabs, be sure do, by the time this side is done, and I will keep the other side for the answer: so I will go write to the bishop of Clogher: good morrow, sirrabs.—Night.—I dined to-day at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, being a rainy day, and lady Betty Butler, knowing it, sent to let me know she expected my company in the evening, where the Yaos (so we call them) were to be. The duchess and they do not go over this summer with the duke; so I got to bed.

2. This rainy weather undoes me in coaches and chairs. I was *travelling* to-day with your Mr. Sterne, to go along with them to Moor, and recommend his business to the treasury. Sterne tells me his dependance is wholly on me; but I have absolutely refused to recommend it to Mr. Harley, because I troubled him lately so much with other folks' affairs; and besides, to tell the truth, Mr. Harley told me he did not like Sterne's business: however, I will serve him, because I suppose MD would have me. But in saying his dependance lies wholly on me he lies, and is a fool. I dined with lord Abercorn, whose son Penelope will be married at Easter to ten thousand pounds.

3. I forgot to tell you that yesterday morning I was at Mr. Harley's levee: he swore I came in spite, to see him among a parcel of fools. My business was to desire I might let the duke of Ormond know how the affair stood of the first-fruits. He promised to let him know it, and engaged me to dine with him to-day. Every Saturday lord-keeper, secretary St. John, and I dine with him, and sometimes lord Rivers, and they let in none else. Patrick brought me some letters into the Park; among which was one from Walls, and the other, yes faith, the other was from our little MD, No. 11. I read the rest in the Park, and MD's in a chair as I went from St. James's to Mr. Harley, and glad enough I was, faith, to read it, and see all right. O, but I will not answer it these three or four days, at least, or may be sooner. Am not I silly! Faith your letters would make a dog silly, if I had a dog to be silly; but it must be a little dog. I stayed with Mr. Harley till past nine, where we had much discourse together after the rest were gone; and I gave him very truly my opinion where he desired it. He complained he was not very well, and has engaged me to dine with him again on Monday. So I came home as foot, like a fine gentleman, to tell you all this.

4. I dined to-day with Mr. secretary St. John; and after dinner he had a note from Mr. Harley that he was much out of order: pray God preserve his health, everything depends upon it. The parliament at present cannot go a step without him, nor the queen neither. I long to be in Ireland; but the ministry beg me to stay: however, when this parliament hurry is over I will endeavour to steal away; by which time I hope the first-fruits business will be done. This kingdom is certainly ruined as much as was ever any bankrupt merchant. We

must have peace, let it be a bad or a good one, though nobody dares talk of it. The nearer I look upon things the worse I like them. I believe the confederacy will soon break to pieces, and our factions at home increase. The ministry is upon a very narrow bottom, and stand like an isthmus between the Whigs on one side and violent Tories on the other. They are able seamen, but the tempest is too great, the ship too rotten, and the crew all against them. Lord Somers has been twice in the queen's closet, once very lately; and your duchess of Somerset, who now has the key, is a most insinuating woman, and I believe they will endeavour to play the same game that has been played against them. I have told them of all this, which they know already, but they cannot help it. They have cautioned the queen so much against being governed, that she observes it too much. I could talk till to-morrow upon these things, but they make me melancholy. I could not but observe that lately, after much conversation with Mr. Harley, though he is the most fearless man alive, and the least apt to despond, he confessed to me that uttering his mind to me gave him ease.

5. Mr. Harley continues out of order, yet his affairs force him abroad: he is subject to a sore throat, and was cupped last night: I sent and called two or three times. I hear he is better this evening. I dined to-day in the city with Dr. Freind at a third body's house, where I was to pass for somebody else, and there was a plaguy silly jest carried on that made me sick of it. Our weather grows fine, and I will walk like camomile. And pray walk you to your dean's, or your Stoyte's, or your Manley's, or your Walls'. But your new lodgings make you so proud you will walk less than ever. Come, let me go to bed, sirrabs.

6. Mr. Harley's going out yesterday has put him a little backward. I called twice, and sent, for I am in pain for him. Ford caught me, and made me dine with him on his opera-day; so I brought Mr. Lewis with me, and sat with him till six. I have not seen Mr. Addison these three weeks: all our friendship is over. I go to no coffeehouse. I presented a parson of the bishop of Clogher's, one Richardson, to the duke of Ormond to-day: he is translating prayers and sermons into Irish, and has a project about instructing the Irish in the protestant religion.

7. Morning.—Faith a little would make me,—I could find in my heart, if it were not for one thing, I have a good mind, if I had not something else to do, I would answer your dear saucy letter. O Lord, I am going awry with writing in bed. O faith, but I must answer it, or I shall not have room, for it must go on Saturday; and do not think I will fill the third side—I am not come to that yet, young women. Well, then, as for your Bernage, I have said enough: I writ to him last week—Turn over that leaf. Now, what says MD to the world to come? I tell you, madam Stella, my head is a great deal better, and I hope will keep so. How came yours to be fifteen days coming, and you had my 15th in seven? answer me that, rogues. Your being with goodly Walls is excuse enough. I find I was mistaken in the sex—it is a boy. Yes, I understand your epher, and Stella guesses right, as she always does. He (Mr. Harley) gave me a badnik (bouldinl dñenr nñainfñoy dñionñnd, which I sent him again by Mr. Lewis, to whom I writ a very complaining letter that was showed him; and so the matter ended. He told me he had a quarrel with me; I said I had another with him, and we returned to our friendship, and I should think he loves me as

* A bank-bill for fifty pounds.

well as a great minister can love a man in so short a time. Did not I do right? I am glad at heart you have got your palsy-water; pray God Almighty it may do my dearest Stella good. I suppose Mrs. Edgworth set out last Monday se'n'night. Yes, I do read the Examiners, and they are written very finely, as you judge.^a I do not think they are too severe on the duke; they only tax him of avarice, and his avarice has ruined us. You may count upon all things in them to be true. The author has said It is not Prior; but perhaps it may be Atterbury.—Now, madam Dingley, says she, it is fine weather, says she; yes, says she, and we have got to our new lodgings. I compute you ought to save eight pounds by being in the others five months; and you have no more done it than eight thousand. I am glad you are rid of that squinting, blinking Frenchman. I will give you a bill on Parvisol for five pounds for the half-year. And must I go on at four shillings a-week, and neither eat nor drink for it?—Who the d— said Atterbury and your dean were alike?—I never saw your chancellor, nor his chaplain [Mr. Trapp]. The latter has a good deal of learning, and is a well-wisher to be an author: your chancellor is an excellent man. As for Patrick's bird, he bought him for his tameness, and is grown the wildest I ever saw. His wings have been quilled thrice, and are now up again: he will be able to fly after us to Ireland, if he be willing. Yes, Mrs. Stella, Dingley writes more like Presto than you; for all you superscribed the letter, as who should say, Why should not I write like our Presto as well as Dingley? You, with your awkward SS; cannot you write them thus, SS! No, but always SSS.^b Spiteful sluts, to affront Presto's writing; as that when you shut your eyes you write most like Presto. I know the time when I did not write to you half so plain as I do now; but I take pity on you both. I am very much concerned for Mrs. Walls' eyes. Walls says nothing of it to me in his letter dated after yours. You say if she recovers she may lose her sight. I hope she is in no danger of her life. Yes, Ford is as sober as I please. I use him to walk with me as an easy companion, always ready for what I please, when I am weary of business and ministers. I do not go to a coffeehouse twice a month. I am very regular in going to sleep before eleven. And so you say that Stella's a pretty girl; and so she be, and methinks I see her now as handsome as the day is long. Do you know what I when I am writing in our language? I make up my mouth just as if I was speaking it. I caught myself at it just now. And I suppose Dingley is so fair and so fresh as a lass in May, and has her health and no spleen. In your account you sent, do you reckon as usual from the first of November was twelvemonth? Poor Stella, will not Dingley leave her a little daylight to write to Presto? Well, well, we will have daylight shortly, spite of her teeth; and *rood must cly Lele, and Hele, and Hele aden. Must loo minimate Pafre, pay? Iex, and so la shall. And so lelen fol ee rettle. Dood mollow. At night.*—Mrs. Barton sent this morning to invite me to dinner; and there I dined, just in that genteel manner that MD used when they would treat some better sort of body than usual.

^a Even to his beloved Stella he had not acknowledged himself at this time to be the author of the Examiner.

^b Prior cannot do justice to a whim of this kind, as they depend wholly upon the awkward shape of the letters.

^c Many portions of these letters are spelled according to the little language.

^d "And you must cry There, and Here, and Here again. Must you imitate Presto, pray? Yes, and so you shall. And so there's for your letter. Good morrow."

8. O dear MD, my heart is almost broken. You will hear the thing before this comes to you. I write a full account of it this night to the archbishop of Dublin; and the dean may tell you the particulars from the archbishop. I was in a sorry way to write, but thought it might be proper to send a true account of the fact; for you will hear a thousand lying circumstances. It is of Mr. Harley's being stabbed this afternoon at three o'clock at a committee of the council. I was playing lady Catherine Morris's cards where I dined, when young Arundel came in with the story. I ran away immediately to the secretary, which was in my way: no one was at home. I met Mrs. St. John in her chair; she had heard it imperfectly. I took a chair to Mr. Harley, who was asleep, and they hope in no danger; but he has been out of order, and was so when he came abroad to-day, and it may put him in a fever: I am in mortal pain for him. That desperate French villain, marquis de Guiscard, stabbed Mr. Harley.^a Guiscard was taken up by Mr. secretary St. John's warrant for high treason, and brought before the lords to be examined; there he stabbed Mr. Harley. I have told all the particulars already to the archbishop. I have now at nine sent again, and they tell me he is in a fair way. Pray, pardon my distraction! I now think of all his kindness to me.—The poor creature now lies stabbed in his bed by a desperate French popish villain. Good night, and God preserve you both, and pity me; I want it.

9. Morning; seven, in bed. Patrick is just come from Mr. Harley's. He slept well till four; the surgeon sat up with him: he is asleep again; he felt a pain in his wound when he waked; they apprehend him in no danger. This account the surgeon left with the porter, to tell people that send. Pray God preserve him. I am rising and going to Mr. secretary St. John. They say Guiscard will die with the wounds Mr. St. John and the rest gave him. I shall tell you more at night. Night.—Mr. Harley still continues on the mending hand; but he rested ill last night, and felt pain. I was early with the secretary this morning, and I dined with him, and he told me several particularities of this accident, too long to relate now. Mr. Harley is still mending this evening, but not at all out of danger; and till then I can have no peace. Good night, &c., and pity Presto.

10. Mr. Harley was restless last night; but he has no fever, and the hopes of mending increase. I had a letter from Mr. Walls, and one from Mr. Bernage. I will answer them here, not having time to write. Mr. Walls writes about three things; First, about a hundred pounds from Dr. Raymond, of which I hear nothing, and it is now too late. Secondly, about Mr. Clements: I can do nothing in it, because I am not to mention Mr. Pratt; and I cannot recommend without knowing Mr. Pratt's objections, whose relation Clements is, and who brought him into the place. The third is about my being godfather to the child: that is in my power, and (since there is no remedy) will submit. I wish you could hinder it; but if it cannot be helped, pay what you think proper, and get the provost to stand for me, and let his christian name be Harley, in honour to my friend, now lying stabbed and doubtful of his life. As for Bernage, he writes me word that his colonel has offered to make him captain-lieutenant for a hundred pounds. He was such a fool to offer him money without writing to me till it was done, though I have had a dozen letters from him; and then he desires I would say nothing of

^a The count abbé de Guiscard, a notorious Frenchman of quality

this, for fear his colonel should be angry. People are mad. What can I do? I engaged colonel Disney,* who was one of his solicitors to the secretary, and then told him the story. He assured me that Fielding (Bernage's colonel) said he might have got that sum; but, on account of those great recommendations he had, would give it him for nothing; and I would have Bernage write him a letter of thanks, as of a thing given him for nothing, upon recommendations, &c. Disney tells me he will again speak to Fielding, and clear up this matter; and then I will write to Bernage. A pox on him for promising money till I had it promised to me, and then making it such a ticklish point that one cannot expostulate with the colonel upon it; but let him do as I say, and there is an end. I engaged the secretary of state in it; and I am sure it was meant a kindness to me, and that no money should be given, and a hundred pounds is too much in a Smithfield bargain, as a major-general told me, whose opinion I asked. I am now hurried, and can say no more. Farewell, &c. &c.

How shall I superscribe to your new lodgings, pray, madams? Tell me but that, impudence and saucy face.

Ant' you sauceboxes to write *lele* [i. e. there], like Presto!

O poor Presto!

Mr. Harley is better to-night, that makes me so pert, you saucy Gog and Magog.

LETTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

London, March 10, 1710-11.

PRETTY little MD must expect little from me till Mr. Harley is out of danger. We hope he is so now; but I am subject to fear for my friends. He has a head full of the whole business of the nation, was out of order when the villain stabbed him, and had a cruel contusion by the second blow. But all goes well on yet. Mr. Ford and I dined with Mr. Lewis, and we hope the best.

11. This morning Mr. Secretary and I met at court, where we went to the queen, who is out of order and aguish: I doubt the worst for this accident to Mr. Harley. We went together to his house, and his wound looks well, and he is not feverish at all, and I think it is foolish in me to be so much in pain as I am. I had the penknife in my hand, which is broken within a quarter of an inch of the handle. I have a mind to write and publish an account of all the particularities of this fact: it will be very curious, and I would do it when Mr. Harley is past danger.

12. We have been in terrible pain to-day about Mr. Harley, who never slept last night, and has been very feverish. But this evening I called there, and young Mr. Harley (his only son) tells me he is now much better, and was then asleep. They let nobody see him, and that is perfectly right. The parliament cannot go on till he is well, and are forced to adjourn their money businesses, which none but he can help them in. Pray God preserve him.

13. Mr. Harley is better to-day, slept well all night, and we are a little out of our fears. I send and call three or four times every day. I went into the city for a walk, and dined there with a private man; and coming home this evening broke my shin in the Strand, over a tub of sand left just in the way. I got home dirty enough, and went straight to bed, where I have been cooking it with goldbeaters' skin, and have been peevish enough with Patrick, who was near an hour bringing a rag

* Commonly called duke Disney

from next door. It is my right shin, where never any humour fell when the other used to swell; so I apprehend it less; however, I shall not stir till it is well, which I reckon will be in a week. I am very careful in these sort of things, but I wish I had Mrs. Johnson's water: she is out of town, and I must make a shift with alum. I will dine with Mrs. Vanhomrigh till I am well, who lives but five doors off: and that I may venture.

14. My journals are like to be very diverting, now I cannot stir abroad, between accounts of Mr. Harley's mending, and of my broken shin. I just walked to my neighbour Vanhomrigh at two, and came away at six, when little Harrison the Tatler came to me, and begged me to dictate a paper to him, which I was forced in charity to do. Mr. Harley still mends; and I hope in a day or two to trouble you no more with him, nor with my shin. Go to bed and sleep, sirrabs, that you may rise to-morrow, and walk to Donnybrook, and lose your money with Stoyte and the dean; do so, dear little rogues, and drink Presto's health. O, pray, do not you drink Presto's health sometimes with your deans, and your Stoytes, and your Walls, and your Mauleys, and your everybodies, pray now! I drink MD's to myself a hundred thousand times.

15. I was this morning at Mr. secretary St. John's, for all my shin, and he has given me for young Harrison the Tatler the prettiest employment in Europe,—secretary to lord Raby, who is to be ambassador extraordinary at the Hague, where all the great affairs will be concerted; so we shall lose the Tatlers in a fortnight. I will send Harrison to-morrow morning to thank the secretary. Poor Biddy Floyd has got the small-pox. I called this morning to see lady Betty Germain; and when she told me so I fairly took my leave. I have the luck of it; for about ten days ago I was to see lord Carteret, and my lady was entertaining me with telling of a young lady, a cousin, who was then ill in the house of the small-pox, and is since dead; it was near lady Betty's, and I fancy Biddy took the fright by it. I dined with Mr. Secretary, and a physician came in just from Guiscard, who tells us he is dying of his wounds, and can hardly live till to-morrow. A poor wench that Guiscard kept sent him a bottle of sack; but the keeper would not let him touch it, for fear it was poison. He had two quarts of old clotted blood come out of his side to-day, and is delirious. I am sorry he is dying, for they have found out a way to hang him. He certainly had an intention to murder the queen.

16. I have made but little progress in this letter for so many days, thanks to Guiscard and Mr. Harley; and it would be endless to tell you all the particulars of that odious fact. I do not yet hear that Guiscard is dead, but they say it is impossible he should recover. I walked too much yesterday for a man with a broken shin; to-day I rested, and went no further than Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, where I dined; and lady Betty Butler coming in about six, I was forced in good manners to sit with her till nine; then I came home, and Mr. Ford came in to visit my shin, and sat with me till eleven; so I have been very idle and naughty. It vexes me to the pluck that I should lose walking this delicious day. Have you seen the Spectator yet, a paper that comes out every day? It is written by Mr. Steele, who seems to have gathered new life, and have a new fund of wit; it is in the same nature as his Tatlers, and they have all of them had something pretty. I believe Addison and he club. I never see them; and I plainly told Mr. Harley and Mr. St. John ten

* Swift never had the small-pox.

days ago, before my lord-keeper and lord Rivers, I had been foolish enough to spend my credit with them in favour of Addison and Steele; but that I would cugage and promise never to say one word in their behalf, having been used so ill for what I had already done. So, now I have got into the way of prating again, there will be no quiet for me.

When Presto begins to prate,
Give him a rap upon the pate.

O Lord, how I blot; it is time to leave off, &c.

17. Guiscard died this morning at two, and the coroner's inquest have found that he was killed by bruises received from a messenger, so to clear the cabinet counsellors from whom he received his wounds. I had a letter from Raymond, who cannot hear of your box; but I hope you have it before this comes to your hands. I dined to-day with Mr. Lewis of the secretary's office. Mr. Harley has abundance of extravasated blood comes from his breast out of his wound, and will not be well so soon as we expected. I had something to say, but cannot call it to mind. (What was it?)

18. I was to-day at court to look for the duke of Argyle, and give him the memorial about Bernage. The duke goes with the first fair wind: I could not find him, but I have given the memorial to another to give him; and, however, it shall be sent after him. Bernage has made a blunder in offering money to his colonel without my advice; however, he is made captain-lieutenant, only he must recruit his company, which will cost him forty pounds, and that is cheaper than a hundred. I dined to-day with Mr. secretary St. John, and stayed till seven, but would not drink his champagne and burgundy, for fear of the gout. My shin mends, but is not well. I hope it will by the time I send this letter, next Saturday.

19. I went to-day into the city, but in a coach, tossed up my leg on the seat; and, as I came home, I went to see poor Charles Bernard's books, which are to be sold by auction, and I steh to lay out nine or ten pounds for some fine editions of fine authors. But it is too far, and I shall let it slip, as I usually do all such opportunities. I dined in a coffeehouse with Stratford upon ehops, and some of his wine. Where did MD dine? Why, poor MD dined at home to-day, because of the archbishop, and they could not go abroad, and had a breast of mutton and a pint of wine. I hope Mrs. Walls mends; and pray give me an account what sort of godfather I made, and whether I behaved myself handsomely. The duke of Argyle is gone; and whether he has my memorial I know not, till I see Dr. Arbuthnot, to whom I gave it. That hard name belongs to a Scotch doctor, an acquaintance of the duke's and me; Stella cannot pronounce it. O that we were at Laracor this fine day! the willows begin to peep, and the quicks to bud. My dream is out: I was a dreaming last night that I eat ripe cherries. And now they begin to catch the pikes, and will shortly the trouts (pox on these ministers), and I would fain know whether the floods were ever so high as to get over the bolly bank or the river walk; if so, then all my pikes are gone; but I hope not. Why do not you ask Parriool these things, sirrabs! And then my canal, and trouts, and whether the bottom be fine and clear! But harkee, ought not Parriool to pay in my last year's rents and arrears out of his hands! I am thinking, if either of you have heads to take his accounts, it should be paid in to you; otherwise to Mr. Walls. I will write an order on the other side; and do as you will. Here is a world of business; but I must go sleep, I am drowsy, and so good night, &c.

20. This sore shin ruins me in coach-hire; no less than two shillings to-day going and coming from the city, where I dined with one you never heard of, and passed an insipid day. I writ this post to Bernage, with the account I told you above. I hope he will like it; it is his own fault, or it would have been better. I reckon your next letter will be full of Mr. Harley's stabbing. He still mends, but abundance of extravasated blood has come out of the wound: he keeps his bed, and sees nobody. The speaker's eldest son is just dead of the small-pox, and the house is adjourned a week, to give him time to wipe off his tears. I think it very handsomely done; but I believe one reason is, that they want Mr. Harley so much. Biddy Floyd is like to do well; and so go to your dean's, and roast his oranges, and lose your money; do so, you saucy sluts. Stella, you lost three shillings and fourpence the other night at Stoyte's, yes, you did, and Presto stood in a corner, and saw you all the while, and then stole away. I dream very often I am in Ireland, and that I have left my clothes and things behind me, and have not taken leave of anybody, and that the ministry expect me to-morrow, and such nonsense.

21. I would not for a guinea have a letter from you till this goes; and go it shall on Saturday, faith. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, to save my shin, and then went on some business to the secretary, and he was not at home.

22. Yesterday was a short day's journal; but what care I! what cares saucy Presto! Darteneuf [a great punster] invited me to dinner to-day. Do not you know Darteneuf! That is the man that knows everything, and that everybody knows; and that knows where a knot of rabble are going on a holiday, and when they were there last; and then I went to the coffeehouse. My shin mends, but is not quite healed; I ought to keep it up, but I do not; I'll let it go as it comes. Pux take Parriool and his watch. If I do not receive the ten-pound bill I am to get toward it, I will neither receive watch nor chain; so let Parriool know.

23. I this day appointed the duke of Ormond to meet him at Ned Southwell's, about an affair of printing Irish prayer-books, &c., but the duke never came. There Southwell had letters that two packets are taken; so if MD writ then, the letters are gone; for they were packets coming here. Mr. Harley is not yet well, but his extravasated blood continues, and I doubt he will not be quite well in a good while: I find you have heard of the fuet by Southwell's letters from Ireland: what do you think of it! I dined with sir John Perceval, and saw his lady sitting in the bed, in the forms of a lying-in woman; and coming home my sore shin itched, and I forgot what it was, and rubbed off the scab, and blood came; but I am now got into bed, and have put on alum curd, and it is almost well. Lord Rivers told me yesterday a piece of bad news, as a secret, that the pretender is going to be married to the duke of Savoy's daughter. It is very bad, if it be true. We were walking in the Mall with some Scotch lords, and he could not tell it until they were gone, and he bade me tell it to none but the secretary of state and MD. This goes to-morrow, and I have no room but to bid my dearest little MD good night.

24. I will now seal up this letter, and send it; for I reckon to have none from you (it is morning now) between this and night; and I will put it in the post with my own hands. I am going out in great haste; so farewell, &c.

* Created baron Perceval, April 21, 1715; viscount Perceval, Feb. 23, 1722; and earl of Egmont, Nov. 6, 1733.

LETTER THE NINETEENTH.

London, March 21, 1710-11.

It was a little cross in Presto not to send to-day to the coffeehouse to see whether there was a letter from MD before I sent away mine; but faith I did it on purpose, because I would seem to answer two letters of yours successively. This way of journal is the worst in the world for writing of news, unless one does it the last day; and so I will observe henceforward, if there be any politics or stuff worth sending. My shin mends in spite of the scratching last night. I dined to-day at Ned Southwell's with the bishop of Ossory and a parcel of Irish gentlemen. Have you yet seen any of the Spectators? Just three weeks to-day since I bad your last, No. 11. I am afraid I have lost one by the packet that was taken; that will vex me, considering the pains MD takes to write, especially poor Stella, and her weak eyes. God bless them and the owner, and send them well, and little me together, I hope ere long. This illness of Mr. Harley puts everything backward, and he is still down, and like to be so, by that extravasated blood which comes from his breast to the wound: it was by the second blow Guiscard gave him after the penknife was broken. I am shocked at that villany whenever I think of it. Biddy Floyd is past danger, but will lose all her beauty: she had them mighty thick, especially about her nose.

25. Morning.—I wish you a merry new year; this is the first day of the year, you know, with us, and 'tis Lady-day. I must rise and go to my lord-keeper: it is not shaving-day to-day, so I shall be early. I am to dine with Mr. secretary St. John. Good morrow, my mistresses both, good morrow. Stella will be peeping out of her room at Mrs. de Caudres' down upon the folks as they come from church; and there comes Mrs. Proby, and that's my lady Southwell, and there's lady Betty Rochfort. I long to hear how you are settled in your new lodgings. I wish I were rid of my old ones, and that Mrs. Brent could contrive to put up my books in boxes, and lodge them in some safe place, and you keep my papers of importance. But I must rise, I tell you. At night.—So I visited and dined as I told you, and what of that? We have let Guiscard be buried at last, after showing him pickled in a trough this fortnight for twopence apiece; and the fellow that showed would point to his body, and, "See, gentlemen, this is the wound that was given him by his grace the duke of Ormond;" and "this is the wound," &c.; and then the show was over, and another set of rabble came in. 'Tis hard that our laws would not suffer us to hang his body in chains, because he was not tried; and in the eye of our law every man is innocent till then. Mr. Harley is still very weak, and never out of bed.

26. This was a most delicious day; and my shin being past danger I walked like lightning above two hours in the park. We have generally one fair day, and then a great deal of rain for three or four days together. All things are at a stop in parliament for want of Mr. Harley; they cannot stir an inch without him in their most material affairs; and we fear by the caprice of Radcliffe, who will admit none but his own surgeon, he has not been well looked after. I dined at an alehouse with Mr. Lewis, but had his wine. Don't you begin to see the flowers and blossoms of the field? How busy should I now be at Laracor! No news of your box? I hope you have it, and are this minute drinking the chocolate, and that the smell of the Brazil tobacco has not affected

it. I would be glad to know whether you like it, because I would send you more by people that are now every day thinking of going to Ireland; therefore pray tell me, and tell me soon, and I will have the strong box.

27. A rainy wretched scurvy day from morning till night; and my neighbour Vanhomrigh invited me to dine with them; and this evening I passed at Mr. Prior's with Dr. Freind; and 'tis now past twelve, so I must go to sleep.

28. Morning.—O faith, you're an impudent saucy couple of sluttekins for presuming to write so soon, said I to myself this morning; who knows but there may be a letter from MD at the coffeehouse! Well, you must know, and so, I just now sent Patrick, and he brought me three letters, but not one from MD, no indeed, for I read all the superscriptions; and not one from MD. One I opened, it was from the archbishop; 't'other I opened, it was from Staunton; the third I took, and looked at the hand. "Whose hand is this?" says I; yes, says I, "whose hand is this?" then there was wax between the folds; then I began to suspect; then I peeped; faith, it was Wallis' hand after all: then I opened it in a rage, and then it was little MD's hand, dear, little, pretty, charming MD's sweet hand again. O Lord, 'cu't here a clutter and a stir, and a bustle, never saw the like. Faith I believe yours lay some days at the post-office, and that it came before my 18th went, but that I did not expect it, and I hardly ever go there. Well, and so you think I'll answer this letter now? no, faith, and so I won't. I'll make you wait, young women; but I'll inquire immediately about poor Dingley's exchequer transum [tally]. What, is that Vedel again a soldier? Was he broke? I'll put it in Ben Tooke's band. I hope Vedel could not sell it. At night.—Vedel, Vedel, poh, poh, I thing it is Vedeau, ay, Vedeau, now I have it; let me see, do you name him in yours? Yes, Mr. John Vedeau is the brother; but where does this brother live? I'll inquire. This was a fast-day for the public; so I dined late with sir Matthew Dudley, whom I have not been with a great while. He is one of those that must lose his employment whenever the great shake comes; and I can't contribute to keep him in, though I have dropped words in his favour to the ministry; but he has been too violent a Whig and friend to the lord-treasurer* to stay in. 'Tis odd to think how long they let those people keep their places; but the reason is, they have not enough to satisfy all expecters, and so they keep them all in hopes that they may be good boys in the mean time; and thus the old ones hold in still. The comptroller [sir John Holland] told me that there are eight people expect his staff. I walked after dinner to-day round the park.—What, do I write politics to little young women? Hold your tongue and go to your dean's.

29. Morning.—If this be a fine day, I will walk into the city and see Charles Bernard's library. What care I for your letter, your saucy No. 12? I will say nothing to it yet: faith, I believe this will be full before its time, and then go it must. I will always write once a fortnight; and if it goes sooner by filling sooner, why then there is so much clear gain. Morrow, morrow, rogues and lasses both, I can't lie scribbling here in bed for your play; I must rise, and so morrow again. At night.—Your friend Montgomery and his sister are here, as I am told by Patrick. I have seen him often, but take no notice of him: he is grown very ugly and pimpled. They tell me he is a gamester, and wins money. How could I help it, pray? Patrick snuffed the

* The earl of Godolphin, late lord-treasurer.

* Mrs. de Caudres, their landlady, lived opposite to St. Mary's church.

candle too short, and the grease ran down upon the paper. It en't my fault, 'tis Patrick's fault; pray now don't blame Presto. I walked to-day into the city, and dined at a private house, and went to see the auction of poor Charles Bernard's books; they were in the middle of the physic books; so I bought none; and they are so dear. I believe I shall buy none, and there's an end; and go to Stoyte's, and I'll go sleep.

30. Morning.—This is Good-Friday, you must know, and I must rise and go to Mr. Secretary about some business, and Mrs. Vanhomrigh desires me to breakfast with her, because she is to intercede for Patrick, who is so often drunk and quarrelsome in the house, that I was resolved to send him over; but he knows all the places where I send, and is so used to my ways, that it would be inconvenient to me; but when I come to Ireland I will discharge him. Sir Thomas Mansel, one of the lords of the treasury, setting me down at my door to-day, saw Patrick, and swore he was a Teaguelander. I am so used to his face, I never observed it, but thought him a pretty fellow. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I supped this first-day with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. We were afraid Mr. Harley's wound would turn to a fistula; but we think the danger is now past. He rises every day, and walks about his room, and we hope he'll be out in a fortnight. Prior showed me a handsome paper of verses he has writ on Mr. Harley's accident; they are not out; I will send them to you if he will give me a copy.

31. Morning.—What shall we do to make April fools this year, no wit happens on Sunday? Patrick brings word that Mr. Harley still mends, and is up every day. I design to see him in a few days; brings me word too that he has found out Vedeau's brother's shop; I shall call there in a day or two. It seems the wife lodges next door to the brother. I doubt the second was broke [bankrupt], and got a commission, or perhaps is a volunteer gentleman, and expects to get one by his valour. Morrow, sirrahs, let me rise. At night.—I dined to-day with sir Thomas Mansel. We were walking in the Park, and Mr. Lewis came to us. Mansel asked "where we dined?" We said "together." He said, "we should dine with him, only his wife desired him to bring nobody, because she had only a leg of mutton." I said, "I would dine with him to choose;" but he would send a servant to order a plate or two: yet this man has ten thousand pounds a year in land, and is a lord of the treasury, and is not covetous neither, but runs out merely by slandering and negligence. The worst dinner I ever saw at the dean's was better; but so it is with abundance of people here. I called at night at Mr. Harley's, who begins to walk in his room with a stick, but is mighty weak. See how much I have lost with that ugly grease. 'Tis your fault; pray, and I'll go to bed.

April 1.—The duke of Buckingham's house fell down last night with an earthquake, and is half swallowed up;—Won't you go and see it?—An April fool, an April fool, O bo, young women.—Well, don't be angry, I'll make you an April fool no more till the next time: we had no sport here, because it is Sunday and Easter Sunday. I dined with the secretary, who seemed terribly down and melancholy, which Mr. Prior and Lewis observed as well as I; perhaps something is gone wrong; perhaps there is nothing in it. God bless my own dearest MD, and all is well.

2. We have such windy weather, 'tis troublesome walking, yet all the rabble have got into our Park these holidays. I am plagued with one Richardson, an Irish parson, and his project of printing Irish

Bibles, &c., to make yon christians in that country. I befriended him what I can, on account of the archbishop and bishop of Clogher. But what business have I to meddle? &c. Don't you remember that, sirrah Stella! what was that about, when you thought I was meddling with something that was not my business! O faith you are an impudent slut. I remember your doings, I'll never forget you as long as I live. Lewis and I dined together at his lodgings. But where's the answer to this letter of MD's! O faith, Presto, you must think of that. Time enough, says saucy Presto.

3. I was this morning to see Mrs. Barton; I love her better than any one here, and see her seldom. Why, really now, so it often happens in the world, that where one loves a body best—psbah, psbah, you are so silly with your moral observations.—Well, but she told me a very good story. An old gentlewoman died here two months ago, and left in her will to have eight men and eight maids bearers, who should have two guineas a-piece, ten guineas to the parson for a sermon, and two guineas to the clerk. But bearers, parson, and clerk must be all true virgins; and not to be admitted till they took their oaths of virginity: so the poor woman lies still unburied, and so must do till the general resurrection. I called at Mr. Secretary, to see what the d—ailed him on Sunday; I made him a very proper speech, told him "I observed he was much out of temper: that I did not expect he would tell me the cause, but would be glad to see he was in better;" and one thing I warned him of, "never to appear cold to me, for I would not be treated like a schoolboy; that I had felt too much of that in my life already (meaning sir William Temple), that I expected every great minister, who honoured me with his acquaintance, if he heard or saw anything to my disadvantage, would let me know in plain words, and not put me in pain to guess by the change or coldness of his countenance or behaviour; for it was what I would hardly bear from a crowned head, and I thought no subject's favour was worth it; and that I designed to let my lord-keeper and Mr. Harley know the same thing, that they might use me accordingly." He took all right; said "I had reason;" vowed "nothing ailed him but sitting up whole nights at business, and one night at drinking;" would have had me dined with him and Mrs. Masham's brother, to make up matters, but I would not. I don't know, but I would not. But indeed I was engaged with my old friend Rollinson;^a you never heard of him before.

4. I sometimes look a line or two back, and see plaguy mistakes of the pen; how do you get over them? you are puzzled sometimes. Why, I think what I said to Mr. Secretary was right. Don't you remember how I used to be in pain when sir William Temple would look cold and out of humour for three or four days, and I used to suspect a hundred reasons? I have plucked up my spirit since then, faith; be spoiled a fine gentleman. I dined with my neighbour Vanhomrigh, and MD, poor MD, at home on a loin of mutton and half a pint of wine, and the mutton was raw; poor Stella could not eat, poor dear rogue, and Dingley was so vexed: but we'll dine at Stoyte's to-morrow. Mr. Harley promised to see me in a day or two, so I called this evening; but his son and others were abroad, and he asleep, so I came awny, and found out Mrs. Vedeau. She drew out a letter from Dingley, and said she would get a friend to receive the money. I told her I would employ Mr. Tooke^b in it hencefor-

^a William Rollinson, esq., merchant, who retired from business into Oxfordshire.

^b The bookseller, who transacted Swift's pecuniary business.

ward. Her husband bought a lieutenantancy of foot, and is gone to Portugal. He sold his share of the shop to his brother, and put out the money to maintain her, all but what bought the commission. She lodges within two doors of her brother. She told me it made her very melancholy to exchange her manner of life thus, but trade was dead, &c. She says she will write to you soon. I design to engage Ben Tooke, and then receive the parchment from her. I gave Mr. Dopping a copy of Prior's verses on Mr. Harley: he sent them yesterday to Ireland; so go look for them, for I won't be at the trouble to transcribe them here.—They will be printed in a day or two. Give my hearty service to Stoyte and Catherine; upon my word I love them dearly, and desire you will tell them so: pray desire Goody Stoyte not to let Mrs. Walls and Mrs. Johnson cheat her of her money at omhre, but assure her from me that she is a hundler. Dine with her to-day, and tell her so, and drink my health, and good voyage and speedy return, and so you're a rogue.

5. Morning.—Now let us proceed to examine a sauey letter from one madam MD. God Almighty bless poor dear Stella, and send her a great many birthdays, all happy, and healthy, and wealthy, and with me ever together, and never asunder again, unless by chance. When I find you are happy or merry there, it makes me so here, and I can hardly imagine you absent when I am reading your letter or writing to you. No, faith, you are just here upon this little paper, and therefore I see and talk with you every evening constantly, and sometimes in the morning, but not always in the morning, because that is not so modest to young ladies. What, you would fain palm a letter upon me more than you sent; and I like a fool must look over all yours, to see whether this was really No. 12, or more. Patrick has this moment brought me letters from the bishop of Clogher and Parisiol; my heart was at my mouth for fear of one from MD: what a disgrace would it be to have two of yours to answer together! but faith this shall go to-night, for fear, and then, come when it will, I defy it. No, you are not naughty at all; write when you are disposed. And so the dean told you the story of Mr. Harley, from the archbishop; I warrant it never spoiled your supper, or broke off your game. Nor yet, have not you the box; I wish Mrs. Edgworth had the —. But you have it now, I suppose: and is the chocolate good, or has the tobacco spoiled it? Leigh stays till Sterne has done his business, no longer; and when that will be, God knows: I befriend him as much as I can, but Mr. Harley's accident stops that as well as all things else. You guess, madam Dingley, that I shall stay a round twelvemonth; as hope saved, I would come over if I could this minute; but we will talk of that hy and hy. Your affair of Vedau I have told you of already; now to the next, turn over the leaf. Mrs. Dobbins lies, I have no more provision here or in Ireland than I had. I am pleased that Stella the conjurer approves what I did with Mr. Harley: but your generosity makes me glad; I know you repine inwardly at Presto's absence: you think he has broken his word of coming in three months, and that this is always his trick: and now Stella says she does not see possibly how I can come away in haste, and that MD is satisfied, &c. An't you a rogue to overpower me thus! I did not expect to find such friends as I have done. They may indeed deceive me too. But there are important reasons [Pox on this grease, this candle-tallow!] why they should not. I have been used barbarously by the late mi-

* In relation to the bank-note for fifty pounds.

nistry: I am a little piqued in honour to let people see I am not to be despised. The assurances they give me, without any scruple or provocation, are such as are usually believed in the world; they may come to nothing, but the first opportunity that offers, and is neglected, I shall depend no more, but come away. I could say a thousand things on this head if I were with you. I am thinking why Stella should not go to the Bath, if she be told it will do her good; I will make Parisiol get up fifty pounds, and pay it you; and you may be good housewives, and live cheap there some months, and return in autumn, or visit London, as you please: pray think of it. I writ to Bernage, directed to Curry's; I wish he had the letter. I will send the bohen ten, if I can. The bishop of Kilmore! I don't keep such company: an old dying fool, whom I was never with in my life. So I am no godfather; all the better. Pray, Stella, explain those two words of yours to me, what you mean by *villan* and *dainger*, and you, madam Dingley, what is *christianing*!—Lay your letters *this way*, *this way*, and the devil a bit of difference between this way and t'other way. No; I'll show you, lay them *this way*, *this way*, and not *that way*, *that way*.—You shall have your aprons; and I'll put all your commissions as they come, in a paper together, and don't think I'll forget MD's orders, because they are friends; I'll be as careful as if they were strangers. I know not what to do about this Clements. Walls will not let me say anything, as if Mr. Pratt was against him; and now the bishop of Clogher has written to me in his behalf. This thing does not rightly fall in my way, and that people never consider: I always give my good offices where they are proper, and that I am judge of; however, I will do what I can. But if he has the name of a Whig, it will be hard, considering my lord Anglesea and Hyde are very much otherwise, and you know they have the employment of deputy-treasurer. If the frolic should take you of going to the Bath, I here send you a note on Parisiol; if not, you may tear it, and there's an end. Farewell.

If you have an imagination that the Bath will do you good, I say again I would have you go; if not, or it be inconvenient, burn this note. Or, if you would go, and not take so much money, take thirty pounds, and I will return you twenty from hence. Do as you please, sirrahs. I suppose it will not be too late for the first season; if it be, I would have you resolve, however, to go the second season, if the doctors say it will do you good, and you fancy so.

LETTER THE TWENTIETH.

London, April 5, 1711.

I PUT my 19th in the post-office just now myself, as I came out of the city, where I dined. This rain ruins me in coach-hire; I walked away sixpenny-worth, and came within a shilling length, and then took a coach, and got a lift back for nothing; and am now busy.

6. Mr. Secretary desired I would see him this morning, said he had several things to say to me, and said not one; and the duke of Ormond sent to desire I would meet him at Mr. Southwell's by ten this morning too, which I did, thinking it was some particular matter. All the Irish in town were there, to consult upon preventing a bill for laying a duty on Irish yarn; so we talked awhile, and then all went to the lobby of the house of commons to solicit our friends, and the duke came among the rest; and lord Anglesea solicited admirably, and I did wonders. But after all, the matter was put off till

Monday, and then we are to be at it again. I dined with lord Mountjoy, and looked over him at chess, which put me in mind of Stella and Griffith. I came home, and that dog Patrick was not within, so I fretted, and fretted, and what good did that do me? And so

Get you gone to your deams,
Yes couple of queans.

I can't find rhyme to Walls and Stoyte.—Yes, yes,—

You expect Mrs. Walls : To carry you to Stoyte,
He dress'd when she calls, Or else homi soft.

Henley told me that the Tories were insupportable people, because they are for bringing in French claret, and will not *support*. Mr. Harley will hardly get abroad this week or ten days yet. I reckon, when I send away this letter, he will be just got into the house of commons. My last letter went in twelve days, and so perhaps may this. No, it won't; for those letters that go under a fortnight are answers to one of yours, otherwise you must take the days as they happen, some dry, some wet, some barren, some fruitful, some merry, some insipid, some, &c. I will write you word exactly the first day I see young gooseberries, and pray observe how much later you are. We have not had five fine days this week, but rain or wind.—'Tis a late spring they say here. Go to bed, you two dear saucy brats, and don't keep me up all night.

7. Ford has been at Epsom, to avoid Good Friday and Easter Sunday. He forced me to-day to dine with him; and tells me there are letters from Ireland giving an account of a great indiscretion in the archbishop of Dublin, who applied a story out of Tacitus very reflectingly on Mr. Harley, and that twenty people have written of it; I do not believe it yet. I called this evening to see Mr. Secretary, who had been very ill with the gravel and pain in his back, by burgundy and champagne, added to the sitting up all night at business; I found him drinking tea, while the rest were at champagne, and was very glad of it. I have chid him so severely, that I hardly knew whether he would take it well: then I went and sat an hour with Mrs. St. John, who is growing a great favourite of mine; she goes to the Bath on Wednesday, for she is much out of health, and has begged me to take care of the secretary.

8. I dined to-day with Mr. secretary St. John; he gave me a letter to read, which was from the publisher of the newspaper called the Post-Boy [a Tory paper and violent]; in it there was a long copy of a letter from Dublin, giving an account of what the Whigs said upon Mr. Harley's being stabbed, and how much they abuse him and Mr. secretary St. John; and at the end there was half a dozen lines, telling the story of the archbishop of Dublin, and abusing him horribly; this was to be printed on Tuesday. I told the secretary "I would not suffer that about the archbishop to be printed," and so I crossed it out; and afterward, to prevent all danger, I made him give me the letter, and, upon further thought, would let none of it be published; and I sent for the printer and told him so, and ordered him in the secretary's name "to print nothing reflecting on anybody in Ireland till he had showed it me." Thus I have prevented a terrible scandal to the archbishop, by a piece of perfect good fortune. I will let him know it by next post; and pray, if you pick it out, let me know, and whether he is thankful for it; but say nothing.

9. I was to-day at the house of commons again about this yarn, at lord Anglesea's desire, but the business is again put off till Monday. I dined with sir John Stanley, by an assignation I had made with

Mr. St. John, and George Granville,* the secretary at war; but they let in other company, some ladies, and so we were not as easy as I intended. My head is pretty tolerable, but every day I feel some little disorders; I have left off snuff since Sunday, finding myself much worse after taking a good deal at the secretary's. I would not let him drink one drop of champagne or burgundy without water, and in compliment I did so myself. He is much better, but when he is well he is like Stella, and will not be governed. So go to your Stoyte's, and I'll go sleep.

10. I have been visiting lady Worsley and Mrs. Barton to-day, and dined soberly with my friend Lewis. The dauphin is dead of an apoplexy; I wish he had lived till the finishing of this letter, that it might be news to you. Duncomb, the rich alderman [and lord mayor of London], died to-day, and I hear has left the duke of Argyll, who married his niece, two hundred thousand pounds; I hope it is true, for I love that duke mightily. I writ this evening to the archbishop of Dublin about what I told you; and then went to take leave of poor Mrs. St. John, who gave me strict charge to take care of the secretary in her absence; said she had none to trust but me; and the poor creature's tears came fresh into her eyes. Before we took leave I was drawn in by the other ladies and sir John Stanley to raffle for a fan, with a box; it was four guineas, and we put in seven shillings a piece, several raffled for absent people; but I lost, and so missed an opportunity of showing my gallantry to Mrs. St. John, whom I designed to have presented to to if I had won. Is Dilly [Rev. Dillon Ashe] gone to the Bath? His face will whiten in the water; I suppose he will write to us from thence, and will take London in his way back. The rabble will say, "There goes a drunken parson," and, which is worse, they will say true. O, but you must know, I carried Ford to dine with Mr. St. John last Sunday, that he may brag, when he goes back, of dining with a secretary of state. The secretary and I went away early, and left him drinking with the rest, and he told me "that two or three of them were drunk." They talk of great promotions to be made; that Mr. Harley is to be lord-treasurer, and lord Poulet master of the horse, &c., but they are only conjecture. The speaker is to make Mr. Harley a compliment the first time he comes into the house, which I hope will be in a week. He has had an ill surgeon by the caprice of that puppy Dr. Radcliffe, which has kept him back so long; and yesterday he got a cold, but is better to-day. What! I think I am stark mad to write so much in one day to little saucy MD; here's a deal of stuff, indeed; can't you bid those dear little rogues good night, and let them go sleep, Mr. Presto! When your tongue runs there's no ho with you, pray.

11. Again at the lobby, like a locheek, of the house of commons, about your Irish yarn, and again put off till Friday; and I and Patrick went into the city by water, where I dined, and then went to the auction of Charles Bernard's books, but the good ones were so monstrous dear I could not reach them, so I laid out one pound seven shillings but very indifferently, and came away, and will go there no more. Henley would fain engage me to go with Steele and Rowe, &c., to an invitation at sir William Read's.^b Surely you have heard of him. He has been a mountebank, and is the

* Afterwards lord Lansdowne, celebrated by Pope as "Granville the polite."

^b An advertising quack for the cure of ophthalmia, wens, barelegs, wry necks, &c. &c.

queen's oculist; he makes admirable punches, and treats you in gold vessels. But I am engaged, and won't go, neither indeed am I fond of the jaunt. So good night, and go sleep.

12. I went about noon to the secretary, who is very ill with a cold, and sometimes of the gravel, with his champagne, &c. I scolded him like a dog, and he promises faithfully more care for the future. To-day my lord Angless, and sir Thomas Hanmer, and Prior, and I, dined, by appointment, with lieutenant-general Wehhi. My lord and I stayed till ten o'clock, but we drank soberly, and I always with water. There was with us one Mr. Campaign, one of the October club, if you know what that is; a club of country members, who think the ministers are too backward in punishing and turning out the Whigs. I found my lord and the rest thought I had more credit with the ministry than I pretend to have, and would have engaged me to put them upon something that would satisfy their desires, and indeed I think they have some reason to complain; however, I will not hurt my fingers. I'll remember Stella's chiding. What had you to do with what did not belong to you? &c. However, you will give me leave to tell the ministry my thoughts when they ask them, and other people's thoughts sometimes when they do not ask; so thinks Dingley.

13. I called this morning at Mrs. Vedeau's again, who has employed a friend to get the money; it will be done in a fortnight, and then she will deliver me up the parchment. I went then to see Mr. Harley, who I hope will be out in a few days; he was in excellent good humour, only complained to me of the neglect of Guiscard's cure, how glad he would have been to have had him live. Mr. Secretary came in to us, and we were very merry till lord chamberlain (duke of Shrewsbury) came up; then colonel Masham and I went off, after I had been presented to the duke, and that we made two or three silly compliments suitable to the occasion. Then I attended at the house of commons about your yarn, and 'tis again put off. Then Ford drew me to dine at a tavern; it happened to be the day and the house where the October club dine. After we had dined, coming down, we called to inquire whether our yarn business had been over that day, and I sent into the room for sir George Beaumont. But I had like to be drawn into a difficulty; for in two minutes out comes Mr. Finch, lord Guernsey's son, to let me know that my lord Compton, the steward of this feast, desired, in the name of the club, that I would do them the honour to dine with them. I sent my excuses, adorned with about thirty compliments, and got off as fast as I could. It would have been a most improper thing for me to dine there, considering my friendship for the ministry. The club is about a hundred and fifty, and near eighty of them were then going to dinner at two long tables in a great ground room. At evening I went to the auction of Bernard's books, and laid out three pounds three shillings, but I'll go there no more; and so I said once before, but now I'll keep to it. I forgot to tell that when I dined at Webby's with lord Angless, I spoke to him of Clements, as one recommended for a very honest gentleman and good officer, and hoped he would keep him: he said he had no thought otherwise, and that he should certainly hold his place while he continued to deserve it; and I could not find there had been any intentions from his lordship against him. But I tell you, hunny, the impropriety of this. A great man will do a favour for me, or for my friend, but why should he do it for my friend's friend? Recommendations should stop before they come to

that. Let any friend of mine recommend one of his to me for a thing in my power, I will do it for his sake; but to speak to another for my friend's friend, is against all reason; and I desire you will understand this, and discourage any such troubles given me. I hope this may do some good to Clements, it can do no hurt; and I find by Mrs. Pratt that her husband is his friend; and the bishop of Clogher says, Clements' danger is not from Pratt, but from some other enemies, that think him a Whig.

14. I was so busy this morning that I did not go out till late. I writ to-day to the duke of Argyle, but said nothing of Bernage, who, I believe, will not see him till Spain is conquered, and that is not at all. I was to-day at lord Shelburne's, and spoke to Mrs. Pratt again about Clements: her husband himself wants some good offices, and I have done him very good ones lately, and told Mrs. Pratt I expected her husband would stand by Clements in return. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined with neighbour Vanbomrigh: he is mighty ill of an asthma, and apprehends himself in much danger: 'tis his own fault, that will rake and drink when he is but just crawled out of his grave. I will send this letter just now, because I think my half-year is out for my lodging; and, if you please, I would be glad it were paid off, and some deal boxes made for my books, and kept in some safe place. I would give something for their keeping, but I doubt that lodging will not serve me when I come back: I would have a larger place for books, and a stable, if possible. So pray be so kind to pay the lodging, and all accounts about it; and get Mrs. Brent to put up my things. I would have no books put in that trunk where my papers are. If you do not think of going to the Bath, I here send you a bill on Parviai for twenty pounds Irish, out of which you will pay for the lodging, and score the rest to me. Do as you please, and love poor Presto, that loves MD better than his life a thousand millions of times. Farewell, MD, &c. &c.

LETTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

London, April 14, 1711.

REMEMBER, sirraba, that there are but nine days between the dates of my two former letters. I sent away my 20th this moment, and now am writing on like a fish, as if nothing was done. But there was a cause for my hasting away my last, for fear it should not come time enough before a new quarter began. I told you where I dined to-day, but forgot to tell you what I believe, that Mr. Harley will be lord-treasurer in a short time, and other great removes and promotions made. This is my thought, &c.

15. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary, and he is grown pretty well. I dined with him to-day, and drank some of that wine which the great duke of Tuscany used to send to sir William Temple: he always sends some to the chief ministers. I liked it mightily, but he does not; and he ordered his butler to send me a chest of it to-morrow. Would to God MD had it. The queen is well again, and was at chapel to-day, &c.

16. I went with Ford into the city to-day, and dined with Stratford, and drank tockay, and then we went to the auction; but I did not lay out above twelve shillings. My head is a little out of order to-night, though no formal fit. My lord-keeper has sent to invite me to dinner to-morrow, and you'll find better with the dean, and God bless you. I forgot to tell you that yesterday was sent me a narrative printed, with all the circumstances of Mr. Harley's stabbing. I had not time to do it myself,

so I sent my hints to the author of the Atlantis [Mrs. Manley], and she has cooked it into a sixpenny pamphlet, in her own style, only the first page is left as I was beginning it. But I was afraid of disobliging Mr. Harley or Mr. St. John in one critical point about it, and so would not do it myself. It is worth your reading, for the circumstances are all true. My chest of Florence was sent me this morning, and cost me seven and sixpence to two servants. I would give two guineas you had it, &c.

17. I was so out of order with my head this morning, that I was going to send my excuses to my lord-keeper; but, however, I got up at eleven, and walked there after two, and stayed till eight. There was sir Thomas Mansel, Prior, George Granville, and Mr. Cesar, and we were very merry. My head is still wrong, but I have had no formal fit, only I totter a little. I have left off snuff altogether. I have a noble roll of tobacco for grating, very good. Shall I send it to MD, if she likes that sort? My lord-keeper and our this day's company are to dine on Saturday with George Granville, and to-morrow I dine with lord Anglesca.

18. Did you ever see such a blundering goosecap as Presto! I saw the number 21 stop, and so I went on as if it were the day of the month, whereas this is but Wednesday the 18th. How shall I do to blot and alter them? I have made a shift to do it behind, but it is a great botch. I dined with lord Anglesca to-day, but did not go to the house of commons about the yarn; my head was not well enough. I know not what's the matter; it has never been thus before: two days together giddy from morning till night, but not with any violence or pain; and I totter a little, but can make shift to walk. I doubt I must fall to my pills again; I think of going into the country a little way. I tell you what you must do henceforward: you must enclose your letter in a fair half-sheet of paper, and direct the outside to Erasmus Lewis, esquire, at my lord Dartmouth's office at Whitehall; for I never go to the coffeehouse, and they will grudge to take in my letters. I forgot to tell you that your mother was to see me this morning, and brought me a flask of sweet water for a present, admirable for my head; but I shall not smell to it. She is going to Sheen with lady Giffard; she would fain send your papers over to you, or give them to me. Say what you would have done, and it shall be done; because I love Stella, and she is a good daughter, they say, and so is Dingley.

19. This morning general Webb was to give me a visit; he goes with a crutch and a stick, yet was forced to make up two pair of stairs. I promised to dine with him, but afterward sent my excuses, and dined privately in my friend Lewis's lodgings at Whitehall, with whom I had much business to talk of relating to the public and myself. Little Harrison the Tatler goes to-morrow to the secretaryship I got him at the Hague, and Mr. St. John has made him a present of fifty guineas to bear his charges. An't I a good friend! Why are not you a young fellow, that I might prefer you? I had a letter from Bernage from Kinsale: he tells me his commission for captain-lieutenant was ready for him at his arrival; so there are two jackanapes I have done with. My head is something better this evening, though not well.

20. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary, whose packets were just come in, and among them a letter from lord Peterborow to me: he writes so well I have no mind to answer him, and so kind that I must answer him. The emperor's death must, I think, cause great alterations in Europe, and, I believe, will hasten a peace. We reckon our king Charles will be chosen emperor, and the duke of

Savoy set up for Spain; but I believe he will make nothing of it. Dr. Freind and I dined in the city at a printer's, but it cost me two shillings in coach-hire, and a great deal more this week and month, which has been almost all rain, with now and then sunshine, and is the truest April that I have known these many years. The lime-trees in the park are all out in leaves, though not large leaves yet. Wise people are going into the country; but many think the parliament can hardly be up these six weeks. Mr. Harley was with the queen on Tuesday. I believe certainly he will be the lord-treasurer: I have not seen him this week.

21. Morning.—Lord-keeper, and I; and Prior, and sir Thomas Mansel, have appointed to dine this day with George Granville. My head, I thank God, is better; but to be giddyish three or four days together mortified me. I take no snuff, and I will be very regular in eating little, and the gentlest meats. How does poor Stella just now, with her deans and her Stoytes? Do they give you health for the money you lose at ombre, sirrah! What say you to that? Poor Dingley frets to see Stella lose that four and elevenpence t'other night. Let us rise. Morrow, sirrahs. I will rise in spite of your little teeth; good morrow. At night.—O, faith, you are little dear sauceboxes. I was just going in the morning to tell you that I began to want a letter from MD, and in four minutes after Mr. Ford sends me one that he had picked up at St. James's coffeehouse; for I go to no coffeehouse at all. And faith I was glad at heart to see it, and to see Stella so brisk. O Lord, what pretending! Well, but I won't answer it yet; I'll keep it for t'other side. Well, we dined to-day according to appointment: lord-keeper went away at near eight, I at eight, and I believe the rest will be fairly fuddled; for young Harcourt, lord-keeper's son, began to prattle before I came away. It will not do with Prior's lean carcass. I drink little, miss my glass often, put water in my wine, and go away before the rest, which I take to be a good receipt for sobriety. Let us put it into rhyme, and so make a proverb:

Drink little at a time; Miss your glass when you eat,
Put water with your wine. And go off the first man.
God be thanked, I am much better than I was, though something of a totterer. I ate but little to-day, and of the gentlest meat. I refused ham and pigeons, pease-soup, stewed beef, cold salmon, because they were too strobby. I take no snuff at all, but some berb-snuff prescribed by Dr. Radcliffe.

Go to your deans, you couple of quans.

I believe I said that already. What care I! what cares Presto!

22. Morning.—I must rise and go to the secretary's. Mr. Harley has been out of town this week to refresh himself before he comes into parliament. O, but I must rise, so there is no more to be said; and so morrow, sirrahs both. Night.—I dined to-day with the secretary, who has engaged me for every Sunday; and I was an hour with him this morning deep in politics, where I told him the objections of the October Club, and he answered all except one.—That no inquiries are made into past mismanagement. But, indeed, I believe they are not yet able to make any; the late ministry were too cunning in their roguesries, and fenced themselves with an act of general pardon. I believe Mr. Harley must be lord-treasurer, yet he makes only one difficulty which is hard to answer; he must be made a lord, and his estate is not large enough, and he is too generous to make it larger; and if the ministry should change soon by any accident, he will be left in the sands. Another difficulty is, that if he be made a peer they

will want him prodigiously in the house of commons, of which he is the great mover, and after him the secretary, and hardly any else of weight.* Two shillings more to-day for coach and chair. I shall be ruined.

23. So you expect an answer to your letter, do you so? Yes, you shall have an answer, you shall, young women. I made a good pun on Saturday to my lord-keeper. After dinner we had coarse Doiley noppins, fringed at each end, upon the table to drink with; my lord-keeper spread one of them between him and Mr. Prior; I told him I was glad to see there was such a *fringeship* (friendship) between Mr. Prior and his lordship. Prior swore "it was the worst he had ever heard of!" I said "I thought so too!" but at the same time I thought it was most like one of Stella's that ever I heard. I dined to-day with lord Mountjoy, and this evening saw the Venetian ambassador coming from his first public audience. His coach was the most monstrous, huge, fine, rich, gilt thing that ever I saw. I loitered this evening, and came home late.

24. I was this morning to visit the duchess of Ormond, who has long desired it, or threatened she would not let me visit her daughters. I sat an hour with her, and we were good company, when in came the countess of Bellamont, with a pox. I went out, and we did not know one another, yet hearing me named, she asked, "What, is that Dr. Swift?" said she: "he and I were very well acquainted!" and fell railing at me without mercy, as a lady told me that was there; yet I never was but once in the company of that drab of a countess. Sir Andrew Fountain and I dined with my neighbour Van. I design, in two days, if possible, to go lodge at Chelsea for the air, and put myself under a necessity of walking to and from London every day. I writ this post to the bishop of Clogher a long polite letter to entertain him. I am to buy statues and harness [Farnese] for them, with a vengeance. I have packed and sealed up MD's twelve letters against I go to Chelsea. I have put the last commissions of MD in my account-book; but if there be any former ones, I have forgot them. I have Dingley's pocket-book down, and Stella's green silk apron, and the pound of tea; pray send me word if you have any other, and down they shall go. I will not answer your letter yet, saucy boxes. You are with the dean just now, madam Stella, losing your money. Why don't you name what number you have received? you say you have received my letters, but don't tell the number.

25. I was this day dining in the city with very insignificant, low, and scurvy company. I had a letter from the archbishop of Dublin, with a long denial of the report raised on him, which yet has been since assured to me by those who say they have it from the first hand; but I cannot believe them. I will show it to the secretary to-morrow. I will not answer yours till I get to Chelsea.

26. Chelsea.—I have sent two boxes of lumber to my friend Darteneuf's house, and my chest of Florence and other things to Mrs. Vanhomrigh, where I dined to-day. I was this morning with the secretary, and showed him the archbishop's letter, and convinced him of his grace's innocence, and I will do the same to Mr. Harley. I got here in the stage-coach with Patrick and my portmanteau for sixpence, and pay six shillings a week for one silly room with confounded coarse sheets. We have had such a horrible deal of rain, that there is no walking to London, and I must go as I came until it mends; and besides, the whelp has taken my lodging as far from London as this town could afford, at least half a mile farther

than he need; but I must be content. The best is, I lodge just over against Dr. Atterbury's house, and yet perhaps I shall not like the place the better for that. Well, I'll stay till to-morrow before I answer your letter; and you must suppose me always writing at Chelsea from henceforward, till I alter, and say London. This letter goes on Saturday, which will be just a fortnight; so go and cheat Goody Stoyte, &c.

27. Do you know that I fear my whole chest of Florence is turned sour, at least the two first books were so, and hardly drinkable. How plaguy unfortunate am I! and the secretary's own is the best I ever tasted; and I must not tell him, but be as thankful as if it were the best in Christendom. I went to town in the sixpenny stage to-day, and hearing Mr. Harley was not at home, I went to see him, because I knew by the message of his lying porter that he was at home. He was very well, and just going out, but made me promise to dine with him; and between that, and indeed strolling about, I lost four pound seven shillings at play — with a — — — a — — — bookseller, and got but half a dozen books.* I will buy no more books now, that's certain. Well, I dined at Mr. Harley's, came away at six, shifted my gown, cassock, and periwig, and walked hither to Chelsea, as I always design to do when it is fair. I am heartily sorry to find my friend the secretary stands a little ticklish with the rest of the ministry: there have been one or two disobliging things that have happened, too long to tell: and t'other day in parliament, upon a debate of about thirty-five millions that have not been duly accounted for, Mr. Secretary, in his warmth of speech, and seal for his friend Mr. Brydges, on whom part of the blame was falling, said, "he did not know that either Mr. Brydges or the late ministry were at all to blame in this matter;" which was very desperately spoken, and giving up the whole cause; for the chief quarrel against the late ministry was the ill management of the treasure, and was more than all the rest together. I had heard of this matter, but Mr. Foley beginning to discourse to-day at table, without naming Mr. St. John, I turned to Mr. Harley, and said, "if the late ministry were not to blame in that article, he (Mr. Harley) ought to lose his head for putting the queen upon changing them." He made it a jest: but by some words dropped I easily saw that they take things ill of Mr. St. John, and by some hints given me from another hand that I deal with, I am afraid the secretary will not stand long. This is the fate of courts. I will, if I meet Mr. St. John alone on Sunday, tell him my opinion, and beg him to set himself right, else the consequences may be very bad, for I see not how they can well want him neither, and he would make a troublesome enemy. But enough of politics.

28. Morning.—I forgot to tell you that Mr. Harley asked me yesterday how he came to disoblige the archbishop of Dublin? upon which (having not his letter about me) I told him what the bishop had written to me on that subject, and desired I might read him the letter some other time. But after all, from what I have heard from other hands, I am afraid the archbishop is a little guilty. Here is one Brent Spencer, a brother of Mr. Proby's, who affirms it, and says he has leave to do so from Charles Deering, who heard the words; and Ingoldshy (lord-justice) abused the archbishop, &c. Well, but now for your saucy letter: I have no room to answer it: O yes; enough on t'other side. Are you no sicker? Stella jeers Presto for not coming over by Christmas; but indeed Stella does not jeer, but reproach poor,

* That is, among the ministry.

* This must have been at raffling for books.

poor Presto. And how can I come away, and the first-fruits not finished? I am of opinion the duke of Ormond will do nothing in them before he goes, which will be in a fortnight they say; and then they must fall to me to be done in his absence. No, indeed, I have nothing to print: you know they have printed the *Miscellanies* already. Are they on your side yet? If you have my snuff-box I'll have your strong-box. Hi, does Stella take snuff again? or is it only because it is a fine box?—Not the *Meddle*, but the *Medley*, you fool. [A violent Whig journal.] Yes, yes, a wretched thing, because it is against you Tories: now I think it very fine, and the Examiner a wretched thing.—Twist your mouth, sirrah. Guiscard, and what you will read in the narrative, I ordered to be written, and nothing else. The Spectator is written by Steele with Addison's help: 'tis often very pretty. Yesterday it was made of a noble hint I gave him long ago for his *Tallers*, about an Indian supposed to write his travels into England. I repeat he ever had it. I intended to have written a book on that subject. I believe he has spent it all in one paper, and all the under hints there are mine too: but I never see him or Addison. The queen is well, but I fear will be no long liver; for I am told she has sometimes the gout in her bowels [I hate the word bowels]. My ears have been these three months past much better than any time these two years; but now they begin to be a little out of order again. My head is better, though not right; but I trust to air and walking. You have got my letter, but what number? I suppose 18. Well, my shin has been well this month. No, Mrs. Westley came away without her husband's knowledge, while she was in the country: she has written to me for some ten.—They lie; Mr. Harley's wound was very terrible: he had convulsions, and very narrowly escaped. The bruise was nine times worse than the wound; he is weak still. Well, Brooks married; I know all that. I am sorry for Mrs. Wall's eye: I hope 'tis better. O yes, you are great walkers; but I have heard them say, "Much talkers, little walkers;" and I believe I may apply the old proverb to you—

"If you talk'd no more than you walk'd,
Those that think you wits would be laid'k."

Yes, Stella shall have a large-printed Bible: I have put it down among my commissions for MD. I am glad to hear you have taken the fancy of intending to read the Bible. Fox take the box: is not it come yet? I this is trusting to your young fellows, young women; 'tis your fault: I thought you had aueb power with Sterne, that he would fly over Mount Atlas to serve you. You say you are not apelenetic; but if you be, faith you will break poor Presto's—I won't say the rest; but I vow to God, if I could decently come over now, I would, and leave all schemes of politics and ambition for ever. I have not the opportunities bere of preserving my health by riding, &c., that I have in Ireland; and the want of health is a great cooler of making one's court. You guess right about my being bit with a direction from Walls, and the letter from MD: I believe I described it in one of my last. This goes to-night; and I must now rise and walk to town, and walk back in the evening. God Almighty bless and preserve poor MD. Farewell.

O faith, don't think, saucy noses, that I'll fill this third side; I can't stay a letter above a fortnight: it must go then; and you would rather see a short one like this than wait it a week longer.

My humble service to the dean, and Mrs. Walls, and good kind hearty Mrs. Stoyte, and honest Catherine.

LETTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

Chelsea, April 26, 1711.

AT night.—I say at night because I finished my 21st this morning here, and put it into the post-office my own self, like a good boy. I think I am a little before you now, young women: I am writing my 22nd, and have received your 13th. I got to town between twelve and one, and put on my new gown and periwig, and dined with lord Abercorn, where I had not been since the marriage of his son lord Paisley, who has got ten thousand pounds with a wife. I am now a country gentleman. I walked home as I went, and am a little weary, and am got into bed. I hope in God the air and exercise will do me a little good. I have been inquiring about watus for Mrs. Ashe: I made lady Abercorn go with me; and will send them word next post to Clogher. I hate to buy for her: I'm sure she'll misaunder. I am going to study.

29. I had a charming walk to and from town to-day: I washed, shaved, and all, and changed gown and periwig, by half an hour after nine, and went to the secretary, who told me how he had differed with his friends in parliament: I apprehended this division, and told him a great deal of it. I went to court, and there several mentioned it to me as what they much disliked. I dined with the secretary; and we proposed some business of importance in the afternoon, which he broke to me first, and said how he and Mr. Harley were convinced of the necessity of it; yet he suffered one of his under-secretaries to come upon us after dinner, who stayed till six, and so nothing was done: and what care I! He shall send to me the next time, and ask twice. To-morrow I go to the election at Westminster school, where lads are chosen for the university: they say 'tis a sight, and a great trial of wits. Our expedition fleet is but just sailed: I believe it will come to nothing. Mr. Secretary frets at their tediousness, but hopes great things from it, though he owns four or five princes are in the secret; and for that reason I fear it is no secret to France. There are eight regiments; and the admiral is your Walker's^a brother, the midwife.

30. Morn.—I am here in a pretty pickle: it rains hard; and the cunning natives of Chelsea have outwitted me, and taken up all the three stage-coaches. What shall I do? I must go to town: this is your fault. I cannot walk: I'll borrow a coat. This is the blind side of my lodging out of town; I must expect such inconveniences as these. Faith I'll walk in the rain. Morrow.—At night. I got a gentleman's chaise by chance, and so went to town for a shilling, and lie this night in town. I was at the election of inds at Westminster to-day, and a very silly thing it is; but they say there will be fine doings to-morrow. I dined with Dr. Freind, the second master of the school, with a dozen parsons and others: Prior would make me stay. Mr. Harley is to hear the election to-morrow; and we are all to dine with tickets, and hear fine speeches. 'Tis terrible rainy weather again: I lie at a friend's in the city.

May 1. I wish you a merry May-day, and a thousand more. I was balked at Westminster; I came too late: I heard no speeches nor verses.—They would not let me into their dining-place for want of a ticket; and I would not send in for one, because Mr. Harley excused his coming, and Atterbury was not there; and I cared not for the rest: and so my friend Lewis and I dined with Kit Musgrave, as you know such a man; and the weather

^a Sir Chamberlain Walker, a celebrated acrobatsman

mending I walked gravely home this evening; and so I design to walk and walk till I am well: I fancy myself a little better already. How does poor Stella? Dingley is well enough. If you were, naughty girl, you are well enough. O dear MD, contrive to have some share of the country this spring: go to Finglas, or Donnybrook, or Clogher, or Killala, or Louth. Have you got your box yet? Yes, yea. Don't write to me again till this letter goes: I must make haste, that I may write two for one. Go to the Bath: I hope you are now at the Bath, if you had a mind to go; or go to Wexford: do something for your living. Have you given up my lodging according to order? I have had just now a compliment from dean Atterbury's lady, to command the garden and library, and whatever the house affords. I lodge just over against them; but the dean is in town with his vocation: so I have my dean and prolocutor as well as you, young women, though he has not so good wine nor so much meat.

2. A fine day, but begins to grow a little warm; and that makes your little fat Preston sweat in the forehead. Pray, are not the fine buns sold here in our town; was it not ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Chelsea Buns? I bought one to-day in my walk; it cost me a penny: it was stale, and I did not like it, as the man said, &c. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's; and had a flask of my Florence, which lies in their cellar; and so I came home gravely, and saw nobody of consequence to-day. I am very easy here, nobody plaguing me in a morning; and Patrick saves many a score lies. I sent over to Mrs. Atterbury, to know whether I might wait on her? but she is gone a visiting: we have exchanged some compliments, but I have not seen her yet. We have no news in our town.

3. I did not go to town to-day, it was so terrible rainy; nor have I stirred out of my rooms till eight this evening; when I crossed the way to see Mrs. Atterbury, and thank her for her civilities. She would needs send me some real, and small beer, and ale, to-day at dinner; and I have lived a scurvy, dull, splenetic day, for want of MD: I often thought how happy I could have been had it rained eight thousand times more, if MD had been with a body. My lord Rochester is dead this morning; they say at one o'clock; and I hear he died suddenly. To-morrow I shall know more. He is a great loss to us: I cannot think who will succeed him as lord-president. I have been writing a long letter to lord Peterborow, and am dull.

4. I dined to-day at lord Shelburne's, where lady Kerry made me a present of four India handkerchiefs, which I have a mind to keep for little MD, only that I had rather, &c. I have been a mighty handkerchief-monger, and have bought abundance of snuff once since I have left off taking snuff. And I am resolved, when I come over, MD shall be acquainted with lady Kerry: we have struck up a mighty friendship; and she has much better sense than any other lady of your country. We are almost in love with one another: but she is most egregiously ugly; but perfectly well bred, and governable as I please. I am resolved, when I come, to keep no company but MD; you know I kept my resolution last time; and, except Mr. Addison, conversed with none but you and your club of deans and Stoytes. 'Tis three weeks, young women, since I had a letter from you; and yet, methinks, I would not have another for five pound till this is gone; and yet I send every day to the coffeehouse, and I would fain have a letter, and not have a letter; and I don't know what, nor I don't know how; and this goes on very slow;

'tis a week to-morrow since I began it. I am a poor country gentleman, and don't know how the world passes. Do you know that every syllable I write I hold my lips just for all the world as if I were talking in our own little language to MD. Faith, I am very silly; but I can't help it for my life. I got home early to-night. My solicitors, that used to ply me every morning, knew not where to find me; and I am so happy not to hear Patrick, Patrick, called a hundred times every morning. But I looked backward, and find I have said this before. What care I? go to the dean and roast the oranges.

5. I dined to-day with my friend Lewis, and we were deep in politics how to save the present ministry; for I am afraid of Mr. Secretary, as I believe I told you. I went in the evening to see Mr. Harley; and upon my word I was in perfect joy. Mr. Secretary was just going out of the door; but I made him come back, and there was the old Saturday club, lord-keeper, lord Rivers, Mr. Secretary, Mr. Harley, and I; the first time since his stabbing. Mr. Secretary went away; but I stayed till nine, and made Mr. Harley show me his breast, and tell all the story; and I showed him the archbishop of Dublin's letter, and defended him effectually. We were all in mighty good humour.—Lord-keeper and I left them together, and I walked here after nine, two miles, and I found a parson drunk fighting with a seaman, and Patrick and I were so wise to part them, but the seaman followed him to Chelsea, cursing at him, and the parson slipped into a house, and I know no more. It mortified me to see a man in my coat so overtaken.—A pretty scene for one that just came from sitting with the prime ministers; I had no money in my pocket, and so could not be robbed. However, nothing but Mr. Harley shall make me take such a journey again. We don't yet know who will be president in lord Rochester's room. I measured, and found that the penknife would have killed Mr. Harley, if it had gone but half the breadth of my thumb-nail lower; so near was he to death. I was so curious to ask him what were his thoughts while they were carrying him home in the chair. He said, he concluded himself a dead man. He will not allow that Guiscard gave him the second stab, though my lord-keeper, who is blind, and I that was not there, are positive in it. He wears a plaster still as broad as half-a-crown. Smoke how wide the lines are, but faith I don't do it on purpose; but I have changed my side in this new Chelsea bed, and I don't know how methinks, but it is so unfit, and so awkward, never saw the like.

6. You must remember to enclose your letters in a fair paper, and direct the outside thus:—To Erasmus Lewis, esq., at my lord Dartmouth's office at Whitehall; I said so before, but it may miscarry, you know, yet I think none of my letters did ever miscarry; faith I think never one, among all the privateers and the storms: O faith, my letters are too good to be lost.

MD's letters may vary,
But never miscarry.

as the old woman used to say. And indeed, how should they miscarry, when they never come before their time? It was a terrible rainy day; yet I made a shift to steal fair weather over head enough to go and come in. I was early with the secretary, and dined with him afterward. In the morning I began to chide him, and tell him my fears of his proceedings. But Arthur Moore came up and relieved him. But I forgot, for you never heard of Arthur Moore.^a But when I get Mr. Harley alone I will

^a Brother to the earl of Drogheda, lord commissioner of trade, 20th Sept., 1710.

know the bottom. You will have Dr. Raymond over before this letter, and what care you!

7. I hope and believe my walks every day do me good. I was busy at home, and set out late this morning, and dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, at whose lodgings I always change my gown and perwig. I visited this afternoon, and, among others, poor Biddy Floyd, who is very red, but I believe won't be much marked. As I was coming home I met sir George Beaumont in the Pall-mall, who would needs walk with me as far as Buckingham-house. I was telling him of my head; he said he had been ill of the same disorder, and by all means forbid me bohea tea, which, he said, always gave it him; and that Dr. Ratcliffe said it was very bad. Now I had observed the same thing, and have left it off this month, having found myself ill after it several times; and I mention it that Stella may consider it for her poor own little head; a pound lies ready packed up, and directed for Mrs. Walls, to be sent by the first convenience. Mr. Secretary told me yesterday that Mr. Harley would this week be lord-treasurer and a peer, so I expect it every day; yet perhaps it may not be till parliament is up, which will be in a fortnight.

8. I was to-day with the duke of Ormond, and recommended to him the case of poor Joe Beaumont, who promises me to do him all justice and favour, and give him encouragement; and desired I would give a memorial to Ned Southwell about it, which I will, and so tell Joe when you see him, though he knows it already by a letter I writ to Mr. Warburton.^a It was bloody hot walking to-day. I dined in the city, and went and came by water; and it rained so this evening again, that I thought I should hardly be able to get a dry hour to walk home in. I'll send to-morrow to the coffeehouse for a letter from MD; but I would not have one, methinks, till this is gone, as it shall on Saturday. I visited the duchess of Ormond this morning; she does not go over with the duke. I spoke to her to get a lad touched for the evil, the son of a grocer in Capel-street, one Bell; the ladies have brought sugar and plums of him. Mrs. Mary used to go there often. This is Patrick's account; and the poor fellow has been here some months with his boy. But the queen has not been able to touch, and it now grows so warm I fear she will not at all.^b Go, go, to the dean's, and let him carry you to Dounybrook, and eat asparagus. Has Parvisol sent you any this year?^c I cannot sleep in the beginnings of the nights, the heat or something hinders me, and I am drowsy in the mornings.

9. Dr. Freind came this morning to visit Atterbury's lady and children as a physician, and persuaded me to go with him to town in his chariot. He told me he had been an hour before with sir Cholmley Dering, Charles Dering's nephew, and head of that family in Kent, for which he is knight of the shire. He said he left him dying of a pistol-shot quite through the body, by one Mr. Thornhill.^d They fought at sword and pistol this morning in Tuttle-fields; their pistols so near that the muzzles touched. Thornhill discharged first, and Dering, having received the shot, discharged his pistol as he was falling, so it went into the air. The story of this quarrel is long. Thornhill had lost seven teeth by a kick in the mouth from Dering, who had first

knocked him down: this was above a fortnight ago. Dering was next week to be married to a fine young lady. This makes a noise here, but you won't value it. Well, Mr. Harley, lord-keeper, and one or two more, are to be made lords immediately; their patents are now passing, and I read the preamble [written by the dean] to Mr. Harley's, full of his praises. Lewis and I dined with Ford; I found the wine: two flasks of my Florence, and two bottles of six that Dr. Raymond sent me of French wine; he sent it to me to drink with sir Robert Raymond and Mr. Harley's brother, whom I had introduced him to; but they never could find time to come: and now I have left the town, and it is too late.—Raymond will think it a cheat. What care I, sirrah!

10. Pshaw, pshaw, Patrick brought me four letters to-day: from Dilly at Bath; Joe; Parvisol; and, what was the fourth, who can tell! Stund away, who'll guess! who can it be? You, old man with a stick, can you tell who the fourth is from? Jas, an please your honour, it is from one madam MD, No. 14. Well; but I can't send this away now, because it was here, and I was in town, but it shall go on Saturday, and this is Thursday night, and it will be time enough for Wexford.—Take my method: I write here to Parvisol to lend Stella twenty pounds, and to take her note promissory to pay it in half a year, &c. You shall see, and if you want more let me know afterward; and be sure my money shall be always paid constantly too. Have you been good or ill housewives, pray!

11. Joe has written to me to get him a collector's place, nothing else; he says all the world knows of my great intimacy with Mr. Harley, and that the smallest word to him will do. This is the constant cant of puppies who are at a distance, and strangers to courts and ministers. My answer is this; which pray send: That I am ready to serve Joe as far as I can; that I have spoken to the duke of Ormond about his money, as I writ to Warburton; that, for the particular he mentions, it is a work of time which I cannot think of at present. But if accidents and opportunities should happen hereafter, I would not be wanting; that I know best how far my credit goes; that he is at a distance, and cannot judge; that I would be glad to do him good; and, if fortune throws an opportunity in my way, I shall not be wanting. This is my answer; which you may send or read to him. Pray contrive that Parvisol may not run away with my two hundred pounds, but get Burton's [a celebrated Dublin banker] note, and let the money be returned me by bill. Don't laugh, for I will be suspicious. Teach Parvisol to enclose, and direct the outside to Mr. Lewis. I will answer your letter in my next, only what I take notice of here excepted. I forgot to tell you that at the court of requests to-day I could not find a dinner I liked, and it grew late, and I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, &c.

12. Morning. I will finish this letter before I go to town, because I shall be busy, and have neither time nor place there. Farewell, &c. &c.

LETTER THE TWENTY-THIRD.

Chelsea, May 18, 1711.

I SENT you my 22nd this afternoon in town. I dined with Mr. Harley and the old club, lord Rivers, lord-keeper, and Mr. Secretary.—They rallied me last week, and said I must have Mr. St. John's leave, so I writ to him yesterday, that, foreseeing I should never dine again with sir Simon Hareourt, knight, and Robert Harley esq., I was resolved to

^a Dr. Swift's curate at Limerick.

^b Queen Anne was the last sovereign who practised this superstition.

^c From Swift's garden at Limerick.

^d Mr. Richard Thornhill was tried at the Old Bailey, May 18, 1711, and found guilty of manslaughter. He was soon after killed on Turnham-green. See Journal, Aug. 21.

do it to-day. The jest is, that before Saturday next we expect they will be lords; for Mr. Harley's patent is drawing to be earl of Oxford, Mr. Secretary and I came away at seven, and he brought me to our town's end in his coach; so I lost my walk. St. John read my letter to the company, which was all railleury, and passed purely.

13. It rained all last night and this morning as heavy as lead; but I just got fair weather to walk to town before church. The roads are all over in deep puddle. The hay of our town is almost fit to be mowed. I went to court after church, (as I always do on Sundays,) and then dined with Mr. Secretary, who has engaged me for every Sunday, and poor MD dined at home upon a bit of veal and a pint of wine. Is it not plaguy insipid to tell you every day when I dine? yet now I have got into the way of it, I cannot forbear it neither. Indeed, Mr. Presto, you had better go answer MD's letter, No. 14. I'll answer it when I please, Mr. Doctor. What's that you say? The court was very full this morning, expecting Mr. Harley would be declared earl of Oxford, and have the treasurer's staff. Mr. Harley never comes to court at all; somebody there asked me the reason; Why, said I, the lord of Oxford knows. He always goes to the queen by the back stairs. I was told for certain your jackanapes, lord Santry, was dead; captain Cammock assured me so; and now he's alive again, they say; but that shan't do; he shall be dead to me as long as he lives. Dick Tighe and I meet and never stir our hats. I am resolved to mistake him for Witherington, the little nasty lawyer that came up to me so sternly at the easle the day I left Ireland. I'll ask the gentleman I saw walking with him how long Witherington has been in town.

14. I went to town to-day by water. The hail quite discouraged me from walking, and there is no shade in the greatest part of the way: I took the first boat, and had a footman my companion; then went again by water, and dined in the city with a printer, to whom I carried a pamphlet in manuscript that Mr. Secretary gave me. The printer sent it to the secretary for his approbation, and he desired me to look it over, which I did, and found it a very scurvy piece. The reason I tell you so is, because it was done by your parson Slap, Scrap, Flap, (what d'ye call him!) Trap, your chancellor's chaplain. 'Tis called "A Character of the present Set of Whigs," and is going to be printed, and no doubt the author will take care to produce it in Ireland. Dr. Freind, was with me, and pulled out a twopenny pamphlet just published called "The State of Wit," giving a character of all the papers that have come out of late. The author seems to be a Whig, yet he speaks very highly of a paper called the Examiner, and says the supposed author of it is Dr. Swift. But above all things he praises the Tatlers and Spectators; and I believe Steele and Addison were privy to the printing of it. This is one treated by these impudent dogs. And that villain Curl has scraped up some trash, and calls it Dr. Swift's Miscellanies, with the name at large, and I can get no satisfaction of him. Nay, Mr. Harley told me he had read it, and only laughed at me before lord-keeper and the rest. Since I came home I have been sitting with the prolocutor, dean Atterbury, who is my neighbour over the way; but generally keeps in town with his convocation. 'Tis late, &c.

15. My walk to town to-day was after ten, and prodigiously hot; I dined with lord Shelburne, and have desired Mrs. Pratt, who lodges there, to carry over Mrs. Wall's tea; I hope she will do it, and they talk of going in a fortnight. My way is this:

I leave my best gown and periwig at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, then walk up the Pall-mall, through the park, out at Buckingham-house, and so to Chelsea a little beyond the church: I set out about sunset, and get here in something less than an hour; it is two good miles, and just five thousand seven hundred and forty-eight steps; so there is four miles a day walking, without reckoning what I walk while I stay in town. When I pass the Mall in the evening it is prodigious to see the number of ladies walking there; and I always cry shame at the ladies of Ireland, who never walk at all, as if their legs were of no use but to be laid aside. I have been now almost three weeks here, and I thank God am much better in my head, if it does but continue. I tell you what; if I was with you, when we went to Stoyte at Donnybrook, we would only take a coach to the hither end of Stephen's-green, and from thence go every step on foot, yes faith, every step; it would do: DD^a goes as well as Presto. Everybody tells me I look better already; for faith I looked sadly, that's certain. My breakfast is milk porridge: I don't love it, faith I hate it, but 'tis cheap and wholesome; and I hate to be obliged to either of those qualities for anything.

16. I wonder why Presto will be so tedious in answering MD's letters; because he would keep the best to the last I suppose. Well, Presto must be humoured, it must be as he will have it, or there will be an end to do. Dead with heat, are not you very hot? My walks make my forehead sweat rarely; sometimes my morning journey is by water, as it was to-day with one parson Richardson, who came to see me, on his going to Ireland; and with him I send Mrs. Wall's tea, and three books I got from the lords of the treasury for the college [university of Dublin]. I dined with lord Shelburne to-day; lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt are going likewise for Ireland.—Lord, I forgot, I dined with Mr. Prior to-day, at his house, with dean Atterbury and others; and came home pretty late, and I think I'm in a furr, and don't know what I say, never saw the like.

17. Sterne came here by water to see me this morning, and I went back with him to his boat. He tells me that Mrs. Edgworth married a fellow in her journey to Chester: so I believe she little thought of anybody's box but her own. I desired Sterne to give me directions where to get the box in Chester, which he says he will to-morrow, and I will write to Richardson to get it up there as he goes by, and whip it over. It is directed to Mrs. Curry: you must caution her of it, and desire her to send it you when it comes. Sterne says Jenny Leight loves London mightily: that makes him stay so long, I believe, and not Sterne's business, which Mr. Harley's accident has put much backward. We expect now every day that he will be earl of Oxford and lord-treasurer. His patent is passing; but they say, lord-keeper's not yet, at least his son, young Harcourt, told me so to-day. I dined to-day privately with my friend Lewis at his lodgings at Whitehall. To-day at Whitehall I met a lady of my acquaintance, whom I had not seen before since I came to England: we were mighty glad to see each other, and she has engaged me to visit her, as I design to do. It is one Mrs. Colledge: she has lodgings at Whitehall, having been seamstress to King William, worth three hundred a year. Her father was a fanatic joiner, hanged for treason in Shaftesbury's plot. This noble person and I were brought acquainted, some years ago, by lady Berkeley. I love good creditable acquaintance; I love to be the worst of the company: I am not of those that

* In this passage DD signifies both Digley and Stella.

say, for want of company, welcome trumpety. I was this evening with lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt at Vauxhall, to hear the nightingales; but they are almost past singing.

18. I was hunting the secretary to-day in vain about some business, and dined with colonel Crowe, late governor of Barbadoes, and your friend Sterne was the third; he is very kind to Sterne, and helps him in his business, which lies asleep till Mr. Harley is lord-treasurer, because nothing of moment is now done in the treasury, the change being expected every day. I sat with dean Atterbury till one o'clock after I came home; so 'tis late, &c.

19. Do you know that about our town we are mowing already and making hay, and it smells so sweet as we walk through the flowery meads; but the hay-making nymphs are perfect drabs, nothing so clean and pretty as further in the country. There is a mighty increase of dirty wenches in straw hats since I knew London. I stayed at home till five o'clock, and dined with dean Atterbury; then went by water to Mr. Harley's, where the Saturday club was met, with the addition of the duke of Shrewsbury. I whispered lord Rivers that I did not like to see a stranger among us; and the rogue told it aloud; but Mr. Secretary said the duke writ to have leave; so I appeared satisfied, and so we laughed. Mr. Secretary told me the duke of Buckingham had been talking to him much about me, and desired my acquaintance. I answered, it could not be; for he had not made sufficient advances. Then the duke of Shrewsbury said he thought that duke was not used to make advances. I said I could not help that; for I always expected advances in proportion to men's quality, and more from a duke than other men. The duke replied that he did not mean anything of his quality; which was handsomely said enough, for he meant his pride; and I have invented a notion to believe that nobody is proud. At ten all the company went away; and from ten till twelve Mr. Harley and I sat together, where we talked through a great deal of matters I had a mind to settle with him, and then walked in a fine moonshine night to Chelsea, where I got by one. Lord Rivers conjured me not to walk so late; but I would, because I had no other way; but I had no money to lose.

20. By what lord-keeper told me last night, I find he will not be made a peer so soon, but Mr. Harley's patent for earl of Oxford is now drawing, and will be done in three days. We made him owe it, which he did scurvily, and then talked of it like the rest. Mr. Secretary had too much company with him to-day; so I came away soon after dinner. I give no man liberty to swear or talk b—dy, and I found some of them were in constraint, so I left them to themselves. I wish you a merry Whitsuntide, and pray tell me how you pass away your time; but faith, you are going to Wexford, and I fear this letter is too late; it shall go on Thursday, and sooner it cannot, I have so much business to hinder me answering yours. Where must I direct in your absence? Do you quit your lodgings?

21. Going to town this morning, I met in the Pall-mall a clergyman of Ireland, whom I love very well, and was glad to see, and with him a little jackanapes of Ireland too, who married Nanny Swift, uncle Adam's daughter, one Perry; perhaps you may have heard of him. His wife has sent him here to get a place from Lownds; because my uncle and Lownds married two sisters, and Lownds is a great man here in the treasury; and by good luck I have no ac-

quaintance with him; however, he expected I should be his friend to Lownds, and one word of mine, &c.; the old cant. But I will not go two yards to help him. I dined with Mrs. Vaulomrigh, where I keep my best gown and periwig to put on when I come to town and be a spark.

22. I dined to-day in the city, and coming home this evening I met sir Thomas Munsel and Mr. Lewis in the park. Lewis whispered me that Mr. Harley's patent for earl of Oxford was passed in Mr. secretary St. John's office; so to-morrow or next day I suppose he will be declared earl of Oxford, and have the staff. This man has grown by persecutions, turnings out, and stabbing. What waiting, and crowding, and bowing, will be at his levee! yet if human nature be capable of so much constancy, I should believe he will be the same man still, bating the necessary forms of grandeur he must keep up. 'Tis late, sirrahs, and I'll go sleep.

23. Morning. I sat up late last night, and waked late to-day; but will now answer your letter in bed before I go to town, and will send it to-morrow; for perhaps you mayn't go so soon to Wexford.—No, you are not out in your number: the last was No. 14, and so I told you twice or thrice; will you never be satisfied! What shall we do for poor Stella! Go to Wexford, for God's sake: I wish you were to walk there by three miles a-day, with a good lodging at every mile's end. Walking has done me so much good that I cannot but prescribe it often to poor Stella. Parvisol has sent me a bill for fifty pounds, which I am sorry for, having not written to him for it, only mentioned it two months ago; but I hope he will be able to tell you what I have drawn upon him for; he never sent me any sum before but one bill of twenty pounds, half a year ago. You are welcome as my blood to every furling I have in the world; and all that grieves me is, I am not richer, for MD's sake, as hope saved. I suppose you give up your lodgings when you go to Wexford; yet that will be inconvenient too; yet I wish again you were under the necessity of rambling the country till Michaelmas, faith. No, let him keep the shelves, with a pox; yet they are exacting people about those four weeks, or Mrs. Brent may have the shelves, if she please. I am obliged to your dean for his kind offer of lending me money. Will that be enough to say! A hundred people would lend me mauncy, or to any man who has not the reputation of a squanderer. O faith, I should be glad to be in the same kingdom with MD, however, although you were at Wexford. But I am kept here by a most capricious fate, which I would break through if I could do it with decency or honour. To return without some mark of distinction would look extremely little; and I would likewise gladly be somewhat richer than I am. I will say no more, but beg you to be easy till Fortune take her course, and to believe that MD's felicity is the great end I aim at in all my pursuits. And so let us talk no more on this subject, which makes me melancholy, and that I would fain divert. Believe me, no man breathing at present has less share of bappiness in life than I: I do not say I am unhappy at all, but that everything here is tasteless to me for want of being where I would be. And so a short sigh, and no more of this. Well, come, and let's see what's next, young women. Pox take Mrs. Edgworth and Sterne: I will take some methods about that box. What orders would you have me give about the picture? Can't you do with it as if it were your own? No, I hope Mauley will keep his place, for I hear nothing of sir Thomas Franklin's losing his. Send nothing under cover to Mr. Addison, but to Erasmus Lewis, esq., at my lord Dart-

* Only addressed some humorous verses "To my very ingenious and worthy Friend William Lownds, Esq., Author of that celebrated Treatise in folio, called the Land Tax Bill."

mouth's office at Whitehall. Direct your outside so. Poor dear Stella, don't write in the dark nor in the light neither, but dictate to Dingley; she is a naughty healthy girl, and may drudge for both. Are you good company together? and don't you quarrel too often? Pray, love one another, and kiss one another just now, as Dingley is reading this; for you quarrelled this morning just after Mrs. Marget had poured water on Stella's head: I heard the little bird say so. Well, I have answered everything in your letter that required it, and yet the second side is not full. I'll come home at night, and say more; and to-morrow this goes for certain. Go, get you gone to your own chambers, and let Presto rise like a modest gentleman, and walk to town.—I fancy I begin to sweat less in the forehead by constant walking than I used to do; but then I shall be so sunburnt, the ladies won't like me. Come, let me rise, sirrabs. Morrow. At night.—I dined with Ford to-day at his lodgings, and I found wine out of my own cellar, some of my own estate of the great duke's wine: it begins to turn. They say wine with you in Ireland is half-a-crown a bottle. 'Tis as Stella says, nothing that once grows dear in Ireland ever grows cheap again, except corn, with a pox, to ruin the parson. I had a letter to-day from the archbishop of Dublin, giving me farther thanks about vindicating him to Mr. Harley and Mr. St. John, and telling me a long story about your mayor's election, wherein I find he has had a finger, and given way to further talk about him; but we know nothing of it here yet. This walking to and fro, and dressing myself, takes up so much of my time, that I cannot go among company so much as formerly; yet what must a body do! I thank God I yet continue much better since I left the town; I know not how long it may last. I am sure it has done me some good for the present. I do not totter as I did, but walk firm as a cock, only once or twice for a minute, I don't know how; but it went off, and I never followed it. Does Dingley read my hand as well as *astor*? Do you, sirrah! Poor Stella must not read Presto's ugly small hand. Preserve your eyes, if you be wise. Your friend Wells's tea will go in a day or two toward Chester by one parson Richardson. My humble service to her, and to good Mrs. Stoyte and Catharine; and pray walk while you continue in Dublin. I expect your next but one will be from Wexford. God bless dearest MD.

24. Morning.—Mr. Secretary has sent his groom hither to invite me to dinner to-day, &c. God Almighty for ever bless and preserve you both, and give you health, &c. Amen. Farewell, &c.

Don't I often say the same thing two or three times in the same letter, sirrah!

Great wits, they say, have but short memories; that's good vile conversation.

LETTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

Chelsea, May 24, 1711.

MORNING.—Once in my life the number of my letters and of the day of the month is the same; that's lucky, boys; that's a sign that things will meet, and that we shall make a figure together. What, will you still have the impudence to say London, England, because I say Dublin, Ireland? Is there no difference between London and Dublin, saucy boxes! I have sealed up my letter, and am going to town. Morrow, sirrabs. At night.—I dined with the secretary to-day; we sat down between five and six. Mr. Harley's patent passed this morning; he is now earl of Oxford, earl Mortimer, and lord Harley

of Wigmore castle. My letter was sealed, or I would have told you this yesterday; but the public news may tell it you. The queen, for all her favour, has kept a rod for him in her closet this week; I suppose he will take it from her though in a day or two. At eight o'clock this evening it rained prodigiously, as it did from five; however, I set out, and in half way the rain lessened, and I got home, but tolerably wet; and this is the first wet walk I have had in a month's time that I am here: but however I got to bed, after a short visit to Atterbury.

25. It rained this morning, and I went to town by water; and Ford and I dined with Mr. Lewis by appointment. I ordered Patrick to bring my gown and periwig to Mr. Lewis, because I designed to go to see lord Oxford, and so I told the dog; but he never came, though I stayed an hour longer than I appointed; so I went in my old gown, and sat with him two hours, but could not talk over some business I had with him, so he has desired me to dine with him on Sunday, and I must disappoint the secretary. My lord set me down at a coffee-house, where I waited for the dean of Carlisle's chariot to bring me to Chelsea; for the dean did not come himself, but sent me his chariot, which has cost me two shillings to the coachman; and so I am got home, and Lord knows what has become of Patrick. I think I must send him over to you, for he is an intolerable rascal. If I had come without a gown he would have served me so, though my life and preferment should have lain upon it; and I am making a livery for him will cost me four pounds; but I will order the tailor to-morrow to stop till further orders. My lord Oxford can't yet abide to be called my lord; and when I called him my lord, he called me Dr. Thomas Swift, which he always does when he has a mind to tease me. By a second hand he proposed my being his chaplain, which I by a second hand excused; but we had no talk of it to-day; but I will be no man's chaplain alive. But I must go and be busy.

26. I never saw Patrick till this morning, and that only once, for I dressed myself without him; and when I went to town he was out of the way. I immediately sent for the tailor, and ordered him to stop his hand in Patrick's clothes till further orders. O, if it were in Ireland, I should have turned him off ten times ago; and it is no regard to him, but myself, that has made me keep him so long. Now I am afraid to give the rogue his clothes. What shall I do! I wish MD were here to entreat for him, just here at the bed's side. Lady Ashburnham has been engaging me this long time to dine with her, and I set to-day apart for it; and whatever was the mistake, she sent me word she was at dinner and undressed, but would be glad to see me in the afternoon; so I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and would not go see her at all, in a huff. My Mrs. Florence is turning sour with a vengeance, and I have not drunk half of it. As I was coming home to-night, sir Thomas Mansel and Tom Harley met me in the park, and made me walk with them till nine, like unreasonable whelps; so I got not here till ten; but it was a fine evening, and the footpath clean enough already after this hard rain.

27. Going this morning to town, I saw two old lame fellows walking to a brandy-shop, and when they got to the door, stood a long time complimenting who should go in first. Though this be no jest to tell, it was an admirable one to see. I dined to-day with my lord Oxford and the ladies, the new countess, and lady Betty, who has been these three days a lady born. My lord left us at seven, and I

had no time to speak to him about some affairs; but he promises in a day or two we shall dine alone, which is mighty likely, considering we expect every moment that the queen will give him the staff, and then he will be so crowded he will be good for nothing; for aught I know he may have it to-night at council.

28. I had a petition sent me to-day from one Stephen Gernon, setting forth "that he formerly lived with Harry Tenison, who gave him an employment of ganger; and that he was turned out after Harry's death, and came for England, and is now starving," or, as he expresses it, "that the staff of life has been of late a stranger to his appetite." To-day the poor fellow called, and I knew him very well, a young slender fellow with freckles in his face; you must remember him; he waited at table as a better sort of servant. I gave him a crown, and promised to do what I could to help him to a service, which I did for Harry Tenison's memory. It was *b——* hot walking to-day, and I was so lazy I dined where my new gown was, at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, and came back like a fool, and the dean of Carlisle has sat with me till eleven. Lord Oxford has not the staff yet.

29. I was this morning in town by ten, though it was shaving day, and went to the secretary about some affairs, then visited the duke and duchess of Ormond; but the latter was dressing to go out, and I could not see her. My lord Oxford had the staff given him this morning, so now I must call him lord Oxford no more, but lord-treasurer: I hope he will stick there; it is twice he has changed his name this week; and I heard to-day in the city (where I dined) that he will very soon have the garter.—Prithce, don't you observe how strangely I have changed my company and manner of living! I never go to a coffeehouse; you hear no more of Addison, Steele, Henley, lady Lucy, Mrs. Finch, lord Somers, lord Halifax, &c. I think I have altered for the better. Did I tell you the archbishop of Dublin has writ me a long letter of a squabble in your town about choosing a mayor, and that he apprehended some censure for the share he had in it. I have not heard anything of it here; but I shall not be always able to defend him. We hear your bishop Hickman is dead; but nobody here will do anything for me in Ireland, so they may die as fast or slow as they please. Well, you are constant to your deans, and your Stoyte, and your Walls. Walls will have her tea soon; parson Richardson is either going or gone to Ireland, and has it with him. I hear Mr. Lewis has two letters for me; I could not call for them to-day, but will to-morrow; and perhaps one of them may be from our little MD, who knows, man! who can tell? Many more unlikely things has happened.—Pshaw, I write so plaguy little, I can hardly see it myself. *Write bigger, sirrah!* Presto. No, but I won't. O, you are a sancy rogue, Mr. Presto, you are so impudent. Come, dear rogues, let Presto go to sleep; I have been with the dean, and 'tis near twelve.

30. I am so hot and lazy after my morning's walk, that I loitered at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, where my best gown and periwig was, and out of mere listlessness dine there very often, so I did to-day; but I got little MD's letter, No. 15 (you see, sirrah, I remember to tell the number), from Mr. Lewis, and I read it in a closet they lend me at Mrs. Van's, and I find Stella is a saucy rogue and a great writer, and can write finely still when her hand's in and her pen good. When I came here to-night I had a mighty mind to go swim after I was cool, for my lodging is

* These words in italics are written in a large round hand.

just by the river, and I went down with only my nightgown and slippers on at eleven, but came up again; however, one of these nights I will venture.

31. I was so hot this morning with my walk that I resolved to do so no more during this violent burning weather. It is comical that now we happen to have such heat to ripen the fruit, there has been the greatest blast that ever was known, and almost all the fruit is despaired of. I dined with lord Shelburne; lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt are going to Ireland. I went this evening to lord-treasurer, and sat about two hours with him in mixed company; he left us and went to court, and carried two staves with him, so I suppose we shall have a new lord-steward or comptroller to-morrow; I smothered that state secret out by that accident. I won't answer your letter yet, sirrah, no, I won't, madam.

June 1. I wish you a merry month of June. I dined again with the Vans and sir Andrew Fontaine. I always give them a flask of my Florence, which now begins to spoil, but 'tis near an end. I went this afternoon to Mrs. Vedeau's, and brought away madam Dingley's parchment and letter of attorney. Mrs. Vedeau tells me she has sent the bill a fortnight ago. I will give the parchment to Ben Tooke, and you shall send him a letter of attorney at your leisure, enclosed to Mr. Presto. Yes, I now think your mackerel is full as good as ours, which I did not think formerly. I was hit about the two staves, for there is no new officer made to-day. This letter will find you still in Dublin, I suppose, or at Donnybrook, or losing your money at Walls' (how does she do it).

2. I missed this day by a blunder, and dining in the city.*

3. No boats on Sunday, never: so I was forced to walk, and so hot by the time I got to Ford's lodgings, that I was quite spent; I think the weather is mad. I could not go to church. I dined with the secretary as usual, and old colonel Graham that lived at Bagshot-heath, and they said it was colonel Graham's house. Pshaw, I remember it very well, when I used to go for a walk to London from Moor-park. What, I warrant you don't remember the golden farmer neither, Figgarkick Soley.

4. When must we answer this letter, this No. 15 of our little MD! Heat and laziness and sir Andrew Fontaine made me dine to-day again at Mrs. Van's, and, in short, this weather is insupportable; how is it with you? Lady Betty Butler and lady Ashburnham sat with me two or three hours this evening in my closet at Mrs. Van's. They are very good girls, and if lady Betty went to Ireland you should let her be acquainted with you. How does Dingley do this hot weather? Stella, I think, never complains of it, she loves hot weather. There has not been a drop of rain since Friday se'ennight. Yes, you do love hot weather, naughty Stella, you do so, and Presto can't abide it. Be a good girl, then, and I'll love you: and love one another, and don't be quarrelling girls.

5. I dined in the city to-day, and went from hence early to town, and visited the duke of Ormond and Mr. Secretary. They say my lord-treasurer has a dead warrant in his pocket; they mean a list of those who are to be turned out of employment, and we every day now expect those changes. I passed by the treasury to-day, and saw vast crowds waiting to give lord-treasurer petitions as he passes by. He is now at the top of power and favour: he keeps no levee yet. I am cruel thirsty this hot weather.—I am just this minute going to swim. I take Patrick down with me to hold my nightgown, shirt, and slippers, and borrow a napkin of my landlady for a

* This is interlined in the original.

cap. So farewell till I come up; but there's no danger, don't be frightened—I have been swimming this half-hour and more; and when I was coming out I dived, to make my head and all through wet, like a cold bath; but as I dived the napkin fell off and is lost, and I have that to pay for. O faith, the great stones were so sharp, I could hardly set my feet on them as I came out. It was pure and warm. I got to bed, and will now go to sleep.

6. Morning.—This letter shall go to-morrow; so I will answer yours when I come home to-night. I feel no hurt from last night's swimming. I lie with nothing but the sheet over me, and my feet quite bare. I must rise and go to town before the tide is against me. Morrow, sirrah; dear sirrah, morrow. At night.—I never felt so hot a day as this since I was born. I dined with lady Betty Germain, and there was the young earl of Berkeley and his fine lady. I never saw her before, nor think her near so handsome as she passes for. After dinner Mr. Bertue would not let me put ice in my wine; but said, "my lord Dorechester got the bloody flux with it, and that it was the worst thing in the world." Thus are we plagued, thus are we plagued; yet I have done it five or six times this summer, and was but the drier and the better for it. Nothing makes me so excessively peevish as hot weather. Lady Berkeley after dinner elapped my hat on another lady's head, and she in roguery put it upon the rails. I minded them not, but in two minutes they called me to the window, and lady Carteret showed me my hat out of her window five doors off, where I was forced to walk to it, and pay her and old lady Weymouth a visit, with some more belandees; then I went and drank coffee, and made one or two puns with lord Pemhroke, and designed to go to lord-treasurer; but it was too late, and besides I was half broiled, and broiled without butter; for I never sweat after dinner if I drink any wine. Then I sat an hour with lady Betty Butler at ten, and everything made me hotter and drier. Then I walked home, and was here by ten, so miserably hot that I was in as perfect a passion as ever I was in my life at the greatest affront or provocation. Then I sat an hour till I was quite dry and cool enough to go swim; which I did, but with so much vexation, that I think I have given it over: for I was every moment disturbed by boats, rot them; and that puppy Patrick, standing ashore, would let them come within a yard or two, and then call sneakingly to them. The only comfort I proposed here in hot weather is gone; for there is no jesting with those boats after 'tis dark: I had none last night. I dived to dip my head, and held my cap on with both my hands, for fear of losing it. Pox take the boats! Amen. 'Tis near twelve, and so I'll answer your letter (it strikes twelve now) to-morrow morning.

7. Morning.—Well, now let us answer MD's letter, No. 15, 15, 15, 15. Now I have told you the number 15, 15; there, impudence, to call names in the beginning of your letter, before you say How do you do, Mr. Presto!—There's your breeding. Where's your manners, sirrah, to a gentleman? Get you gone, you couple of jades. No, I never sit up late now: but this abominable hot weather will force me to eat or drink something that will do me hurt. I do venture to eat a few strawberries. Why then, do you know in Ireland that Mr. St. John talked so in parliament? Your Whigs are plaguily hit; for he is entirely for their being all out. And are you as vicious in snuff as ever? I believe, as you say, it does neither hurt nor good; but I have left it off, and when anybody offers me their box I take about a tenth part of what I used to do, and

then just smoll to it, and privately fling the rest away. I keep to my tobacco still,* as you say; but even much less of that than formerly, only mornings and evenings, and very seldom in the day. As for Joe, I have recommended his case heartily to my lord-lieutenant; and, by his direction, given a memorial of it to Mr. Southwell, to whom I have recommended it likewise. I can do no more if he were my brother. His business will be to apply himself to Southwell. And you must desire Raymond, if Price of Galway comes to town, to desire him to wait on Mr. Southwell as recommended by me for one of the duke's chaplains, which was all I could do for him; and be must be presented to the duke, and make his court, and ply about and find out some vacancy, and solicit early for it. The hustle about your mayor I had before, as I told you, from the archbishop of Dublin. Was Raymond not come till May 18? so he says fine things of me? certainly he lies. I'm sure I used him indifferently enough, and we never once dined together, or walked, or were in any third place, only he came sometimes to my lodgings, and even there was oftener denied than admitted. What an odd bill [for 200*l.*] is that you sent of Raymond's? a bill upon one Murry in Chester, which depends entirely not only upon Raymond's honesty, but his discretion; and in money matters he is the last man I would depend on. Why should sir Alexander Cairnes in London pay me a bill, drawn by God knows who, upon Murry in Chester? I was at Cairnes's, and they can do no such thing. I went among some friends, who are merchants, and I find the bill must be sent to Murry, accepted by him, and then returned back, and then Cairnes may accept or refuse it as he pleases. Accordingly I gave sir Thomas Frankland the bill, who has sent it to Chester, and ordered the postmaster there to get it accepted, and then send it back, and in a day or two I shall have an answer; and therefore this letter must stay a day or two longer than I intended, and see what answer I get. Raymond should have written to Murry at the same time, to desire Alexander Cairnes [an eminent banker] to have answered such a bill, if it come. But Cairnes's clerks (himself was not at home) said that they had received no notice of it, and could do nothing; and advised me to send to Murry. I have been six weeks to-day at Chelsea, and you know it but just now. And so dean — thinks I write the Medley. Pox of his judgment; 'tis equal to his honesty. Then you han't seen the Miscellany yet? Why, 'tis a four-shilling book: has nobody carried it over? No, I believe Manley will not lose his place: for his friend in England is so far from being out, that he has taken a new patent since the post-office act; and his brother Jack Manley here takes his part firmly; and I have often spoken to Southwell in his behalf, and he seems very well inclined to him. But the Irish folks here in general are horribly violent against him. Besides, he must consider he could not send Stella wine if he were put out. And so he is very kind, and sends you a dozen bottles of wine at a time, and you win eight shillings at a time; and how much do you lose? No, no, never one syllable about that, I warrant you. Why this same Stella is so unmerciful a writer, she has hardly left any room for Dingley. If you have such summer there as here, sure the Wexford waters are good by this time. I forgot what weather we had May 6th; go look in my journal. We had terrible rain the 24th and 25th, and never a drop since. Yes, yes, I remember

* He does not mean smoking, which he never practised but snuffing up and dry tobacco, which sometimes was just coloured with Spanish snuff; and this he used all his life, but would not own that he took snuff.

Bereasted's bridge; the coach sosses up and down as one goes that way, just as at Hockley in the Hols. I never impute any illness or health I have to good or ill weather, but to want of exercise, or ill air, or something I have eaten, or hard study, or sitting up; and so I fence against those as well as I can: but who a dauca can help the weather? Will Seymour, the general, was excessively hot with the sun shining full upon him; so he turns to the sun, and says, "Hearkee, friend, you had better go and ripeu eumbers than plague me at this rate, &c." Another time fretting at the heat, a gentleman by said "it was sub weather as pleased God;" Seymour said, "Perhaps it may; but I'm sure it pleases nobody else." Why, madam Dingley, the first-fruits aradons. Southwell told me they went to inquire about them, and lord-treasurer said they were done, and had been dona long ago. And I'll tell you a secret you must not mention, that the duke of Ormond is ordered to take notice of them in his speech to your parliament: and I desire you will take care to say on occasion that my lord-treasurer Harlay did it many months ago before the duke was lord-lieutenant. And yet I cannot possibly come over yet; so get you gone to Wexford, and make Stella well. Yes, yes, I take care not to walk late; I never did but once, and there are five hundred people on the way as I walk. Tisdall is a puppy, and I will excuse him the half-hour he would talk with me. As for the Examiner, I have heard a whisper, that after that of this day, which tells what this parliament has done, you will hardly find them so good. I prophesy they will be trash for the future; and methinks in this day's Examiner the author talks doubtfully, as if he would write no more. Observe whether the change be discovered in Dublin, only for your own curiosity, that's all. Make a mouth there. Mrs. Vedean's business I have answered, and I hope the bill is not lost. Morrow.—'Tis stewing hot, but I must rise, and go to town between fire and water. Morrow, sirrahs both, morrow. At night.—I dined to-day with colonel Crowe, governor of Jamaica, and your friend Sterne. I presented Sterne to my lord-treasurer's brother, and gave him his case, and engaged him in his favour. At dinner there fell the swingiest long shower, and the most grateful to me that ever I saw: it thundered fifty times at least, and the air is so cool that a body is able to live; and I walked home to-night with comfort and without dirt. I went this evening to lord-treasurer and sat with him two hours, and wa wera in a very good humour, and be abused me and called me Dr. Thomas Swift fifty times: I have told you he does that when he has a mind to make me mad. Sir Thomas Frankland gave me to-day a letter from Murry, accepting my bill: so all is well: only by a letter from Parvisol I find there are some perplexities. Joe has likewise written to me to thank me for what I have done for him; and desires I would write to the bishop of Cloghar, that Tom Asbe may not hinder his father from being portrief. I have written and sent to Joe several times, that I will not trouble myself at all about Trim. I wish them their liberty; but they do not deserve it: so tell Joe, and send to him. I am mighty happy with this rain: I was at the end of my patience, but now I live again. This cannot go till Saturday, and perhaps I may go out of town with lord Shelburne and lady Kerry to-morrow for two or three days. Lady Kerry has written to desire it; but to-morrow I shall know farther. O this dear rain, I cannot forbear praising it: I never felt myself to be revived so in my life. It lasted from three till five, hard as a horn and mixed with hail.

8. Morning.—I am going to town, and will just finish this there, if I go into the country with lady Kerry and lord Shelburne; so morrow, till an hour or two hence. In town I met Cairnes, who, I suppose, will pay me the money; though he says I must send him the bill first, and I will get it done in absence. Farewell, &c. &c.

LETTER THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

Chisen, June 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20.

I HAVE been all this time at Wicomb, between Oxford and London, with lord Shelburne, who has the squire's house at the town's end, and an estate there in a delicious country. Lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt were with us, and we passed our time well enough; and there I wholly disengaged myself from all public thoughts, and everything but MD, who had the impudence to send me a letter there; but I'll be revenged: I'll answer it. This day, the 20th, I came from Wicomb with lady Kerry after dinner, lighted at Hyde-park-corner, and walked; it was twenty-seven miles, and wa came it in about five hours.

21. I went at noon to see Mr. Secretary at his office, and there was lord-treasurer: so I killed two birds, &c., and we were glad to see one another, and so forth. And the secretary and I dined at air William Wyndham's, who married lady Catherine Seymour, your acquaintance, I suppose. There were ten of us at dinner. It seems in my absence they had erected a elub, and made me one; and wa mada some laws to-day, which I am to digest, and add to, against next meeting. Our meetings are to be every Thursday: wa are yet but twelve: lord-keeper and lord-treasurer were proposed; but I was against them, and so was Mr. Secretary, though their sons are of it, and so they are excluded; but we design to admit the duke of Shrewsbury. The end of our elub is to advance conversation and friendship, and to reward deserving persons with our interest and recommendation. We take in none but men of wit or men of interest; and if we go on as we begin, no other elub in this town will be worth talking of. The sollicitor-general, sir Robert Raymond, is one of our elub; and I ordered him immediately to write to your lord-chancellor in favour of Dr. Raymond; so tell Raymond, if you see him; but I believe this will find you at Wexford. This latter will come three weeks after the last; so there is a week lost; but that is owing to my being out of town; yet I think it is right, because it goes enclosed to Mr. Reading; and why should he know how often Presto writes to MD, pray?—I sat this evening with lady Butler* and lady Ashburnham,† and then came home by eleven, and had a good cool walk; for we have had no extreme hot weather this fortnight, but a great deal of rain at times, and a body can live and breathe. I hope it will hold so. We had peaches to-day.

22. I went late to-day to town, and dined with my friend Lewis. I saw Will. Congreve attending at the treasury, by order, with his brethren, the commissioners of the wine-licences. I had often mentioned him with kindness to lord-treasurer; and Congreve told me, that after they had answered to what they were sent for, my lord called him privately, and spoke to him with great kindness, promising his protection, &c. The poor man said he had been used so ill of late years, that he was quite astunished at my lord's goodness, &c., and

* Daughter to James duke of Ormond. She lived to be above sixty years of age, and never was married.

† Sister to the above lady. See the Journal of October 20th, 1710.

desired me to tell my lord so; which I did this evening, and recommended him heartily. My lord assured me he esteemed him very much, and would be always kind to him; that what he said was to make Congreve easy, because he knew people talked as if his lordship designed to turn everybody out, and particularly Congreve; which indeed was true, for the poor man told me he apprehended it. As I left my lord-treasurer I called on Congreve, (knowing where he dined,) and told him what had passed between my lord and me: so I have made a worthy man easy, and that is a good day's work. I am proposing to my lord to erect a society or academy for correcting and settling our language, that we may not perpetually be changing as we do. He enters mightily into it, so does the dean of Carlisle; and I design to write a letter to lord-treasurer with the proposals of it, and publish it; and so I told my lord, and he approves of it. Yesterday's was a sad Examiner, and last week was very indifferent, though some little scraps of the old spirit, as if he had given some hints; but yesterday's is all trash. It is plain the hand is changed.

23. I have not been in London to-day; for Dr. Gastrel and I dined, by invitation, with the dean of Carlisle, my neighbour; so I know not what they are doing in the world; a mere country gentleman. And are not you ashamed both to go into the country just when I did, and stay ten days just as I did, saucy monkeys! But I never rode; I had no horses, and our coach was out of order, and we went and came in a hired one. Do you keep your lodgings when you go to Wexford? I suppose you do; for you will hardly stay above two months. I have been walking about our town to-night, and it is a very scurvy place for walking. I am thinking to leave it, and return to town, now the Irish folks are gone. Ford goes in three days. How does Dingley divert herself while Stella is riding? work, or read, or walk? Does Dingley ever read to you? Had you ever a book with you in the country? Is all that left off? confess. Well, I'll go sleep; 'tis past eleven, and I go early to sleep: I write nothing at night but to M.D.

24. Stratford and I, and Pastoral Philips, (just come from Denmark,) dined at Ford's to-day, who paid his way, and goes for Ireland on Tuesday. The earl of Peterborough is returned from Vienna without one servant: he left them scattered in several towns of Germany. I had a letter from him four days ago, from Hanover, where he desires I would immediately send him an answer to his house at Parson's-green, about five miles off. I wondered what he meant till I heard he was come. He sent expresses, and got here before them. He is above fifty, and as active as one of five-and-twenty. I have not seen him yet, nor know when I shall, or where to find him.

25. Poor duke of Shrewsbury has been very ill of a fever: we were all in a fright about him: I thank God, he is better. I dined to-day at lord Ashburnham's with his lady, for he was not at home: she is a very good girl, and always a great favourite of mine. Sterne tells me he has desired a friend to receive your box in Chester, and carry it over. I fear he will miscarry in his business, which was sent to the treasury before he was recommended; for I was positive only to second his recommendations, and all his other friends failed him. However, on your account, I will do what I can for him to-morrow with the secretary of the treasury.

26. We had much company to-day at dinner at lord-treasurer's. Prior never fails: he is a much better courtier than I; and we expect every day that

he will be a commissioner of the customs, and that in a short time a great many more will be turned out. They blame lord-treasurer for his slowness in turning people out; but I suppose he has his reasons. They still keep my neighbour Atterbury in suspense about the deanery of Christchurch, which has been above six months vacant, and he is heartily angry. I reckon you are now preparing for your Wexford expedition; and poor Dingley is full of carking, and caring, and scolding. How long will you stay! Shall I be in Dublin before you return! Don't fall and hurt yourselves, nor overturn the coach. Love one another, and be good girls; and drink Presto's health in water, madam Stella, and in good ale, madam Dingley.

27. The secretary appointed me to dine with him to-day, and we were to do a world of business; he came at four, and brought Prior with him, and had forgot the appointment, and no business was done. I left him at eight, and went to change my gown at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's; and there was sir Andrew Fontaine at ombre with lady Ashburnham and lady Frederick Schomberg; and lady Mary Schomberg, and lady Betty Butler, and others talking; and it put me in mind of the dean, and Stoyte, and Walls, and Stella at play, and Dingley and I looking on. I stayed with them till ten, like a fool. Lady Ashburnham is something like Stella; so I helped her, and wished her good cards. It is late, &c.

28. Well, but I must answer this letter of our M.D's. Saturday approaches, and I can't written down this side. O faith, Presto has been a sort of a lazy fellow; but Presto will remove to town this day evening: the secretary has commanded me to do so; and I believe he and I shall go for some days to Windsor, where he will have leisure to mind some business we have together. To-day our society (it must not be called a club) dined at Mr. Secretary's; we were but eight, the rest sent excuses or were out of town. We sat till eight, and made some laws and settlements; and then I went to take leave of lady Ashburnham, who goes out of town to-morrow, as a great many of my acquaintance are already, and left the town very thin. I shall make but short journeys this summer, and not be long out of London. The days are grown sensibly shorter already, and all our fruit blasted. Your duke of Ormond is still at Chester; and perhaps this letter will be with you as soon as he. Sterne's business is quite blown up; they stand to it to send him back to the commissioners of the revenue in Ireland for a reference, and all my credit could not alter it, although I almost fell out with the secretary of the treasury, who is my lord-treasurer's cousin-german, and my very good friend. It seems every step he has hitherto taken hath been wrong; at least they say so, and that is the same thing. I am heartily sorry for it; and I really think they are in the wrong, and use him hardly; but I can do no more.

29. Steele has had the assurance to write to me that I would engage my lord-treasurer to keep a friend of his in an employment: I believe I told you how he and Addison served me for my good offices in Steele's behalf; and I promised lord-treasurer never to speak for either of them again. Sir Andrew Fontaine and I dined to-day at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's. Dilly Ashe has been in town this fortnight: I saw him twice; he was four days at lord Pembroke's in the country, punning with him; his face is very well. I was this evening two or three hours at lord-treasurer's, who called me Dr. Thomas Swift twenty times; that's his way of teasing. I

* Collector of Wexlow.

left him at nine, and got home here by ten, like a gentleman; and to-morrow morning I'll answer your letter, sirrah.

30. Morning.—I am terrible sleepy always in a morning; I believe it is my walk overnight that disposes me to sleep; faith 'tis now striking eight, and I am but just awake. Patrick comes early and wakes me five or six times, but I have excuses, though I am three parts asleep. I tell him I sat up late, or slept ill in the night, and often it is a lie. I have now got little MD's letter before me, No. 16, no more, nor no less, no mistake. Dingley says, "This letter won't be above six lines," and I was afraid it was true, though I saw it filled on both sides. The bishop of Clogher writ me word you were in the country, and that he heard you were well; I am glad at heart MD rides, and rides, and rides. Our hot weather ended in May, and all this month has been moderate; it was then so hot I was not able to endure it; I was miserable every moment, and found myself disposed to be peevish and quarrelsome; I believe a very hot country would make me stark mad.—Yes, my head continues pretty tolerable, and I impute it all to walking. Does Stella eat fruit? I eat a little, but I always repent, and resolve against it. No, in very hot weather I always go to town by water, but I constantly walk back, for then the sun is down. And so Mrs. Proby goes with you to Wexford; she's admirable company: you'll grow plaguy wise with those you frequent. Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Proby; take care of infection. I believe my two hundred pounds will be paid, but that sir Alexander Cairnes is a scrupulous puppy; I left the bill with Mr. Stratford, who is to have the money.—Now, madam Stella, what say you? you ride every day; I know that already, sirrah; and if you rid every day for a twelvemonth, you would be still better and better. No, I hope Parvisol will not have the impudence to make you stay an hour for the money; if he does, I'll unparvisol him; pray let me know. O Lord, how hasty we are; Stella can't stay writing and writing; she must write and go a cockhorse, pray now. Well, but the horses are not come to the door; the fellow can't find the bridle; your stirrup is broken; where did you put the whips, Dingley? Marg'et, where have you laid Mrs. Johnson's ribband to tie about her? reach me my mask; sup up this before you go. So, so, a gallop, a gallop; sit fast, sirrah, and don't ride hard upon the stones. Well, now Stella is gone, tell me, Dingley, is she a good girl? and what news is that you are to tell me?—No, I believe the box is not lost: Stella says it is not.—No, faith, you must go to Wexford without seeing your duke of Ormond, unless you stay on purpose; perhaps you may be so wise. I tell you this is your sixteenth letter; will you never be satisfied? No, no, I'll walk late no more; I ought less to venture it than other people, and so I was told; but I'll return to lodge in town next Thursday. When you come from Wexford, I would have you send a letter of attorney to Mr. Benjamin Tooke, bookseller in London, directed to me; and he shall manage your affair. I have your parchment safely locked up in London. O madam Stella, welcome home; was it pleasant riding? did your horse stumble? how often did the man light to settle your stirrup? ride nine miles! faith you have galloped indeed. Well, but where's the fine thing you promised me? I have been a good boy, ask Dingley else. I believe you did not meet the fine-thing-man: faith you are a cheat. So you'll see Raymond and his wife in town. Faith that riding to Laracor gives me short sighs as well as you. All

the days I have passed here have been dirt to those. I have been gaining enemies by the scores, and friends by the couples, which is against the rules of wisdom, because they say one enemy can do more hurt than ten friends can do good. But I have had my revenge at least, if I get nothing else. And so let fate govern.—Now I think your letter is answered; and mine will be shorter than ordinary, because it must go to-day. We have had a great deal of scattering rain for some days past, yet it hardly keeps down the dust.—We have plays acted in our town, and Patrick was at one of them, oh, oh. He was damnable mauled one day when he was drunk; he was at cuffs with a brother footman, who dragged him along the floor upon his face, which looked for a week after as if he had the leprosy; and I was glad enough to see it. I have been ten times sending him over to you; yet now he has new clothes, and a laced hat which the latter brought by his orders, and he offered to pay for the lace out of his wages. I am to dine to-day with Dilly at sir Andrew Fountaine's, who has bought a new house, and will be weary of it in half a year. I must rise and shave, and walk to town, unless I go with the dean in his chariot at twelve, which is too late; and I have not seen that lord Peterborow yet. The duke of Shrewsbury is almost well again, and will be abroad in a day or two: what care you? There it is now; you don't care for my friends. Farewell, my dearest lives and delights, I love you better than ever, if possible, as hope saved, I do, and ever will. God Almighty bless you ever, and make us happy together; I pray for this twice every day; and I hope God will hear my poor hearty prayers. Remember, if I am used ill and ungratefully, as I have formerly been, 'tis what I am prepared for, and shall not wonder at it. Yet, I am now cured, and thought in high favour, and have every day numbers of considerable men teasing me to solicit for them. And the ministry all owe me perfectly well, and all that know them say they love me. Yet I can count upon nothing, nor will, but upon MD's love and kindness. They think me useful; they pretended they were afraid of none but me; and that they resolved to have me; they have often confessed this: yet all makes little impression on me. Fox of these speculations! they give me the spleen; and that is a disease I was not horn to.—Let me alone, sirrahs, and be satisfied: I am, as long as MD and Presto are, well!

Little wealth, and much health, and a lie by stealth; that is all we want; and so farewell, dearest MD; Stella, Dingley, Presto, all together, now and for ever all together. Farewell, again and again.

LETTER THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

Chelsea, June 30, 1711.

SAY what large paper I am forced to take to write to MD; Patrick has brought me none clipped; but faith the next shall be smaller. I dined to-day, as I told you, with Dilly, at sir Andrew Fountaine's: there were we wretchedly punning and writing together to lord Pembroke. Dilly is just such a puppy as ever; and it is so uncouth, after so long an intermission. My 25th is gone this evening to the post. I think I will direct my next (which is this) to Mr. Curry's, and let them send it to Wexford, and then the next enclosed to Reading. Instruct me how I shall do. I long to hear from you from Wexford, and what sort of place it is. The town grows very empty and dull. This evening I have had a letter from Mr. Phillips the pastoral poet, to get him a

certain employment from lord-treasurer. I have now had almost all the Whig poets my solicitors; and I have been useful to Congreve, Steele, and Harrison; but I will do nothing for Phillips; I find he is more a puppy than ever, so don't solicit for him. Besides, I will not trouble lord-treasurer, unless upon some very extraordinary occasion.

July 1. Dilly lies conveniently for me when I come to town from Chelsea of a Sunday, and go to the secretary's; so I called at his lodgings this morning, and sent for my gown, and dressed myself there. He had a letter from the bishop, with an account that you were set out for Wexford the morning he writ, which was June 26th, and he had the letter the 30th; that was very quick. The bishop says you design to stay there two months or more. Dilly had also a letter from Tom Aase, full of Irish news: that your lady Linden is dead, and I know not what besides, of Dr. Coghill's losing his drab, &c. The secretary is gone to Windsor, and I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. Lord-treasurer is at Windsor too: they will be going and coming all summer, while the queen is there and the town is empty; and I fear I shall be sometimes forced to stoop beneath my dignity, and send to the alehouse for a dinner. Well, sirrahs, had you a good journey to Wexford? Did you drink ale by the way? I were you never overturned! how many things did you forget! do you lie on straw in your new town where you are? Cudsho, the next letter to Presto will be dated from Wexford. What fine company have you there? what new acquaintances have you got? you are to write constantly to Mrs. Walls and Mrs. Stoyte: and the deao said shall we never hear from you? Yes, Mr. Dean, we'll make hold to trouble you with a letter. Then at Wexford; when you meet a lady; did your waters pass well this morning, madam? Will Dingley drink them too? Yes, I warrant, to get her a stomach. I suppose you are all gamesters at Wexford. Don't lose your money, sirrah, far from home. I believe I shall go to Windsor in a few days; at least the secretary tells me so. He has a small house there, with just room enough for him and me; and I would be satisfied to pass a few days there sometimes. Sirrahs, let me go to sleep 'till past twelve in our town.

2. Sterne came to me this morning, and tells me he has yet some hopes of compassing his business: he was with Tom Harley, the secretary of the treasury, and made him doubt a little he was in the wrong; the poor man tells me it will almost undo him if he fails. I called this morning to see Will. Congreve, who lives much by himself, is forced to read for amusement, and cannot do it without a magnifying glass. I have set him very well with the ministry, and I hope he is in no danger of losing his place. I dined in the city with Dr. Freind, not among my merchants, but with a scrub instrument of mischief of mine, whom I never mentioned to you, nor am like to do. You are two little saucy Wexfordians, you are now drinking waters. You drink waters! you go fiddiestick. Pray God send them to do you good; if not, faith next summer you shall come to the Bath.

3. Lord Peterborough desired to see me this morning at nine. I had not seen him before since he came home. I met Mrs. Manley there, who was soliciting him to get some pension or reward for her service in the cause, by writing her Atalantis, and prosecution, &c., upon it. I seconded her, and hope they will do something for the poor woman. My lord kept me two hours upon politics: he comes

* Dr. Marmaduke Coghill, judge of the prerogative court for Ireland.

home very sanguine; he has certainly done great things at Savoy and Vienna by his negotiations; he is violent against a peace, and finds true what I writ to him, that the ministry seems for it. He reasons well; yet I am for a peace. I took leave of lady Kerry, who goes to-morrow for Ireland; she picks up lord Shelburne and Mrs. Pratt at lord Shelburne's house. I was this evening with lord-treasurer. Tom Harley was there; and whispered me that he began to doubt about Sterne's business. I told him he would find he was in the wrong. I sat two or three hours at lord-treasurer's. He rallied me sufficiently upon my refusing to take him into our club; told a judge who was with us that my name was Thomas Swift. I had a mind to prevent sir H. Bellasis going to Spain, who is a most covetous cur; and I fell a railing against avarice, and turned it so, that he smoked me, and named Bellasis. I went on, and said it was a shame to send him; to which he agreed, but desired I would name some who understood business and do not love money, for he could not find them. I said there was something in a treasurer different from other men; that we ought not to make a man a bishop who does not love divinity, or a general who does not love war; and I wondered why the queen would make a man lord-treasurer who does not love money. He was mightily pleased with what I said. He was talking of the first-fruits of England; and I took occasion to tell him that I would not for a thousand pounds anybody but he had got them to Ireland, who got them for England too. He bid me consider what a thousand pounds was. I said I would have him to know I valued a thousand pounds as little as he valued a million.—Is it not silly to write all this? But it gives you an idea what our conversation is with mixed company. I have taken a lodging in Suffolk-street, and go to it on Thursday; and design to walk the park and the town, to supply my walking here; yet I will walk here sometimes too, in a visit now and then to the dean. When I was almost at home Patrick told me he had two letters for me, and gave them to me in the dark; yet I could see one of them was from saucy MD. I went to visit the dean for half an hour; and then came home, and first read the other letter, which was from the bishop of Clogher, who tells me the archbishop of Dublin mentioned, in a full assembly of the clergy, the queen's granting the first-fruits; said it was done by the lord-treasurer; and talked much of my merit in it; but reading yours, I find nothing of that. Perhaps the bishop lies, out of a desire to please me. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. Well, sirrahs, you are gone to Wexford, but I'll follow you.

4. Sterne came to me again this morning, to advise about reasons and memorials he is drawing up; and we went to town by water together; and having nothing to do, I stole into the city to an instrument of mine, and then went to see poor Patty Roit, who has been in town these two months with a cousin of hers. Her life passes with boarding in some country town as cheap as she can, and when she runs out, shifting to some cheaper place, or coming to town for a month. If I were rich I would ease her, which a little thing would do. Some months ago I sent her a guinea, and it patched up twenty circumstances. She is now going to Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire. It has rained and hailed prodigiously to-day, with some thunder. This is the last night I lie at Chelsea; and I got home early, and sat two hours with the dean, and eat victuals, having had a very scurvy dinner. I'll answer your letter when I come to live in town. You shall have a fine London answer; but first I'll go sleep, and dream of MD.

London, July 5. This day I left Chelsea for good (that's a genteel phrase), and am got into Suffolk-street. I dined to-day at our society, and we are adjourned for a month, because most of us go into the country. We dined at lord-keeper's with young Hareourt, and lord-keeper was forced to sneak off, and dine with lord-treasurer, who had invited the secretary and me to dine with him; but we scorned to leave our company, as George Granville did, whom we have threatened to expel. However, in the evening I went to lord-treasurer, and among other company found a couple of judges with him. One of them, judge Powell, an old fellow with grey hairs, was the merriest old gentleman I ever saw, spoke pleasant things, and laughed and chuckled till he cried again. I stayed till eleven, because I was not now to walk to Chelsea.

6. An ugly rainy day. I was to visit Mrs. Barton, then called at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, where sir Andrew Fountaine and the rain kept me to dinner; and there did I loiter all the afternoon, like a fool, out of perfect laziness, and the weather not permitting me to walk. But I'll do so no more. Are your waters at Wexford good in this rain? I long to hear how you are established there, how and whom you visit, what is your lodging, what are your entertainments. You are got far southward; but I think you must eat no fruit while you drink the waters. I ate some Kentish cherries to-day, and I repent it already. I have felt my head a little disordered. We had not a hot day all June, nor since, which I reckon a mighty happiness.—Have you left a direction with Reading for Wexford? I will, as I said, direct this to Curry's, and the next to Reading; or suppose I send this at a venture straight to Wexford? It would vex me to have it miscarry. I had a letter to-night from Parvisol, that White has paid me most of my remaining money; and another from Joe, that they have had their election at Trim, but not a word of who is chosen portreeve. Poor Joe is full of complaints, says he has eumelas, and fears he will never get his two hundred pounds; and I fear so too, although I have done what I could. I'll answer your letter when I think fit, when saucy Presto thinks fit, sirrahs. I ain't at leisure yet; when I have nothing to do, perhaps I may vouchsafe. O Lord, the two Wexford ladies; I'll go dream of you both.

7. It was the dimmallest rainy day I ever saw. I went to the secretary in the morning, and he was gone to Windsor. Then it began raining, and I struck in to Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, and dined, and stayed till night, very dull and lispid. I hate this town in summer; I'll leave it for a while, if I can have time.

8. I have a fellow of your town, one Tisdall, lodges in the same house with me. Patrick told me squire Tisdall and his lady lodged here. I pretended I never heard of him; but I knew his ugly face, and saw him at church in the next pew to me; and he often looked for a how, but it would not do. I think he lives in Capel-street, and has an ugly fine wife in a fine coach. Dr. Freind and I dined in the city by invitation, and I drank punch, very good, but it makes me hot. People here are troubled with agues, by this continuance of wet cold weather; but I am glad to find the season so temperate. I was this evening to see Will. Congreve, who is a very agreeable companion.

9. I was to-day in the city, and dined with Mr. Stratford, who tells me sir Alexander Cairnes makes difficulties about paying my bill, so that I cannot give order yet to Parvisol to deliver up the bond to Dr. Raymond. To-morrow I shall have a positive answer; that Cairnes is a shuffling scoundrel, and

several merchants have told me so. What can one expect from a Scot and a fanatic? I was at Bateman's, the bookseller's, to see a fine old library he has bought; and my fingers itched, as yours would do at a china-shop; but I resisted, and found everything too dear, and I have fooled away too much money that way already. So go and drink your waters, saucy rogue, and make yourself well; and pray walk while you are there. I have a notion there is never a good walk in Ireland.* Do you find all places without trees? Pray observe the inhabitants about Wexford; they are old English; see what they have particular in their manners, names, and language. Magpies have been always there, and nowhere else in Ireland, till of late years. They say the cocks and dogs go to sleep at noon, and so do the people. Write your travels, and bring home good eyes and health.

10. I dined to-day with lord-treasurer; we did not sit down till four. I despatched three businesses with him and forgot a fourth. I think I have got a friend an employment; and besides, I made him consent to let me bring Congreve to dine with him. You must understand I have a mind to do a small thing, only turn out all the queen's physicians, for in my conscience they will soon kill her among them; and I must talk over that matter with some people. My lord-treasurer told me the queen and he between them have lost the paper about the first-fruits; but desires I will let the bishops know it shall be done with the first opportunity.

11. I dined to-day with neighbour Van, and walked pretty well in the park this evening.—Stella, hussey, don't you remember, sirrah, you used to reproach me about meddling in other folks' affairs. I have enough of it now: two people came to me to-night in the park, to engage me to speak to lord-treasurer in their behalf; and I believe they make up fifty who have asked me the same favour. I am hardened, and resolved to trouble him, or any other minister, less than ever. And I observe those who have ten times more credit than I will not speak a word for anybody. I met yesterday the poor lad I told you of, who lived with Mr. Tension, who has been ill of an ague ever since I saw him. He looked wretchedly, and was exceeding thankful for half-a-crown I gave him. He had a crown from me before.

12. I dined to-day with young Manley in the city, who is to get me out a box of books, and a hamper of wine from Hamburgh. I inquired of Mr. Stratford, who tells me that Cairnes has not yet paid my two hundred pounds, but shames and delays from day to day. Young Manley's wife is a very indifferent person of a young woman, goggle-eyed and looks like a fool; yet he is a handsome fellow, and married her for love, after long courtship, and she refused him until he got his last employment. I believe I shall not be so good a boy for writing as I was during your stay at Wexford, unless I may send my letters every second time to Curry's; pray let me know. This I think shall go there, or why not to Wexford itself that's right, and so it shall this next Tuesday, although it cost you tenpence. What care I?

13. This toad of a secretary is come from Windsor, and I can't find him; and he goes back on Sunday, and I can't see him to-morrow. I dined scurvily to-day with Mr. Lewis and a parson; and then went to see lord-treasurer, and met him coming from his house in his coach; he smiled, and I shrugged, and we smoked each other; and so my visit is paid. I now confine myself to see him only twice a-week. He has invited me to Windsor, and between two

* In Ireland there were at that period no foot-paths as in England.

stools, &c. I'll go live at Windsor, if possible, that's pos. I have always the luck to pass my summer in London. I called this evening to see poor sir Matthew Dudley, a commissioner of the customs; I know he is to be out for certain: he is in hopes of continuing. I would not tell him bad news, but advised him to prepare for the worst. Dilly was with me this morning, to invite me to dine at Kensington on Sunday with lord Mountjoy, who goes soon for Ireland. Your late chief-justice Broderick is here, and they say violent as a tiger. How is party among you at Wexford? Are the majority of ladies for the late or present ministry? Write me Wexford news, and love Presto because he's a good boy.

14. Although it was shaving-day I walked to Chelsea, and was there by nine this morning; and the dean of Carlisle and I crossed the water to Battersea, and went in his chariot to Greenwich, where we dined at Dr. Gastrell's, and passed the afternoon at Lewisham, a. the dean of Canterbury's;* and there I saw Moli Stanhope, who is grown monstrously tall, but not so handsome as formerly. It is the first little rambling journey I have had this summer about London, and they are the agreeable pastimes one can have, in a friend's coach, and to good company. Bank stock is fallen three or four per cent. by the whispers about the town of the queen's being ill, who is however very well.

15. How many books have you carried with you to Wexford? What, not one single book! Oh, but your time will be so taken up; and you can borrow of the parson. I dined to-day with sir Andrew Fontaine and Dilly, at Kensington, with lord Mountjoy; and in the afternoon Stratford came there, and told me my two hundred pounds was paid at last; so that business is over, and I am at ease about it; and I wish all your money was in the bank too. I'll have my t'other hundred pounds there that is in Hawkshaw's hands. Have you had the interest of it paid yet? I ordered Parvosi to do it. What makes Presto write so crooked? I'll answer your letter to-morrow, and send it on Tuesday. Here's bot weather come again yesterday and to-day; fine dripping waters now. We had a sad pert dull parson at Kensington to-day. I almost repent my coming to town: I want the walks I had.

16. I dined in the city to-day with a hedge acquaintance, and the day passed without any consequences. I'll answer your letter to-morrow.

17. Morning.—I have put your letter before me, and am going to answer it. Hold your tongue; stand by. Your weather and ours were not alike; we had not a bit of hot weather in June, yet you complain of it on the 18th day. What, you used to love hot weather then? I could never endure it; I detest and abominate it. I would not live in a hot country to be king of it. What a spitter you keep about my bonds with Raymond, and all to affront Presto. Presto will be suspicious of everything but MD, in spite of your little nose. Soft and fair, madam Stella, how you gallop away in your spleen and your rage about repenting my journey, and preferment here, and sixpence a dozen, and nasty England, and Laracor all my life. Hey dary! will you never have done? I had no offers of any living. Lord-keeper told me some months ago he would give me one when I pleased; but I told him I would not take any from him; and the secretary told me t'other day he had refused a very good one for me; but it was in a place he did not like; and I know nothing of getting anything here, and, if they would give me leave, I would come over just now. Addi-

* Dr. Stanhope, the celebrated vicar of Lewisham.

son, I hear, has changed his mind about going a-er; but I have not seen him these four months. O, ay, that's true, Dingley! that's like herself: millions of businesses to do before she goes. Yes, my head has been pretty well, but threatening within these two or three days, which I impute to some fruit I ate; but I will eat no more; not a bit of any sort. I suppose you had a journey without dust, and that was happy. I long for a Wexford letter; but must not think of it yet. Your last was finished but three weeks ago. It is d—d news you tell me of Mrs. F——; it makes me love England less a great deal. I know nothing of the trunk being left or taken; so 'tis odd enough, if the things in it were mine; and I think I was told that there were some things for me that my mother left particularly to me. I am really sorry for —; that scoundrel — will have his estate after his mother's death. Let me know if Mrs. Wallis has got her tea: I hope Richardson stayed in Dublin till it came. Mrs. Wallis needed not have that blemish in her eye, for I am not in love with her at all. No, I don't like anything in the Examiner after the 45th, except the first part of the 46th; all the rest is trash; and if you like them, especially the 47th, your judgment is spoiled by ill company and want of reading; which I am more sorry for than you think: and I have spent fourteen years in improving you to little purpose. (Mr. Tooke is come here, and I must stop). At night.—I dined with lord-treasurer to-day, and he kept me till nine; so I cannot send this to-night, as I intended, nor write some other letters. Green, his surgeon, was there, and dressed his breast—that is, put on a plaster, which is still requisite; and I took an opportunity to speak to him of the queen; but he cut me short with this saying: *Laissez faire à don Antoine*; which is a French proverb, expressing, Leave that to me. I find he is against her taking much physic; and I doubt he cannot persuade her to take Dr. Radcliffe. However, she is very well now, and all the story of her illness, except the first day or two, was a lie. We had some business, that company hindered us from doing, though he is earnest for it, yet would not appoint me a certain day, but bids me come at all times till we can have leisure. This takes up a great deal of my time, and I can do nothing I would do for them. I was with the secretary this morning, and we both think to go next week to Windsor for some days, to despatch an affair, if we can have leisure. Sterne met me just now in the street by his lodgings, and I went in for an hour to Jemmy Leigh, who loves London dearly: he asked after you with great respect and friendliness. To return to your letter. Your bishop Mills^a hates me mortally: I wonder he should speak well of me, having abused me in all places where he went. So you pay your way. Cndsho! you had a fine supper, I warrant; two pullets, and a bottle of wine, and some currants. It is just three weeks to-day since you set out to Wexford; you were three days going, and I don't expect a letter these ten days yet, or rather this fortnight. I got a grant of the Gazette for Ben Tooke this morning from Mr. Secretary: it will be worth to him a hundred pounds a-year.

18. To-day I took leave of Mrs. Barton, who is going into the country; and I dined with sir John Stanley, where I have not been this great while.—There dined with us lord Rochester, and his fine daughter lady Jane,^b just growing up a top tost. I have been endeavouring to save sir Matthew Dudley, but I fear I cannot. I walked the Mall six

^a The bishop of Waterford.

^b Lady Jane Hyde was married Nov. 27, 1716, to William Casel, earl of Essex and died Jan. 3, 1732-3.

times to-night for exercise, and would have done more; but, as empty as the town is, a fool got hold of me, and so I came home, to tell you this shall go to-morrow, without fail, and follow you to Wexford like a dog.

19. Dean Atterbury sent to me to dine with him at Chelsea; I refused his coach, and walked, and am come back by seven, because I would finish this letter, and some others I am writing. Patrick tells me the maid said one Mr. Walls, a clergyman, a tall man, was here to visit me. Is it your Irish arch-deacon? I shall be sorry for it; but I shall make a shift to see him seldom enough, as I do Dilly.—What can he do here? or is it somebody else? The duke of Newcastle is dead by the fall he had from his horse. God send poor Stella her health, and keep MD happy. Farewell, and lots Presto, who loves MD above all things ten million of times.

God bless the dear Wexford girls. Farewell again, &c. &c.

LETTER THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

London, July 19, 1711.

I HAVE just sent my 26th, and have nothing to say, because I have other letters to write (pshaw, I begin too high); but I must lay the beginning like a nest-egg; to-morrow I'll say more, and fetch up this line to be straight. This is enough at present for two dear saucy naughty girls.

20. Have I told you that Walls has been with me, and leaves the town in three days? He has brought no gown with him. Dilly carried him to a play. He has come upon a foolish errand, and goes back as he comes. I was this day with lord Peterborough, who is going another ramble: I believe I told you so. I dined with lord-treasurer, but cannot get him to do his own business with me; he has put me off till to-morrow.

21, 22. I dined yesterday with lord-treasurer, who would needs take me along with him to Windsor, although I refused him several times, having no linen, &c. I had just time to desire lord Forbes to call at my lodging, and order my man to send my things to-day to Windsor, by his servant. I lay last night at the secretary's lodgings at Windsor, and borrowed one of his shirts to go to court in. The queen is very well. I dined with Mr. Masham; and not hearing anything of my things, I got lord Winchelsea to bring me to town. Here I found that Patrick had broke open the closet to get my linen and nightgown, and sent them to Windsor, and there they are; and he, not thinking I would return so soon, is gone upon his rambles: so here I am left destitute, and forced to borrow a nightgown of my landlady, and have not a rag to put on to-morrow; faith it gives me the spleen.

23. Morning.—It is a terrible rainy day, and rained prodigiously on Saturday night. Patrick lay out last night, and is not yet returned; faith, poor Presto is a desolate creature; neither servant nor linen, nor anything. Night.—Lord Forbes's man has brought back my portmanteau, and Patrick is come; so I am in christian circumstances: I shall hardly commit such a frolic again. I just crept out to Mrs. Van's, and dined, and stayed there the afternoon: it has rained all this day. Windsor is a delicious place: I never saw it before except for an hour about seventeen years ago. Walls has been here in my absence, I suppose to take his leave; for he designed not to stay above five days in London. He says, he and his wife will come here for some months next year; and, in short, he dares not stay now for fear of ber.

24. I dined to-day with a hodge friend in the city; and Walls overtook me in the street, and told me he was just getting on horseback for Chester. He has as much curiosity as a cow: he lodged with his horse in Aldersgate-street: he has bought his wife a silk gown, and himself a hat. And what are you doing? what is poor MD doing now? how do you pass your time at Wexford? how do the waters agree with you? let Presto know soon, for Presto longs to know, and must know. Is not madam Prohy curious company? I am afraid this rainy weather will spoil your waters. We have had a great deal of wet these three days. Tell me all the particulars of Wexford; the place, the company, the diversions, the victuals, the wants, the vexations. Poor Dingley never saw such a place in her life; sent all over the town for a little parsley to a boiled chicken, and it was not to be had: the butter is stark naught, except an old English woman's; and it is such a favour to get a pound from her now and then. I am glad you carried down your sheets with you, else you must have lain in sackcloth. O Lord!

25. I was this afternoon with Mr. Secretary at his office, and helped to hinder a man of his pardon who is condemned for a rape. The under-secretary was willing to save him, upon an old notion that a woman cannot be ravished; but I told the secretary he could not pardon him without a favourable report from the judge. Besides, he was a fiddler, and consequently a rogue, and deserved hanging for something else; and so he shall swing. What! I must stand up for the honour of the fair sex? 'Tis true, the fellow had lain with her a hundred times before; but what ease I for that? What! must a woman be ravished because she is a whore? The secretary and I go on Saturday to Windsor for a week. I dined with lord-treasurer, and stayed with him till past ten. I was to-day at his levee, where I went against my custom, because I had a mind to do a good office for a gentleman: so I talked with him before my lord, that he might see me, and then found occasion to recommend him this afternoon. I was forced to excuse my coming to the levee, that I did it to see the sight; for he was going to chide me away: I had never been there before but once, and that was long before he was treasurer. The rooms were all full, and as many Whigs as Tories. He whispered me a jest or two, and bid me come to dinner. I left him but just now, and 'tis late.

26. Mr. Addison and I have at last met again. I dined with him and Steele to-day at young Jacob Tonson's. The two Jacobs think it is I who have made the secretary take from them the printing of the Gazette, which they are going to lose, and Ben Tooke and another are to have it. Jacob came to me to-day to make his court; but I told him it was too late, and that it was not my doing. I reckon they will lose it in a week or two. Mr. Addison and I talked as usual, and as if we had seen one another yesterday; and Steele and I were very easy, though I writ him a biting letter in answer to one of his, where he desired me to recommend a friend of his to lord-treasurer. Go, get you gone to your waters, sirrah. Do they give you a stomach? Do you eat heartily?—We had much rain to-day and yesterday.

27. I dined to-day in the city, and saw poor Patty Rolt, and gave her a pistol to help her a little forward against she goes to board in the country. She has but eighteen pounds a year to live on, and is forced to seek out for cheap places. Sometimes they raise their price, and sometimes they starve her, and then she is forced to shift. Patrick, the puppy, put too much ink in my standish, and carry-

ing too many things together, I spilled it on my paper and floor. The town is dull, and wet, and empty: Wexford is worth two of it; I hope so at least, and that little MD finds it so. I reckon upon going to Windsor to-morrow with Mr. Secretary, unless he changes his mind, or some other business prevents him. I shall stay there a week I hope.

28. Morning.—Mr. Secretary sent me word he will call at my lodgings by two this afternoon, to take me to Windsor, so I must dine nowhere; and I promised lord-treasurer to dine with him to-day; but I suppose we shall dine at Windsor at five, for we make but three hours there. I am going abroad, but have left Patrick to put up my things, and to be sure to be at home half an hour before two. Windsor, at night.—We did not leave London till three, and dined here between six and seven; at nine I left the company, and went to see lord-treasurer, who is just come. I chid him for coming so late; he chid me for not dining with him; said he stayed an hour for me. Then I went and sat an hour with Mr. Lewis till just now, and 'tis past eleven. I lie in the same house with the secretary, one of the prebendary's houses. The secretary is not come from his apartment in the castle. Do you think that abominable dog Patrick was out after two to-day, and I in a fright every moment for fear the chariot should come; and when he came in he had not put up one rag of my things? I never was in a greater passion, and would certainly have cropped one of his ears, if I had not looked every moment for the secretary, who sent his equipage to my lodging before, and came in a chair from Whitehall to me, and happened to stay half an hour later than he intended. One of lord-treasurer's servants gave me a letter from ****, with an offer of fifty pounds to be paid me in what manner I pleased; because, he said, he desired to be well with me. I was in a rage: but my friend Lewis cooled me, and said it is what the best men sometimes meet with; and I have been not seldom served in the like manner, although not so grossly. In these cases I never demur a moment; nor ever found the least inclination to take anything. Well, I'll go to sleep in my new bed, and to dream of poor Wexford MD, and Stella that drinks water, and Dingley that drinks ale.

29. I was at court and church to-day, as I was this day se'ennight. I generally am acquainted with about thirty in the drawing-room, and am so proud I make all the lords come up to me; one passes half an hour pleasant enough. We had a dunce to preach before the queen to-day, which often happens. Windsor is a delicious situation, but the town is scoundrel. I have this morning got the Gazette for Ben Tooke and one Barber a printer; it will be about three hundred pounds a year between them. 'Tother fellow was printer of the Examiner, which is now laid down. I dined with the secretary: we were a dozen in all, three Scotch lords, and lord Peterborow. Duke Hamilton would needs be witty, and hold up my train as I walked up stairs. It is an ill circumstance that on Sundays much company meet always at the great tables. Lord-treasurer told at court what I said to Mr. Secretary on this occasion. The secretary showed me his bill of fare, to encourage me to dine with him. Poh, said I, show me a bill of company, for I value not your dinner. See how this is all blotted; I can write no more here, but to tell you I love MD dearly, and God bless them.

30. In my conscience I fear I shall have the gout. I sometimes feel pains about my feet and toes; I never drank till within these two years, and I did it

to cure my head. I often sit evenings with some of these people, and drink in my turn; but I am now resolved to drink ten times less than before; but they advise me to let what I drink be all wine, and not to put water to it. Tooka and the printer stayed to-day to finish their affair, and treated me and two of the under-secretaries, upon their getting the Gazette. Then I went to see lord-treasurer, and chid him for not taking notice of me at Windsor: he said he kept a place for me yesterday at dinner, and expected me there; but I was glad I did not come, because the duke of Buckingham was there, and that would have made us acquainted, which I have no mind to. However, we appointed to sup at Mr. Masham's, and there stayed till past one o'clock; and that is late, sirrabs: and I have much business.

31. I have sent a noble hanne of venison this afternoon to Mrs. Vanhomrigh: I wish you had it, sirrabs: I dined gravely with my landlord the secretary. The queen was abroad to-day in order to hunt, but finding it disposed to rain, she kept in her coach; she hunts in a chaise with one horse, which she drives herself, and drives furiously, like Jehu, and is a mighty hunter, like Nimrod. Dingley has heard of Nimrod, but not Stella, for it is in the Bible. I was to-day at Eton, which is but just cross the bridge, to see my lord Kerry's son, who is at school there. Mr. Secretary has given me a warrant for a buck; I can't send it to MD. It is a sad thing, faith, considering how Presto loves MD, and how MD would love Presto's venison for Presto's sake. God bless the two dear Wexford girls.

Aug. 1. We had for dinner the fellow of that haunch of venison I sent to London; 'twas mighty fat and good, and eight people at dinner; that was bad. The queen and I were going to take the air this afternoon, but not together; and were both hindered by a sudden rain. Her coaches and chaises all went back, and the guards too; and I scoured into the market-place for shelter. I intended to have walked up the finest avenue I ever saw, two miles long, with two rows of elms on each side. I walked in the evening a little upon the terrace, and came home at eight: Mr. Secretary came soon after, and we were engaging in deep discourse, and I was endeavouring to settle some points of the greatest consequence; and had wormed myself pretty well into him, when his under-secretary came in (who lodges in the same house with us) and interrupted all my scheme. I have just left him; 'tis late, &c.

2. I have been now five days at Windsor, and Patrick has been drunk three times that I have seen, and oftener I believe. He has lately had clothes that have cost me five pounds, and the dog thinks he has the whip hand of me; he begins to master me; so now I am resolved to part with him, and will use him without the least pity. The secretary and I have been walking three or four hours to-day. The doctress of Shrewsbury asked him, was not that Dr.—Dr., and she could not say my name in English, but said Dr. Presto, which is Italian for swift. Whimsical enough, as Billy Swift says. I go to-morrow with the secretary to his house at Buckleberry, twenty-five miles from hence, and return early on Sunday morning. I will leave this letter behind me locked up, and give you an account of my journey when I return. I had a letter yesterday from the bishop of Clogher, who is coming up to Dublin to his parliament. Have you any correspondence with him at Wexford? Methinks I now long for a letter from you, dated Wexford, July 24, &c. O Lord, that would be so pretending; and then, says you, Stella can't write much, because it

is bad to write when one drinks the waters; and I think, says you, I find myself better already, but I cannot tell yet whether it be the journey or the waters. Presto is so silly to-night; yes, he be; but Presto loves MD dearily, as hope saved.

3. Morning.—I am to go this day at noon, as I told you, to Buckleberry; we dine at twelve, and expect to be there in four hours; I cannot hid you good night now, because I shall be twenty-five miles from this paper to-night, and so my journal must have a break; so good morrow, &c.

4, 5. I dined yesterday at Buckleberry, where we lay two nights, and set out this morning at eight, and were here at twelve; in four hours we went twenty-six miles. Mr. Secretary was a perfect country gentleman at Buckleberry; he smoked tobacco with one or two neighbours; he inquired after the wheat in such a field; he went to visit his bounds, and knew all their names; he and his lady saw me to my chamber just in the country fashion. His house is in the midst of near three thousand pounds a-year he had by his lady, who is descended from Jack of Newbury, of whom books and ballads are written; and there is an old picture of him in the house. She is a great favourite of mine. I lost church to-day; but I dressed, and shaved, and went to court, and would not dine with the secretary, but engaged myself to a private dinner with Mr. Lewis, and one friend more. We go to London to-morrow; for lord Dartmouth, the other secretary, is come, and they are here their weeks by turns.

6. Lord-treasurer comes every Saturday to Windsor, and goes away on Monday or Tuesday. I was with him this morning at his levee, for one cannot see him otherwise here, he is so hurried; we had some talk, and I told him I would stay this week at Windsor by myself, where I can have more leisure to do some business that concerns them. Lord-treasurer and the secretary thought to mortify me; for they told me they had been talking a great deal of me to-day to the queen, and she said she had never heard of me. I told them that was their fault, and not hers, &c., and so we laughed. I dined with the secretary, and let him go to London at five without me; and here am I all alone in the prebendary's house, which Mr. Secretary has taken; only Mr. Lewis is in my neighbourhood, and we shall be good company. The vice-chamberlain [Mr. Coke], and Mr. Masham, and the green cloth, have promised me dinners. I shall want but four till Mr. Secretary returns. We have a music meeting in our town to-night. I went to the rehearsal of it, and there was Margarita and her sister, and another drab, and a parcel of fiddlers; I was weary, and would not go to the meeting, which I am sorry for, because I heard it was a great assembly. Mr. Lewis came from it, and sat with me till just now; and 'tis late.

7. I can do no business I fear, because Mr. Lewis, who has nothing or little to do here, sticks close to me. I dined to-day with the gentlemen ushers, among scurry company; but the queen was hunting the stag till four this afternoon, and she drove in her chaise above forty miles, and it was five before we went to dinner. Here are fine walks about this town. I sometimes walk up the avenue.

8. There was a drawing-room to-day at court, but so few company, that the queen sent for us into her bedchamber, where we made our bows, and stood about twenty of us round the room, while she looked at us round with her fan in her mouth, and once a minute said about three words to some that were nearest her, and then she was told dinner was ready, and went out. I dined at the green cloth,

by Mr. Scarborough's invitation, who is in waiting. It is much the best table in England, and costs the queen a thousand pounds a month while she is at Windsor or Hampton Court; and is the only mark of magnificence or hospitality I can see in the queen's family: it is designed to entertain foreign ministers, and people of quality, who come to see the queen, and have no place to dine at.

9. Mr. Coke made me a long visit this morning, and invited me to dinner, but the toast, his lady, was unfortunately engaged to lady Sunderland. Lord-treasurer staid here last night, but did not lie in his lodgings in the castle; and after seeing the queen, went back again. I just drank a dish of chocolate with him. I fancy I shall have reason to be angry with him very soon; but what care I! I believe I shall die with ministries in my debt. This night I received a certain letter from a place called Wexford, from two dear naughty girls of my acquaintance; but faith I won't answer it here, no, in troth. I will send this to Mr. Reading, supposing it will find you returned; and I hope better for the waters.

10. Mr. Vice-chamberlain lent me his horses to ride about and see the country this morning. Dr. Arbuthnot, the queen's physician and favourite, went out with me to show me the places; we went a little after the queen, and overtook Miss Forester, a maid of honour, on her palfrey, taking the air; we made her go along with us. We saw a place they have made for a famous horse-race to-morrow, where the queen will come. We met the queen coming back, and Miss Forester stood, like us, with her hat off while the queen went by. The doctor and I left the lady where we found her, but under other conductors, and we dined at a little place he has taken, about a mile off.—When I came back I found Mr. Scarborough had sent all about to invite me to the green cloth, and lessened his company on purpose to make me easy. It is very obliging, and will cost me thanks. Much company is come to town this evening, to see to-morrow's race. I was tired with riding a trotting mettlesome horse a dozen miles, having not been on horseback this twelve-month. And Miss Forester did not make it easier; she is a silly true maid of honour, and I did not like her, although she be a toast, and was dressed like a man.

11. I will send this letter to-day. I expect the secretary by noon. I will not go to the race, unless I can get room in some coach. It is now morning. I must rise, and fold up and seal my letter. Farewell, and God preserve dearest MD.

I believe I shall leave this town on Monday.

LETTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

Windsor, Aug. 11, 1711.

I SENT away my 27th this morning in an express to London, and directed to Mr. Reading; this shall go to your lodgings, where I reckon you will be returned before it reaches you. I intended to go to the race to-day, but was hindered by a visit; I believe I told you so in my last. I dined to-day at the green cloth, where everybody had been at the race but myself, and we were twenty in all, and very noisy company; but I made the vice-chamberlain and two friends more sit at a side-table to be a little quiet. At six I went to see the secretary, who is returned; but lord-keeper sent to desire I would sup with him, where I stayed till just now: lord-treasurer and secretary were to come to us, but both failed. 'Tis late, &c.

12. I was this morning to visit lord-keeper, who

made me reproaches that I had never visited him at Windsor. He had a present sent him of delicious peaches, and he was champing, and champing, but I durst not eat one; I wished Dingley had some of them, for poor Stella can no more eat fruit than Presto. Dilly Ashe is come to Windsor; and after church I carried him up to the drawing-room, and talked to the keeper and treasurer, on purpose to show them to him, and he saw the queen and several great lords, and the duchess of Muntague: he was mighty happy, and resolves to fill a letter to the bishop [of Clogher]. My friend Lewis and I dined soberly with Dr. Adams, the only neighbour prebendary. One of the prebendaries here is lately a peer, by the death of his father. He is now lord Willoughby, of Brooke, and will sit in the house of lords with his gown. I supped to-night at Masham's with lord-treasurer, Mr. Secretary, and Prior. The treasurer made us stay till twelve before he came from the queen, and 'tis now past two.

13. I reckoned upon going to London to-day; but by an accident the cabinet council did not sit last night, and sat to-day, so we go to-morrow at six in the morning. I missed the race to-day by coming too late, when everybody's coach was gone, and ride I would not; I felt my last riding three days after. We had a dinner to-day at the secretary's lodgings without him: Mr. Hare, his under-secretary, Mr. Lewis, brigadier Sutton, and I dined together, and I made the vice-chamberlain take a snap with us, rather than stay till five for his lady, who was gone to the race. The reason why the cabinet council was not held last night was, because Mr. secretary St. John would not sit with your duke of Somerset. So to-day the duke was forced to go to the race while the cabinet was held. We have music meetings in our town, and I was at the rehearsal to-day, but I did not value it, nor would go to the meeting. Did I tell you this before?

London, 14. We came to town this day in two hours and forty minutes: twenty miles are nothing here. I found a letter from the archbishop of Dublin, sent me the Lord knows how. He says some of the bishops will hardly believe that lord-treasurer got the queen to remit the first-fruits before the duke of Ormond was declared lord-tenant; and that the bishops have written a letter to lord-treasurer to thank him. He has sent me the address of the convocation, ascribing, in good part, that affair to the duke, who had less share in it than MD; for if it had not been for MD, I should not have been so good a solicitor. I dined to-day in the city, about a little bit of mischief with a printer. —I found Mrs. Vanhomrigh all in combustion, squabbling with her rogue of a landlord; she has left her house, and gone out of our neighbourhood a good way. Her eldest daughter is come of age, and going to Ireland to look after her fortune, and get it in her own hands.

15. I dined to-day with Mrs. Van, who goes tonight to her new lodgings. I went at six to see lord-treasurer, but his company was gone, contrary to custom, and he was busy, and I was forced to stay some time before I could see him. We were together hardly an hour, and he went away, being in haste. He desired me to dine with him on Friday, because there would be a friend of his that I must see: my lord Harley told me, when he was gone, that it was Mrs. Masham his father meant, who is come to town to lie in, and whom I never saw, though her husband is one of our society. God send her a good time; her death would be a terrible thing. Do you know that I have ventured all my credit with these great ministers to clear some un-

derstandings between them; and, if there be no breach, I ought to have the merit of it. 'Tis a plaguy ticklish piece of work, and a man hazards losing both sides. 'Tis a pity the world does not know my virtue.—I thought the clergy in convocation in Ireland would have given me thanks for being their solicitor, but I hear of no such thing. Pray talk occasionally on that subject, and let me know what you hear. Do you know the greatness of my spirit, that I value their thanks not a rush; but at my return shall freely let all people know that it was my lord-treasurer's action, wherein the duke of Ormond had no more share than a cat. And so they may go whistle, and I'll go sleep.

16. I was this day in the city, and dined at Pontack's with Stratford and two other merchants.—Pontack told us, although his wine was so good, he sold it cheaper than others, he took but seven shillings a flask. Are not these pretty rates? The books he sent for from Ilamburgh are come, but not yet got out of the custom-house. My library will be at least double when I come back. I shall go to Windsor again on Saturday, to meet our society, who are to sup at Mr. Secretary's; but I believe I shall return on Monday, and then I will answer your letter, that lies safe here underneath:—I see it; lie still; I'll answer you when the ducks have eaten up the dirt.

17. I dined to-day at lord-treasurer's with Mrs. Masham, and she is extremely like one Mrs. Malolly, that was once my landlady in Trim. She was used with mighty kindness and respect, like a favourite. It signifies nothing going to this lord-treasurer about business, although it be his own. He was in haste, and desires I will come again and dine with him to-morrow. His famous lying porter is fallen sick, and they think he will die: I wish I had all my half-crowns again. I believe I have told you he is an old Scotch fanatic, and the damndest liar in his office alive. I have a mind to recommend Patrick to succeed him; I have trained him up pretty well. I reckon for certain you are now in town. The weather now begins to alter to rain.

Windsor, 18. I dined to-day with lord-treasurer, and he would make me go with him to Windsor, although I was engaged to the secretary, to whom I made my excuses: we had in the coach besides, his son and son-in-law, lord Dupplin, who are two of our society, and seven of us met by appointment, and supped this night with the secretary. It was past nine before we got here, but a fine moonshiny night. I shall go back, I believe, on Monday. 'Tis very late.

19. The queen did not stir out to-day, she is in a little fit of the gout. I dined at Mr. Masham's; we had none but our society members, six in all, and I supped with lord-treasurer. The queen has ordered twenty thousand pounds to go on with the building at Blenheim, which has been starved till now, since the change of the ministry. I suppose it is to reward his last action of getting into the French lines. Lord-treasurer kept me till past twelve.

London, 20. It rained terribly every step of our journey to-day; I returned with the secretary after a dinner of cold meat, and went to Mrs. Van's, where I sat the evening. I grow very idle, because I have a great deal of business. Tell me how you passed your time at Wexford; and an't you glad at heart you have got safe home to your lodgings at St. Mary's, pray! and so your friends come to visit you: and Mrs. Walls is much better of her eye; and the denn is just as he used to be; and what does Walls say of London? 'tis a reasoning coxcomb. And Goody Stoyte, and Hannah what-d'ye-call-her;

no, her name en't Hannah, Catharine I mean; they were so glad to see the ladies again; and Mrs. Manley wanted a companion at ombre.

21. I writ to-day to the archbishop of Dublin, and enclosed a long politic paper by itself. You know the bishops are all angry that (smoke the wax-candle drop at the bottom of this paper) I have let the world know the first-fruits were got by lord-treasurer before the duke of Ormond was governor. I told lord-treasurer all this, and he is very angry; but I pacified him again by telling him they were fools, and knew nothing of what passed here, but thought all was well enough if they complimented the duke of Ormond. Lord-treasurer gave me t'other day a letter of thanks he received from the bishops of Ireland, signed by seventeen, and says he will write them an answer. The dean of Carlisle sat with me to-day till three, and I went to dine with lord-treasurer, who dined abroad, so did the secretary, and I was left in the lurch. 'Twas almost four, and I got to sir Matthew Dudley, who had half dined. Thornhill, who killed sir Cholmley Dering, was murdered by two men on Turnham-green last Monday night: as they stabbed him, they bid him remember sir Cholmley Dering. They had quarrelled at Hampton-court, and followed and stabbed him on horseback. We have only a Grub-street paper of it, but I believe it is true. I went myself through Turnham-green the same night, which was yesterday.

22. We have had terrible rains these two or three days. I intended to dine at lord-treasurer's, but went to see lady Abercorn, who is come to town, and my lord; and I dined with them, and visited lord-treasurer this evening. His porter is mending. I sat with my lord about three hours, and am come home early to be busy. Passing by White's chocolate-house, my brother Masham called me, and told me his wife was brought to-bed of a boy, and both very well. (Our society, you must know, are all brothers.) Dr. Garth told us that Mr. Henley is dead of an apoplexy. His brother-in-law, earl Poulet, is gone down to the Grange to take care of his funeral. The earl of Danby, the duke of Leeds' eldest grandson, a very hopeful young man of about twenty, is dead at Utrecht of the small-pox. I long to know whether you begin to have any good effect by your waters. Methinks this letter goes on slowly; 'twill be a fortnight next Saturday since it was begun, and one side not filled. O fie, for shame, Presto. Faith, I'm so tosted to and from Windsor, that I know not what to say; but faith, I'll go to Windsor again on Saturday, if they ask me, not else. So lose your money again now you are come home, do, sirrah.

Take your magnifying glass, madam Dingley.

You shan't read this, sirrah Stella; don't read it for your life, for fear of your dearest eyes.

There's enough for this side; these ministers binder me.

Pretty, dear, little, naughty, nancy MD.

Silly, impudent, loggerhead Presto.

23. Dilly and I dined to-day with lord Abercorn, and had a fine fat baunch of venison, that smelt rarely on one side, and after dinner Dilly won half a crown of me at backgammon, at his lodgings, with great content. It is a scurvy empty town this melancholy season of the year, but I think our weather begins to mend. The roads are as deep as in winter. The grapes are sad things, but the peaches are pretty good, and there are some figs. I sometimes venture to eat one, but always repent it. You say nothing of the box sent half a year ago. I wish you would pay me for Mrs. Waller's tea. Your mother is in the

country, I suppose. Pray send me the account of MD, madam Dingley, as it stands since November, that is to say, for this year (excluding the twenty pounds lent Stella for Wexford), for I cannot look in your letters. I think I ordered that Hawksshaw's interest should he paid to you. When you think proper, I will let Parrioso know you have paid that twenty pounds, or part of it; and so go play with the dean, and I will answer your letter to-morrow. Good night, sirrahs, and love Presto, and begood girls.

24. I dined to-day with lord-treasurer, who chid me for not dining with him yesterday; for it seems I did not understand his invitation; and their club of the ministry dined together, and expected me. Lord Radnor and I were walking the Mall this evening; and Mr. Secretary met us, and took a turn or two, and then stole away, and we both believe it was to pick up some wench; and to-morrow he will be at the cabinet with the queen; so goes the world. Prior has been out of town these two months, nobody knows where, and is lately returned. People confidently affirm he has been in France, and I half believe it. It is said he was sent by the ministry, and for some overtures toward a peace. The secretary pretends he knows nothing of it. I believe your parliament will be dissolved. I have been talking about the quarrel between your lords and commons with lord-treasurer; and did, at the request of some people, desire that the queen's answer to the commons' address might express a dislike to some principles, &c., but was answered doleously. And so now to your letter, fair ladies. I know drinking is bad; I mean writing is bad in drinking the waters; and was angry to see so much in Stella's hand. But why Dingley drinks them I cannot imagine; but truly she'll drink waters as well as Stella. Why not! I hope you now find the benefit of them since you are returned; pray let me know particularly. I am glad you are forced upon exercise, which, I believe, is as good as the waters for the heart of them. 'Tis now past the middle of August; so by your reckoning you are in Dublin. It would vex me to the dogs that letters should miscarry between Dublin and Wexford, after 'scaping the salt sea. I will write no more to that nasty town in haste again, I warrant you. I have been four Sundays together at Windsor, of which a fortnight together; but I believe I shall not go to-morrow, for I will not unless the secretary asks me. I know all your news about the mayor: it makes no noise here at all, but the quarrel of your parliament does; it is so very extraordinary, and the language of the commons so very pretty. The Examiner has been down this month, and was very silly the five or six last papers; but there is a pamphlet come out, in answer to a Letter to the Seven Lords who examined Gregg.* The answer is by the real author of the Examiner, as I believe, for it is very well written (Swift himself). We had Trap's poem on the duke of Ormond printed here, and the printer sold just eleven of them. 'Tis a dull piece, not half so good as Stella's; and she is very modest to compare herself with such a poetaster. I am heartily sorry for poor Mrs. Parnell's death; she seemed to be an excellent good-natured young woman, and I believe the poor lad is much afflicted; they appeared to live perfectly well together. Dilly is not tired at all with England, but intends to continue here a good while; he is mighty easy to be at distance from his two sisters-in-law. He finds some sort of scrub acquaintance; goes now and then in disguise to a play; smokes his pipe; reads now and then a little trash, and what else the Lord knows.

* A clerk in Harley's office, convicted of treasonable correspondence.

I see him now and then; for he calls here, and the town being thin, I am less pestered with company than usual. I have got rid of many of my solicitors, by doing nothing for them: I have not above eight or nine left, and I'll be as kind to them. Did I tell you of a knight, who desired me to speak to lord-treasurer to give him two thousand pounds, or five hundred pounds a-year, until he could get something better? I honestly delivered my message to the treasurer, adding, the knight was a puppy, whom I would not give a groat to save from the gallows. Cole Reading's father-in-law has been two or three times at me to recommend his lights to the ministry; assuring me that a word of mine would, &c. Did not that dog use to speak ill of me, and profess to hate me? He knows not where I lodge, for I told him I lived in the country; and I have ordered Patriek to deny me constantly to him.—Did the bishop of London die in Wexford? poor gentleman! did he drink the waters? were you at his burial? was it a great funeral! so far from his friends! But he was very old: we shall all follow. And yet it was a pity, if God pleased. He was a good man; not very learned; I believe he died but poor. Did he leave any charity legacies? who held up his pall? was there a great sight of clergy? do they design a tomb for him? are you sure it was the bishop of London? because there is an elderly gentleman here that we give the same title to; or did you fancy all this in your water, as others do strange things in their wine? They say these waters trouble the head, and make people imagine what never came to pass. Do you make no more of killing a bishop? are these your Whiggish tricks?—Yes, yes, I see you are in a fret. O faith, says you, hurry Presto, I'll break your head; what, can't one report what one hears, without being made a jest and a laughing-stock? are these your English tricks, with a murrain?—and Sacheverell will be the next bishop?—he would be glad of an addition of two hundred pounds a-year to what he has; and that is more than they will give, for aught I see. He hates the new ministry mortally, and they hate him, and pretend to despise him too. They will not allow him to have been the occasion of the late change; at least some of them will not; but my lord-keeper owned it to me t'other day. No, Mr. Addison does not go to Ireland this year; he pretended he would; but he is gone to Bath with Pastoral Phillips for his eyes.—So now I have run over your letter; and I think this shall go to-morrow, which will be just a fortnight from the last, and bring things to the old form again after your rambles to Wexford, and mine to Windsor. Are there not many literal faults in my letters? I never read them over, and I fancy there are. What do you do then? do you guess my meaning; or are you acquainted with my manner of mistaking? I lost my handkerchief in the Mall to-night with lord Radnor; but I made him walk with me to find it, and find it I did not. Tiedall (that lodges with me) and I have had no conversation, nor do we pull off our hats in the streets.—There is a cousin of his (I suppose), a young parson, that lodges in the house too; a handsome genteel fellow. Dick Tighe* and his wife lodged over against us; and he has been seen, out of our upper windows, beating her two or three times; they are both gone to Ireland, but not together; and he solemnly vows never to live with her. Neighbours do not stick to say she has a tongue: in short, I am told she is the most urging, provoking devil that ever was born; and he a hot whiffing puppy, very apt to resent. I'll keep this bottom till to-morrow: I'm sleepy.

* Afterwards a privy councillor in Ireland.

25. I was with the secretary this morning, who was in a mighty hurry, and went to Windsor in a chariot with lord-keeper; so I was not invited, and am forced to stay at home, but not at all against my will; for I could have gone, and would not. I dined in the city with one of my printers, for whom I got the Gazette, and am come home early; and have nothing to say to you more, but finish this letter, and not send it by the bellman. Days grow short, and the weather grows bad, and the town is splenetic, and things are so oddly contrived, that I cannot be absent; otherwise I would go for a few days to Oxford, as I promised. They say, 'tis certain that Prior has been in France; nobody doubts it: I had not time to ask the secretary, he was in such haste. Well, I will take my leave of dearest MD for a while; for I must begin my next letter to-night: consider that, young women; and pray be merry, and good girls, and love Presto. There is now but one business the ministry wants me for; and when that is done I will take my leave of them. I never got a penny from them, nor expect it. In my opinion, some things stand very ticklish; I dare say nothing at this distance. Farewell, dear sirrha, dearest lives; there is peace and quiet with MD, and nowhere else. They have not leisure here to think of small things, which may ruin them; and I have been forward enough. Farewell again, dearest rogues: I am never happy but when I write or think of MD. I have enough of courts and ministers; and wish I were at Laracor; and if I could with honour come away this moment, I would. Bernage came to see me to-day; he is just lauded from Portugal, and come to raise recruits; he looks very well, and seems pleased with his station and manner of life; he never saw London nor England before; he is ravished with Kent, which was his first prospect when he landed. Farewell again, &c. &c.

LETTER THE TWENTY-NINTH.

London, Aug. 25, 1711.

I HAVE got a pretty small gilt sheet of paper to write to MD. I have this moment sent my 25th by Patriek, who tells me he has put it in the post-office. 'Tis directed to your lodgings; if it wants more particular direction, you must set me right. It is now a solar month and two days since the date of your last, No. 18, and I reckon you are now quiet at home, and thinking to begin your 19th, which will be full of your quarrel between the two houses; all which I know already. Where shall I dine to-morrow? can you tell? Mrs. Vanhomrigh boards now, and cannot invite one; and there I used to dine when I was at a loss; and all my friends are gone out of town, and your town is now at the fullest with your parliament and convocation. But let me alone, sirrha; for Presto is going to be very busy; not Presto, but t'other I.

26. People have so left the town, that I am at a loss for a dinner. It is a long time since I have been at London upon a Sunday; and the ministers are all at Windsor. It cost me eighteenpence in coach-hire before I could find a place to dine in. I went to Frankland's, and he was abroad; and the drab his wife looked out of window, and bowed to me without inviting me up; so I dined with Mr. Coot, my lord Monrath's brother; my lord is with you in Ireland. This morning at five my lord Jersey died of the gout in his stomach, or apoplexy, or both; he was abroad yesterday, and his death was sudden: he was chamberlain to king William, and a great favourite, turned out by the queen as a Tory, and stood now fair to be privy-seal; and by his death will.

I suppose, make that matter easier, which has been a very stubborn business at court, as I have been informed. I never remembered so many people of quality to have died in so short a time.

27. I went to-day into the city to thank Stratford for my hooks, and dine with him, and settle my affairs of my money in the bank, and receive a bill for Mrs. Wesley, for some things to buy for her; and the d— a one of all these could I do. The merchants were all out of town, and I was forced to go to a little hedge place for my dinner. May my enemies live here in summer! and yet I am so unlucky, that I cannot possibly be out of the way at this juncture. People leave the town so late in summer, and return so late in winter, that they have almost inverted the seasons. It is autumn this good while in St. James's park; the limes have been losing their leaves, and those remaining on the trees are all parched. I hate this season, where everything grows worse and worse. The only good thing of it is the fruit, and that I dare not eat.—Had you any fruit at Wexford? a few cherries, and durst not eat them. I do not hear we have yet got a new privy seal. The Whigs whisper that our new ministry differ among themselves, and they begin to talk out Mr. Secretary. They have some reason for their whispers, although I thought it was a greater secret. I do not much like the posture of things; I always apprehended that any falling out would ruin them, and so I have told them several times. The Whigs are mighty full of hopes at present; and, whatever is the matter, all kind of stocks fall. I have not yet talked with the secretary about Prior's journey. I should be apt to think it may foretell a peace; and that is all we have to preserve us. The secretary is not come from Windsor; but I expect him to-morrow. Burn all politics!

28. We begin to have fine weather, and I walked to-day to Chelsea, and dined with the deau of Carlisle, who is laid up with the gout. It is now fixed that he is to be dean of Christ Church, in Oxford. I was advising him to use his interest to prevent any misunderstanding between our ministers; but he is too wise to meddle, though he fears the thing and consequences as much as I. He will get into his own warm quiet deanery, and leave them to themselves; and he is in the right. When I came home to-night I found a letter from Mr. Lewis, who is now at Windsor; and in it, forsooth, another, which looked like Presto's hand; and what should it be but a 19th from MD! O faith, I 'scaped narrowly, for I sent my 28th hut on Saturday; and what should I have done if I had two letters to answer at once? I did not expect another from Wexford, that's certain. Well, I must be contented; but you are dear saucy girls, for all that, to write so soon again, faith; an't you?

29. I dined to-day with lord Abercorn, and took my leave of them; they set out to-morrow for Chester; and, I believe, will now fix in Ireland. They have made a pretty good journey of it. His eldest son is married to a lady with ten thousand pounds; and his son has to-day got a prize in the lottery of four thousand pounds, beside two small ones of two hundred pounds each: nay, the family was so fortunate, that my lord bestowing one ticket, which is a hundred pounds, to one of his servants, who had been his page, the young fellow got a prize, which has made it another hundred. I went in the evening to lord-treasurer, who desires I will dine with him to-morrow, when he will show me the answer he designs to return to the letter of thanks from your bishops in Ireland. The archbishop of Dublin desired me to get myself mentioned in the answer

which my lord would send; but I sent him word I would not open my lips to my lord upon it. He says it would convince the bishops of what I have affirmed, that the first-fruits were granted before the duke of Ormond was declared governor; and I writ to him that I would not give a farthing to convince them. My lord-treasurer began a health to my lord privy-seal: Prior punned, and said it was so privy, he knew not who it was; but I fancy they have fixed it all, and we shall know to-morrow. But what care you who is privy-seal, saucy slut-tikins!

30. When I went out this morning I was surprised with the news that the bishop of Bristol is made lord privy-seal. You know his name is Robiuson, and that he was many years envoy in Sweden. All the friends of the present ministry are extreme glad, and the clergy above the rest. The Whigs will fret to death to see a civil employment given to a clergyman. It was a very handsome thing in my lord-treasurer, and will bind the church to him for ever. I dined with him to-day, but he had not written his letter; but told me he would not offer to send it without showing it to me: he thought that would not be just, since I was so deeply concerned in the affair. We had much company; lord Rivers, Marr, and Kinnoul, Mr. Secretary, George Granville, and Masham; the last has invited me to the christening of his son to-morrow se'ennight; and on Saturday I go to Windsor with Mr. Secretary.

31. Dilly and I walked to-day to Kensington to lady Mountjoy, who invited us to dinner. He returned soon to go to the play, it being the last that will be acted for some time: he dresses himself like a beau, and no docht makes a fine figure. I went to visit some people at Kensington. O'fly Butler's wife there lies very ill of an ague, which is a very common disease here, and little known in Ireland. I am apt to think we shall soon have a peace, by the little words I hear thrown out by the ministry. I have just thought of a project to hit the town. I have told you that it is now known that Mr. Prior has been lately in France. I will make a printer of my own sit by me one day, and I will dictate to him a formal relation of Prior's journey, with several particulars, all pure invention; and I doubt not but it will take.

September 1. Morning.—I go to-day to Windsor with Mr. Secretary; and lord-treasurer has promised to bring me back. The weather has been fine for some time, and I believe we shall have a great deal of dust. At night. Windsor.—The secretary and I, and brigadier Sutton, dined to-day at Parson's-green, at my lord Peterborough's house, who has left it and his gardens to the secretary during his absence. It is the finest garden I have ever seen about this town, and abundance of hot walls for grapes, where they are in great plenty, and ripening fast. I durst not eat any fruit hut one fig; but I brought a basketful to my friend Lewis here at Windsor. Does Stella never eat any? what, no apricots at Donnybrook! nothing but claret and ombre? I envy people maunching and maunching peaches and grapes, and I not daring to eat a bit. My head is pretty well, only a sudden turn any time makes me giddy for a moment, and sometimes it feels very stuffed; but if it grows no worse, I can hear it very well. I take all opportunities of walking; and we have a delicious park here just joining to the castle, and an avenue in the great park very wide, and two miles long, set with a double row of elms on each side. Were you ever at Windsor? I was once a great while ago; but had quite forgotten it.

2. The queen has the gout, and did not come to

chapel, nor stir out from her chamber, but received the sacrament there, as she always does the first Sunday in the month. Yet we had a great court, and among others I saw your Ingoldsby, who, seeing me talk very familiarly with the keeper, treasurer, &c., came up and saluted me, and began a very impertinent discourse about the siege of Bouchain. I told him I could not answer his questions, but I would bring him one that should; so I went and fetched Sutton (who brought over the express about a month ago), and delivered him to the general, and had him answer his questions? and so I left them together. Sutton, after some time, came back in rage: finds me with lord Rivers and Masham, and there complains of the trick I had played him, and swore he had been plagued to death with Ingoldsby's talk. But he told me Ingoldsby asked him what I meant by bringing him; so I suppose he smoked me a little. So we laughed, &c. My lord Willoughby, who is one of the chaplains, and prebendary of Windsor, read prayers last night to the family; and the bishop of Bristol, who is dean of Windsor, officiated last night at the cathedral. This they do to be popular, and it pleases mightily. I dined with Mr. Masham, because he lets me have a select company. For the court here have got by the end a good thing I said to the secretary some weeks ago. He showed me his bill of fare to tempt me to dine with him; Polk, said I, I value not your bill of fare; give me your bill of company. Lord-treasurer was mightily pleased, and told it everybody as a notable thing. I reckon upon returning to-morrow; they say the bishop will then have the privy-seal delivered him at a great council.

3. Windsor still. The council was held so late to-day, that I do not go back to town till to-morrow. The bishop was sworn privy-counsellor, and had the privy-seal given him: and now the patents are passed for those who were this long time to be made lords or earls. Lord Ruby, who is earl of Stratford, is on Thursday to marry a namesake of Stella's; the daughter of sir H. Johnson in the city; he has three-score thousand pounds with her, ready money, beside the rest at the father's death. I have got my friend Stratford to be one of the directors of the South Sea company, who were named to-day. My lord-treasurer did it for me a month ago; and one of those whom I got to be printer of the Gazette I am recommending to be printer to the same company. He treated Mr. Lewis and me to-day at dinner. I supped last night and this with lord-treasurer, keeper, &c., and took occasion to mention the printer. I said it was the same printer whom my lord-treasurer has appointed to print for the South Sea company; he denied, and I insisted on it; and I got the laugh on my side.

London, 4. I came as far as Brentford in lord Rivers's chariot, who had business with lord-treasurer; then I went into lord-treasurer's; we stopped at Kensington, where lord-treasurer went to see Mrs. Masham, who is now what they call in the straw. We got to town by three, and I lighted at lord-treasurer's, who commanded me not to stir: but I was not well; and when he went up I begged the young lord to excuse me, and so went into the city by water, where I could be easier, and dined with the printer, and dictated to him some part of Prior's Journey to France. I walked from the city, for I take all occasions of exercise. Our journey was horrid dusty.

5. When I went out to-day I found it had rained mightily in the night, and the streets were as dirty as winter; it is very refreshing after ten days dry. I went into the city and dined with Stratford, thanked him for his books, gave him joy of his being director, of which he had the first notice by a

letter from me. I ate sturgeon, and it lies on my stomach. I almost finished Prior's Journey at the printer's, and came home pretty late with Patrick at my heels.

7. Morning. But what shall we do about this letter of MD's, No. 19? not a word answered yet, and so much paper spent! I cannot do anything in it, sweethearts, till night. At night.—O Lord, O Lord, the greatest disgrace that ever was has happened to Presto. What do you think? but when I was going out this forenoon a letter came from MD, No. 20, dated at Dublin. O dear, O dear; O sad, O sad!—Now I have two letters together to answer; here they are, lying together. But I will only answer the first; for I came in late. I dined with my friend Lewis at his lodgings, and walked at six to Kensington to Mr. Masham's christening. It was very private; nobody there but my lord-treasurer, his son, and son-in-law, that is to say, lord Harley, and lord Dupplin, and lord Rivers, and I. The dean of Rochester christened the child, but soon went away. Lord-treasurer and lord Rivers were godfathers, and Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Masham's sister, godmother. The child roared like a hulk, and I gave Mrs. Masham joy of it; and she charged me to take care of my nephew, because, Mr. Masham being a brother of our society, his son you know is consequently a nephew. Mrs. Masham sat up dressed in bed, but not as they do in Ireland, with all smooth about her, as if she was cut off in the middle; for you might see the counterpane (what d'ye call it!) rise above her hips and body. There's another name of the counterpane, and you'll laugh now, airbaths. George Granville came in at supper, and we stayed till eleven, and lord-treasurer set me down at his lodgings in Suffolk-street. Did I ever tell you that lord-treasurer hears ill with the left ear, just as I do? He always turns the right; and his servants whisper him at that only. I dare not tell him that I am so too, for fear he should think I counterfeited, to make my court.

6. You must read this before the other; for I mistook and forgot to write yesterday's journal, it was so insignificant: I dined with Dr. Cockburn, and sat the evening with lord-treasurer till ten o'clock. On Thursdays he has always a large select company, and expects me. So good night for last night, &c.

8. Morning.—I go to Windsor with lord-treasurer to-day, and will leave this behind me to be sent to the post. And now let us hear what says the first letter, No. 19. You are still at Wexford, as you say, madam Dingley. I think no letter from me ever yet miscarried. And so Inish-Corthy [Enniscorthy, county of Wexford] and the river Slainy; fine words those in a lady's mouth. Your hand like Dingley's? you scrambling, scattering, sluttikin: *Yes, mighty like indeed, is it not?* Pssh! don't talk of writing or reading till your eyes are well, and long well; only I would have Dingley read sometimes to you, that you may not quite lose the desire of it. God be thanked that the ugly numbing is gone. Pray use exercise when you go to town. What game is that ombra^b which Dr. Elwood and you play at? is it the Spanish game ombra? Your earl-purse! you a card-purse! you a fiddlestick. You have luck indeed; and luck in a bag. What a devil is that eight-shilling tea-kettle? copper, or tin jappanned? It is like your Irish politeness, ruffling for tea-kettles. What a splinter you keep to convince me that Walls has no taste! My head continues pretty well. Why

^a These words in *Italics* are written in strange misshapen letters, inclining to the right hand, in imitation of Stella's writing.
^b In Stella's spelling. It is an odd thing that a woman of Stella's understanding should spell extremely ill.

do you write, dear sirrah Stella, when you find your eyes so weak that you cannot see? what comfort is there in reading what you write, when one knows that? So Dingley can't write because of the clutter of new company come to Wexford? I suppose the noise of their hundred horses disturbs you; or, do you lie in one gallery, as in an hospital? What, you are afraid of losing in Dublin the acquaintance you have got in Wexford; and chiefly the bishop of Raphoe, an old, dotting, perverse coxcomb! Twenty at a time at breakfast. That is like five pounds at a time, when it was never but once. I doubt, madam Dingley, you are apt to lie in your travels, though not so bad as Stella; she tells thumpers, as I shall prove in my next, if I find this receives encouragement. So Dr. Elwood says there are a world of pretty things in my works. A pox on his praises! an enemy here would say more. The duke of Buckingham would say as much, though he and I are terribly fallen out; and the great men are perpetually inflaming me against him: they bring me all he says of me, and, I believe, make it worse, out of roguery. No, 'tis not your pen is bewitched, madam Stella, but your old *acreseling, spay-foot, pot-hooks,*^a s, f, ay, that's it: there the s, l, f, there, there, that's exact. Farewell, &c.

Our fine weather is gone, and I doubt we shall have a rainy journey to-day. Faith, 'tis shaving-day, and I have much to do.

When Stella says her pen is bewitched, it was only because there was a hair in it. You know the fellow they call God-help-it had the same thoughts of his wife, and for the same reason. I think this is very well observed, and I unfolded the letter to tell you it.

Cut off those two notes above; and see the nine pounds endorsed, and receive the other; and send me word how my accounts stand, that they may be adjusted by Nov. 1. Pray be very particular; but the twenty pounds I lend you is not to be included; so make no hinder. I won't wrong you, nor you shan't wrong me; that's the short. O Lord, how stout Presto is of late! But he loves MD more than his life a thousand times, for all his stoutness; tell him that; and I'll swear it, as hope saved, ten millions of times, &c. &c.

I open my letter once more to tell Stella that, if she does not use exercise after her waters, it will lose all the effects of them: I should not live if I did not take all opportunities of walking. Pray, pray, do this to oblige poor Presto.

LETTER THE THIRTIETH.

Windsor, Sept. 8, 1711.

I MADE the coachman stop, and put in my 20th at the post-office at two o'clock to-day, as I was going to lord-treasurer, with whom I dined, and came here by a quarter past eight; but the moon shone, and so we were not in much danger of overturning; which, however, he values not a straw, and only laughs when I chide at him for it. There was nobody but he and I, and we supped together, with Mr. Masham and Dr. Arbuthnot, the queen's favourite physician, a Scotchman. I could not keep myself awake after supper, but did all I was able to disguise it, and thought I came off clear; but at parting he told me I had got my nap already. It is now one o'clock; but he loves sitting up late.

9. The queen is still in the gout, but recovering; she saw company in her bedchamber after church; but the crowd was so great I could not see her. I

dined with my brother, sir William Wyndham, and some others of our society, to avoid the great tables on Sunday at Windsor, which I hate. The usual company supped to-night at lord-treasurer's, which was lord-keeper, Mr. Secretary, George Granville, Masham, Arbuthnot, and I. But showers have hindered me from walking to-day, and that I don't love.—Noble fruit, and I dare not eat a bit. I ate one fig to-day, and sometimes a few mulberries, because it is said they are wholesome, and you know a good name does much. I shall return to town to-morrow, though I thought to have stayed a week, to be at leisure for something I am doing. But I have put it off till next; for I shall come here again on Saturday, when our society are to meet at supper at Mr. Secretary's. My life is very regular here: on Sunday morning I constantly visit lord-keeper, and sup at lord-treasurer's with the same set of company. I was not sleepy to-night; I resolved I would not; yet it is past midnight at this present writing.

London, 10. Lord-treasurer and Masham and I left Windsor at three this afternoon: we dropped Masham at Kensington with his lady, and got home by six. It was seven before we sat down to dinner, and I stayed till past eleven. Patrick came home with the secretary: I am more plagued with Patrick and my portmanteau than with myself. I forgot to tell you that when I went to Windsor on Saturday I overlooked lady Gifford and Mrs. Fenton in a chariot, going, I suppose, to Sheen. I was then in a chariot too, of lord-treasurer's brother, who had business with the treasurer; and my lord came after, and overlooked me at Turnham-green, four miles from London, and then the brother went back, and I went in the coach with lord-treasurer: so it happened that those people saw me, and not with lord-treasurer. Mrs. Fenton was to see me about a week ago; and desired I would get her son into the Charterhouse.

11. This morning the printer sent me an account of Prior's Journey; it makes a twopenny pamphlet: I suppose you will see it, for I dare engage it will run; 'tis a formal grave lie, from the beginning to the end. I writ all but about the last page, that I dictated, and the printer writ. Mr. Secretary sent to me to dine where he did; it was at Prior's; when I came in Prior showed me the pamphlet, seemed to be angry, and said, Here is our English liberty: I read some of it, and said I liked it mightily, and envied the rogue the thought; for, had it come into my head, I should have certainly done it myself. We stayed at Prior's till past ten, and then the secretary received a packet with the news of Bonchain being taken, for which the guns will go off to-morrow. Prior owned his having been in France, for it was past denying; it seems he was discovered by a rascal at Dover, who had positive orders to let him pass. I believe we shall have a peace.

12. It is terrible rainy weather, and has cost me three shillings in coaches and chairs to-day, yet I was dirty into the bargain. I was three hours this morning with the secretary about some business of moment, and then went into the city to dine. The printer tells me he sold yesterday a thousand of Prior's Journey, and had printed five hundred more. It will do rarely, I believe, and is a pure lute. And what is MD doing all this while? got again to their cards, their Wals, their deans, their Stoytes, and their claret? Pray present my service to Mr. Stoyte and Catherine. Tell Goody Stoyte she owes me a world of dinners, and I will shortly come over and demand them.—Did I tell you of the archbishop

^a These words in *Italer*, and the two *s*es that follow, are scurrilously scrawled, in imitation of Stella's hand.

of Dublin's last letter! He had been saying in several of his former that he would shortly write to me something about myself, and it looked to me as if he intended something for me: at last out it comes, and consists of two parts. First, he advises me to strike in for some preferment now I have friends; and secondly, he advises me, since I have parts, and learning, and a happy pen, to think of some new subject in divinity not handled by others, which I should manage better than anybody. A rare spark this, with a pox! but I shall answer him as rarely. Methinks he should have invited me over, and given me some hopes or promises. But, hang him! and so good night, &c.

13. It rained most furiously all this morning till about twelve, and sometimes thundered; I trembled for my shillings, but it cleared up, and I made a shift to get a walk in the park, and then went with the secretary to dine with lord-treasurer. Upon Thursdays there is always a select company; we had the duke of Shrewsbury, lord Rivers, the two secretaries, Mr. Granville, and Mr. Prior. Half of them went to council at six; but Rivers, Granville, Prior, and I, stayed till eight. Prior was often affecting to be angry at the account of his journey to Paris; and, indeed, the two last pages, which the printer had got somebody to add, are so romantic, they spoil all the rest. Dilly Ashe pretended to me that he was only going to Oxford and Cambridge for a fortnight, and then would come back. I could not see him as I appointed t'other day; but some of his friends tell me he took leave of them as going to Ireland; and so they say at his lodging. I believe the rogue was ashamed to tell me so, because I advised him to stay the winter, and he said he would. I find he had got into a good set of scrub acquaintance, and I thought passed his time very merrily; but I suppose he languished after Balderic and the elmet of Dublin; and after all I think he is in the right; for he can eat, drink, and converse better there than here. Bernage was with me this morning; he calls now and then; he is in terrible fear of a peace. He said he never had his health so well as in Portugal. He is a favourite of his colonel.

14. I was mortified enough to-day, not knowing where in the world to dine, the town is so empty; I met H. Coote, and thought he would invite me, but he did not; sir John Stanley did not come into my head; so I took up with Mrs. Van, and dined with her and her damned landlady, who, I believe by her eyebrows, is a bawd. This evening I met Addison and Pastoral Philips in the park, and supped with them at Addison's lodgings; we were very good company; and yet know no man half so agreeable to me as he is. I sat with them till twelve, so you may think 'tis late, young women; however, I would have some little conversation with MD before your Presto goes to bed, because it makes me sleep, and dream, and so forth. Faith, this letter goes on slowly enough, sirrabs, but I can't write much at a time till you are quite settled after your journey you know, and have gone all your visits, and lost your money at ombre. You never play at chess now, Stella. That puts me in mind of Dick Tighe; I fancy I told you he used to heat his wife here; and she deserved it; and he resolves to part with her; and they went to Ireland in different coaches. O Lord, I said all this before, I'm sure. Go to bed, sirrabs.

Windsor, 15. I made the secretary stop at Brentford, because we set out at two this afternoon, and fasting would not agree with me. I only designed to eat a bit of bread and butter, but he would light, and we ate roast beef like dragons. And he made

me treat him and two more gentlemen; faith it cost me a guinea; I don't like such jesting, yet I was mightily pleased with it too. To-night our society met at the secretary's; there were nine of us; and we have chosen a new member, the earl of Jersey, whose father died lately. 'Tis past one, and I have stolen away.

16. I design to stay here this week by myself, about some business that lies on my hands, and will take up a great deal of time. Dr. Adams, one of the canons, invited me to-day to dinner. The tables are so full here on Sunday that it is hard to dine with a few, and Dr. Adams knows I love to do so; which is very obliging. The queen saw company in her bedchamber; she looks very well, but she sat down. I supped with lord-treasurer as usual, and stayed till past one as usual, and with our usual company, except lord-keeper, who did not come this time to Windsor. I hate these suppers mortally; but I seldom eat anything.

17. Lord-treasurer and Mr. Secretary stay here till to-morrow; some business keeps them, and I am sorry for it, for they hinder me a day. Mr. Lewis and I were going to dine soberly with a little court friend at one. But lord Harley and lord Dupplin kept me by force, and said we should dine at lord-treasurer's, who intended to go at four to London; I stayed like a fool, and went with the two young lords to lord-treasurer, who very fairly turned us all three out of doors. They both were invited to the duke of Somerset, but he was gone to a horse-race, and would not come till five; so we were forced to go to a tavern, and send for wine from lord-treasurer's, who at last we were told did not go to town till to-morrow, and at lord-treasurer's we supped again; and I desired him to let me add four shillings to the bill I gave him. We sat up till two, yet I must write to little MD.

18. They are all gone early this morning; and I am alone to seek my fortune; but Dr. Arhuthnot engages me for my dinners; and he yesterday gave me my choice of place, person, and victuals for to-day. So I chose to dine with Mrs. Hill, who is one of the dressers and Mrs. Masham's sister; no company but us three, and to have a shoulder of mutton, a small one, which was exactly, only there was too much victuals besides; and the Dr.'s wife was of the company. And to-morrow Mrs. Hill and I are to dine with the doctor. I have seen a fellow often about court, whom I thought I knew; I asked who he was! and they told me it was the gentleman porter; then I called him to mind; he was Killy's acquaintance, (I won't say yours.) I think his name is Lovet, or Lovel, or something like it. I believe he does not know me, and in my present posture I shall not be fond of renewing old acquaintance; I believe I used to see him with the Bradleys; and, by the way, I have not seen Mrs. Bradley since I came to England. I left your letter in London like a fool, and cannot answer it till I go back, which will not be until Monday next: so this will be above a fortnight from my last; but I will fetch it up in my next; so go and walk to the dean's for your health this fine weather.

19. The queen designs to have cards and dancing here next week, which makes us think she will stay here longer than we believed. Mrs. Masham is not well after her lying-in: I doubt she got some cold; she is lame in one of her legs with a rheumatic pain. Dr. Arhuthnot and Mrs. Hill go to-morrow to Kensington to see her, and return the same night. Mrs. Hill and I dined with the doctor to-day. I rode out this morning with the doctor to see Cranburn, a house of lord Ranelagh's, and the duchess of Marl-

borough's lodge, and the park; the finest places they are for nature and plantations that ever I saw; and the finest riding upon artificial roads, made on purpose for the queen. Arbutnot made me draw up a sham subscription for a book, called a History of the Maids of Honour since Harry the Eighth, showing they make the best wives, with a list of all the Maids of Honour since, &c., to pay a crown in hand, and the other crown upon the delivery of the book; and all in the common forms of those things. We got a gentleman to write it fair, because my hand is known, and we sent it to the maids of honour when they came to supper. If they bite at it, 'twill be a very good court jest, and the queen will certainly have it; we did not tell Mrs. Hill.

20. To-day I was invited to the green-cloth by colonel Godfrey, who married the duke of Marlborough's sister, mother to the duke of Berwick by king James: I must tell you those things that happened before you were born; but I made my excuses, and young Harcourt (lord-keeper's son) and I dined with my next neighbour Dr. Adams. Mrs. Maaham is better, and will be here in three or four days. She had need; for the duchess of Somerset is thought to gain ground daily. We have not yet sent you over all your hills; and I think we have altered your money-hill. The duke of Ormond is censured here by those in power for very wrong management in the affair of the mayoralty. He is governed by fools; and has usually much more sense than his advisers, but never proceeds by it. I must know how your health continues after Wexford. Walk and use exercise, sirrabs both; and get somebody to play at shuttle-cock with you, madam Stella, and walk to the dean's and Donnybrook.

21. Colonel Godfrey sent to me again to-day; so I dined at the green-cloth, and we had but eleven at dinner, which is a small number there, the court being always thin of company till Saturday night. This new ink and pen make a strange figure; *I must write larger; yes, I must, or Stella won't be able to read this.** S. S. S., there's your S s for you, Stella. The maids of honour are hit, and have all contributed their crowns, and are teasing others to subscribe for the book. I will tell lord-keeper and lord-treasurer to-morrow; and I believe the queen will have it. After a little walk this evening I squandered away the rest of it in sitting at Lewis's lodging, while he and Dr. Arbutnot played at piquet. I have that foolish pleasure, which I believe nobody has beside me, except old lady Herkeley. But I fretted when I came away. I will loiter no more, for I have a plaguy deal of business upon my hands, and very little time to do it. The pamphleteers begin to be very busy against the ministry. I have begged Mr. Secretary to make examples of one or two of them; and he assures me he will. They are very bold and abusive.

22. This being the day the ministry comes to Windsor, I ate a bit or two at Mr. Lewis's lodgings, because I must sup with lord-treasurer; and at half an hour after one I led Mr. Lewis a walk up the avenue, which is two miles long: we walked in all about five miles, but I was so tired with his slow walking that I left him here, and walked two miles toward London, hoping to meet lord-treasurer, and return with him, but it grew darkish, and I was forced to walk back; so I walked nine miles in all, and lord-treasurer did not come till after eight, which is very wrong, for there was no moon, and I often tell him how ill he does to expose himself so, but he only makes a jest of it. I supped with him,

* These words in *Italics* are written enormously large.

and stayed till now, when it is half an hour after two. He is as merry, and careless, and discouraged, as a young heir at one-and-twenty. 'Tis late indeed.

23. The secretary did not come last night, but at three this afternoon; I have not seen him yet, but I verily think they are contriving a peace as fast as they can, without which it will be impossible to subsist. The queen was at church to-day, but was carried in a chair. I and Mr. Lewis dined privately with Mr. Lowman, clerk of the kitchen. I was to see lord-keeper this morning, and told him the jest of the maids of honour, and lord-treasurer had it last night. That rogue Arbutnot puts it all upon me. The court was very full to-day; I expected lord-treasurer would have invited me to supper, but he only bowed to me, and we had no discourse in the drawing-room. 'Tis now seven at night, and I am at home, and I hope lord-treasurer will not send for me to supper; if he does not I will reproach him, and he will pretend to chide me for not coming. So farewell till I go to bed, for I am going to be busy. 'Tis now past ten, and I went down to ask the servants about Mr. Secretary; they tell me the queen is yet at council, and that she went to supper, and came out to the council afterward. 'Tis certain they are managing a peace. I will go to bed, and there's an end. 'Tis now eleven, and a messenger is come from lord-treasurer to sup with them, but I have excused myself, and am glad I am in bed, for else I should sit up till two, and drink till I was hot. Now I'll go sleep.

London, 24.—I came to town by six with lord-treasurer, and have stayed till ten. That of the queen's going out to sup, and coming in again, is a lie, as the secretary told me this morning, but I find the ministry are very busy with Mr. Prior, and I believe he will go again to France. I am told so much, that we shall certainly have a peace very soon. I had charming weather all last week at Windsor, but we have had a little rain to-day, and yesterday was windy. Prior's Journey sells still; they have sold two thousand, although the town is empty. I found a letter from Mrs. Fenton here, desiring me, in lady Giffard's name, to come and pass a week at Sheen, while she is at Moor-park. I will answer it with a vengeance; and now you talk of answering, there is Mr. No. 20 yet to be answered: I had put it up so safe I could hardly find it; but here it is, faith, and I am afraid I cannot send this till Thursday, for I must see the secretary to-morrow morning, and be in some other place in the evening.

25. Stella writes like an emperor, and gives such an account of her journey, never saw the like. Let me see; stand away, let us compute: you stayed four days at Inish-Corthy, two nights at Mrs. Froby's mother's, and yet was but six days in journey; for your words are, "We left Wexford this day se'nnight, and came here last night." I have heard them say that travellers may lie by authority. Make up this if you can. How far is it from Wexford to Dublin? how many miles did you travel in a day? Let me see—thirty pounds in two months is nine score pounds a-year; a matter of nothing in Stella's parse. I dreamed Billy Swift was alive, and that I told him you writ me word he was dead, and that you had been at his funeral, and I admired at your impudence, and was in mighty haste to run and let you know what lying rogues you were. Poor lad, he is dead of his mother's former folly and fondness, and yet now I believe, as you say, that her grief will soon wear off. O yes, madam Dingley, mightily tired of the company, no doubt of it, at Wexford! and your description of it

is excellent; clean sheets, but bare walls; I suppose then you lay upon the walls. Mrs. Walls has got her tea, but who pays *i.e.* the money? Come, I shall never get it, so I make a present of it to stop some gaps, &c. Where's the thanks of the house? so, that's well; why, it cost four-and-thirty shillings English.—You must adjust that with Mrs. Walls; I think that is so many pence more with you.—No, Leigh and Sterne, I suppose, were not at the water-side; I fear Sterne's business will not be done; I have not seen him this good while. I hate him for the management of that box, and I was the greatest fool in nature for trusting to such a young jackanapes; I will speak to him once more about it when I see him. Mr. Addison and I met once more since, and I supped with him. I believe I told you so somewhere in this letter. The archbishop chose an admirable messenger in Walls to send to me, yet I think him fitter for a messenger than anything. The *d—* she's has! I did not observe her looks. Will she rot out of modesty with lady Giffard? I pity poor Jenny [his sister, Mrs. Fenton]—but her husband is a dunce, and with respect to him she loses little by her deafness. I believe, madam Stella, in your accounts you mistook one liquor for another, and it was a hundred and forty quarts of wine and thirty-two of water.—This is all written in the morning, before I go to the secretary, as I am now doing. I have answered your letter a little shorter than ordinary; but I have a mind it should go to-day, and I will give you my journal at night in my next, for I am so afraid of another letter before this goes: I will never have two together again unanswered. What care I for Dr. Tisdall and Dr. Raymond, or how many children they have? I wish they had a hundred apiece. Lord-treasurer promises me to answer the bishop's letter to-morrow, and show it me; and I believe it will confirm all I said, and mortify those that threw the merit on the duke of Ormond. For I have made him jealous of it; and t'other day, talking of the matter, he said, "I am your witness you got it for them before the duke was lord-lieutenant." My humble service to Mrs. Walls, Mrs. Stoyte, and Catherine. Farewell, &c.

What do you do when you see any literal mistakes in my letters? how do you set them right? for I never read them over to correct them. Farewell again.

Pray send this note to Mrs. Brent, to get the money when Parvisol comes to town, or she can send to him.

LETTER THE THIRTY-FIRST.

London, Sept. 25, 1711.

I DINED in the city to-day, and at my return I put my thirtieth into the post-office; and when I got home I found for me one of the noblest letters I ever read; it was from —; three sides and a half in folio, on a large sheet of paper; the two first pages made up of satire upon London, and crowds and hurry, stolen from some of his own schoolboy's exercises; the side and a half remaining is spent in desiring me to recommend Mrs. South, your commissioner's widow, to my lord-treasurer for a pension. He is the prettiest, discreetest fellow that ever my eyes beheld, or that ever dipped pen into ink. I know not what to say to him. A pox on him! I have too many such customers on this side already. I think I will send him word that I never saw my lord-treasurer in my life; I am sure I industriously avoided the name of any great person

* Somewhat or other which Stella's mother had consented to.

when I saw him, for fear of his reposting it in Ireland. And this recommendation must be a secret too, for fear the duke of Bolton should know it, and think it was too mean. I never read so *d—d* a letter in my life: a little would make me send it over to you.—I must send you a pattern, the first place I cast my eyes on, I will not pick and choose. "In this place, (meaning the exchange in London,) which is the compendium of old Troynovant, as that is of the whole busy world, I got such a surfeit that I grew sick of mankind, and resolved for ever after to bury myself in the shady retreat of —." You must know that London has been called by some Troynovant, or New Troy. Will you have any more? Yes, one little bit for Stella, because she'll be fond of it. "This wondrous theatre," meaning London, "was no more to me than a desert, and I should less complain of solitude in a Connaught shipwreck, or even the great bog of Allen." A little scrap for Mrs. Marget (Stella's maid), and then I have done. "Their royal faunum, wherein the idol Pecunia is daily worshipped, seemed to me to be just like a hive of bees working and labouring under huge weights of cares." Faunum is a temple, but he means the Exchange; and Pecunia is money; so now Mrs. Marget will understand her part. One more paragraph, and I—Well, come, don't be in such a rage, you shall have no more. Pray, Stella, be satisfied; 'tis very pretty; and that I must be acquainted with such a dog as this!—Our peace goes on fast. Prior was with the secretary two hours this morning: I was there a little after he went away, and was told it. I believe he will soon be despatched again to France; and I will put somebody to write an account of his second journey: I hope you have seen the other. This letter has taken up my time with storming at it.

26. Bernage has been with me these two days; yesterday I sent for him to let him know that Dr. Arbuthnot is putting in strongly to have his brother made a captain over Bernage's head. Arbuthnot's brother is but an ensign; but the doctor has great power with the queen; yet he told me he would not do anything hard to a gentleman who is my friend; and I have engaged the secretary and his colonel for him. To-day he told me very melancholy that the other had written from Windsor (where he went to solicit) that he has got the company; and Bernage is full of the spleen. I made the secretary write yesterday a letter to the colonel in Bernage's behalf. I hope it will do yet; and I have written to Dr. Arbuthnot to Windsor, not to insist on doing such a hardship. I dined in the city at Pustack's, with Stratford; it cost me seven shillings; he would have treated, but I did not let him. I have removed my money from the bank to another fund. I desired Parvisol may speak to Hawkshaw to pay in my money when he can, for I will put it in the funds, and, in the mean time, borrow so much of Mr. Secretary, who offers to lend it me. Go to the dean's, sirrah.

27. Bernage was with me again to-day, and is in great fear, and so was I; but this afternoon, at lord-treasurer's, where I dined, my brother, George Granville, secretary at war, after keeping me a while in suspense, told me that Dr. Arbuthnot had waved the business because he would not wrong a friend of mine; that his brother is to be a lieutenant, and Bernage is made a captain. I called at his lodging, and the squire's coffeehouse, to put him out of pain, but cannot find him; so I have left word, and shall see him to-morrow morning, I suppose. Bernage is now easy; he has ten shillings a-day, beside lawful cheating. However, he gives a private sum to his

colonel, but it is very cheap: his colonel loves him well, but is surprised to see him have so many friends. So he is now quite off my hands. I left the company early to-night, at lord-treasurer's; but the secretary followed me, to desire I would go with him to W—. Mr. Lewis's man came in before I could finish that word beginning with a W, which ought to be Windsor, and brought me a very handsome rallying letter from Dr. Arbuthnot, to tell him he had, in compliance to me, given up his brother's pretensions in favour of Bernage this very morning; that the queen had spoken to Mr. Granville to make the company easy in the other's having the captainship. Whether they have done it to oblige me or no, I must own it so. He says he this very morning begged her majesty to give Mr. Bernage the company. I am mighty well pleased to have succeeded so well; but you will think me tedious, although you like the man, as I think.

Windsor, 28. I came here a day sooner than ordinary, at Mr. Secretary's desire, and supped with him and Prior, and two private ministers from France, and a French priest. I know not the two ministers' names, but they are come about the peace. The names the secretary called them, I suppose, were feigned; they were good rational men. We have already settled all things with France, and very much to the honour and advantage of England; and the queen is in mighty good humour. All this news is a mighty secret: the people in general know that a peace is forwarding. The earl of Strafford is to go soon to Holland, and let them know what we have been doing; and then there will be the devil and all to pay; but we'll make them swallow it with a pox. The French ministers stayed with us till one, and the secretary and I sat up talking till two; so you will own 'tis late, sirrahs, and time for your little saucy Presto to go to bed and sleep adazy; and God bless poor little MD: I hope they are now fast asleep, and dreaming of Presto.

29. Lord-treasurer came to-night, as usual, at half an hour after eight, as dark as pitch. I am weary of chiding him; so I commended him for observing his friend's advice, and coming so early, &c. I was two hours with lady Oglethorpe to-night, and then supped with lord-treasurer, after dining at the green cloth: I stayed till two; this is the effect of lord-treasurer being here; I must sup with him, and he keeps cursed hours. Lord-keeper and the secretary were absent; they cannot sit up with him. This long sitting up makes the periods of my letters so short. I design to stay here all the next week, to be at leisure by myself, to finish something of weight I have upon my hands, and which must soon be done. I shall then think of returning to Ireland, if these people will let me; and I know nothing else they have for me to do. I gave Dr. Arbuthnot my thanks for his kindness to Bernage, whose commission is now signed. Methinks I long to know something of Stella's health, how it continues after Wexford waters.

30. The queen was not at chapel to-day, and all for the better, for we had a dunce to preach: she has a little of the gout. I dined with my brother Masham and a moderate company, and would not go to lord-treasurer's till after supper at eleven o'clock, and pretended I had mistaken the hour; so I ate nothing; and a little after twelve the company broke up, the keeper and secretary refusing to stay; so I moved this night's debauch. Prior went away yesterday with his Frenchmen, and a thousand reports are raised in this town. Some said they knew one to be the abbé de Polignac; others swore it was the abbé du Bois. The Whigs are in a rage about

the peace; but we'll wherret them, I warrant, boys. Go, go, go to the dean's, and don't mind politics, young women, they are not good after the waters; they are stark naught: they strike up into the head. Go, get two black acs, and fish for a manillo.

October 1. Sir John Walters, an honest drunken fellow, is now in waiting, and invited me to the green cloth to-day, that he might not be behindhand with colonel Godfrey, who is a Whig. I was engaged to the mayor's feast with Mr. Masham; but waiting to take leave of lord-treasurer, I came too late, and so returned sneaking to the green cloth, and did not see my lord-treasurer neither; but was resolved not to lose two dinners for him. I took leave to-day of my friend and solicitor, lord Rivers, who is commanded by the queen to set out for Hanover on Thursday. The secretary does not go to town till to-morrow; he and I, and two friends more, drank a sober bottle of wine here at home, and parted at twelve; he goes by seven to-morrow morning, so I shall not see him. I have power over his cellar in his absence, and make little use of it. Lord Dartmouth and my friend Lewis stay here this week; but I can never work out a dinner from Dartmouth. Masham has promised to provide for me; I squired his lady out of her chaise to-day, and must visit her in a day or two. So you have had a long fit of the finest weather in the world; but I am every day in pain that it will go off. I have done no business to-day: I am very idle.

2. My friend Lewis and I, to avoid over much eating and great tables, dined with honest Jenny Eckershall, clerk of the kitchen, now in waiting; and I bespoke my dinner; but the cur had your acquaintance Lovet, the gentleman porter, to be our company. Lovet, toward the end of dinner, after twenty wriggings, said he had the honour to see me formerly at Moor-park, and thought he remembered my face. I said I thought I remembered him, and was glad to see him, &c., and I escaped for that much, for he was very pert. It has rained all this day, and I doubt our good weather is gone. I have been very idle this afternoon, playing at twopenny picquet with Lewis: I won seven shillings, which is the only money I won this year: I have not played above four times, and I think always at Windsor. Cards are very dear: there is a duty on them of sixpence a pack, which spoils small gamblers.

3. Mr. Masham sent this morning to desire I would ride out with him, the weather growing again very fine. I was very busy, and sent my excuses, but desired he would provide me a dinner. I dined with him, his lady, and her sister Mrs. Hill, who invites us to-morrow to dine with her, and we are to ride out in the morning. I sat with lady Oglethorpe till eight this evening, then was going home to write; looked about for the woman that keeps the key of the house; she told me Patrick had it. I cooled my heels in the cloisters till nine, then went in to the music meeting, where I had been often desired to go; but was weary in half an hour of their fine stuff, and stole out so privately that everybody saw me; and cooled my heels in the cloisters again till after ten: then came in Patrick. I went up, shut the chamber-door, and gave him two or three swinging cuffs on the ear, and I have strained the thumb of my left hand with pulling him, which I did not feel until he was gone. He was plausibly afraid and humbled.

4. It was the finest day in the world, and we got out before eleven, a noble caravan of us. The duchess of Shrewsbury in her own chaise with one

* Swift, like some others, rather hated than loved music.

horse, and miss Toucnet with her; Mrs. Masham and Mrs. Scarborough, one of the dressers, in one of the queen's chaises; miss Forester and miss Scarborough, two maids of honour, and Mrs. Hill on horseback. The duke of Shrewsbury, Mr. Masham, George Fielding, Arbutnot, and I, on horseback too. Mrs. Hill's horse was hired for miss Scarborough, but she took it in civility, her own horse was galled, and could not be rid, but kicked and winced: the hired horse was not worth eightpence. I borrowed coat, boots, and horse, and in short we had all the difficulties and more than we used to have in making a party from Trim to Longfield's.* My coat was light camel, faced with red velvet, and silver buttons. We rode in the great park and the forest about a dozen miles, and the duchess and I had much conversation; we got home by two, and Mr. Masham, his lady, Arbutnot, and I, dined with Mrs. Hill. Arbutnot made us all melancholy, by some symptoms of bloody urine: he expects a cruel fit of the stone in twelve hours; he says he is never mistaken, and he appears like a man that is to be racked to-morrow. I cannot but hope it will not be so bad; he is a perfectly honest man, and one I have much obligation to. It rained a little this afternoon, and grew fair again. Lady Ogilthorpe sent to speak to me, and it was to let me know that lady Rochester desires she and I may be better acquainted. 'Tis a little too late; for I am not now in love with lady Rochester; they shame me out of her, because she is old. Arbutnot says he hopes my strained thumb is not the gout; far he has often found people so mistaken. I do not remember the particular thing that gave it me, only I had it just after beating Patrick, and now it is better; so I believe he is mistaken.

5. The duchess of Shrewsbury sent to invite me to dinner; but I was abroad last night when her servant came, and this morning I sent my excuses, because I was engaged, which I was sorry for. Mrs. Forester taxed me yesterday about the History of the Maids of Honour; but I told her fairly it was no jest of mine, for I found they did not relish it altogether well; and I have enough already of a quarrel with that brute sir John Walters, who has been railing at me in all companies ever since I dined with him, that I abused the queen's meat and drink, and said nothing at the table was good, and all a d—d lie; for after dinner, commending the wine, I said I thought it was something small. You would wonder how all my friends laugh at this quarrel. It will be such a jest for the keeper, treasurer, and secretary. —I dined with honest colonel Godfrey, took a good walk of an hour on the terrace, and then came up to study; but it grows bloody cold, and I have no waistcoat here.

6. I never dined with the chaplains till to-day; but my friend Gastrel and the dean of Rochester had often invited me, and I happened to be disengaged: it is the worst provided table at court. We ate on pewter; every chaplain, when he is made a dean, gives a piece of plate, and so they have got a little, some of it very old. One who was made dean of Peterborough (a small deanery) said he would give no plate; he was only dean of Peterborough. The news of Mr. Hill's miscarriage in his expedition came to-day, and I went to visit Mrs. Masham and Mrs. Hill, his two sisters, to condole with them. I advised them by all means to go to the music-meeting to night, to show they were not cast down, &c., and they thought my advice was right, and went. I doubt Mr. Hill and his admiral made wrong steps:

however, we lay it all to a storm, &c. I sat with the secretary at supper; then we both went to lord-treasurer's supper and sat till twelve. The secretary is much mortified about Hill; because this expedition was of his contriving, and he counted much upon it; but lord-treasurer was just as merry as usual, and old laughing at sir John Walters and me falling out. I said, nothing grieved me, but that they would take example, and perhaps presume upon it, and get out of my government; but that I thought I was not obliged to govern bears, though I governed men. They promise to be as obedient as ever, and so we laughed;—and so I go to bed; for it is colder still, and you have a fire now, and are at cards at home.

7. Lord Harley and I dined privately to-day with Mrs. Masham and Mrs. Hill and my brother Masham. I saw lord Halifax at court, and we joined and talked; and the duchess of Shrewsbury came up and reproached me for not dining with her. I said that was not so soon done; for I expected more advances from ladies, especially duchesses; she promised to comply with any demands I please; and I agreed to dine with her to-morrow, if I did not go to London too soon, as I believe I shall before dinner. Lady Ogilthorpe brought me and the duchess of Hamilton together to-day in the drawing-room, and I have given her some encouragement, but not much. Everybody has been teasing Walters. He told lord-treasurer that he took his company from him that were to dine with him: my lord said, I will send you Dr. Swift: lord-keeper bid him take care what he did; for, said he, Dr. Swift is not only all our favourite, but our governor. The old company supped with lord-treasurer, and got away by twelve.

London, 8. I believe I shall go no more to Windsor, for we expect the queen will come in ten days to Hampton-court. It was frost last night, and cruel cold to-day. I could not dine with the duchess, for I left Windsor half an hour after one with lord-treasurer, and we called at Kensington, where Mrs. Masham was got to see her children for two days. I dined, or rather supped, with lord-treasurer, and stayed till after ten. Tisdall and his family are gone from hence, upon some wrangle with the family. Yesterday I had two letters brought me to Mr. Masham's; one from Ford, and t'other from our little MD, No. 21. I would not tell you till to-day, because I would not. I won't answer it till the next, because I have slipped two days by being at Windsor, which I must recover here. Well, sirrabs, I must go to sleep. The roads were as dry as at midsummer to-day. This letter shall go to-morrow.

9. Morning.—It rains hard this morning. I suppose our fair weather is now at an end. I think I'll put on my waistcoat to-day; shall I? Well, I will then, to please MD. I think of dining at home to-day upon a chop and a pot. The town continues yet very thin. Lord Strafford is gone to Holland, to tell them what we have done here toward a peace. We shall soon hear what the Dutch say, and how they take it. My humble service to Mrs. Wallis, Mrs. Stoyte, and Catherine. —Morrow, dearest sirrabs, and farewell; and God Almighty bless MD, poor little dear MD, for so I mean, and Presto too. I'll write to you again to-night, that is, I'll begin my next letter. Farewell, &c.

This little bit belongs to MD; we must always write on the margin: you are saucy rogues.

LETTER THE THIRTY-SECOND.

London, Oct. 9, 1711.

I was forced to lie down at twelve to-day, and mend my night's sleep: I slept till after two, and then sent

* Mr. Longfield lived at Killbride, about four miles from Trim.

for a bit of mutton and pot of ale from the next cook's shop, and had no stomach. I went out at four, and called to see Biddy Floyd, which I had not done these three months; she is something marked, hut has recovered her complexion quite, and looks very well. Then I sat the evening with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and drank coffee, and ate an egg. I likewise took a new lodging to-day, not liking a ground-floor, nor the ill smell, and other circumstances. I lodge, or shall lodge, by Leicester-fields, and pay ten shillings a week; that won't hold out long, faith. I shall lie here but one night more. It rained terribly till one o'clock to-day. I lie, for I shall lie here two nights, till Thursday, and then remove. Did I tell you that my friend Mrs. Barton has a brother drowned, that went on the expedition with Jack Hill? He was a lieutenant-colonel, and a coxcomb; and she keeps her chamber in—answer and the servants say she receives no messages.—Answer MD's letter, Presto, d'y'e bear? No, says Presto, I won't yet, I'm busy; you're a saucy rogue. Who talks?

10. It cost me two shillings in coach-hire to dine in the city with a printer. I have sent, and caused to be sent, three pamphlets out in a fortnight. I will ply the rogues warm; and whenever anything of theirs makes a noise I shall have an answer. I have instructed an under spur-leather to write so that it is taken for mine. A rogue that writes a newspaper, called the Protestant Post-boy, has reflected on me in one of his papers; but the secretary has taken him up, and he shall have a squeeze extraordinary. He says that an ambitious tantivy, missing of his towering hopes of preferment in Ireland, is come over to vent his spleen on the late ministry, &c. I'll tantivy him with a vengeance. I sat the evening at home, and am very busy, and can hardly find time to write, unless it were to MD. I am in furious haste.

11. I dined to-day with lord-treasurer. Thursdays are now his days when his choice company comes, but we are too much multiplied. George Granville sent his excuses upon being ill; I hear he apprehends the apoplexy, which would grieve me much. Lord-treasurer calls Prior nothing but Monsieur Baudrier, which was the feigned name of the Frenchman that writ his Journey to Paris. They pretend to suspect me, so I talk freely of it, and put them out of their play. Lord-treasurer calls me now Dr. Martin, because martin² is a sort of swallow, and so is a swift. When he and I came last Monday from Windsor, we were reading all the signs on the road. He is a pure trifler; tell the bishop of Clogher so. I made him make two lines in verse for the Bell and Dragon, and they were rare bad ones. I suppose Dilly is with you by this time: what could his reason be of leaving London, and not owning it? 'Twas plaguy silly. I believe his natural inconstancy made him weary. I think he is the king of inconstancy. I stayed with lord-treasurer till ten; we had five lords and three commoners. Go to omhre, sirrah.

12. Mrs. Vanhomrigh has changed her lodging as well as I. She found she had got with a bawd, and removed. I dined with her to-day; for though she boards, her landlady does not dine with her. I am grown a mighty lover of herrings; but they are much smaller here than with you. In the afternoon I visited an old major-general, and eat six oysters; then sat an hour with Mrs. Colledge, the joiner's daughter that was langed; it was the joiner was langed, and not his daughter; with Thompson's wife, a magistrate. There was the famous Mrs.

Floyd of Chester, who, I think, is the handsomest woman (except MD) that ever I saw. She told me that twenty people had sent her the verses upon Biddy, as meant to her; and, indeed, in point of handsomeness, she deserves them much better. I will not go to Windsor to-morrow, and so I told the secretary to-day. I hate the thoughts of Saturday and Sunday suppers with lord-treasurer. Jack Hill is come home from his unfortunate expedition, and is, I think, now at Windsor; I have not yet seen him. He is privately blamed by his own friends for want of conduct. He called a council of war, and therein it was determined to come back. But they say a general should not do that, because the officers will always give their opinion for returning, since the blame will not lie upon them, but the general. I pity him heartily. Bernage received his commission to-day.

13. I dined to-day with colonel Crowe, late governor of Barbadoes; he is a great acquaintance of your friend Sterne, to whom I trusted the box. Lord-treasurer has refused Sterne's business, and I doubt he is a rake; Jemmy Leigh stays for him, and nobody knows where to find him. I am so busy now I have hardly time to spare to write to our little MD; but in a fortnight I hope it will be over. I am going now to be busy, &c.

14. I was going to dine with Dr. Cockburn, but sir Andrew Fountaine met me, and carried me to Mrs. Van's, where I drank the last bottle of Raymond's wine, admirable good, better than any I get among the ministry. I must pick up time to answer this letter of MD's; I'll do it in a day or two for certain.—I am glad I am not at Windsor, for it is very cold, and I won't have a fire till November. I am contriving how to stop up my grate with bricks. Patrick was drunk last night; but did not come to me, else I should have given him t'other cuff. I sat this evening with Mrs. Barton; it is the first day of her seeing company; but I made her merry enough, and we were three hours disputing upon Whig and Tory. She grieved for her brother only for form, and he was a sad dog. Is Stella well enough to go to church, pray? no numblings left! no darkness in your eyes! do you walk and exercise! Your exercise is ombre.—People are coming up to town: the queen will be at Hampton-court in a week. Lady Betty Germain, I hear, is come; and lord Pembroke is coming: his new wife is as big with child as she can tumble.

15. I sat at home till four this afternoon to-day writing, and ate a roll and butter; then visited Will. Congreve an hour or two, and supped with lord-treasurer, who came from Windsor to-day, and brought Prior with him. The queen has thanked Prior for his good service in France, and promised to make him a commissioner of the customs. Several of that commission are to be out; among the rest, my friend sir Matthew Dudley. I can do nothing for him, he is so hated by the ministry. Lord-treasurer kept me till twelve, so I need not tell you it is now late.

16. I dined to-day with Mr. Secretary at Dr. Cotesworth's, where he now lodges till his house be got ready in Golden-square. One Boyer, a French dog, has abused me in a pamphlet, and I have got him up in a messenger's hands; the secretary promises me to swing him. Lord-treasurer told me last night that he had the honour to be abused with me in a pamphlet. I must make that rogue an example, for warning to others. I was to see Jack Hill this morning, who made that unfortunate expedition; and there is still more misfortune; for that ship, which was admiral of his fleet, is blown up in the Thames, by an accident and carelessness of some

* From this pleasantry of lord Oxford the appellation *Martinet Scribblers* took its rise.

rogue, who was going, as they think, to steal some gunpowder: five hundred men are lost. We don't yet know the particulars. I am got home by seven, and am going to be busy, and you are going to play and supper; you live ten times happier than I; but I should live ten times happier than you if I were with MD. I saw Jemmy Leigh to-day in the street, who tells me that Sterne has not lain above once these three weeks in his lodgings, and he doubts he takes ill courses; he stays only till he can find Sterne to go along with him, and he cannot hear of him. I begged him to inquire about the box when he comes to Chester, which he promises.

17. The secretary and I dined to-day with brigadier Britton, a great friend of his. The lady of the house is very gallant, about thirty-five; she is said to have a great deal of wit; but I see nothing among any of them that equals MD by a bar's length, as hope saved. My lord-treasurer is much out of order; he has a sore throat, and the gravel, and a pain in his breast where the wound was: pray God preserve him. The queen comes to Hampton-court on Tuesday next; people are coming fast to town, and I must answer MD's letter, which I can hardly find time to do, though I am at home the greatest part of the day. Lady Betty Germain and I were disputing Whig and Tory to death this morning. She is grown very fat, and looks mighty well. Biddy Floyd was there, and she is, I think, very much spoiled with the small-pox.

18. Lord-treasurer is still out of order, and that breaks our method of dining there to-day. He is often subject to a sore throat, and some time or other it will kill him, unless he takes more care than he is apt to do. It was said about the town that poor lord Peterborow was dead at Frankfort; but he is something better, and the queen is sending him to Italy, where I hope the warm climate will recover him: he has abundance of excellent qualities, and we love one another mightily. I was this afternoon in the city, ate a bit of meat, and settled some things with a printer. I will answer your letter on Saturday, if possible, and then send away this; so to fetch up the odd days I loat at Windsor, and keep constant to my fortnight. Omphre-time is now coming on, and we shall have nothing but Manley, and Walls, and Stoytes, and the dean. Have you got no new acquaintance? Poor girls; nobody knows MD's good qualities. 'Tis very cold; but I will not have a fire till November, that's pozz. Well, but coming home to-night I found on my table a letter from MD; faith I was angry, that is with myself; and I was afraid too to see MD's hand so soon, for fear of something, I don't know what: at last I opened it, and it was over well, and a bill for the two hundred guineas. However, 'tis a sad thing that this letter is not gone, nor your twenty-first answered yet.

19. I was invited to-day to dine with Mrs. Van, with some company who did not come; but I ate nothing but herrings: you must know I hardly ever eat of above one thing, and that the plainest ordinary meat at table; I love it best, and believe it wholesomest. You love rarities; yes you do; I wish you had all that I ever see where I go. I was coming home early and met the secretary in his chair, who persuaded me to go with him to Britton's; for he said he had been all day at business, and had eaten nothing. So I went, and the time passed so that we stayed till two, so you may believe 'tis late enough.

20. This day has gone all wrong, by sitting up so late last night. Lord-treasurer is not yet well, and can't go to Windsor. I dined with sir Matthew Dudley, and took occasion to hint to him that he

would lose his employment, for which I am very sorry. Lord Pembroke and his family are all come to town. I was kept so long at a friend's this evening that I cannot send this to-night. When I knocked at my lodgings, a fellow asked me where lodged Dr. Swift? I told him I was the person; he gave me a letter he brought from the secretary's office, and I gave him a shilling: when I came up I saw Dingley's hand: faith I was afraid, I do not know what. At last it was a formal letter from Dingley about her exchequer business. Well, I'll do it on Monday, and settle it with Tooke. And now boys, for your letter, I mean the first, No. 21. Let's see; come out, little letter. I never had the letter from the bishop that Raymond mentions; but I have written to Ned Southwell, to desire the duke of Ormond to speak to his reverence, that he may leave off his impertinence. What a pox can they think I am doing for the archbishop here! You have a pretty notion of me in Ireland, to make me an agent for the archbishop of Dublin. Why; do you think I value your people's ingratitude about my part in serving them? I remit them their first-fruits of ingratitude as freely as I got the other remitted to them. This lord-treasurer defers writing his letter to them, or else they would be plausibly confounded by this time. For he designs to give the merit of it wholly to the queen and me, and to let them know it was done before the duke of Ormond was lord-lieutenant. You visit, you dine abroad, you see friends; you pilgaurie; you walk from Finglas, you a cat's foot. O Lord—lady Gore hung her child by the sciot; what is that waist! I don't understand the word: he must hang on till you explain or spell it. I don't believe he was pretty, that's a liill. Pish! burn your first-fruits; again at it! Stella has made twenty false spellings in her writing; I'll send them to you all back again on the other side of this letter, to mend them; I won't miss one. Why; I think there were seventeen bishops' names to the letter lord Oxford received. I will send you some pamphlets by Leigh; put me in mind of it on Monday, for I shall go then to the printer; yes, and the Miscellany. I am mightily obliged to Walls, but I don't deserve it by any usage of him here, having seen him but twice, and once *en passant*. Mrs. Manley forsworn ombre! What; and no blaring star appear! no monsters horn! no whale thrown up! have you not found out some evasion for her! She had no such regard to oaths in her younger days. I got the hook for nothing, madam Dingley; but the wine I got not; it was but a promise. Yes, my head is pretty well in the main, only now and then a little threatening or so. You talk of my reconciling some great folks. I tell you what. The secretary told me last night that he had found the reason why the queen was cold to him for some months past; that a friend had told it him yesterday; and it was that they suspected he was at the bottom with the duke of Marlborough. Then he said he had reflected upon all I had spoken to him long ago; but he thought it had been only my suspicion and my zeal and kindness for him. I said I had reason to take that very ill, to imagine I knew so little of the world as to talk at a venture to a great minister; that I had gone between him and lord-treasurer often, and told each of them what I had said to the other, and that I had informed him so before: he said all that you may imagine to excuse himself and approve my conduct. I told him I knew all along that this proceeding of mine was the surest way to send me back to my willows in Ireland, but that I regarded it not, provided I could do the kingdom service in keeping them well toge-

ther. I minded him how often I had told lord-treasurer, lord-keeper, and him together, that all things depended on their union, and that my comfort was to see them love one another; and I had told them all singly that I had not said this by chance, &c. He was in a rage to be thus suspected; swears he will be upon a better foot, or none at all; and I do not see how they can well want him in this juncture. I hope to find a way of settling this matter. I act an honest part that will bring me neither profit nor praise. MD must think the better of me for it: nobody else shall know of it. Here's politics enough for once; but madam D. D. gave me occasion for it. I think I told you I have got into lodgings that don't smell ill.—O Lord! the spectacles: well, I'll do that on Monday too; although it goes against me to be employed for folks that neither you nor I care a groat for. Is the eight pounds from Hawkshaw included in the thirty-nine pounds five shillings and twopence? How do I know by this how my account stands? Can't you write five or six lines to eat it up? Mine is forty-four pounds *per annum*, and eight pounds from Hawkshaw makes fifty-two pounds. Pray set it right, and let me know; you bad best. And so now I have answered No. 21, and 'tis late, and I will answer No. 22 in my next: this cannot go to-night, but shall on Tuesday: and so go to your play, and lose your money, with your two eggs a penny; silly jade; you witty! very pretty.

21. Mrs. Van would have me dine with her again to-day, and so I did, though lady Mountjoy has sent two or three times to have me see and dine with her, and she is a little body I love very well. My head has ached a little in the evenings these three or four days, but it is not of the giddy sort, so I do not much value it. I was to see lord Harley to-day, but lord-treasurer took physic and I could not see him. He has voided much gravel, and is better, but not well; he talks of going on Tuesday to see the queen at Hampton Court; I wish he may be able. I never saw so fine a summer-day as this was: how is it with you, pray! and can't you remember, naughty packs! I haven't seen lord Pembroke yet. He will be sorry to miss Dilly: I wonder you say nothing of Dilly's being got to Ireland; if he be not there soon, I shall have some certain odd thoughts: guess them if you can.

22. I dined in the city to-day with Dr. Freind, at one of my printers: I inquired for Leigh, but could not find him: I have forgot what sort of apron you want. I must rout among your letters, a needle in a bottle of hay. I gave Sterne directions, but where to find him Lord knows. I have bespoken the spectacles; got a set of Examiners, and five pamphlets, which I have either written or contributed to, except the best, which is the vindication of the duke of Marlborough, and is entirely of the author of the *Atalantis*. I have settled Dingley's affair with Tooke, who has undertaken it, and understands it. I have bespoken a Miscellany, what would you have me do more? It cost me a shilling coming home: it rains terribly, and did so in the morning. Lord-treasurer has had an ill day, in much pain. He writes and does business in his chamber now he is ill: the man is bewitched: he desires to see me, and I'll maud him, but he will not value it a rush. I am half weary of them all. I often burst out into these thoughts, and will certainly steal away as soon as I decently can. I have many friends and many enemies; and the last are more constant in their nature. I have no shuddering at all to think of retiring to my old circumstances, if you can be easy; but I will always live in Ireland as I did the last

time; I will not hunt for dinners there: nor converse with more than a very few.

23. Morning.—This goes to-day, and shall be sealed by and by. Lord-treasurer takes physic again to-day; I believe I shall dine with lord Dupplin. Mr. Tooke brought me a letter directed for me at Morphew's, the bookseller. I suppose, by the postage, it came from Ireland; it is a woman's hand, and seems false spelt on purpose; it is in such sort of verse as Harris's petition: rallies me for writing merry things, and not upon divinity; and is like the subject of the archbishop's last letter, as I told you. Can you guess whom it came from? It is not ill-written; pray find it out; there is a Latin verse at the end of it all rightly spelt; yet the English, as I think, affectedly wrong in many places. My plaguing time is coming. A young fellow brought me a letter from Judge Coote, with recommendation to be lieutenant of a man-of-war. He is the son of one Ezblin, who was minister of Belfast before Tisdall, and I have got some other new customers; but I shall trouble my friends as little as possible. Saucy Stella used to jeer me for meddling with other folks' affairs; but now I am punished for it.—Patrick has brought the candle, and I have no more room. Farewell, &c. &c.

Here is a full and true account of Stella's new spelling.

Plaguely,	.	Plaguily. ^a
Dineing,	.	Dining.
Strangers,	.	Strangers.
Chais,	.	Chase. ^b
Waist,	.	Wast.
Houer,	.	Hour.
Immagin,	.	Imagine.
A bout,	.	About.
Intelligence,	.	Intelligence.
Abundance,	.	Abundance.
Merrit,	.	Merit.
Secreet,	.	Secret.
Phamphlets,	.	Pamphlets.
Business,	.	Business.

Tell me truly, sirrah, how many of these are mistakes of the pen, and how many are you to answer for as real ill-spelling! There are but fourteen: I said twenty by guess. You must not be angry, for I will have you spell right, let the world go bow it will. Though, after all, there is but a mistake of one letter in any of these words. I allow you henceforth but six false spellings in every letter you send me.

LETTER THE THIRTY-THIRD.

London, Oct. 23, 1711.

I DINED with lord Dupplin as I told you I would, and put my 32nd into the post-office my own self; and I believe there has not been one moment since we parted wherein a letter was not upon the road going or coming to or from FMD [Presto and MD.] If the queen knew it she would give us a pension; for it is we bring good luck to their post-boys and their packets; else they would break their necks and sink. But an old saying and a true one:—

Be it snow, or storm, or hail,
FMD's letters never fail;
Cross winds may sometimes make them tarry,
But FMD's letters can't miscarry.

Terrible rain to-day, but it cleared up at night enough to save my twelpence coming home. Lord-treasurer is much better this evening. I hate to have him ill, he is so confoundedly careless. I won't answer your letter yet, so be satisfied.

^a This column of words, as they are corrected, is in Stella's hand. ^b Falsely spelt.

24. I called at lord-treasurer's to-day at noon; he was eating some broth in his bedchamber, undressed, with a thousand papers about him. He has a little fever upon him, and his eye terribly bloodshot; yet he dressed himself and went out to the treasury. He told me he had a letter from a lady with a complaint against me; it was from Mrs. Cutts, a sister of lord Cutts, who writ to him that I had abused her brother: you remember the "Salamander;" it is printed in the Miscellany. I told my lord that I would never regard complaints, and that I expected, whenever he received any against me, he would immediately put them into the fire and forget them, else I should have no quiet. I had a little turn in my head this morning; which, though it did not last above a moment, yet, being of the true sort, has made me as weak as a dog all this day. 'Tis the first I have had this half-year. I shall take my pills if I hear of it again. I dined at lady Mountjoy's with Harry Coote, and I went to see lord Pembroke upon his coming to town.—The Whig party are furious against a peace, and every day some ballad comes out reflecting on the ministry on that account. The secretary St. John has seized on a dozen booksellers and publishers into his messengers' hands. Some of the foreign ministers have published the preliminaries agreed on here between France and England; and people rail at them as insufficient to treat a peace upon; but the secret is, that the French have agreed to articles much more important, which our ministers have not communicated, and the people, who think they know all, are discontented that they know no more. This was an inconvenience I foretold to the secretary; but we could contrive no way to fence against it. So there's politics for you.

25. The queen is at Hampton-court: she went on Tuesday, in that terrible rain. I dined with Lewis at his lodgings, to despatch some business we had. I sent this morning and evening to lord-treasurer, and he is much worse by going out; I am in pain about evening. He has sent for Dr. Ratcliffe; pray God preserve him. The chancellor of the exchequer showed me to-day a ballad in manuscript against lord-treasurer and his South Sea project; it is very sharply written; if it be not printed I will send it you. If it be, it shall go in your packet of pamphlets.—I found out your letter about directions for the apron, and have ordered to be bought a cheap green silk work apron; I have it by heart. I sat this evening with Mrs. Barton, who is my near neighbour. It was a delicious day, and I got my walk, and was thinking whether MD was walking too just at that time that Presto was.—This paper does not cost me a farthing; I have it from the secretary's office. I long till to-morrow to know how my lord-treasurer sleeps this night, and to hear he mends: we are all undone without him; so pray for him, sirrabs, and don't stay too late at the dean's.

26. I dined with Mrs. Van; for the weather is so bad, and I am so busy that I cannot dine with great folks: and besides, I dare eat but little, to keep my head in order, which is better. Lord-treasurer is very ill, but I hope in no danger. We have no quiet with the Whigs, they are so violent against a peace; but I'll cool them, with a vengeance, very soon. I have not heard from the bishop of Clogher, whether he has got his statutes. I writ to him six weeks ago; he is so busy with his parliament. I won't answer your letter yet, say what you will, saucy girls.

27. I forgot to go about some business this morning, which cost me double the time; and I was forced to be at the secretary's office till four, and lose

my dinner; so I went to Mrs. Van's, and made them get me three herrings, which I am very fond of, and they are a light victuals: besides, I was to have snipped at lady Ashburnham's; but the drab did not call for us in her coach, as she promised, but sent for us, and so I sent my excuses. It has been a terrible rainy day, but so flattering in the morning that I would needs go out in my new hat. I met Leigh and Sterne as I was going into the park. Leigh says he will go to Ireland in ten days, if he can get Sterne to go with him; so I will send him the things for MD, and I have desired him to inquire about the box. I hate that Sterne for his carelessness about it; but it was my fault.

28. I was all this terrible rainy day with my friend Lewis upon business of importance; and I dined with him, and came home about seven, and thought I would amuse myself a little, after the pains I had taken. I saw a volume of Congreve's plays in my room, that Patrick had taken to read; and I looked into it, and in mere loitering read in it till twelve, like an owl and a fool: if ever I do so again: never saw the like. Count Gallas, the emperor's envoy, you will hear, is in disgrace with us: the queen has ordered her ministers to have no more commerce with him; the reason is, the fool writ a rude letter to lord Dartmouth, secretary of state, complaining of our proceedings about a peace; and he is always in close confidence with lord Wharton, and Sunderland, and others of the late ministry. I believe you begin to think there will be no peace; the Whigs here are sure it cannot be, and stocks are fallen again. But I am confident there will, unless France plays us tricks; and you may venture a wager with any of your Whig acquaintance that we shall not have another campaign. You will get more by it than by ombre, sirrah.—I let slip telling you yesterday's journal, which I thought to have done this morning, but blundered. I dined yesterday at Harry Coote's, with lord Hatton, Mr. Finch, a son of lord Nottingham, and sir Andrew Fountain. I left them soon; but hear they stayed till two in the morning, and were all drunk; and so good night for last night, and good night for to-night. You blundering goosecap, an't you ashamed to blunder to young ladies? I shall have a fire in three or four days now,—oh, ho.

29. I was to-day in the city concerning some things with a printer, and am to be to-morrow all day busy with Mr. Secretary about the same [Conduct of the Allies]. I won't tell you now; but the ministers reckon it will do abundance of good, and open the eyes of the nation, who are half bewitched against a peace. Few of this generation can remember anything but war and taxes, and they think it is as it should be; whereas 'tis certain we are the most undone people in Europe, as I am afraid I shall make appear, beyond all contradiction. But I forget; I won't tell you what I will do, nor what I will not do; so let me alone, and go to Stoyte, and give Goody Stoyte and Catherine my humble service; I love Goody Stoyte better than Goody Walls. Who'll pay me for this green apron? I will have the money; it cost ten shillings and sixpence. I think it playgy dear for a cheap thing; but they said that English silk would cockle, and I know not what. You have the making into the hargain. 'Tis right Italian: I have sent it and the pamphlets to Leigh, and will send the Miscellanies and spectacles in a day or two. I would send more; but faith I am playgy poor at present.

31. The devil's in this secretary; when I went this morning he had people with him; but, says he, we are to dine with Prior to-day, and then will do

all our business in the afternoon: at two, Prior sends word he is otherwise engaged; then the secretary and I go and dine with brigadier Britton, sit till eight, grow merry, no business done; he is in haste to see lady Jersey; we part, and appoint no time to meet again. This is the fault of all the present ministers, teasing me to death for my assistance, laying the whole weight of their affairs upon it, yet slipping opportunities. Lord-treasurer mends every day, though slowly: I hope he will take care of himself. Pray, will you send to Parvisol to send me a bill of twenty pounds as soon as he can, for I want money. I must have money; I will have money, sirraha.

November 1. I went to-day into the city to settle some business with Stratford, and to dine with him; but he was engaged, and I was so angry I would not dine with any other merchant, but went to my printer, and ate a bit, and did business of mischief with him, and I shall have the spectacles and Miscellany to-morrow, and leave them with Leigh. A fine day always makes me go into the city, if I can spare time, because it is exercise; and that does me more good than anything. I have heard nothing since of my head, but a little, I don't know how, sometimes; but I am very temperate, especially now the treasurer is ill, and the ministers often at Hampton-court, and the secretary not yet fixed in his house, and I hate dining with many of my old acquaintance. Here has been a fellow discovered going out of the East India-house with sixteen thousand pounds in money and bills; he would have escaped if he had not been so uneasy with thirst that he stole out before his time, and was caught. But what is that to MD? I wish we had the mousy, provided the East India Company was never the worse; you know we must not covet, &c. Our weather for this fortnight past is chequered, a fair and a rainy day; this was very fine, and I have walked four miles; wish MD would do so, lary sluttikins.

2. It has rained all day with a *continendo*, and I went in a chair to dine with Mrs. Van; always there in a very rainy day. But I made a shift to come back afoot. I live a very retired life, pay very few visits, and keep but very little company; I read no newspapers. I am sorry I sent you the Examiner, for the printer is going to print them in a small volume: it seems the author is too proud to have them printed by subscription, though his friends offered, they say, to make it worth five hundred pounds to him. The Spectators are likewise printing in a larger and smaller volume, so I believe they are going to leave them off, and indeed people grow weary of them, though they are often prettily written. We have had no news for me to send you now toward the end of my letter. The queen has the gout a little; I hoped the lord-treasurer would have had it too, but Radcliffe told me yesterday it was the rheumatism in his knee and foot; however, he mends, and I hope will be abroad in a short time. I am told they design giving away several employments before the parliament sits, which will be the 13th instant. I either do not like or not understand this policy; and if lord-treasurer does not mend soon, they must give them just before the sessions. But he is the greatest procrastinator in the world.

3. A fine day this, and I walked a pretty deal: I stuffed the secretary's pockets with papers, which he must read and settle at Hampton-court, where he went to-day, and stays some time. They have no lodgings for me there, so I can't go, for the town is small, chargeable, and inconvenient. Lord-treasurer had a very ill night last night, with much pain in his

knee and foot, but is easier to-day.—And so I went to visit Prior about some business, and so he was not within, and so sir Andrew Fountaine made me dine to-day again with Mrs. Van, and I came home soon, remembering this must go to-night, and that I had a letter of MD's to answer. O Lord, where is it! let me see; so, so, here it is. You grudge writing so soon. Pox on that bill; the woman would have me manage that money for her. I do not know what to do with it now I have it; I am like the unprofitable steward in the gospel: I laid it up in a napkin; there thou hast what is thine own, &c. Well, well, I know of your new mayor, (I'll tell you a pun; a fishmonger owed a man two crowns; so he sent him a piece of bad ling and a trench, and then said he was paid: how is that now? find it out; for I won't tell it you: which of you finds it out!) Well, but, as I was saying, what care I for your mayor! I fancy Ford may tell Forbes right about my returning to Ireland before Christmas, or soon after. I'm sorry you did not go on with your story about "Pray God you be John;" I never heard it in my life, and wonder what it can be.—Ah, Stella, faith you leaned upon your Bible to think what to say when you write that. Yes, that story of the secretary's making me an example is true; "never heard it before;" why, how could you hear it! is it possible to tell you the hundredth part of what passes in our companies here? the secretary is as easy with me as Mr. Addison was. I have often thought what a splutter sir William Temple makes about being made secretary of state; I think Mr. St. John the greatest young man I ever knew; wit, capacity, beauty, quickness of apprehension, good learning, and an excellent taste; the best orator in the house of commons, admirable conversation, good nature, and good manners; generous, and a despiser of money. His only fault is talking to his friends in a way of complaint of too great a load of business, which looks a little like affectation; and he endeavours too much to mix the fine gentleman and man of pleasure with the man of business. What truth and sincerity he may have I know not; he is now but thirty-two, and has been secretary above a year. Is not all this extraordinary! how he stands with the queen and lord-treasurer I have told you before. This is his character; and I believe you will be diverted by knowing it. I write to the archbishop of Dublin, bishop of Cloyne and of Clogher together, five weeks ago from Windsor: I hope they had my letters; pray know if Clogher had his.—Fig for your physician and his advice, madam Dingley; if I grow worse, I will; otherwise I will trust to temperance and exercise: your fall of the leaf; what care I when the leaves fall! I am sorry to see them fall with all my heart; but why should I take physic because leaves fall off from trees? that won't hinder them from falling. If a man falls from a horse, must I take physic for that?—This arguing makes you mad; but it is true right reason, not to be disproved.—I am glad at heart to hear poor Stella is better; use exercise and walk, spend pattens and spare potions, wear out clogs and waste claret. Have you found out my pun of the fishmonger? I don't read a word more till you have got it. And Stella is handsome again, you say! and is she fat! I have sent to Leigh the set of Examiners; the first thirteen were written by several hands, some good, some bad; the next three-and-thirty were all by one hand, that makes forty-six; then that author, whoever he was, laid it down on purpose to confound guessers; and the last six were written by a woman. Then there is "An Account of Guiscard,"

by the same woman, but the facts sent by Presto. Then "An Answer to the Letter to the Lords about Gregg," by Presto; "Prior's Journey," by Presto; "Vindication of the Duke of Marlborough," entirely by the same woman; "Comment on Hare's Sermon," by the same woman, only hints sent to the printer from Presto to give her. Then there's the Miscellany, an apron for Stella, a pound of chocolate, without sugar, for Stella, a fine snuff-rasp of ivory, given me by Mrs. St. John for Dingley, and a large roll of tobacco, which she must hide or cut shorter out of modesty, and four pair of spectacles for the Lord knows who. There's the cargo, I hope it will come safe. O, Mrs. Misham and I are very well; we write to one another, but it is upon business; I believe I told you so before: pray pardon my forgetfulness in these cases; poor Presto can't help it. MD shall have the money as soon as Tooke gets it. And so I think I have answered all, and the paper is out, and now I have fetched up my week, and will send you another this day fortnight. —Why, you rogues, two crowns make *tench-ill-ling*: you are so dull you could never have found it out. Farewell, &c. &c.

LETTER THE THIRTY-FOURTH.

London, Nov. 2, 1711.

My 33rd lies now before me just finished, and I am going to seal and send it, so let me know whether you would have me add anything: I gave you my journal of this day; and it is now nine at night, and I am going to be busy for an hour or two.

4. I left a friend's house to-day, where I was invited, just when dinner was settling on, and pretended I was engaged, because I saw some fellows I did not know; and went to sir Matthew Dudley's, where I had the same inconvenience, but he would not let me go; otherwise I would have gone home, and sent for a slice of mutton and a pot of ale, rather than dine with persons unknown, as bad, for aught I know, as your deans, parsons, and curates. Bad slabby weather to-day. —Now methinks I write at ease, when I have no letter of MD's to answer. But I mistook, and have got the large paper. The queen is laid up with the gout at Hampton-court; she is now seldom without it any long time together; I fear it will wear her out in a very few years. I plainly find I have less twitchings about my toes since these ministers are sick and out of town, and that I don't dine with them. I would compound for a light easy gout to be perfectly well in my head. —Pray walk when the frost comes, young ladies, go a frost-biting. It comes into my head that, from the very time you first went to Ireland, I have been always plying you to walk and read. The young fellows here have begun a kind of fashion to walk, and many of them have got swingeing strong shoes on purpose; it has got as far as several young lords; if it hold, it would be a very good thing. Lady Lucy and I are fallen out: she rails at me, and I have left visiting her.

5. MD was very troublesome to me last night in my sleep; I was a dreamed, methought, that Stella was here. I asked her after Dingley, and she said she had left her in Ireland, because she designed her stay to be short, and such stuff. —Monsieur Pontchartrain, the secretary of state in France, and Monsieur Fontenelle, the secretary of the Royal Academy there (who writ the *Dialogues des Morts*, &c.), have sent letters to lord Pembroke, "that the Academy have, with the king's consent, chosen him one of their members in the room of one who is lately dead." But the cautious gentleman has given

me the letters to show my lord Dartmouth and Mr. St. John, our two secretaries, and let them see there is no treason in them; which I will do on Wednesday, when they come from Hampton-court. The letters are very handsome, and it is a very great mark of honour and distinction to lord Pembroke. I hear the two French ministers are come over again about the peace; but I have seen nobody of consequence to know the truth. I dined to-day with a lady of my acquaintance, who was sick, in her bedchamber, upon three herrings and a chicken; the dinner was my bespeaking. We begin now to have ebsnuts and Serille oranges; leave you the latter yet! 'Twas a terrible windy day, and we had processions in carts of the pope and the devil, and the butchers rang their cleavers. You know this is the fifth of November, popery and gunpowder.

6. Since I am used to this way of writing, I fancy I could hardly make out a long letter to MD without it. I think I ought to allow for every line taken up by telling you where I dined; but that will not be above seven lines in all, half a line to a dinner. Your Ingoldsby is going over, and they say here he is to be made a lord. Here was I staying in my room till two this afternoon for that puppy sir Andrew Fountaine, who was to go with me into the city, and never came; and if I had not shot a dinner flying, with one Mr. Murray, I might have fasted, or gone to an alehouse. You never said one word of Good Stoyte in your letter; but I suppose these winter-nights we shall hear more of her. Does the provost laugh as much as he used to do? We reckon him here a good-for-nothing fellow. I design to write to your dean one of these days, but I can never find time, nor what to say. I will think of something; but if DD [Stella and Dingley] were not in Ireland, I believe seriously I should not think of the place twice a-year. Nothing there ever makes the subject of talk in any company where I am.

7. I went to-day to the city on business; but stopped at a printer's and stayed there; it was a most delicious day. I hear the parliament is to be prorogued for a fortnight longer; I suppose, either because the queen has the gout, or that lord-treasurer is not well, or that they would do something more toward a peace. I called at lord-treasurer's at noon, and sat awhile with lord Harley, but his father was asleep. A bookseller has reprinted or new-titled a sermon of Tom Swift's, printed last year, and publishes an advertisement calling it Dr. Swift's sermon. Some friend of lord Galway has, by his directions, published a four-shilling book about his conduct in Spain, to defend him; I have but just seen it. But what care you for books, except Presto's Miscellanies? Leigh promised to call and see me, but has not yet; I hope he will take care of his cargo, and get your Chester box. A murrain take that box; everything is spoiled that is in it. How does the strong box do? you say nothing of Raymond: is his wife brought to bed again; or how? has he furnished his house, paid his debts, and put out the rest of the money to use? I am glad to hear poor Joe is like to get his two hundred pounds. I suppose Trim is now reduced to slavery again. I am glad of it; the people were as great rascals as the gentlemen. But I must go to bed, sirrabs; the secretary is still at Hampton-court with my papers, or is come only to-night. They plague me with attending them.

8. I was with the secretary this morning, and we dined with Prior, and did business this afternoon till about eight; and I must alter and undo, and a clutter. I am glad the parliament is prorogued. I stayed with Prior till eleven; the secretary left us

at eight. Prior, I believe, will be one of those employed to make the peace when a congress is opened. Lord Ashburham told to-day at the coffeehouse that lord Harley was yesterday morning married to the duke of Newcastle's daughter, the great heiress, and it got about all the town. But I saw lord Harley yesterday at noon in his nightgown, and he dined in the city with Prior and others; so it is not true; but I hope it will be so; for I know it has been privately managing this long time: the lady will not have half her father's estate; for the duke left lord Pelham's son his heir. The widow duchess will not stand to the will; and she is now at law with Pelham. However, at worst, the girl will have about ten thousand pounds a-year to support the honour; for lord-treasurer will never save a groat for himself. Lord Harley is a very valuable young gentleman; and they say the girl is handsome, and has good sense, but red hair.

9. I designed a jaunt into the city to-day to be merry, but was disappointed; so one always is in this life; and I could not see lord Dartmouth to-day, with whom I had some business. Business and pleasure both disappointed. You can go to your dean, and, for want of him, Goody Stoyte, or Walls, or Mauley, and meet everywhere with cards and elaret. I dined privately with a friend on a herring and chicken, and half a flask of bad Florence. I begin to have fires now when the mornings are cold. I have got some loose bricks at the back of my grate for good husbandry. Fine weather. Patrick tells me my caps are wearing out. I know not how to get others. I want a necessary woman strangely. I am as helpless as an elephant. I had three packets from the archbishop of Dublin, cost me four shillings, all about Higgins, printed stuff, and two long letters. His people forgot to enclose them to Lewis; and they were only directed to doctor Swift, without naming London or anything else. I wonder how they reached me, unless the postmaster directed them. I have read all the trash and am weary.

10. Why; if you must have it out, something is to be published of great moment, and three or four great people are to see there are no mistakes in point of fact; and 'tis so troublesome to send it among them, and get their corrections, that I am weary as a dog. I dined to-day with the printer, and was there all the afternoon; and it plagued me, and there's an end, and what would you have? Lady Dupplin, lord-treasurer's daughter, is brought to-bed of a son. Lord-treasurer has had an ugly return of his gravel. 'Tis good for us to live in gravel-pits, but not for gravel-pits to live in us; and a man in this case should leave no stone unturned. Lord-treasurer's sickness, the queen's gout, the forwarding the peace, occasion putting off the parliament a fortnight longer. My head has had no ill returns. I had good walking to-day in the city, and take all opportunities of it on purpose for my health; but I can't walk in the park, because that is only for walking sake, and loses time, so I mix it with business. I wish MD walked half as much as Presto. If I was with you, I'd make you walk; I would walk behind or before you, and you should have masks on, and he tucked up like anything; and Stella is naturally a stout walker, and carries herself firm; methinks I see her strut, and step clever over a kennel; and Dingley would do well enough if her petticoats were pinned up; but she is so embroiled, and so fearful, and then Stella scolds, and Dingley stumbles, and is so daggled. Have you got the whalebone petticoats among

* The great end, lord Bolingbroke says, of Harley's administration was to marry his son to this lady; which he accomplished.

you yet? I hate them; a woman here may hide a moderate gallant under them. Pahaw, what's all this I'm saying? Methinks I am talking to MD face to face.

11. Did I tell you that old Frowde, the old fool, is selling his estate at Pepperham, and is sculking about the town nobody knows where? and who do you think manages all this for him, but that rogue Child, the double squire of Farinham? I have put Mrs. Masham, the queen's favourite, upon buying it; but that is yet a great secret; and I have employed lady Oglethorpe to inquire about it. I was with lady Oglethorpe to-day, who is come to town for a week or two, and to-morrow I will see to hunt out the old fool; he is utterly ruined, and at this present in some blind alley with some dirty wench. He has two sons that must starve, and he never gives them a farthing. If Mrs. Masham buys the land, I will desire her to get the queen to give some pension to the old fool, to keep him from absolutely starving. What do you meddle with other people's affairs for? says Stella. O but Mr. Masham and his wife are very urgent with me, since I first put them in the head of it. I dined with sir Matthew Dudley, who, I doubt, will soon lose his employment.

12. Morning. I am going to hunt out old Frowde, and to do some business in the city. I have not yet called to Patrick to know whether it be fair. It has been past dropping these two days. Rainy weather hurts my pate and my purse. He tells me 'tis very windy and begins to look dark; woe be to my shillings: an old saying and a true,—

Few fillings, many shillings.

If the day be dark, my purse will be light.

To my enemies be this curse,
A dark day and a light purse.

And so I'll rise and go to my fire, for Patrick tells me I have a fire; yet it is not shaving-day, nor is the weather cold; this is too extravagant. What is become of Dilly? I suppose you have him with you. Stella is just now showing a white leg, and putting it into the slipper. Present my service to her, and tell her I am engaged to the dean; and desire she will come too; or, Dingley, can't you write a note? This is Stella's morning dialogue, no morning speech I mean. Morrow, sirrabs, and let me rise as well as you; but I promise you Walls can't dine with the dean to-day, for she is to be at Mrs. Proby's just after dinner, and to go with Gracy Spenceer to the shops to buy a yard of muslin, and a silver lace for an under petticoat. Morrow again, sirrabs. At night.—I dined with Stratford in the city, but could not finish my affairs with him; but now I have resolved to buy five hundred pounds' South Sea stock, which will cost me three hundred and eighty ready money; and I will make use of the bill of a hundred pounds you sent me, and transfer Mrs. Walls over to Hawkshaw; or, if she dislikes it, I will borrow a hundred pounds of the secretary and repay her. Three shillings coach-hire to-day. I have spoken to Frowde's brother to get me the lowest price of the estate to tell Mrs. Masham.

13. I dined privately with a friend to-day in the neighbourhood. Last Saturday night I came home, and the drab had just washed my room, and my bedchamber was all wet, and I was forced to go to bed in my own defence, and no fire; I was sick on Sunday, and now have got a swingeing cold. I scolded like a dog at Patrick, although he was out with me; I detest washing of rooms; can't they wash them in a morning, and make a fire, and leave open the windows? I slept not a wink last night for hawking and spitting; and now everybody has

colds Here's a clatter : I'll go to bed and sleep if I can.

14. Lady Mountjoy sent to me two days ago, so I dined with her to-day, and in the evening went to see lord-treasurer. I found Patriek had been just there with a bow d'ye, and my lord had returned answer that he desired to see me. Mrs. Masham was with him when I came; and they are never disturbed : 'tis well she is not very handsome; they sit alone together settling the nation. I sat with lady Oxford, and stopped Mrs. Masham as she came out, and told her what progress I had made, &c., and then went to lord-treasurer : he is very well, only uneasy at rising or sitting, with some rheumatic pains in his thigh, and a foot weak. He showed me a small paper, sent by an unknown hand to one Mr. Cook, who sent it to my lord : it was written in plain large letters thus :—

"Though G—d's knife did not succeed,
A F—n's yet may do the deed."

And a little below, "Burn this, yon dog." My lord has frequently such letters as these : once he showed me one, which was a vision describing a certain man, his dress, his sword, and his countenance, who was to murder my lord. And he told me he saw a fellow in the chapel at Windsor with a dress very like it. They often send him letters signed, "Your humble servant, the devil," and such stuff. I sat with him till after ten, and have business to do.

15. The secretary came yesterday to town from Hampton-court, so I went to him early this morning; but he went back last night again : and coming home to-night I found a letter from him to tell me that he was just come from Hampton-court, and just returning, and will not be here till Saturday night. A pox take him; he stops all my business. I'll beg leave to come back when I have got over this; and hope to see MD in Ireland soon after Christmas. I am weary of courts, and want my journeys to Laracor; they did me more good than all the ministries these twenty years. I dined to-day in the city, but did no business as I designed. Lady Mountjoy tells me that Dilly is got to Ireland, and that the archbishop of Dublin was the cause of his returning so soon. The parliament was prorogued two days ago for a fortnight, which, with the queen's absence, makes the town very dull and empty. They tell me the duke of Ormond brings all the world away with him from Ireland. London has nothing so bad in it in winter as your knots of Irish folks; but I go to no coffeehouse, and so I seldom see them. This letter shall go on Saturday; and then I am even with the world again. I have lent money, and cannot get it, and am forced to borrow for myself.

16. My man made a blunder this morning, and let up a visitor, when I had ordered to see nobody; so I was forced to hurry a hang-dog instrument of mine into my bedchamber, and keep him cooling his heels there above an hour. I am going on fairly in the common forms of a great cold; I believe it will last me about ten days in all—I should have told you that in those two verses sent to lord-treasurer the G—d stands for Guisard; that is easy; but we differed about F—n : I thought it was for Frenchman, because he hates them, and they him : and so it would be, "That, although Guisard's knife missed its design, the knife of a Frenchman might yet do it." My lord thinks it stands for Felton, the name of him that stabbed the first duke of Buckingham.—Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined with the Vans to-day, and my cold made me loiter all the evening. Stay, young women, don't you begin to owe me a letter ! just a month to-day since

I had your No. 22. I'll stay a week longer, and then I'll expect like age; till then you may play at ombre, and so forth, as you please. The Whigs are still crying down our peace, but we will have it, I hope, in spite of them; the emperor comes now with his two eggs a penny, and promises wonders to continue the war; but it is too late; only I hope the fear of it will serve to spur on the French to be easy and sincere. Night, sirrabs; I'll go early to bed.

17. Morning.—This goes to-night; I will put it myself in the post-office. I had just now a long letter from the archbishop of Dublin, giving me an account of the ending your sessions, how it ended in a storm, which storm, by the time it arrives here, will be only half nature. I can't help it, I won't hide. I often advised the dissolution of that parliament, although I did not think the scoundrels had so much courage; but they have it only in the wrong, like a bully that will fight for a whore, and run away in an army. I believe, by several things the government says, he is not very well either with the government or clergy.—See how luckily my paper ends with a fortnight.—God Almighty bless and preserve dearest little MD.—I suppose your lord-lieutenant is now setting out for England. I wonder the bishop of Clogher does not write to me, or let me know of his statues, and how he likes them : I will write to him again as soon as I have leisure. Farewell, dearest MD, and love Presto, who loves MD infinitely above all earthly things, and who will.—My service to Mrs. Stoyte and Catherine. I'm sitting in my bed, but will rise to seal this. Morrow, dear rogues. Farewell again, dearest MD, &c.

LETTER THE THIRTY-FIFTH.

London, Nov. 17, 1711.

I put my last this evening in the post-office. I dined with Dr. Cockburn. This being queen Elizabeth's birthday, we have the d— and all to do among us. I just heard of the stir as my letter was sealed this morning; and was so cross I would not open it to tell you. I have been visiting lady Oglethorpe and lady Worsley; the latter is lately come to town for the winter, and with child, and what care you ! This is queen Elizabeth's birthday, usually kept in this town by apprentices, &c.; but the Whigs designed a mighty procession by midnight, and had laid out a thousand pounds to dress up the pope, devil, cardinals, Saeberevel, &c., and carry them with torches about, and burn them. They did it by contribution. Garth gave five guineas; Dr. Garth I mean, if ever you heard of him. But they were seized last night, by order from the secretary; you will have an account of it, for they bawl it about the streets already. They had some very foolish and mischievous designs; and it was thought they would have put the rabble upon assaulting my lord-treasurer's house, and the secretary's, and other violences. The militia was raised to prevent it, and now, I suppose, all will be quiet. The figures are now at the secretary's office at Whitehall. I design to see them if I can.

18. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary, who just came from Hampton-court. He was telling me more particulars about this business of burning the pope. It cost a great deal of money, and, had it gone on, would have cost three times as much : but the town is full of it, and half a dozen Grub-street papers already. The secretary and I dined at brigadier Britton's, but I left them at six, upon an appointment with some sober company of men and ladies, to drink punch at sir Andrew Fountaine's.

We were not very merry; and I don't love rack punch, I love it better with brandy; are you of my opinion? Why, then, twelvemoney weather; sirrahs, why don't you play at shuttlecock! I have thought of it a hundred times; faith, Presto will come over after Christmas, and will play with Stella before the cold weather is gone. Do you read the Spectator? I never do; they never come in my way; I go to no coffeehouses. They say abundance of them are very pretty; they are going to be printed in small volumes; I'll bring them over with me. I shall be out of my hurry in a week, and if Leigh be not gone over, I will send you by him what I am now finishing. I don't know where Leigh is; I have not seen him this good while, though he promised to call; I shall send to him. The queen comes to town on Thursday for good and all.

19. I was this morning at lord Dartmouth's office, and sent out for him from the committee of council, about some business. I was asking him more concerning this bustle about the figures in waxwork of the pope, and devil, &c. He was not at leisure, or he would have seen them. I hear the owners are so impudent that they design to replevin them by law. I am assured that the figure of the devil is made as like lord-treasurer as they could. Why, I dined with a friend in St. James's-street. Lord-treasurer, I am told, was abroad to-day; I will know to-morrow how he does after it. The duke of Marlborough is come, and was yesterday at Hampton-court with the queen; no, it was t'other day; no, it was yesterday; for to-day I remember Mr. Secretary was going to see him, when I was there, not at the duke of Marlborough's, but at the secretary's; the duke is not so fond of me. What care I! I won seven shillings to-night at piquet; I play twice a year or so.

20. I have been so teased with Whiggish discourse by Mrs. Barton and lady Betty Germain, never saw the like. They turn all this affair of the pope burning into ridicule; and, indeed, they have made too great a clutter about it, if they had no real reason to apprehend some tumults. I dined with lady Betty. I hear Prior's commission is passed to be ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary for the peace; my lord privy seal, who you know is bishop of Bristol, is the other; and lord Stafford, already ambassador at the Hague, the third: I am forced to tell you, ignorant sluts, who is who. I was punning scurvily with sir Andrew Fountaine and lord Pembroke this evening; do you ever pun now? Sometimes the dean, or Tom Leigh. Prior puns very well. Odso, I must go see his excellency, 'tis a noble advancement; but they could do no less after sending him to France. Lord Stafford is as proud as hell, and how he will bear one of Prior's mean birth on an equal character with him I know not. And so I go to my business, and bid you good night.

21. I was this morning busy with my printer; I gave him the fifth sheet, and then I went and dined with him in the city, to correct something, and alter, &c., and I walked home in the dusk, and the rain overtook me: and I found a letter here from Mr. Lewis; well, and so I opened it, and he says the peace is past danger, &c. Well, and so there was another letter enclosed in his; well, and so I looked on the outside of this t'other letter. Well, and so who do you think this t'other letter was from? Well, and so I'll tell you, it was from little MD, No. 23, 23, 23. I tell you it is no more, I have told you so before, but I just looked again to satisfy you. Hie, Stella, you write like an emperor, a great deal together; a very good hand, and but four false

spellings in all. Shall I send them to you? I am glad you did not take my correction ill. Well, but I won't answer your letter now, sirrah saucy boxes, no, no, not yet; just a month and three days from the last, which is just five weeks: you see it comes just when I begin to grumble.

22. Morning.—Tooke has just brought me Lingley's money. I will give you a note for it at the end of this letter. There was half-a-crown for entering the letter of attorney, but I swore to stop that. I'll spend your money bravely here. Morrow, dear sirrahs. At night.—I dined to-day with sir Thomas Hanmer; his wife, the duchess of Grafton, dined with us; she wears a great high head-dress, such as was in fashion fifteen years ago, and looks like a mad woman in it; yet she has great remains of beauty. I was this evening to see lord Harley, and thought to have sat with lord-treasurer, but he was taken up with the Dutch envoy, and such folks, and I would not stay. One particular in life here, different from what I have in Dublin, is, that whenever I come home I expect to find some letter for me, and seldom miss, and never any worth a farthing, but often to vex me. The queen does not come to town till Saturday. Prior is not yet declared; but these ministers being at Hampton-court I know nothing; and if I write news from common hands, it is always lies. You will think it affectation, but nothing has vexed me more for some months past than people I never saw pretending to be acquainted with me, and yet speak ill of me too; at least some of them. An old crooked Scotch countess, whom I never heard of in my life, told the duchess of Hamilton t'other day that I often visited her. People of worth never do that; so that a man only gets the scandal of having scurvy acquaintance. Three ladies were railing against me some time ago, and said they were very well acquainted with me; two of which I had never heard of, and the third I had only seen twice where I happened to visit. A man who has once seen me in a coffeehouse will ask me how I do when he sees me talking at court with a minister of state, who is sure to ask me how I came acquainted with that scoundrel. But come, sirrahs, this is all stuff to you, so I'll say no more on this side the paper, but turn over.

23. My printer invited Mr. Lewis and me to dine at a tavern to-day, which I have not done five times since I came to England; I never will call it Britain, pray don't call it Britain. My week is not out, and one side of this paper is out, and I have a letter to answer of MD's into the bargain: must I write on the third side? faith, that will give you an ill habit. I saw Leigh last night; he gives a terrible account of Sterne; he reckons he is seduced by some wench; he is over head and ears in debt, and has pawned several things. Leigh says he goes on Monday next for Ireland, but believes Sterne will not go with him: Sterne has kept him these three months. Leigh has got the apron and things, and promises to call for the box at Chester, but I despair of it. Good night, sirrahs; I have been late abroad.

24. I have finished my pamphlet to-day, which has cost me so much time and trouble; it will be published in three or four days, when the parliament begins sitting. I suppose the queen is come to town, but know nothing, having been in the city finishing and correcting with the printer. When I came home I found letters on my table as usual, and one from your mother, to tell me that you desire your writings and a picture should be sent to me, to be sent over to you. I have just answered her letter, and promised to take care of them if they be sent to me. She is at Farnham: it is too late to send them by

Leigh; besides, I will wait your orders, madam Stella. I am going to finish a letter to lord-treasurer about reforming our language; but first I must put an end to a ballad; and go you to your cards, sirrabs, this is card season.

25. I was early with the secretary to-day, but he was gone to his devotions, and to receive the sacrament; several rakes did the same; it was not for piety, but employments; according to act of parliament. I dined with lady Mary Dudley, and passed my time since insipidly, only I was at court at noon, and saw fifty acquaintance I had not met this long time: that is the advantage of a court, and I fancy I am better known than any man that goes there. Sir John Walters' quarrel with me has entertained the town ever since; and yet we never had a word, only he railed at me behind my back. The parliament is again to be prorogued for eight or nine days, for the Whigs are too strong in the house of lords; other reasons are pretended, but that is the truth. The prorogation is not yet known, but will be to-morrow.

26. Mr. Lewis and I dined with a friend of his, and unexpectedly there dined with us an Irish knight, one sir John St. Leger [afterwards a judge in Ireland], who follows the law here, but at a great distance: he was so pert, I was forced to take him down more than once. I saw to-day the pope, and devil, and the other figures of cardinals, &c., fifteen in all, which have made such a noise. I have put an understrapper upon writing a twopenny pamphlet to give an account of the whole denig. My large pamphlet will be published to-morrow; copies are sent to the great men this night. Domville [of Longman's town, county of Dublin] is come home from his travels; I am vexed at it; I have not seen him yet; I design to present him to all the great men.

27. Domville came to me this morning, and we dined at Pontack's, and were all day together, till six this evening; he is perfectly as fine a gentleman as I know; he set me down at lord-treasurer's, with whom I stayed about an hour, till Monsieur Buys, the Dutch envoy, came to him about some business. My lord-treasurer is pretty well, but stiff in the hips with the remains of the rheumatism. I am to bring Domville to my lord Harley in a day or two. It was the dirtiest rainy day that ever I saw. The pamphlet is published; lord-treasurer had it by him on the table, and was asking me about the mottoes in the title-page; he gave me one of them himself. I must send you the pamphlet, if I can.

28. Mrs. Van sent to me to dine with her to-day, because some ladies of my acquaintance were to be there; and there I dined. I was this morning to return Domville his visit, and went to visit Mrs. Masham, who was not within. I am turned out of my lodging by my landlady: it seems her husband and her son are coming home; but I have taken another lodging hard by, in Leicester-fields. I presented Mr. Domville to Mr. Lewis and Mr. Prior this morning. Prior and I are called the two Sosias, in a Whig Newspaper. Sosias, can you read it? The pamphlet begins to make a noise; I was asked by several whether I had seen it, and they advised me to read it, for it was something very extraordinary. I shall be suspected; and it will have several paltry answers. It must take its fate, as Savage said of his sermon that he preached at Farnham on sir William Temple's death. Domville saw Savage in Italy, and says he is a coxcomb, and half mad: he goes in red and with yellow waistcoats, and was at ceremony kneeling to the pope on a Palm Sunday, which is much more than kissing his toe; and I believe it will ruin him

here when 'tis told. I'll answer your letter by my new lodgings; I have hardly room; I must borrow from the other side.

29. New lodgings.—My printer came this morning to tell me he must immediately print a second edition, and lord-treasurer made one or two small additions: they must work day and night to have it out on Saturday; they sold a thousand in two days. Our society met to-day, nine of us were present; we dined at our brother Bathurst's: we made several regulations, and have chosen three new members, lord Orrery, Jack Hill, who is Mrs. Masham's brother, he that lately miscarried in the expedition to Quebec, and one colonel Dinscy.—We have taken a room in a house near St. James's to meet in. I left them early about correcting the pamphlet, &c., and am now got home, &c.

30. This morning I carried Domville to see my lord Harley, and I did some business with lord-treasurer, and have been all this afternoon with the printer, adding something to the second edition. I dined with the printer: the pamphlet makes a world of noise, and will do a great deal of good; it tells abundance of most important facts which were not at all known. I'll answer your letter to-morrow morning; or suppose I answer it just now, though it is pretty late. Come, then.—You say you are busy with parliaments, &c.; that's more than ever I will be when I come back; but you will have none these two years. Lord Santry, &c., yes, I have had enough on't. I am glad Dilly is mended; does he not thank me for showing him the court and the great people's faces? He had his glass out at the queen and the rest. 'Tis right what Dilly says; I depend upon nothing from my friends, but to go back as I came. Never fear Laracor, 'twill mend with a peace, or surely they'll give me the Dublin parish. Stella is in the right; the bishop of Ossory is the silliest, best-natured wretch breathing, of as little consequence as an egg-shell. Well, the spelling I have mentioned before; only the next time say *at least*, and not *at lest*. Pox on your Newbury! what can I do for him? I'll give his case (I am glad it is not a woman's) to what members I know; that's all I can do. Lord-treasurer's lameness goes off daily. Pray God preserve poor good Mrs. Stoyte, she would be a great loss to us all; pray give her my service, and tell her she has my heartiest prayers. I pity poor Mrs. Manley; but I think the child is happy to die, considering how little provision it would have had.—Poh, every pamphlet abuses me, and for things I never writ. Joe should have written me thanks for his two hundred pounds: I reckon he got it by my means; and I must thank the duke of Ormond, who I dare swear will say he did it on my account. Are they golden pippins, those seven apples? We have had much rain every day as well as you. £1. 17s. 8d. nld blunderer, not 18s.: I have reckoned it eighteen times. Hawkshaw's eight pounds is not reckoned; and if it be secure, it may lie where it is, unless they desire to pay it: so Parvisol may let it drop till further orders; for I have put Mrs. Wesley's money into the bank, and will pay her with Hawkshaw's.—I mean that Hawkshaw's money goes for an addition to MD, you know; but he good housewives. Bernage never comes now to see me; he has no more to ask! but I hear he has been ill.—A pox on Mrs. South's affair! I can do nothing in it, but by way of assisting anybody else that solicits it, by dropping a favourable word, if it comes in my way. Tell Walls I do no more for anybody with my lord treasurer, especially a thing of this kind. Tell him I have spent all my discretion, and have no more to use.—And so I have answered your letter fully and plainly.—And so I have got to

the third side of my paper, which is more than belongs to you, young women. It goes to-morrow, to nobody's sorrow. You are silly, not I; I'm a poet, if I had hut, &c.—Who's silly now? rogues and lasses, tunderbores and huzzards. O Lord, I am in a high vein of silliness; methought I was speaking to dearest little MD face to face. There; so lads, enough for to-night; to cards with the blackguards. Good-night, my delight, &c.

December 1. Fish! sirrahs, put a date always at the bottom of your letter, as well as the top, that I may know when you send it; your last is of November 3, yet I had others at the same time, written a fortnight after. Whenever you would have any money, send me word three weeks before, and in that time you will certainly have an answer, with a bill on Parrinot; pray do this; for my head is full, and it will ease my memory. Why, I think I quoted to you some of —'s letter, so you may imagine how witty the rest was; for it was all of a hunch, as Goodman Persley says. Pray let us have no more *business*, but *business*: the deuce take me if I know how to spell it; your wrong spelling, madam Stella, has put me out: it does not look right; let me see, *business*, *business*, *business*, *biayness*, *bianess*, *bysness*; fiith, I know not which is right, I think the second; I believe I never writ the word in my life before; yes, sure I must, though; *business*, *business*, *biayness*.—I have perplexed myself, and can't do it. Priests ask Walls, *Business*, I fancy that's right. Yee it is; I looked in my own pamphlet, and found it twice in ten lines, to convince you that I never writ it before. O, now I see it as plain as can be; so yours is only an *s* too much. The parliament will certainly meet on Friday next; the Whigs will have a great majority in the house of lords, no care is taken to prevent it; there is too much neglect; they are warned of it, and that signifies nothing: it was feared there would be some peevish address from the lords against a peace. 'Tis said about the town that several of the allies begin now to be content that a peace should be treated. This is all the news I have. The queen is pretty well; and so now I bid poor dearest MD farewell till to-night, then I will talk with them again.

The fifteen images that I saw were not worth forty pounds, so I stretched a little when I sold a thousand. The Grub-street account of that tumult is published. The devil is not like lord-treasurer: they were all in your odd antic mask, bought in common shops. I fear Prior will not be one of the plenipotentiaries.

I was looking over this letter, and find I make many mistakes of leaving out words; so 'tis impossible to find any meaning, unless you be conjurors. I will take more care for the future, and read over every day just what I have written that day, which will take up no time to speak of.

LETTER THE THIRTY-SIXTH.

London, Dec. 1, 1711.

My last was put in this evening. I intended to dine with Mr. Masham to-day, and called at White's chocolate-house to see if he was there. Lord Wharton saw me at the door, and I saw him, but took no notice, and was going away, but he came through the crowd, called after me, and asked me how I did, &c. This was pretty; and I believe he wished every word he spoke was a halter to hang me. Masham did not dine at home, so I ate with a friend in the neighbourhood. The printer has not sent me the second edition; I know not the reason, for it certainly came out to-day; perhaps they are glutted with it already. I found a letter from lord Harley on my table, to

tell me that his father desires I would make two small alterations. I am going to be busy, &c.

2. Morning.—See the blunder; I was making it the 37th day of the month, from the number above. Well, but I am staying here for old Frowde, [author of poems and plays] who appointed to call this morning; I am ready dressed to go to church; I suppose he dare not stir out but on Sundays. The printer called early this morning, told me the second edition went off yesterday in five hours, and he must have a third ready to-morrow, for they might have sold half another; his men are all at work with it, though it be Sunday. This old fool will not come, and I shall miss church. Morrow, sirrahs. At night.—I was at court to-day: the queen is well, and walked through part of the rooms. I dined with the secretary, and despatched some business. He tells me the Dutch envoy designs to complain of that pamphlet. The noise it makes is extraordinary. It is fit it should answer the pains I have been at about it. I suppose it will be printed in Ireland. Some lay it to Prior, others to Mr. secretary St. John, but I am always the first they lay everything to. I'll go to sleep, &c.

3. I have ordered Patrick not to let any odd fellow come up to me; and a fellow would needs speak with me from sir George Prettyman. I had never heard of him, and would not see the messenger; but at last it proved that this sir George has sold his estate and is a beggar. Smithers, the Farnham carrier, brought me this morning a letter from your mother, with three papers enclosed of lady Giffard's writing; one unwring some exchequer business of 100*l*. to be Stella's; another for 100*l*. that she has of yours, which I made over to you for Maristoun; and a third for 300*l*. the last is on stamped paper. I think they had better lie in England in some good hand till lady Giffard dies; and I will think of some such hand before I come over. I was asking Smithers about all the people at Farnham. Mrs. White has left off dressing, is troubled with lameness and swelled legs, and seldom stirs out; but her old hang-dog husband as hearty as ever. I was this morning with lord treasurer, about something he would have altered in the pamphlet; but it can't be till the fourth edition, which I believe will be soon; for I dined with the printer, and he tells me they have sold off half the third. Mrs. Percival and her daughter have been in town these three weeks, which I never heard till to-day; and Mrs. Wesley is come to town too, to consult Dr. Radcliffe. The Whigs are resolved to bring that pamphlet into the house of lords to have it condemned, so I hear. But the printer will stand to it, and not own the author; he must say he had it from the penny-post. Some people talk as if the house of lords would do some peevish thing; for the Whigs are now a great majority in it; our ministers are too negligent of such things; I have never slipped giving them warning; some of them are sensible of it; but lord-treasurer stands to much upon his own legs. I fancy his good fortune will bear him out in everything; but in reason I should think this ministry to stand very unsteady; if they can carry a peace, they may hold; I believe not else.

4. Mr. Secretary sent to me to-day to dine with him alone; but we had two more with us, which hindered me doing some business. I was this morning with young Harcourt, secretary to our society, to take a room for our weekly meetings; and the fellow asked us five guineas a-week only to have leave to dine once a-week; was not that pretty! so we broke off with him, and are to dine next Thursday at Harcourt's (he is lord-keeper's son). They

have sold off above half the third edition, and answers are coming out: the Dutch envoy refused dining with Dr. Davenant, because he was suspected to write it: I have made some alterations in every edition, and it has cost me more trouble for the time since the printing than before. 'Tis sent over to Ireland, and I suppose you will have it reprinted.

8. They are now printing the fourth edition, which is reckoned very extraordinary, considering 'tis a dear twelvopenny book, and not bought up in numbers by the party to give away, as the Whigs do, but purely upon its own strength. I have got an under-spur-leather to write an Examiner again, and the secretary and I will now and then send hints; but we would have it a little upon the Grub-street, to be a match for their writers. I dined with lord-treasurer to-day at five: he dined by himself after his family, and drinks no claret yet, for fear of his rheumatism, of which he is almost well. He was very pleasant, as he is always: yet I fancied he was a little touched with the present posture of affairs. The elector of Hanover's minister here has given in a violent memorial against the peace, and caused it to be printed. The Whig lords are doing their utmost for a majority against Friday, and design, if they can, to address the queen against the peace. Lord Nottingham, a famous Tory and speechmaker, is gone over to the Whig side: they toast him daily, and lord Wharton says, "It is Dismal (so they call him from his looks) will save England at last." Lord-treasurer was hinting as if he wished a ballad was made on him, and I will get up one against to-morrow. He gave me a scurrilous printed paper of bad verses on himself, under the name of the English Catiline, and made me read them to the company. It was his birthday, which he would not tell us, but lord Harley whispered it to me.

6. I was this morning making the hallad, two degrees above Grub-street; at noon I paid a visit to Mrs. Masham, and then went to dine with our society. Poor lord-keeper dined below stairs, I suppose, on a bit of mutton. We chose two members; we were eleven met, the greatest meeting we ever had: I am next week to introduce lord Orrery. The printer came before we parted, and brought the ballad, which made them laugh very heartily a dozen times. He is going to print the pamphlet in small, a fifth edition, to be taken off by friends, and sent into the country. A sixpenny answer is come out, good for nothing, but guessing me, among others, for the author. To-morrow is the fatal day for the parliament meeting, and we are full of hopes and fears. We reckon we have a majority of ten on our side in the house of lords; yet I observed Mrs. Masham a little uneasy; she assures me the queen is stout. The duke of Marlborough has not seen the queen for some days past: Mrs. Masham is glad of it, because she says he tells a hundred lies to his friends of what she says to him: he is one day humble, and the next day on the high ropes. The duke of Ormond, they say, will be in town to-night by twelve.

7. This being the day the parliament was to meet, and the great question to be determined, I went with Dr. Freind to dine in the city, on purpose to be out of the way, and we sent our printer to see what was our fate; but he gave us a most melancholy account of things. The earl of Nottingham began, and spoke against a peace, and desired that in their address they might put in a clause to advise the queen not to make a peace without Spain; which was debated, and carried by the Whigs by about six voices; and this has happened entirely by my lord-treasurer's neglect, who did not take timely

care to make up all his strength, although every one of us gave him caution enough. Nottingham has certainly been bribed. The question is yet only carried in the committee of the whole house, and we hope when it is reported to the house to-morrow we shall have a majority, by some Scotch lords coming to town. However, it is a mighty blow and loss of reputation to lord-treasurer, and may end in his ruin. I hear the thing only as the printer brought it, who was at the debate; but how the ministry take it, or what their hopes and fears are, I cannot tell until I see them. I shall be early with the secretary to-morrow, and then I will tell you more, and shall write a full account to the bishop of Clogher to-morrow, and to the archbishop of Dublin, if I have time. I am horribly down at present. I long to know how lord-treasurer bears this, and what remedy he has. The duke of Ormond came this day to town, and was there.

8. I was early this morning with the secretary, and talked over this matter. He hoped that, when it was reported this day in the house of lords, they would disagree with their committee, and so the matter would go off, only with a little loss of reputation to the lord-treasurer. I dined with Dr. Cockburn, and after, a Scotch member came in, and told us that the clause was carried against the court in the house of lords almost two to one. I went immediately to Mrs. Masham, and meeting Dr. Arbuthnot (the queen's favourite physician), we went together. She was just come from waiting at the queen's dinner, and going to her own. She had heard nothing of the thing being gone against us. It seems lord-treasurer had been so negligent, that he was with the queen while the question was put in the house: I immediately told Mrs. Masham that either she and lord-treasurer had joined with the queen to betray us, or that they two were betrayed by the queen: she protested solemnly it was not the former, and I believed her; but she gave me some lights to suspect the queen is changed. For, yesterday when the queen was going from the house, where she sat to hear the debate, the duke of Shrewsbury, lord-chamberlain, asked her—"whether he or the great chamberlain Lindsay ought to lend her out;" she answered short, "neither of you;" and gave her hand to the duke of Somerset, who was louder than any in the house for the clause against peace. She gave me one or two more instances of this sort, which convince me that the queen is false, or at least very much wavering. Mr. Masham begged us to stay, because lord-treasurer would fail, and we were resolved to fall on him about his negligence in securing a majority. He came, and appeared in good humour as usual, but I thought his countenance was much cast down. I rallied him, and desired him to give me his staff, which he did; I told him if he would secure it me a week, I would set all right: he asked, how? I said, I would immediately turn lord Marlborough, his two daughters, the duke and duchess of Somerset, and lord Cholmondeley, out of all their employments; and I believe he had not a friend but was of my opinion. Arbuthnot asked how he came not to secure a majority? he could answer nothing, but that he could not help it if people would lie and forswear. A poor answer for a great minister. There fell from him a scripture-expression, that "The hearts of kings are unsearchable." I told him it was what I feared, and was from him the worst news he could tell me. I begged him to know what he had to trust to: he stuck a little; but at last hid me not fear, for all would be well yet. We would fain have had him eat a bit where he was, but he would go home, it

was past six; he made me go home with him. There we found his brother and Mr. Secretary. He made his son take a list of all the house of commons who had places, and yet voted against the court, in such a manner as if they should lose their places: I doubt he is not able to compass it. Lord-keeper came in an hour, and they were going upon business. So I left him, and returned to Mrs. Masham; but she had company with her, and I would not stay.—This is a long Journal, and of a day that may produce great alterations, and hazard the ruin of England. The Whigs are all in triumph; they foretold how all this would be, but we thought it boasting. Nay, they said the parliament should be dissolved before Christmas, and perhaps it may: this is all your d—d duchess of Somerset's doing. I warned them of it nine months ago, and a hundred times since: the secretary always dreaded it. I told lord-treasurer I should have the advantage of him; for he would lose his head, and I should only be hanged, and so carry my body entire to the grave.

9. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary; we are both of opinion that the queen is false. I told him what I heard, and he confirmed it by other circumstances. I then went to my friend Lewis, who had sent to me. He talks of nothing but retiring to his estate in Wales. He gave me reasons to believe the whole matter is settled between the queen and the Whigs; he hears that lord Somers is to be treasurer, and believes that, sooner than turn out the duchess of Somerset, she will dissolve the parliament, and get a Whiggish one, which may be done by managing elections. Things are now in the crisis, and a day or two will determine. I have desired him to engage lord-treasurer, that as soon as he finds the change is resolved on, he will send me abroad as queen's secretary somewhere or other, where I may remain till the new ministers recall me; and then I will be sick for five or six months till the storm has spent itself. I hope he will grant me this; for I should hardly trust myself to the mercy of my enemies while their anger is fresh. I dined to-day with the secretary, who affects mirth, and seems to hope all will yet be well. I took him aside after dinner, told him how I had served them, and had asked no reward, but thought I might ask security; and then desired the same thing of him, to send me abroad before a change. He embraced me, and swore he would take the same care of me as himself, &c.; but bid me have courage, for that in two days my lord-treasurer's wisdom would appear greater than ever; that he suffered all that had happened on purpose, and had taken measures to turn it to advantage. I said, God send it; but I do not believe a syllable; and, as far as I can judge, the game is lost. I shall know more soon, and my letters will at least be a good history to show you the steps of this change.

10. I was this morning with Lewis, who thinks they will let the parliament sit till they have given the money, and then dissolve them in spring, and break the ministry. He spoke to lord-treasurer about what I desired him. My lord desired him with great earnestness to assure me that all would be well, and that I should fear nothing. I dined in the city with a friend. This day the commons went to the queen with their address, and all the lords who were for the peace went with them to show their zeal. I have now some further conviction that the queen is false, and it begins to be known.

11. I went between two and three to see Mrs. Masham; while I was there she went to her bed-chamber to try a petticoat. Lord-treasurer came in to see her, and, seeing me in the outer room, fell a rallying me; says he, "You had better keep com-

pany with me than with such a fellow as Lewis, who has not the soul of a chicken nor the heart of a mite." Then he went in to Mrs. Masham, and as he came back desired her leave to let me go home with him to dinner. He asked whether I was not afraid to be seen with him? I said, I never valued my lord-treasurer in my life, and therefore should have always the same esteem for Mr. Harley and lord Oxford. He seemed to talk confidently, as if he reckoned that all this would turn to advantage. I could not forbear hinting that he was not sure of the queen; and that those scoundrel, starving lords would never have dared to vote against the court, if Somerset had not assured them that it would please the queen. He said that was true, and Somerset did so. I stayed till six; then De Buys, the Dutch envoy, came to him, and I left him. Prior was with us a while after dinner. I see him and all of them cast down; though they make the best of it.

12. Ford is come to town; I saw him last night; he is in no fear, but sanguine, although I have told him the state of things. This change so resembles the last that I wonder they do not observe it. The secretary sent for me yesterday to dine with him, but I was abroad; I hope he had something to say to me. This is morning, and I write in bed. I am going to the duke of Ormond, whom I have not yet seen. Morrow, sirrabs. At night.—I was to see the duke of Ormond this morning; he asked me two or three questions after his civil way, and they related to Ireland: at last I told him that from the time I had seen him I never once thought of Irish affairs. He whispered me that he hoped I had done some good things here: I said, if everybody else had done half as much, we should not be as we are: then we went aside and talked over affairs. I told him how all things stood, and advised him what was to be done. I then went and sat an hour with the duchess; then as long with lady Oglethorpe, who is so cunning a devil, that I believe she could yet find a remedy, if they would take her advice. I dined with a friend at court.

13. I was this morning with the secretary; he will needs pretend to talk as if things would be well; Will you believe it, said he, if you see these people turned out? I said, Yes, if I saw the duke and duchess of Somerset out: he swore, if they were not he would give up his place. Our society dined to-day at sir William Wyndham's; we were thirteen present. Lord Orrery and two other members were introduced; I left them at seven. I forgot to tell you that the printer told me yesterday that Mophew, the publisher, was sent for by that lord chief-justice [lord chief-justice Parker] who was a manager against Sacheverel; he showed him two or three papers and pamphlets; among the rest mine of "The Conduct of the Alice;" threatened him, asked who was the author, and has bound him over to appear next term. He would not have the impudence to do this if he did not foresee what was coming at court.

14. Lord Shelburne was with me this morning to be informed of the state of affairs, and desired I would answer all his objections against a peace, which was soon done, for he would not give me room to put in a word. He is a man of good sense enough, but argues so violently, that he will some day or other put himself into a consumption. He desires that he may not be denied when he comes to see me, which I promised, but will not perform. Leigh and Sterne set out for Ireland on Monday se'nlight: I suppose they will be with you long before this. I was to-night drinking very good wine in scurvy company, at least some of them; I was

drawn in, but will be more cautious for the future ; 'tis late, &c.

15. Morning. They say the Occasional Bill is brought to-day into the house of lords ; but I know not. I will now put an end to my letter, and give it into the post-house myself. This will be a memorable letter, and I shall sigh to see it some years hence. Here are the first steps toward the ruin of an excellent ministry ; for I look upon them as certainly ruined ; and God knows what may be the consequences.—I now bid my dearest MD farewell ; for company is coming, and I must be at lord Dartmouth's office by noon. Farewell, dearest MD ; I wish you a merry Christmas ; I believe you will have this about that time. Love Presto, who loves MD above all things a thousand times. Farewell again, dearest MD, &c.

LETTER THE THIRTY-SEVENTH.

London, Dec. 15, 1711.

I RUT in my letter this evening myself. I was to-day inquiring at the secretary's office of Mr. Lewis how things went ; I there met Prior, who told me he gave all for gone, &c., and was of opinion the whole ministry would give up their places next week ; Lewis thinks they will not till spring, when the session is over ; both of them entirely despair. I went to see Mrs. Masham, who invited me to dinner ; but I was engaged to Lewis. At four I went to Masham's. He came and whispered me that he had it from a very good hand that all would be well, and I found them both very cheerful. The company was going to the opera, but desired I would come and sup with them. I did so at ten, and lord-treasurer was there, and sat with us till past twelve, and was more cheerful than I have seen him these ten days. Mrs. Masham told me he was mightily cast down some days ago, and he could not indeed hide it from me. Arbuthnot is in good hopes that the queen has not betrayed us, but only has been frightened and flattered, &c. But I cannot yet be of his opinion, whether my reasons are better or that my fears are greater. I do resolve, if they give up or are turned out soon, to retire for some months, and I have pitched upon the place already ; but I will take methods for hearing from MD and writing to them. But I would be out of the way upon the first of the ferment ; for they lay all things on me, even some I have never read.

16. I took courage to-day, and went to court with a very cheerful countenance. It was mightily crowded ; both parties coming to observe each other's faces. I have avoided lord Halifax's bow till he forced it on me ; but we did not talk together. I could not make less than fourscore bows, of which about twenty might be to Whigs. The duke of Somerset is gone to Petworth, and I hear the duchess too, of which I shall be very glad. Prince Eugene, who was expected here some days ago, was now told will not come at all. The Whigs designed to have met him with forty thousand horse. Lord-treasurer told me some days ago of his discourse with the emperor's resident, that puppy Hoffman, about prince Eugene's coming ; by which I found my lord would hinder it if he could ; and we shall be all glad if he does not come, and think it a good point gained. Sir Andrew Fountaine, Ford, and I, dined to-day with Mrs. Van by invitation.

17. I have mistaken the day of the month, and been forced to mend it thrice. I dined to-day with Mr. Masham and his lady by invitation. Lord-treasurer was to be there, but came not. It was to entertain Buys, the Dutch envoy, who speaks Eng-

lish well enough ; he was plagiarily politic, telling a thousand lies, of which none passed upon any of us. We are still in the condition of suspense, and I think have little hopes. The duchess of Somerset is not gone to Petworth ; only the duke, and that is a poor sacrifice. I believe the queen certainly designs to change the ministry, but perhaps may put it off till the session is over ; and I think they had better give up now, if she will not deal openly ; and then they need not answer for the consequences of a peace, when it is in other hands, and may yet be broken. They say my lord privy-seal sets out for Holland this week ; so the peace goes on.

18. It has rained hard from morning till night, and cost me three shillings in coach-hire. We have had abundance of wet weather. I dined in the city, and was with the printer, who has now a fifth edition of the "Conduct," &c. : it is in small, and sold for sixpence ; they have printed as many as three editions, because they are to be sent in numbers into the country by great men, &c., who subscribe for hundreds. It has been sent a fortnight ago to Ireland ; I suppose you will print it there. The Tory lords and commons in parliament argue all from it ; and all agree that never anything of that kind was of so great consequence, or made so many converts. By the time I have sent this letter I expect to hear from little MD : it will be a month, two days hence, since I had your last, and I will allow ten days for accidents. I cannot get rid of the leavings of a cold I got a month ago, or else it is a new one. I have been writing letters all this evening till I am weary, and I am sending out another little thing, which I hope to finish this week, and design to send to the printer in an unknown hand. There was printed a Grub-street speech of lord Nottingham ; and he was such an owl to complain of it in the house of lords, who have taken up the printer for it. I heard at court that Walpole (a great Whig member) said that I and my whimsical club writ it at one of our meetings, and that I should pay for it. He will find he lies ; and I shall let him know by a third hand my thoughts of him. He is to be secretary of state if the ministry changes ; but he has lately had a bribe proved against him in parliament, while he was secretary-at-war. He is one of the Whigs' chief speakers.

19. Sad, dismal weather. I went to the secretary's office, and Lewis made me dine with him. I intended to have dined with lord-treasurer. I have not seen the secretary this week. Things do not mend at all. Lord Dartmouth despairs, and is for giving up ; Lewis is of the same mind ; but lord-treasurer only says, "Poh, poh, all will be well." I am come home early to finish something I am doing ; but I find I want heart and humour ; and would read any idle book that came in my way. I have just sent away a penny paper to make a little mischief. Patrick is gone to the burial of an Irish footman, who was Dr. King's servant ; he died of a consumption, a fit death for a poor starving wit's footman. The Irish servants always club to bury a countryman.

20. I was with the secretary this morning, and, for aught I can see, we shall have a languishing death : I can know nothing, nor themselves neither. I dined, you know, with our society, and that odious secretary would make me president next week ; so I must entertain them this day se'ennight at the Thatched House Tavern, where we dined to-day ; it will cost me six or six pounds ; yet the secretary says he will give me wine. I found a letter when I came home from the bishop of Chichester.

21. This is the first time I ever got a new cold

before the old one was going; it came yesterday, and appeared in all due forms, eyes and nose running, &c., and is now very bad; and I cannot tell how I got it. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I were invited to dine with Mrs. Van. I was this morning with the duke of Ormond; and neither he nor I can think of anything to comfort us in present affairs. We must certainly fall, if the duchess of Somerset be not turned out; and nobody believes the queen will ever part with her. The duke and I were settling when Mr. Secretary and I should dine with him, and be fixed upon Tuesday; and when I came away I remembered it was Christmas-day. I was to see lady —, who is just up after lying-in; and the ugliest sight I have seen, pale, dead, old, and yellow, for want of her paint. She has turned my stomach. But she will soon be painted, and a beauty again.

22. I find myself disordered with a pain all round the small of my back, which I imputed to champagne I had drunk; but find it to have been only my new cold. It was a fine frosty day, and I resolved to walk into the city. I called at lord-treasurer's at eleven, and stayed some time with him. — He showed me a letter from a great presbyterian parson [Mr. Shower] to him, complaining how their friends had betrayed them by passing this Conformity Bill; and he showed me the answer he had written, which his friends would not let him send; but was a very good one. He is very cheerful; but gives one no hopes, nor has any to give. I went into the city, and there I dined.

23. Morning. As I was dressing to go to church, a friend that was to see me advised me not to stir out; so I shall keep at home to-day, and only eat some broth, if I can get it. It is a terrible cold frost, and snow fell yesterday, which still remains; look there, you may see it from the penthouses. The lords made yesterday two or three votes about peace, and Hanover, of a very angry kind, to vex the ministry, and they will meet sooner by a fortnight than the common; and, they say, are preparing some knocking addresses. Morrow, sirrabs. I'll sit at home, and when I go to bed I will tell you how I am. I have sat at home all day, and eaten only a mess of broth and a roll. I have written a "Prophecy," which I design to print; I did it to-day, and some other verses.

24. I went into the city to-day in a coach, and dined there. My cold is going. It is now bitter hard frost, and has been so these three or four days. My Prophecy [The Windsor Prophecy] is printed, and will be published after Christmas-day; I like it mightily; I don't know how it will pass. You will never understand it at your distance without help. I believe everybody will guess it to be mine, because it is somewhat in the same manner with that of "Merlin," in the Miscellanies. My lord privy-seal set out this day for Holland; he'll have a cold journey. I gave Patrick half-a-crown for his Christmas-box, on condition he would be good, and be come home drunk at midnight. I have taken a memorandum of it, because I never design to give him a groat more. 'Tis cruel cold.

25. I wish MD a merry Christmas, and many a one; but mine is melancholy: I durst not go to church to-day, finding myself a little out of order, and it snowing prodigiously, and freezing. At noon I went to Mrs. Van, who had this week engaged me to dine there to-day; and there I received the news that poor Mrs. Long died at Lynn in Norfolk on Saturday last, at four in the morning; she was sick but four hours. We suppose it was the asthma, which she was subject to as well as the dropsy, as she sent me word in her last letter, written about

five weeks ago; but then said she was recovered. I never was more afflicted at any death. The poor creature had retired to Lynn two years ago, to live cheap and pay her debts. In her last letter she told me she hoped to be easy by Christmas; and she kept her word, although she meant it otherwise. She had all sorts of amiable qualities, and no ill ones, but the indiscretion of too much neglecting her own affairs. She had two thousand pounds left her by an old grandmother, with which she intended to pay her debts, and live on an annuity she had of one hundred pounds a-year, and Newburg-house, which would be about sixty pounds more. That odious grandmother living so long forced her to retire; for the two thousand pounds was settled on her after the old woman's death, yet her brute of a brother, sir James Long, would not advance it for her; else she might have paid her debts, and continued here, and lived still: I believe melancholy helped her on to her grave. I have ordered a paragraph to be put in the Post-Boy, giving an account of her death, and making honourable mention of her; which is all I can do to serve her memory: but one reason was spite; for her brother would fain have her death a secret, to save the charge of bringing her up here to bury her, or going into mourning. Pardon all this, for the sake of a poor creature I had so much friendship for.

26. I went to Mr. Secretary this morning, and he would have me dine with him. I called at noon at Mrs. Masham's, who desired me not to let the "Prophecy" be published, for fear of angering the queen about the duchess of Somerset; so I writ to the printer to stop them. They have been printed and given about, but not sold. I saw lord-treasurer there, who had been two hours with the queen; and Mrs. Masham is in hopes things will do well again. I went at night again, and supped at Mr. Masham's, and lord-treasurer sat with us till nine o'clock. So 'tis late, &c.

27. I entertained our society at the Thatched Hodge tavern to-day at dinner; but brother Bathurst sent for wine, the house affording none. The printer had not received my letter, and so he brought up dozens a-piece of the Prophecy; but I ordered him to part with no more. 'Tis an admirable good one, and people are mad for it. The frost still continues violently cold. Mrs. Masham invited me to come to-night and play at cards; but our society did not part till nine. But I supped with Mrs. Hill, her sister, and there was Mrs. Masham and lord-treasurer, and we stayed till twelve. He is endeavouring to get a majority against next Wednesday, when the house of lords is to meet, and the Whigs intend to make some violent addresses against a peace, if not prevented. God knows what will become of us. It is still prodigiously cold; but so I told you already; we have eggs on the spit, I wish they may not be addle. When I came home to-night I found, to my sorrow, a letter from MD, No. 24, 24, 24; there, do you know the numbers know! and at the same time one from Joe, full of thanks: let him know I have received it, and am glad of his success, but won't put him to the charge of a letter. I had a letter some time ago from Mr. Warburton [the doctor's curate at Larcor], and I beg one of you will copy out what I shall tell you, and send it by some opportunity to Warburton. 'Tis as follows: "The doctor has received Mr. Warburton's letter, and desires he will let the doctor know where that accident be mentions is like soon to happen, and he will do what he can in it." — And pray, madam, let them know, that I do this to save myself the trouble, and them the expense of a letter. And I think this is enough for one that comes home

at twelve from a lord-treasurer and Mrs. Masham. O, I could tell you ten thousand things of our mad politics, upon what small circumstances great affairs have turned. But I will go rest my busy head.

28. I was this morning with brother Bathurst to see the duke of Ormond. We have given his grace some hopes to be one of our society. The secretary and I and Bathurst are to dine with him on Sunday next. The duke is not in much hopes, but has been very busy in endeavouring to bring over some lords against next Wednesday. The duchess caught me as I was going out; she is sadly in fear about things, and blames me for not mending them by my credit with lord-treasurer; and I blame her. She met me in the street at noon, and engaged me to dine with her, which I did; and we talked an hour after dinner in her closet. If we miscarry on Wednesday, I believe it will be by some strange sort of neglect. They talk of making eight new lords, by calling up some peers' eldest sons; but they delay strangely. I saw judge Coote to-day at the duke of Ormond's; he desires to come and see me, to justify his principles.

29. Morning. This goes to-day. I will not answer yours, your 24th, till next, which shall begin to-night, as usual. Lord Shelburne has sent to invite me to dinner, but I am engaged with Lewis at Ned Southwell's. Lord Northampton and lord Aylesbury's sons are both made peers; but we shall want more. I write this post to your dean. I owe the archbishop a letter this long time. All people that come from Ireland complain of him, and scold me for protecting him. Pray, madam Dingley, let me know what Presto has received for this year, or whether anything is due to him for last; I cannot look over your former letters now. As for Dingley's own account of her exchequer money, I will give it on t'other side. Farewell, my own dearest MD, and love Presto; and God ever bless dearest MD, &c. &c. I wish you many happy Christmases and new years.

I have owned to the dean a letter I just had from you; but that I had not one this great while before.

DINGLEY'S ACCOUNT.		£	s.	d.	
Received of Mr. Tooke			6	17	6
Deducted for entering the letter of attorney			0	2	6
For the three half-crowns it used to cost you, I don't know why nor wherefore			0	7	6
For exchange to Ireland			0	10	0
For coach-hire			0	2	6

In all, just 8 0 0

So there's your money, and we are both even: for I'll pay you no more than that eight pounds Irish, and pray be satisfied.

Churchwarden's accounts, boys.

Saturday night. I have broke open my letter, and tore it into the bargain, to let you know that we are all safe; the queen has made no less than twelve lords to have a majority; nine new ones, the other three peers' sons; and has turned out the duke of Somerset. She is awaked at last, and so is lord-treasurer: I want nothing now but to see the duchess out. But we shall do without her. We are all extremely happy. Give me joy, sirrahs. This is written in a coffee-house. Three of the new lords are of our society.

LETTER THE THIRTY-EIGHTH.

London, Dec. 29, 1711.

I PUT my letter in this evening, after coming from dinner at Ned Southwell's, where I drank very good Irish wine, and we are in great joy at this happy turn of affairs. The queen has been at last persuaded to her own interest and security, and I freely

think she must have made both herself and kingdom very unhappy if she had done otherwise. It is still a mighty secret that Masham is to be one of the new lords; they say he does not yet know it himself; but the queen is to surprise him with it. Mr. Secretary will be a lord at the end of the session; but they want him still in parliament. After all, it is a strange unhappy necessity of making so many peers together; but the queen has drawn it upon herself by her confounded trimming and moderation. Three, as I told you, are of our society.

30. I write the dean and you a lie yesterday; for the duke of Somerset is not yet turned out. I was to-day at court, and resolved to be very civil to the Whigs, but saw few there. When I was in the bed-chamber talking to lord Rochester, he went up to lady Burlington, who asked him who I was; and lady Sunderland and she whispered about me: I desired lord Rochester to tell lady Sunderland I doubted she was not as much in love with me as I was with her; but he would not deliver my message. The duchess of Shrewsbury came running up to me, and clapped her fan up to hide us from the company, and we gave one another joy of this change; but sighed when we reflected on the Somerset family not being out. The secretary and I, and brother Bathurst, and lord Windsor, dined with the duke of Ormond. Bathurst and Windsor are to be two of the new lords. I desired my lord Radnor's brother, at court to-day, to let my lord know I would call on him at six, which I did, and was arguing with him three hours to bring him over to us, and I spoke so closely that I believe he will be tractable; but he is a scoundrel, and though I said I only talked for my love to him, I told a lie, for I did not care if he were hanged; but every one galled over is of consequence. The duke of Marlborough was at court to-day, and nobody hardly took notice of him. Masham's being a lord begins to take wind; nothing at court can be kept a secret. Wednesday will be a great day: you shall know more.

31. Our frust is broken since yesterday, and it is very slabbry; yet I walked to the city and dined, and ordered some things with the printer. I have settled Dr. King in the Gazette; it will be worth two hundred pounds a-year to him. Our new lords' patents are passed: I don't like the expedient, if we could have found any other. I see I have said this before. I hear the duke of Marlborough is turned out of all his employments: I shall know to-morrow, when I am to carry Dr. King to dine with the secretary.—These are strong remedies; pray God the patient is able to bear them. The last ministry people are utterly desperate.

January 1. Now I wish my dearest little MD many happy new years; yes, both Dingley and Stella, ay, and Presto too, many happy new years. I dined with the secretary, and it is true that the duke of Marlborough is turned out of all. The duke of Ormond has got his regiment of foot-guards, I know not who has the rest. If the ministry be not sure of a peace, I shall wonder at this step, and do not approve it at best. The queen and lord-treasurer mortally hate the duke of Marlborough, and to that he owes his fall, more than to his other faults: unless he has been tampering too far with his party, of which I have not heard any particulars; however it be, the world abroad will blame us. I confess my belief that he has not one good quality in the world beside that of a general, and even that I have heard denied by several great soldiers. But we have had constant success in arms while he commanded. Opinion is a mighty matter in war, and I doubt the French think it impossible to conquer an army that he leads, and

our soldiers think the same; and how far even this step may encourage the French to play tricks with us, no man knows. I do not love to see personal resentment mix with public affairs.

2. This being the day the lords meet, and the new peers to be introduced, I went to Westminster to see the sight; but the crowd was too great in the house. So I only went into the robing-room, to give my four brothers joy, and sir Thomas Mansel, and lord Windsor; the other six I am not acquainted with. It was apprehended the Whigs would have raised some difficulties, but nothing happened. I went to see lady Masham at noon, and wish her joy of her new honour, and a happy new year. I found her very well pleased; for a peerage will be some sort of protection to her upon any turn of affairs. She engaged me to come at night, and sup with her and lord-treasurer. I went at nine, and she was not at home, so I would not stay.—No, no, I won't answer your letter yet, young women. I dined with a friend in the neighbourhood. I see nothing here like Christmas, excepting hrawn or mince-pies like farthings to great men's porters and butlers. Yesterday I paid seven good guineas to the fellow at the tavern, where I treated the society. I have a great mind to send you the bill. I think I told you some articles. I have not heard whether anything was done in the house of lords after introducing the new ones. Ford has been sitting with me till past twelve a clock.

3. This was our society day; lord Dupplin was president; we choose every week; the last president treats and chooses his successor. I believe our dinner cost fifteen pounds beside wine. The secretary grew brisk, and would not let me go, nor lord Lansdown, who would fain have gone home to his lady, being newly married to lady Mary Thynne. It was near one when we parted, so you must think I can't write much to-night. The adjourning of the house of lords yesterday, as the queen desired, was just carried by the twelve new lords, and one more. Lord Radnor was not there; I hope I have cured him. Did I tell you that I have brought Dr. King in to be Gazetteer? It will be worth about two hundred pounds a-year to him; I believe I told you so before, but I am forgetful. Go, get you gone to ombre, and claret, and toasted oranges. I'll go sleep.

4. I cannot get rid of the leavings of my cold. I was in the city to-day, and dined with my printer, and gave him a hallad made by several hands, I know not whom. I believe lord-treasurer had a finger in it; I added three stanzas; I suppose Dr. Arbuthnot had the greatest share. I have been over-seeing some other little prints, and a pamphlet made by one of my understrappers. Somerset is not out yet. I doubt not but you will have the "Prophecy" in Ireland, although it is not published here, only printed copies given to friends. Tell me, do you understand it? No, faith, not without help. Tell me what you stick at, and I'll explain. We turned out a member of our society yesterday for gross neglect and non-attendance. I writ to him by order to give him notice of it. It is Tom Harley, secretary to the treasurer, and cousin-german to lord-treasurer. He is going to Hanover from the queen. I am to give the duke of Ormond notice of his election as soon as I can see him.

5. I went this morning with a parishioner of mine, one Nuttall, who came over here for a legacy of one hundred pounds, and a roguish lawyer had refused to pay him, and would not believe he was the man. I writ to the lawyer a sharp letter, that I had taken Nuttall into my protection, and was resolved to stand

by him, and the next news was, that the lawyer desired I would meet him, and attest he was the man, which I did, and his money was paid upon the spot. I then visited lord-treasurer, who is now right again, and all well, only that the Somerset family is not out yet. I hate that; I don't like it, as the man said, by, &c. Then I went and visited poor Will Congreve, who had a French fellow tampering with one of his eyes; he is almost blind of both. I dined with some merchants in the city, but could not see Stratford, with whom I had business. Presto, leave off your impertinence, and answer our letter, saith MD. Yes, yes, one of these days, when I have nothing else to do. O, faith, this letter is a week written, and not one side done yet.—These ugly spots are not tobacco, but this is the last gilt sheet I have of large paper, therefore hold your tongue. Nuttall was surprised when they gave him bits of paper instead of money, but I made Ben Tooke put him in his garters; he could not reckon ten pounds, but was puzzled with the Irish way. Ben Tooke and my printer have desired me to make them stationers to the ordinance, of which lord Rivers is master, instead of the duke of Marlborough. It will be a hundred pounds a-year a-piece to them, if I can get it. I will try to-morrow.

6. I went this morning to earl Rivers, gave him joy of his new employment, and desired him to prefer my printer and bookseller to be stationers to his office. He immediately granted it me; but, like an old courtier, told me it was wholly on my account, but that he heard I had intended to engage Mr. Secretary to speak to him, and desired I would engage him to do so, but that, however, he did it only for my sake. This is a court trick, to oblige as many as you can at once. I read prayers to poor Mrs. Wesley, who is very much out of order, instead of going to church; and then I went to court, which I found very full, in expectation of seeing prince Eugene, who landed last night, and lies at Leicester-house; he was not to see the queen till six this evening. I hope and believe he comes too late to do the Whigs any good. I refused dining with the secretary, and was like to lose my dinner, which was at a private acquaintance's. I went at six to see the prince at court, but he was gone in to the queen; and when he came out Mr. Secretary, who introduced him, walked so near him, that he quite screened me from him with his great periwig. I'll tell you a good passage: as prince Eugene was going with Mr. Secretary to court, he told the secretary "that Huffman, the emperor's resident, said to his highness that it was not proper to go to court without a long wig, and his was a tied-up one: now, says the prince, I knew not what to do, for I never had a long periwig in my life; and I have sent to all my valets and footmen, to see whether any of them have one, that I might borrow it, but none of them has any."—Was not this spoken very greatly with some sort of contempt? But the secretary said it was a thing of no consequence, and only observed by gentlemen-users. I supped with lord Masham, where lord-treasurer and Mr. Secretary supped with us: the first left us at twelve, but the rest did not part till two, yet I have written all this, because it is fresh; and now I'll go sleep if I can; that is, I believe I shall because I have drank a little.

7. I was this morning to give the duke of Ormond notice of the honour done him to make him one of our society, and to invite him on Thursday next to the Thatched-house: he has accepted it with the gratitude and humility such a preferment deserves, but cannot come till the next meeting, because prince Eugene is to dine with him that day, which I allowed

for a good excuse, and will report accordingly. I dined with lord Masham, and sat there till eight this evening, and came home because I was not very well, but a little griped; but now I am well again, I will not go, at least but very seldom, to lord Masham's suppers. Lord-treasurer is generally there, and that tempts me; but late sitting up does not agree with me; there's the short and the long, and I won't do it; so take your answer, dear little young women; and I have no more to say to you to-night, because of the archbishop, for I am going to write a long letter to him, but not so politically as formerly: I won't trust him.

8. Well then, come, let us see this letter; if I must answer it, I must. What's here, now? yes, faith, *I lamented my birthday* two days after, that's all; and you rhyme, madam Stella: were those verses made upon my birthday? faith, when I read them, I had them running in my head all the day, and said them over a thousand times: they drank your health in all their glasses, and wished, &c. I could not get them out of my head. What! no, I believe it was not; what do I say upon the eighth of December? Compare, and see whether I say so. I am glad of Mrs. Stoyte's recovery, heartily glad; your Dolly Manley's and bishop of Cloyne's child I have no concern about: I am sorry in a civil way, that's all. Yes, yes, sir George St. George dead.—Go, cry, madam Dingley; I have written to the dean. Raymond will be rich, for he has the building itch. I wish all he has got may put him out of debt. Poh, I have fires like lightning; they cost me twelve-pence a-week, beside small coal. I have got four new carpets, madam, very fine and convenient, with striped cambric instead of muslin; so Patrick need not mend them, but take the old ones. Stella snatched Dingley's word out of her pen; Presto a cold; why, all the world here is dead with them: I never had anything like it in my life; 'tis not gone in five weeks. I hope Leigh is with you before this, and has brought your box. How do you like the ivory rasp? Stella is angry; but I'll have a finer thing for her. Is not the apron as good? I am sure I shall never be paid it; so all's well again.—What, the quarrel with sir John Walters? Why, we had not our word of quarrel; only he railed at me when I was gone, and lord-keeper and treasurer teased me for a week. It was nuts to them; a serious thing with a vengeance.—The Whigs may sell their estates then, or hang themselves, as they are disposed; for a peace there will be. Lord-treasurer told me that Conolly was going to Hanover. Your provost is a coxcomb. Stella is a good girl for not being angry when I tell her of spelling; I see none wrong in this. God Almighty be praised that your disorders lessen; it increases my hopes mightily that they will go off. And have you been plagued with the fear of the plague? never mind those reports; I have heard them five hundred times. *Replevis!* Replevin, simpleton; 'tis Dingley I mean; but it is a hard word, and so I'll excuse it. I stated Dingley's accounts in my last. I forgot Catherine's sevenpenny dinner. I hope it was the beef-steaks; I'll call and eat them in spring; but Goody Stoyte must give me coffee, or green tea, for I drink no bohea. Well, ay, the pamphlet; but there are some additions to the fourth edition; the fifth edition was of four thousand, in a smaller print, sold for sixpence. Yes, I had the twenty-pound bill from Parviol; and what then? Pray now eat the Laracor apples; I beg you not to keep them, but tell me what they are. You have

* Dr. Swift, upon his birthday, used always to read the third chapter of Job.

had Tooke's bill in my last. And so, there now, your whole letter is answered. I tell you what I do; I lay your letter before me, and take it in order, and answer what is necessary; and so and so. Well; when I expected we were all undone, I designed to retire for six months, and then staid over to Laracor; and I had in my mouth a thousand times two lines of Shakespeare, where cardinal Wolsey says,

"A weak old man, better'd with storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among you."

I beg your pardon; I have cheated you all this margin. I did not perceive it; and I went on wider and wider like Stella; awkward sluts, *she writes so so, there*.* that's as like as two eggs a penny.—*A weak old man*: now I am saying it, and shall till to-morrow. The duke of Marlborough says there is nothing he now desires so much as to contrive some way how to soften Dr. Swift. He is mistaken; for those things that have been hardest against him were not written by me. Mr. Secretary told me this from a friend of the duke's; and I'm sure, now he is down, I shall not trample on him; although I love him not, I dislike his being out.—Bernage was to see me this morning, and gave some very indifferent excuses for not calling here so long. I care not twopence. Prince Eugene did not dine with the duke of Marlborough on Sunday, but was last night at lady Betty Germain's assembly, and a vast number of ladies to see him. Mr. Lewis and I dined with a private friend. I was this morning to see the duke of Ormond, who appointed me to meet him at the cockpit at one, but never came. I sat too some time with the duchess. We don't like things very well yet. I am come home early, and going to be busy. I'll go write.

9. I could not go to sleep last night till past two, and was waked before three by a noise of people endeavouring to break open my window. For a while I would not stir, thinking it might be my imagination; but hearing the noise continued, I rose and went to the window, and then it ceased. I went to bed again and heard it repeated more violently; then I rose and called up the house, and got a candle; the rogues had lifted up the mah a yard; there are great sheds before my windows, although my lodgings be a story high; and if they get upon the sheds they are almost even with my window. We observed their track, and panes of glass fresh broken. The watchmen told us to-day they saw them, but could not catch them. They attacked others in the neighbourhood about the same time, and actually robbed a house in Suffolk-street, which is the next street but one to us. It is said they are seamen discharged from service. I went up to call my man, and found his bed empty; it seems he often lies abroad. I challenged him this morning as one of the robbers. He is a sad dog; and the minute I come to Ireland I will discard him. I have this day got double iron bars to every window in my dining-room and bed-chamber; and I hide my purse in my thread stocking between the bed's head and the wainscot. Lewis and I dined with an old Scotch friend, who brought the duke of Douglas, and three or four more Scots upon us.

10. This was our society day you know; but the duke of Ormond could not be with us, because he dined with prince Eugene. It cost me a guinea contribution to a poet who had made a copy of verses upon monkeys, applying the story to the duke of Marlborough; the rest gave two guineas, except the two physicians, who followed my example. I don't like this custom: the next time I will give nothing. I sat this evening at lord Masham's with lord-treas-

* These words in the manuscript imitate Stella's writing, and are sloped the wrong way.

suror: I don't like his countenance; nor I don't like the posture of things well.

We cannot be stout till Somerset's out:

as the old saying is.

11. Mr. Lewis and I dined with the chancellor of the exchequer, who eats the most elegantly of any man I know in town. I walked lustily in the park by moonshine till eight, to shake off any dinner and wine; and then went to sup at Mr. Domville's with Ford, and stayed till twelve. It is told me to-day as a great secret that the duke of Somerset will be out soon; that the thing is fixed; but what shall we do with the duchess? They say the duke will make her leave the queen out of spite, if he be out. It has stuck upon that fear a good while already. Well, but Lewis gave me a letter from MD, No. 23. O Lord, I did not expect one this fortnight, faith. You are mighty good, that's certain: but I won't answer it, because this goes to-morrow, only what you say of the printer being taken up; I value it not; all's safe there; nor do I fear anything, unless the ministry be changed; I hope that danger is over. However, I shall be in Ireland before such a change; which could not be I think till the end of the session, if the Whigs' designs had gone on.—Have not you an apron by Leigh, madam Stella? have you all I mentioned in a former letter?

12. Morning. This goes to-day as usual. I think of going into the city; but of that at night. 'Tis fine moderate weather these two or three days last. Farewell, &c. &c.

LETTER THE THIRTY-NINTH.

London, Jan. 12, 1711-12.

WHEN I sealed up my letter this morning I looked upon myself to be not worth a groat in the world. Last night, after Mr. Ford and I left Domville, Ford desired me to go with him for a minute upon earnest business, and then told me that both he and I were ruined; for he had trusted Stratford with five hundred pounds for tickets for the lottery, and he had been with Stratford, who confessed he had lost fifteen thousand pounds by sir Stephen Evans, who broke last week; that he concluded Stratford must break too; that he could not get his tickets, but Stratford made him several excuses, which seemed very blind ones, &c. And Stratford had near four hundred pounds of mine to buy me five hundred pounds in the South Sea Company. I came home reflecting a little; nothing concerned me but MD. I called all my philosophy and religion up; and I thank God it did not keep me awake beyond my usual time above a quarter of an hour. This morning I sent for Tooke, whom I had employed to buy the stock of Stratford, and settle things with him. He told me I was secure; for Stratford had transferred it to me in form in the South Sea House, and he had accepted it for me, and all was done on stamped parchment. However, he would be further informed; and at night sent me a note to confirm me. However, I am not yet secure; and, besides, am in pain for Ford, whom I first brought acquainted with Stratford. I dined in the city.

13. Domville and I dined with Ford to-day by appointment; the lord Mansel told me at court to-day that I was engaged to him; but Stratford had promised Ford to meet him and me to-night at Ford's lodgings. He did so; said he had hopes to save himself in his affair with Evans. Ford asked him for his tickets: he said he would send them to-morrow; but, looking in his pocket-book, said he believed he had some of them about him, and gave

him as many as came to two hundred pounds, which rejoiced us much; besides, he talked so frankly, that we might think there is no danger. I asked him, "Was there any more to be settled between us in my affair?" He said, "No;" and answering my questions just as Tooke had got them from others; so I hope I am safe. This has been a scurry affair. I believe Stella would have laughed at me to see a suspicious fellow like me overreached. I saw prince Eugene to-day at court: I don't think him an ugly-faced fellow, but well enough, and a good shape.

14. The parliament was to sit to-day; and met; but were adjourned by the queen's directions till Thursday. She designs to make some important speech then. She pretended illness; but I believe they were not ready, and they expect some opposition: and the Scotch lords are angry, and must be pacified. I was this morning to invite the duke of Ormond to our society on Thursday, where he is then to be introduced. He has appointed me at twelve to-morrow about some business: I would fain have his help to impeach a certain lord; but I doubt we shall make nothing of it. I intended to have dined with lord-treasurer, but I was told he would be busy: so I dined with Mrs. Van; and at night I sat with lord Masham till one. Lord-treasurer was there, and chid me for not dining with him; he was in very good humour: I brought home two flasks of burgundy in my chair: I wish MD had them. You see it is very late; so I'll go to bed and bid MD good night.

15. This morning I presented my printer and bookseller to lord Rivers, to be stationers to the ordinance: stationers, that's the word, I did not write it plain at first. I believe it will be worth three hundred pounds a-year between them. This is the third employment I have got for them. Rivers told them the doctor commanded him, and he durst not refuse it. I would have dined with lord-treasurer to-day again, but lord Mansel would not let me, and forced me home with him. I was very deep with the duke of Ormond to-day at the cockpit, where we met to be private; but I doubt I cannot do the mischief I intended. My friend Penn came there, Will Penn the Quaker, at the head of his brethren, to thank the duke for his kindness to their people in Ireland. To see a dozen scoundrels with their hats on, and the duke complimenting them with his off, was a good sight enough. I sat this evening with sir William Robinson, who has mighty often invited me to a bottle of wine: and it is past twelve.

16. This being fast-day, Dr. Freind and I went into the city to dine late, like good fasters. My printer and bookseller want me to look in another employment for them in the Tower, because it was enjoyed before by a stationer, although it he to serve the ordinance with oil, tallow, &c., and is worth four hundred pounds per annum more: I will try what I can do. They are resolved to ask several other employments of the same nature to other offices; and I will then grease fat sows, and see whether it be possible to satisfy them. Why am not I a stationer? The parliament sits to-morrow, and Walpole, late secretary-at-war, is to be swinged for bribery, and the queen is to communicate something of great importance to the two houses, at least they say so. But I must think of answering your letter in a day or two.

17. I went this morning to the duke of Ormond about some business, and he told me he could not dine with us to-day, being to dine with prince Eugene. Those of our society of the house of

commons could not be with us, the house sitting late on Walpole. I left them at nine, and they were not come. We kept some dinner for them. I hope Walpole will be sent to the Tower, and expelled the house; but this afternoon the members I spoke with in the court of requests talked dubiously of it. It will be a leading card to maul the duke of Marlborough for the same crime, or at least to censure him. The queen's message was only to give them notice of the peace she is treating, and to desire they will make some law to prevent libels against the government; so farewell to Grub-street.

18. I heard to-day that the commoners of our society did not leave the parliament till eleven at night, then went to those I left and stayed till three in the morning. Walpole is expelled and sent to the Tower. I was this morning again with lord Rivers, and have made him give the other employment to my printer and bookseller; 'tis worth a great deal. I dined with my friend Lewis privately to talk over affairs. We want to have this duke of Somerset out, and he apprehends it will not be, but I hope better. They are going now at last to ehang the commissioners of the customs: my friend sir Matthew Dudley will be out, and three more, and Prior will be in. I have made Ford copy out a small pamphlet and send it to the press, that I might not be known for author; 'tis "A Letter to the October Club," if ever you heard of such a thing.— Methinks this letter goes on but slowly for almost a week; I want some little conversation with MD, and to know what they are doing just now. I am sick of politics. I have not dined with lord-treasurer these three weeks: he chides me, but I don't care: I don't.

19. I dined to-day with lord-treasurer; this is his day of ebolee company, where they sometimes admit me, but pretend to grumble. And to-day they met on some extraordinary business: the keeper, steward, both secretaries, lord Rivers, and lord Anglesey: I left them at seven and came away, and have been writing to the bishop of Clogher. I forgot to know where to direct to him since sir George St. George's death, but I have directed to the same house: you must tell me better, for the letter is sent by the bellman. Don't write to me again till this is gone, I charge you, for I won't answer two letters together. The duke of Somerset is out, and was with his yellow liveries at parliament to-day. You know he had the same with the queen when he was master of the horse: we hope the duchess will follow, or that he will take her away in spite. Lord-treasurer I hope has now saved his head. Has the dean received my letter? ask him at cards to-night.

20. There was a world of people to-day at court to see prince Eugene, but all bit, for he did not come. I saw the duchess of Somerset talking with the duke of Buckingham; she looked a little down, but was extremely courteous. The queen has the gout, but is not in much pain. Must I fill this line too? well then, so let it be. The duke of Beaufort has a mighty mind to come into our society; shall we let him? I spoke to the duke of Ormond about it, and he doubts a little whether to let him in or not. They say the duke of Somerset is advised by his friends to let his wife stay with the queen; I am sorry for it. I dined with the secretary to-day with mixed company; I don't love it. Our society does not meet till Friday, because Thursday will be a busy day in the house of commons, for then the duke of Marlborough's bribery is to be examined

into about the pension paid him by those that furnished bread to the army.

21. I have been five times with the duke of Ormond about a perfect trifle, and he forgets it: I used him like a dog this morning for it. I was asked to-day by several in the court of requests whether it was true that the author of the Examiner was taken up in an action of twenty thousand pounds by the duke of Marlborough? I dined in the city, where my printer showed me a pamphlet, called 'Advice to the October Club,' which he said was sent him by an unknown hand; I commended it mightily; he never suspected me; 'tis a twopenny pamphlet. I came home and got timely to bed; but about eleven one of the secretary's servants came to me to let me know that lord-treasurer would immediately speak to me at lord Masham's upon earnest business; and that, if I was a-bed, I should rise and come. I did so; lord-treasurer was above with the queen; and when he came down he laughed, and said it was not he that sent for me: the business was of no great importance, only to give me a paper, which might have been done to-morrow. I stayed with them till past one, and then got to bed again. Pize take their frolics. I thought to have answered your letter.

22. Dr. Gastrel was to see me this morning; he is an eminent divine, one of the canons of Christ Church, and one I love very well: he said he was glad to find I was not with James Broad. I asked what he meant: "Why," says he, "have you not seen the Grub-street paper that says Dr. Swift was taken up as author of the 'Examiner,' on an action of twenty thousand pounds, and was now at James Broad's?" who, I suppose, is some bailiff. I knew of this; but at the court of requests twenty people told me they heard I had been taken up. Lord Lansdown observed to the secretary and me that the Whigs spread three lies yesterday; that about me; and another, that Macartney, who was turned out last summer, is again restored to his places in the army; and the third, that Jack Hill's commission for lieutenant of the Tower is stopped, and that Cadogan is to continue. Lansdown thinks they have some design by these reports; I cannot guess it. Did I tell you that Sacheverel has desired mightily to come and see me? but I have put it off: he has heard that I have spoken to the secretary in behalf of a brother whom he maintains, and who desires an employment. To other day at the court of requests, Dr. Yalden saluted me by name; Sacheverel, who was just by, came up to me, and made me many acknowledgments and compliments. Last night I desired lord-treasurer to do something for that brother of Sacheverel's: he said he never knew he had a brother, but thanked me for telling him, and immediately put his name in his table-book. I will let Sacheverel know this, that he may take his measures accordingly; but he shall be none of my acquaintance. I dined to-day privately with the secretary, left him at six, paid a visit or two, and came home.

23. I dined again to-day with the secretary, but could not despatch some business I had with him, he has so much besides upon his hands at this juncture, and preparing against the great business to-morrow, which we are top-full of. The ministers' design is, that the duke of Marlborough shall be censured as gently as possible, provided his friends will not make head to defend him, but if they do it may end in some severer votes. A gentleman who was just now with him tells me he is much eat down and fallen away; but he is positive, if he has but ten friends in the house, that they shall defend him to the utmost, and endeavour to prevent this

* It is the last of the page, and written close to the edge of the paper.

least censure upon him, which I think cannot be, since the bribery is manifest. Sir Solomon Medina paid him six thousand pounds a-year to have the employment of providing bread for the army, and the duke owns it in his letter to the commissioners of accounts. I was to-night at lord Masham's; lord Dupplin took out my new little pamphlet, and the secretary read a great deal of it to lord-treasurer: they all commended it to the skies, and so did I; and they began a health to the author. But I doubt lord-treasurer suspected, for he said, "This is Dr. Davenant's style," which is his cant when he suspects me. But I carried the matter very well. Lord-treasurer put the pamphlet in his pocket to read at home. I'll answer your letter to-morrow.

24. The secretary made me promise to dine with him to-day after the parliament was up; I said I would come; but I dined at my usual time, knowing the house would sit late on this great affair. I dined at a tavern with Mr. Domville and another gentleman; I have not done so before these many months. At ten this evening I went to the secretary, but he was not come home. I sat with his lady till twelve, then came away; and he just came as I was gone, and he sent to my lodgings, but I would not go back; and so I know not how things have passed, but hope all is well; and I will tell you to-morrow day. It is late, &c.

25. The secretary sent to me this morning to know whether we should dine together; I went to him, and there I learned that the question went against the duke of Marlborough by a majority of a hundred; so the ministry is mighty well satisfied, and the duke will now be able to do no hurt. The secretary and I, and lord Masham, &c., dined with lieutenant-general Withers, who is just going to look after the army in Flanders: the secretary and I left them a little after seven, and I am come home, and will now answer your letter, because this goes to-morrow: let me see—The box at Chester; O, horn that box, and hang that Sterne; I have desired one to inquire for it who went toward Ireland last Monday, but I am in utter despair of it. No, I was not splenetic; you see what plunges the court has been at to set all right again. And that duchess is not out yet, and may one day cause more mischief. Somerset shows all about a letter from the queen, desiring him to let his wife continue with her. Is not that rare! I find Dingley smelled a rat; because the Whigs are *upish*; but if ever I hear that word again I'll *suppish* you. I am glad you got your rasp safe and sound; does Stella like her apron? Your critics about guarantees of succession are puppies; that's an answer to the objection. The answerers here made the same objection, but it is wholly wrong. I am of your opinion, that lord Marlborough is used too hardly: I have often scratched out passages from papers and pamphlets sent me before they were printed, because I thought them too severe. But he is certainly a vile man, and has no sort of merit beside the military. The Examiners are good for little; I would fain have hindered the severity of the two or three last, but could not. I will either bring your papers over or leave them with Tooke, for whose honesty I will engage. And I think it is best not to venture them with me at sea. Stella is a prophet, by foretelling so very positively that all would be well. Duke of Ormond speak against peace! No, simpleton, he is one of the staunchest we have for the ministry. Neither trouble yourself about the printer: he appeared the first day of term, and is to appear when summoned again; but nothing else will come of it. Lord chief-justice is cooled since this new settlement. No; I will not

split my journals in half; I will write but once a fortnight: but you may do as you will; which is, read only half at once, and t'other half next week. So now your letter is answered. (Pox on these blots!) What must I say more? I will set out in March, if there be a fit of fine weather; unless the ministry desire me to stay till the end of the session, which may be a month longer; but I believe they will not; for I suppose the peace will be made, and they will have no further service for me. I must make my canal fine this summer—as fine as I can. I am afraid I shall see great neglects among my quicksets. I hope the cherry-trees on the river-walk are fine things now. But no more of this.

26. I forgot to finish this letter this morning, and am come home so late I must give it to the hellman; but I would have it go to-night, lest you should think there is anything in the story of my being arrested in an action of twenty-thousand pounds by lord Marlborough, which I hear is in Dyer's letter, and consequently, I suppose, gone to Ireland. Farewell, dearest MD, &c. &c.

LETTER THE FORTIETH.

London, Jan. 26, 1711-12.

I HAVE no gilt paper left of this size, so you must be content with plain. Our society dined together to-day, for it was put off, as I told you, upon lord Marlborough's business on Thursday. The duke of Ormond dined with us to-day, the first time; we were thirteen at table; and lord Lansdown came in after dinner, so that we wanted but three. The secretary proposed the duke of Beaufort, who desires to be one of our society; but I stopped it, because the duke of Ormond doubts a little about it, and he was gone before it was proposed. I left them at seven, and sat this evening with poor Mrs. Wesley, who has been mightily ill to-day with a fainting fit; she has often convulsions too; she takes a mixture with *asafoetida*, which I have now in my nose; and everything smells of it. I never smelt it before; 'tis shominable. We have eight packets, they say, due from Ireland.

27. I could not see prince Eugene at court to-day, the crowd was so great. The Whigs contrive to have a crowd always about him, and employ the rabble to give the word when he sets out from any place. When the duchess of Hamilton came from the queen after church, she whispered me that she was going to pay me a visit: I went to lady Oglethorpe's, the place appointed; for ladies always visit me in third places, and she kept me till near four; she talks too much, is a plaguy detractor, and I believe I shall not much like her. I was engaged to dine with lord Masham; they stayed as long as they could, yet had almost dined, and were going in anger to pull down the brass peg for my hat, but lady Masham saved it. At eight I went again to lord Masham's; lord-treasurer is generally there at night: we sat up till almost two. Lord-treasurer has engaged me to contrive some way to keep the archbishop of York from being seduced by lord Nottingham. I will do what I can in it to-morrow. 'Tis very late, so I must go sleep.

28. Poor Mrs. Manley, the author, is very ill of a droopy and sore leg; the printer tells me he is afraid she cannot live long. I am heartily sorry for her; she has very generous principles for one of her sort, and a great deal of good sense and invention: she is about forty, very homely, and very fat. Mrs. Van made me dine with her to-day. I was this morning with the duke of Ormond, and the prolocutor, about what lord-treasurer spoke to me yesterday: I know

not what will be the issue. There is but a slender majority in the house of lords; and we want more. We are sadly mortified at the news of the French taking the town in Brazil from the Portuguese. The sixth edition of three thousand of "The Conduct of the Allies" is sold, and the printer talks of a seventh: eleven thousand of them have been sold, which is a prodigious run. The little twopenny "Letter of Advice to the October Club" does not sell; I know not the reason; for it is finely written I assure you; and, like a true author, I grow fond of it because it does not sell: you know that is usual to writers to condemn the judgment of the world. If I had hinted it to be mine everybody would have bought it; but it is a great secret.

29. I borrowed one or two idle books of "Contes des Fées" (Tales of the Fairies), and have been reading them these two days, although I have much business upon my hands. I loitered till one at home; then went to Mr. Lewis at his office; and the vice-chamberlain told me that lady Ryalton had yesterday resigned her employment of lady of the bedchamber, and that lady Jane Hyde, lord Rochester's daughter, a mighty pretty girl, is to succeed. He said, too, that lady Sunderland would resign in a day or two. I dined with Lewis, and then went to see Mrs. Wesley, who is better to-day. But you must know that Mr. Lewis gave me two letters, one from the bishop of Cloyne, with an enclosed from lord Inchequin to lord-treasurer, which he desires I would deliver and recommend. I am told that lord was much in with lord Wharton, and I remember he was to have been one of the lords-justices by his recommendation; yet the bishop recommends him as a great friend to the church, &c. I'll do what I think proper. T'other letter was from little saucy MD, No. 26. O Lord, never saw the like, under a cover too, and by way of journal; we shall never have done. Sirrass! how durst you write so soon, sirrass! I won't answer it yet.

30. I was this morning with the secretary, who was sick and out of humour; he would needs drink champagne some days ago, on purpose to spite me, because I advised him against it, and now he pays for it; Stella used to do such tricks formerly; he put me in mind of her. Lady Sunderland has resigned her place too. It is lady Catherine Hyde that succeeds lady Ryalton, and not lady Jane. Lady Catherine is the late earl of Rochester's daughter. I dined with the secretary, then visited his lady; and sat this evening with lady Masham; the secretary came to us, but lord-treasurer did not; he dined with the master of the rolls, and stayed late with him. Our society does not meet till to-morrow se'nnight, because we think the parliament will be very busy to-morrow upon the state of the war; and the secretary, who is to treat as president, must be in the house. I fancy my talking of persons and things here must be very tedious to you, because you know nothing of them, and I talk as if you did. You know Kevin's-street, and Werburgh-street, and (what do you call the street where Mrs. Wallis lives?) and Ingoldsbay, and Higgins, and lord Santry; but what care you for lady Catherine Hyde! Why do you say nothing of your health, sirrass! I hope it is well.

31. Trimmet, bishop of Norwich, who was with this lord Sunderland at Moor-park in their travels, preached yesterday before the house of lords; and to-day the question was put to thank him, and print his sermon; but passed against him, for it was a terrible Whig sermon. The bill to repeal the act for naturalising Protestant foreigners passed the house of lords to-day by a majority of twenty,

though the Scotch lords went out, and would vote neither way, in discontent about duke Hamilton's patent, if you know anything of it. A poem is come out to-day, inscribed to me, by way of a flirt; for it is a whiggish poem, and good for nothing. They plagued me with it in the court of requests. I dined with lord-treasurer at five alone, only with one Dutchman. Prior is now a commissioner of the customs. I told you so before, I suppose. When I came home to-night I found a letter from Dr. Sacheverel, thanking me for recommending his brother to lord-treasurer and Mr. Secretary for a place. Lord-treasurer sent to him about it. So good a solicitor was I, although I once hardly thought I should be a solicitor for Sacheverel.

February 1. Has not your dean of St. Patrick received my letter! you say nothing of it, although I writ above a month ago. My printer has got the gout, and I was forced to go to him to-day, and there I dined. It was a most delicious day: why don't you observe whether the same days be fine with you! To-night, at six, Dr. Atterbury, and Prior, and I, and Dr. Freind, met at Dr. Robert Freind's house at Westminster, who is master of the school: there we sat till one, and were good enough company. I here take leave to tell polite Dingley that the passage in the "Conduct of the Allies" is so far from being blamable, that the secretary designs to insist upon it in the house of commons, when the treaty of Barrier is debated there, as it now shortly will, for they have ordered it to be laid before them. The pamphlet of "Advice to the October Club" begins now to sell; but I believe its fame will hardly reach Ireland: 'tis finely written, I assure you. I long to answer your letter, but won't yet; you know 'tis late, &c.

2. This ends Christmas, and what care I! I have neither seen, nor felt, nor heard any Christmas this year. I passed a lazy dull day. I was this morning with lord-treasurer, to get some papers from him, which he will remember as much as a cat, although it be his own business. It threatened rain, but did not much; and Prior and I walked an hour in the Park, which quite put me out of my measures. I dined with a friend hard by; and in the evening sat with lord Masham till twelve. Lord-treasurer did not come; this is an idle dining day usually with him. We want to hear from Holland how our peace goes on, for we are afraid of those scoundrels the Dutch, lest they should play us tricks. Lord Marr, a Scotch earl, was with us at lord Masham's; I was arguing with him about the stubbornness and folly of his countrymen; they are so angry about the affair of duke Hamilton, whom the queen has made a duke of England, and the house of lords will not admit him. He swears he would vote for us, but dare not, because all Scotland would detest him if he did: he should never be chosen again, nor be able to live there.

3. I was at court to-day to look for a dinner, but did not like any that were offered me; and I dined with lord Mountjoy. The queen has the gout in her knee, and was not at chapel. I hear we have a Dutch mail, but I know not what news, although I was with the secretary this morning. He showed me a letter from the Hanover envoy, Mr. Bothmar, complaining that the Barrier treaty is laid before the house of commons; and desiring that no infringement may be made in the guarantee of the succession; but the secretary has written him a peppering answer. I fancy you understand all this, and are able states girls, since you have read the "Conduct of the Allies." We are all preparing against the birthday; I think it is Wednesday next. If the

queen's gout increases it will spoil sport. Prince Eugene has two fine snits made against it; and the queen is to give him a sword worth four thousand pounds, the diamonds set transparent.

4. I was this morning soliciting at the house of commons' door for Mr. Vesey, a son of the archbishop of Tuam, who has petitioned for a bill to relieve him in some difficulty about his estate; I secured him above fifty members. I dined with lady Masham. We have no packet from Holland, as I was told yesterday: and this wind will hinder many people from appearing at the birthday who expected clothes from Holland. I appointed to meet a gentleman at the secretary's to-night, and they both failed. The house of commons have this day made many severe votes about our being abused by our allies. Those who spoke drew all their arguments from my book, and their votes confirm all I writ; the court had a majority of a hundred and fifty: all agree that it was my book that spirited them to these resolutions; I long to see them in print. My head has not been as well as I could wish it for some days past, but I have not had any giddy fit, and I hope it will go over.

5. The secretary turned me out of his room this morning, and showed me fifty guineas rolled up, which he was going to give some French spy. I dined with four Irishmen at a tavern to-day; I thought I had resolved against it before, but I broke it. I played at cards this evening at lady Masham's, but I only played for her while she was waiting; and I won her a pool, and supped there. Lord-treasurer was with us, but went away before twelve. The ladies and lords have all their clothes ready against to-morrow: I saw several mighty fine, and I hope there will be a great appearance, in spite of that spiteful French fashion of the whiggish ladies not to come, which they have all resolved to a woman; and I hope it will more spirit the queen against them for ever.

6. I went to dine at lord Masham's at three, and met all the company just coming out of court; a mighty crowd: they stayed long for their coaches: I had an opportunity of seeing several lords and ladies of my acquaintance in their fineries. Lady Ashburnham looked the best in my eyes. They say the court was never fuller nor finer. Lord-treasurer, his lady, and two daughters, and Mrs. Hill, dined with lord and lady Masham; the five ladies were monstrous fine. The queen gave prince Eugene the diamond sword to-day; but nobody was by when she gave it except my lord-chamberlain. There was an entertainment of opera-songs at night, and the queen was at all the entertainment, and is very well after it. I saw lady Wharton, as ugly as the devil, coming out in the crowd all in an undress; she has been with the Marlborough daughters and lady Bridgewater in St. James's, looking out of the window all undressed to see the sight. I do not hear that one Whig lady was there, except those of the hede-chamber. Nothing has made so great a noise as one Kelson's chariot, that cost nine hundred and thirty pounds, the finest was ever seen. The rabble huzzed him as much as they did prince Eugene. This is birthday chat.

7. Our society met to-day; the duke of Ormond was not with us; we have lessened our dinners, which were grown so extravagant that lord-treasurer and everybody else cried shame. I left them at seven, visited for an hour, and then came home, like a good boy. The queen is much better after yesterday's exercise: her friends wish she would use a little more. I opposed lord Jersey's election into our society, and he is refused: I likewise up-

posed the duke of Beaufort; but I believe he will be chosen in spite of me: I don't much care; I shall not be with them above two months; for I resolve to set out for Ireland the beginning of April next (before I treat them again), and see my willows.

8. I dined to-day in the city: this morning a scoundrel dog, one of the queen's music, a German, whom I had never seen, got access to me in my chamber by Patrick's folly, and gravely desired me to get an employment in the customs for a friend of his, who would be very grateful; and likewise to forward a project of his own for raising ten thousand pounds a-year upon opers. I used him civiler than he deserved, but it reased me to the pluck. He was told I had a mighty interest with lord-treasurer, and our word of mine, &c.—Well, I got home early on purpose to answer MD's letter, No. 26, for this goes to-morrow.—Well, I never saw such a letter in my life; so saucy, so journalistic, so sanguine, so pretending, so everything. I satisfied all your fears in my last; all is gone well, as you say; yet you are so impudent slut to be so positive; you will swagger so upon your sagacity, that we shall never have done. Pray don't mislay your reply; I would certainly print it if I had it here: how long is it! I suppose half a sheet: was the answer written in Ireland? Yes, yes, you shall have a letter when you come from Baligall. I need not tell you again who's out and who's in: we can never get out the duchess of Somerset.—So, they say Presto writ the Conduct (of the Allies), &c. Do they like it! I don't care whether they do or no; but the resolutions printed to-day in the votes are almost quotations from it, and would never have passed if that book had not been written. I will not meddle with the Spectator, let him fair-sex it to the world's end. My disorder is over, but blood was not from the piles.—Well, madam Dingley, the frost; why, we had a great frost, but I forget how long ago; it lasted above a week or ten days: I believe about six weeks ago; but it did not break so soon with us I think as December 29; yet I think it was about that time on second thoughts. MD can have no letter from Presto, says you; and yet four days before you own you had my 37th, unreasonable sluts! The bishop of Gloucester is not dead, and I am as likely to succeed the duke of Marlborough as him if he were; there's enough for that now. It is not unlikely that the duke of Shrewsbury will be your governor; at least I believe the duke of Ormond will not return.—Well, Stella again: why, really three editions of the Conduct, &c., is very much for Ireland: it is a sign you have some honest among you. Well; I will do Mr. Manley all the service I can; but he will ruin himself. What business had he to engage at all about the city? can't he wish his cause well, and be quiet, when he finds that stirring will do it no good, and himself a great deal of hurt; I cannot imagine who should open my letter; it must be done at your side.—If I hear of any thoughts of turning out Mr. Manley, I will endeavour to prevent it. I have already had all the gentlemen of Ireland here upon my back often for defending him. So now I have answered your saucy letter. My humble service to Goody Stoyte and Catherine; I will come soon for my dinner.

9. Morning.—My cold goes off at last; but I think I have got a small new one. I have no news since last. They say we hear by the way of Calais that peace is very near concluding. I hope it may be true. I'll go and seal up my letter, and give it myself to-night into the post-office; and so I bid my dearest MD farewell till to-night. I heartily

wish myself with them, as hope saved. My willows, and quicksets, and trees, will be finely improved, I hope, this year. It has been fine hard frosty weather yesterday and to-day. Farewell, &c. &c. &c.

LETTER THE FORTY-FIRST.

London, Feb. 9, 1711-12.

WHEN my letter is gone, and I have none of yours to answer, my conscience is so clear, and my shoulders so light, and I go on with such courage to prate upon nothing to dear charming MD, you would wonder. I dined to-day with sir Matthew Dudley, who is newly turned out of commission of the customs. He affects a good heart, and talks in the extremity of Whiggery, which was always his principle, though he was gentle a little while he kept in employment. We can get no packets from Holland. I have not been with any of the ministry these two or three days. I keep out of their way on purpose, for a certain reason, for some time, though I must dine with the secretary to-morrow, the choosing of the company being left to me. I have engaged lord Anglesey and lord Carteret, and have promised to get three more; but I have a mind that none else should be admitted. However, if I like anybody at court to-morrow, I may perhaps invite them. I have got another cold, but not very bad.

10. I saw prince Eugene at court to-day very plain. He is plaguy yellow, and literally ugly besides. The court was very full, and people had their birthday clothes. I was to have invited five; but I only invited two, lord Anglesey and lord Carteret. Pshaw! I told you this but yesterday. We have no packets from Holland yet. Here are a parcel of drunken Whiggish lords, like your lord Santry, who come into chocolate-houses, and rail aloud at the Tories, and have challenges sent them, and the next morning come and beg pardon. General Ross was like to swinge the marquis of Winchester for this trick the other day; and we have nothing else now to talk of till the parliament has had another bout with "the state of the war," as they intend in a few days. They have ordered the Barrier treaty to be laid before them; and it was talked some time ago, as if there was a design to impeach lord Townshend, who made it. I have no more politics now. Night, dear MD.

11. I dined with lord Anglesey to-day, who had seven Irishmen to be my companions, of which two only were coxcombs. One I did not know, and the other was young Bligh, who is a puppy of figure here, with a fine chariot. He asked me one day at court, when I had just been talking with some lords who stood near me, "Doctor, when shall we see you in the county of Meath?" I whispered him "to take care what he said, for the people would think he was some barbarian." He never would speak to me since till we met to-day. I went to lady Masham's to-night, and sat with lord-treasurer and the secretary there till past two o'clock; and when I came home found some letters from Ireland, which I read, but can say nothing of them till to-morrow, it is so very late; but I must always be late or early, MD's, &c.

12. One letter was from the bishop of Clogher last night, and the other from Walls,* about Mrs. South's^b salary, and his own pension of eighteen pounds for his tithes of the park. I will do nothing in either. The first I cannot serve in, and the other is a trifle; only you may tell him I had his letter,

and will speak to Ned Southwell about what he desires me. You say nothing of your dean's receiving my letter.

I find Clementis, whom I recommended to lord Anglesey^c last year, at Wall's desire, or rather the bishop of Clogher's, is mightily in lord Anglesey's favour. You may tell the bishop and Walls so. I said to lord Anglesey that I was glad I had the good luck to recommend him, &c.

I dined in the city with my printer, to consult with him about some papers lord-treasurer gave me last night, as he always does, too late. However, I will do something with them. My third cold is a little better; I never had anything like it before; three colds successively; I hope I shall have the fourth. Three messengers come from Holland to-day, and they brought over the six packets that were due. I know not the particulars yet; for when I was with the secretary at noon they were just opening. But one thing I find, the Dutch are playing us tricks and tampering with the French; they are dogs; I shall know more.

13. I dined to-day privately with my friend Lewis, at his lodgings, to consult about some observations on the Barrier Treaty. Our news from Holland is not good. The French raise difficulties, and make such offers to the allies as cannot be accepted; and the Dutch are uneasy that we are likely to get anything for ourselves; and the Whigs are glad at all this. I came home early, and have been very busy three or four hours. I had a letter from Dr. Pratt to-day by a private hand, recommending the bearer to me for something I shall not trouble myself about. Wesley writ to recommend the same fellow to me. His expression is, that, hearing I am acquainted with my lord-treasurer, he desires I would do so and so. A matter of nothing. What puppies are mankind! I hope I shall be wiser when I have once done with courts. I think you have not troubled me much with your recommendations. I would do you all the service I could. Pray, have you got your apron, Mrs. Ppt? I paid for it but yesterday; that puts me in mind of it. I writ an inventory of what things I sent by Leigh in one of my letters. Did you compare it with what you got? I hear nothing of your cards now; do you never play? Yes, at Baligacoll. Go to bed. Night, dearest MD.

14. Our society dined to-day at Mr. Secretary's house. I went there at four; but hearing the house of commons would sit late upon the Barrier Treaty, I went for an hour to Kensington to see lord Masham's children. My young nephew,^d his son, of six months old, has got a swelling in his neck. I fear it is the evil. We did not go to dinner till eight at night, and I left them at ten. The commons have been very severe on the Barrier Treaty, as you will find by their votes. A Whig member took out the "Conduct of the Allies," and read the passage about the succession with great resentment; but none seconded him. The church party carried every vote by a great majority. The archbishop of Dublin is so railed at by all who come from Ireland, that I can defend him no longer. Lord Anglesey assured me that the story of applying Pisco out of Tseitus to lord-treasurer being wounded is true. I believe the duke of Beaufort will be admitted to our society next meeting. To-day I published the "Fable of Midas," a poem, printed in a loose half-sheet of paper. I know not how it will take, but it passed wonderfully at our society to-night; and Mr. Secre-

* Archdeacon Walls, rector of Castleknock.

^b Widow of Mr. South, a commissioner of the revenue in Ireland, and one of the managers of the Phoenix-park.

^c Secretary of state for Ireland.

^d Lord Masham was one of the sixteen brothers; which accounts for Swift's calling his son nephew.

tary read it before me the other night to lord-treasurer at lord Masham's, where they equally approved of it. Tell me how it passes with you. I think this paper is larger than ordinary; for here is a six days' journal, and no nearer the bottom. I fear these journals are very dull. Note my dullest lines.

15. Mr. Lewis and I dined by invitation with a Scotch acquaintance, after I had been very busy in my chamber till two in the afternoon. My third cold is now very troublesome on my breast, especially in the morning. This is a great revolution in my health; colds never used to return so soon with me or last so long. It is very surprising this news to-day of the dauphin and dauphiness both dying within six days. They say the old king is almost heartstroke; he has had prodigious mortifications in his family. The dauphin has left two little sons of four and two years old; the eldest is sick. There is a foolish story got about the town, that lord Strafford, one of our plenipotentiaries, is in the interest of France; and it has been a good while said that lord privy-seal and he do not agree very well; they are both long practised in business, but neither of them of much parts. Strafford has some life and spirit, but is infinitely proud and wholly illiterate. Night, MD.

16. I dined to-day in the city with my printer, to finish something I am doing about the Barrier Treaty; but it is not quite done.^a I went this evening to lord Masham's, where lord-treasurer sat with us till past twelve. The lords have voted an address to the queen, to tell her they are not satisfied with the king of France's offers. The Whigs brought it in of a sudden; and the court could not prevent it, and therefore did not oppose it. The house of lords is too strong in Whigs, notwithstanding the new creations; for they are very diligent, and the Tories as lazy: the side that is down has always most industry. The Whigs intended to have made a vote that would reflect on lord-treasurer, but their project was not ripe. I hit my face such a rap by calling the coach to stop to-night, that it is plaguily sore, the bone beneath the eye. Night, dearest MD.

17. The court was mighty full to-day, and has been these many Sundays; but the queen was not at chapel. She has got a little fit of the gout in her foot. The good of going to court is, that one sees all one's acquaintance, whom otherwise I should hardly meet twice a-year. Prince Eugene dines with the secretary to-day, with about seven or eight general officers or foreign ministers. They will be all drunk I am sure. I never was in company with this prince. I have proposed to some lords that we should have a sober meal with him, but I cannot compass it. It is come over in the Dutch new prints that I was arrested on an action of 20,000*l.* by the duke of Marlborough. I did not like my court invitations to-day; so sir Andrew Fountaine and I went and dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. I came home at six, and have been very busy till this minute, and it is past twelve, so I got into bed to write to MD. We reckon the dauphin's death will set forward the peace a good deal. Pray is Dr. Griffith reconciled to me yet? Have I done enough to soften him?

18. Lewis had Guiseard's picture; he bought it and offered it to lord treasurer, who promised to send for it, but never did; so I made Lewis give it me, and I have it in my room; and now lord-treasurer says he will take it from me. Is that fair?

^a Dr. John Robinson, Bishop of Bristol.

^b It was published under the title of "Remarks on the Barrier Treaty."

He designs to have it in length in the clothes he wore when he did the action; and a penknife in his hand; and Kneller is to copy it from this that I have. I intended to dine with lord-treasurer to-day, but he has put me off till-morrow; so I dined with Lord Dupplin. You know lord Dupplin very well; he is a brother of the society. Well, but I have received a letter from the bishop of Clogher, to solicit an affair for him with lord-treasurer and with the parliament, which I will do as soon as I fly. I am not near so keen about other people's affairs as Ppt used to reproach me about. It was a judgment on me. Hearkee, idle deerees both, methinks I begin to want a letter from MD: faith, and so I do. I doubt you have been in pain about the report of my being arrested. The pamphleteers have let me alone this month, which is a great wonder; only the "Third Part of the Answer to the Conduct," which is lately come out. (Did I tell you of it already?) The house of commons goes on in insulting the late ministry and their proceedings.

19. I dined with lord-treasurer to-day, and sat with him till ten in spite of my teeth, though my printer waited for me to correct a sheet. I told him of four lines I writ extempore with my pencil on a bit of paper in his house while he lay wounded. Some of the servants I suppose made waste paper of them, and he never heard of them. They were inscribed to Mr. Harley's physician thus:—

On Britain Europe's safety lies:
Britain is lost if Harley dies.
Harley depends upon your skill:
Think what you save, or what you kill.

I proposed that some company should dine with him on the eighth of March, which was the day he was wounded; but he says he designs that the lords of the cabinet who then sat with him should dine that day with him; however, he has invited me to dine. I am not yet rid of my cold; it plagues me in the morning chiefly. Night, MD.

20. After waiting to catch the secretary coming out from sir Thomas Hanmer for two hours in vain, about some business, I went into the city to my printer to correct some sheets of the Barrier Treaty and Remarks, which must be finished to-morrow. I have been terribly busy for some days past with this and some other things; and I wanted some very necessary papers which the secretary was to give me, and the pamphlet must not be published without them; but they are all busy too. Sir Thomas Hanmer is chairman of the committee for drawing up a representation of the state of the nation to the queen, where all the wrong steps of the allies and late ministry about the war will be mentioned. The secretary, I suppose, was helping him about it to-day; I believe it will be a pepperer. Night, dear MD.

21. I have been six hours to-day morning writing nineteen pages of a letter to lord-treasurer, about forming a society or academy to correct and fix the English language. (Is English a speech or a language?) It will not be above five or six more. I will send it him to-morrow, and will print it if he desires me. I dined, you know, with our society to-day; Thursday is our day. We had a new member admitted; it was the duke of Beaufort. We were thirteen met; brother Ormond was not there, but sent his excuse that prince Eugene dined with him. I left them at seven, being engaged to go to sir Thomas Hanmer, who desired I would see him at that hour. His business was, that I would *Aenloip thanim itaas deoraues upbl tohne eroeporaenienipmotlatatogibn.*^a

^a Thus deciphered: "help him to draw up the representation."

which I consented to do; but I do not know whether I shall succeed, because it is a little out of my way; however, I have taken my share. Night, MD.

22. I finished the rest of my letter to lord-treasurer to-day, and sent it to him about one o'clock; and then dined privately with my friend Mr. Lewis, to talk over some affairs of moment. I have gotten the 13th volume of Rymer's Collection of the Records of the Tower, for the university of Dublin. I have two volumes now. I will write to the provost to know how I shall send them to him; no, I wout, for I will bring them myself among my own books. I was with Hanmer this morning, and there was the secretary and chancellor of the exchequer very busy with him, laying their heads together about the representation. I went to lord Masham's to-night, and lady Masham made me read her a pretty two-penny pamphlet, called "the St. Alban's Ghost." I thought I had writ it myself; so did they; but I did not. Lord-treasurer came down to us from the queen, and we staid till two o'clock. That is the best night place I have. The usual company are lord and lady Masham, lord-treasurer, Dr. Arbuthnot and I; sometimes the secretary and sometimes Mrs. Hill of the bedchamber, lady Masham's sister. I assure you it is very late now; but this goes to-morrow; and I must have time to converse with our little MD. Night, dear MD.

23. I have no news to tell you this last day, nor do I know where I shall die. I hear the secretary is a little out of order. Perhaps I may dine there, perhaps not. I sent Hanmer what he wanted from me. I know not how he will approve of it. I was to do more of the same sort. I am going out, and must carry this in my pocket to give it at some general post-house. I will talk further with you at night. I suppose in my next I shall answer a letter from MD that will be sent me. On Tuesday it will be four weeks since I had your last, No. 26. This day se'nnight I expect one, for that will be something more than a full month. Farewell, MD.

LETTER THE FORTY-SECOND.

London, Feb. 25. 1711-12.

AFTER having disposed my last letter in the post-office, I am now to begin this with telling MD that I dined with the secretary to-day, who is much out of order with a cold, and feverish; yet he went to the cabinet council to-night at six against my will. The secretary is much the greatest commoner in England, and turns the whole parliament, who can do nothing without him; and if he lives and has his health, will, I believe, be one day at the head of affairs. I have told him sometimes that, if I were a dozen years younger, I would cultivate his favour and trust my fortune with his. But what care you for all this! I am sorry, when I came first acquainted with this ministry, that I did not send you their names and characters, and then you would have relished what I would have writ, especially if I had let you into the particulars of affairs: but enough of this. Night, dearest rogues.

24. I went early this morning to the secretary, who is not yet well. Sir Thomas Hanmer and the chancellor of the exchequer came while I was there, and he would not let me stir; so I did not go to church, but was busy with them till noon about the affair I told you in my last. The other two went away; and I dined with the secretary, and found my head very much out of order, but no absolute fit; and I have not been well all this day. It has sbook me a little. I sometimes sit up very late at lord Masham's, and have writ much for several days past; but I will

amend both; for I have now very little business, and hope I shall have no more. I am resolved to be a great rider this summer in Ireland. I was to see Mrs. Westley this evening, who has been somewhat better for this month past, and talks of returning to the Bath in a few weeks. Our peace goes on but slowly; the Dutch are playing tricks, and we do not push it as strongly as we ought. The fault of our court is delay, of which the queen has a great deal; and lord-treasurer is not without his share. But pray let us know a little of your life and conversation. Do you play at ombre, or visit the dean, and Goody Walls and Stoytes and Manleys, as usual? I must have a letter from you to fill the other side of this sheet. Let me know what you do. Is my aunt alive yet? O, pray, now I think of it, be so kind as to step to my aunt, and take notice of my great-grandfather's picture; you know he has a ring on his finger, with a seal of an anchor and dolphin about it; but I think there is besides, at the bottom of the picture, the same coat of arms quartered with another, which I suppose was my great-grandmother's. If this be so, it is a stronger argument than the seal. And pray see whether you think that coat of arms was drawn at the same time with the picture, or whether it be of a later hand; and ask my aunt what she knows about it. But perhaps there is no such coat of arms on the picture, and I only dreamed it. My reason is, because I would ask some herald here whether I should choose that coat, or one in Guillim's large folio of heraldry, where my unele Godwin is named with another coat-of-arms of three stars. This is sad stuff to write; so night, MD.

25. I was this morning again with the secretary, and we were two hours busy; and then went together to the Park, Hyde Park, I mean; and he walked to cure his cold, and we were looking at two Arabian horses sent some time ago to lord-treasurer. The duke of Marlborough's coach overtook us, with his grace and lord Godolphin in it; but they did not see us, to our great satisfaction; for neither of us desired that either of those two lords should see us together. There was half a dozen ladies riding like cavaliers to take the air. My head is better to-day. I dined with the secretary; but we did no business after dinner, and at six I walked into the fields; the days are grown pure and long; then I went to visit Percival and his family, whom I had seen but once since they came to town. They are going to Bath next month. Countess Doll of Meath is such an owl, that, wherever I visit, people are asking me whether I know such an Irish lady, and her figure and her foppery! I came home early, and have been amusing myself with looking into one of the volumes of Rymer's Records of the Tower, and am mighty easy to think I have no urgent business upon my hands. My third cold is not yet off; I sometimes cough, and am not right with it in the morning. Did I tell you that I believe it is lady Masham's hot-rooms that give it me? I never knew such a stove; and in my conscience, I believe both my lord and she, my lord-treasurer, Mr. Secretary, and myself, have all suffered by it. We have all had colds together, but I walk home on foot. Night, dear MD.

26. I was again busy with the secretary. We read over some papers, and did a good deal of business. I dined with him, and we were to do more business after dinner; but after dinner is after dinner—an old saying and a true, "much drinking, little thinking." We had company with us, and nothing could be done, and I am to go there again to-morrow. I have now nothing to do; and the parliament, by the queen's recommendation,

is to take some method for preventing libels, &c., which will include pamphlets, I suppose. I do not know what method they will take, but it comes out in a day or two. To-day in the morning I visited upward; first I saw the duke of Ormond below stairs, and gave him joy of his being declared general in Flanders; then I went up one pair of stairs, and sate with the duchess; then I went up another pair of stairs, and paid a visit to lady Betty; and desired her woman to go up to the gurnet, that I might pass half an hour with her, but she was young and handsome, and would not. The duke is our president this week, and I have bespoke a small dinner on purpose, for good example. Night, my dear little rogues.

27. I was again with the secretary this morning; but we only read over some papers with sir Thomas Hammer; then I called at lord-treasurer's; it was his levee-day, but I went up to his bedchamber, and said what I had to say. I came down and peeped in at the chamber, where a hundred fools were waiting, and two streets were full of coaches. I dined in the city with my printer, and came back at six to lord-treasurer, who had invited me to dinner, but I refused him. I sate there an hour or two, and then went to lord Masham's. They were all abroad; so truly I came, and read whatever stuff was next me. I cau sit and be idle now, which I have not been above a year past. However, I will stay out the session to see if they have any further commands for me, and that I suppose will end in April. But I may go somewhat before, for I hope all will be ended by then, and we shall have either a certain peace or certain war. The ministry is contriving new funds for money by lotteries, and we go on as if the war were to continue, but I believe it will not. It is pretty late now, young women; so I bid you night, own dear, dear little rogues.

28. I have been packing up some books in a great box I have bought, and must buy another for clothes and luggage. This is a beginning toward a removal. I have sent to Holland for a dozen shirts, and design to buy another new gown and hat. I will come over like a Zinkerman (probably gentleman), and lay out nothing in clothes in Ireland this good while. I have writ this night to the provost. Our society met to-day as usual, and we were fourteen, beside the earl of Arran, whom his brother, the duke of Ormond, brought among us against all order. We were mightily shocked; but after some whispos, it ended in choosing lord Arran one of our society, which I opposed to his face, but it was carried by all the rest against me.

29. This is leap-year, and this is leap-day. Prince George was born on this day. People are mistaken; and some here think it is St. David's day; but they do not understand the virtue of leap-year. I have nothing to do now, boys, and have been reading all this day like Gumdragon; and yet I was dictating some tribles this morning to a printer. I dined with a friend hard by, and the weather was so discouraging I could not walk. I came home early, and have read two hundred pages of Arrian. Alexander the Great is just dead; I do not think he was poisoned; between you and me, all those are but idle stories; it is certain that neither Ptolemy nor Aristobulus thought so, and they were both with him when he died. It is a pity we have not their histories. The bill for limiting members of parliament to have but so many places passed the house of Commons, and will pass the house of lords, in spite of the ministry, which you know is a great lessening of the queen's power. Four of the new lords voted against the court in this point. It is certainly a good bill in the

reign of an ill prince, but I think things are not settled enough for it at present. And the court may want a majority at a pinch. Night, dear little rogues. Love Pdfr.

March 1. I went into the city to inquire after poor Stratford, who has put himself a prisoner into the Queen's Bench, for which his friends blame him very much, because his creditors designed to be very easy with him. He grasped at too many things together, and that was his ruin. There is one circumstance relative to lieutenant-general Meredith, that is very melancholy; Meredith was turned out of all his employments last year, and had about 10,000*l*. left to live on. Stratford, upon friendship, desired he might have the management of it for Meredith, to put it into the stocks and funds for the best advantage, and now he has lost it all.—You have heard me often talk of Stratford; we were class-fellows at school and university. I dined with some merchants, his friends, to-day, and they said they expected his breaking this good while. I gave him notice of a treaty of peace while it was a secret, of which he might have made good use, but that helped to ruin him: for he gave money, reckoning there would be actually a peace for this time, and consequently stocks rise high. Ford narrowly escaped losing 5000*l*. by him, and so did I too. Night, my two dearest lives MD.

2. Morning. I was wakened at three this morning, my man and the people of the house telling me of a great fire in the Haymarket. I slept again, and two hours after my man came in again, and told me it was my poor brother [brother of the society] sir William Wyndham's house burnt, and that two maids, leaping out of an upper room to avoid the fire, both fell on their heads, one of them upon the iron spikes before the door, and both lay dead in the streets. It is supposed to have been some carelessness of one or both those maids. The duke of Ormond was there helping to put out the fire. Brother Wyndham gave 6,000*l*. but a few months ago for that house, as he told me, and it was very richly furnished. I shall know more particulars at night.—He married lady Catherine Seymour, the duke of Somerset's daughter; you know her, I believe. At night.—Wyndham's young child escaped very narrowly; lady Catherine escaped barefoot; they all went to Northumberland House. Mr. Bridge's house, next door, is damaged much, and was likely to be burnt. Wyndham has lost above 10,000*l*. by this accident—his lady above a thousand pounds worth of clothes. It was a terrible accident. He was not at court to-day. I dined with lord Masham. The queen was not at church. Night, MD.

3. Pray tell Walls that I spoke to the duke of Ormond and Mr. Southwell about his friend's affair, who, I find, needed not me for a solicitor, for they both told me the thing would be done. I likewise mentioned his own affair to Mr. Southwell, and I hope that will be done too, for Southwell seems to think it reasonable, and I will mind him of it again. Tell him this nakedly. You need not know the particulars. They are secrets; one of them is about Mrs. South having a pension; the other about his salary from the government for the tithes of the park, that lie in his parish, to be put upon the establishment. I dined in the city with my printer, with whom I had some small affair. I have no large work on my hands now. I was with lord-treasurer this morning, and what care you for that? You dined with the dean to-day. Monday is parson's holiday. And you lost your money at cards and dice; the giver's device. So I'll go to bed. Night, my two dearest little rogues.

4. I sat to-day with poor Mrs. Wesley, who made me dine with her. She is much better than she was. I heartily pray for her health, out of the entire love I bear to her worthy husband. This day has passed very insignificantly. But it is a great comfort to me now that I can come home and read, and have nothing upon my hands to write. I was at lord Masham's to-night, and stayed there till one. Lord-treasurer was there; but I thought he looked melancholy, just as he did at the beginning of the session, and he was not so merry as usual. In short, the majority in the house of lords is a very weak one; and he has much ado to keep it up; and he is not able to make those removes he would, and oblige his friends; and I doubt he does not take care enough about it, or rather cannot do all himself, and will not employ others; which is his great fault, as I have often told you. It is late. Night, MD.

5. I wish you a merry Lent. I hate Lent; I hate different diets, and sumptuous and hutter, and herb porridge; and sour devout faces of people who only put on religion for seven weeks. I was at the secretary's office this morning; and there a gentleman brought me two letters, dated last October; one from the bishop of Clogher, the other from Walls. The gentleman is called colonel Newburgh. I think you mentioned him to me some time ago; he has business in the house of lords. I will do him what service I can. The "Representation of the House of Commons" is printed; I have not seen it yet; it is plaguy severe, they say. I dined with Dr. Arbuthnot, and had a true lenten dinner, not in point of victuals, but spleen; for his wife and a child or two were sick in the house, and that was full as mortifying as fish. We have had mighty fine cold frosty weather for some days past. I hope you take the advantage of it, and walk now and then. You never answer that part of my letters where I desire you to walk. I must keep my breath to cool my lenten porridge. Tell Jimmy Leigh that his boy that robbed him now appears about the town; Patrick has seen him once or twice. I knew nothing of his being robbed till Patrick told me he had seen the boy. I wish it had been Sterne that had been robbed, to be revenged for the box that he lost, and be poked to him! Night, MD.

6. I hear Mr. Prior has suffered by Stratford's breaking. I was yesterday to see Prior, who is not well, and I thought he looked melancholy. He can ill afford to lose money. I walked before dinner in the Mall a good while with lord Arran and lord Dupplin, two of my brothers, and then we went to dinner, where the duke of Beaufort was our president. We were but eleven to-day. We are now in all nine lords and ten commoners. The duke of Beaufort had the confidence to propose his brother-in-law, the earl of Danby, to be a member: but I opposed it so warmly that it was waved. Danby is not above twenty, and we will have no more boys, and we want but two to make up our number. I stayed till eight, and then we all went away soberly. The duke of Ormond's treat last week cost 20*l.*, though it was only four dishes and four without a dessert; and I bespoke it in order to be cheap. Yet I could not prevail to change the house. Lord-treasurer is in a rage with us for being so extravagant; and the wine was not reckoned neither: for that is always brought by him that is president. Lord Orrery is to be president next week; and I will see whether it cannot be cheaper; or else we will leave the house. Lord Masham made me go home with him to-night to eat boiled oysters. Take oysters, wash them clean; that is, wash their shells clean; then put your oysters into an earthen pot, with their

hollow sides down, then put this pot covered into a great kettle with water, and so let them boil. Your oysters are boiled in their own liquor, and not mix water. Lord-treasurer was not with us; he was very ill to-day with a swimming in the head, and is gone home to be cupped, and sent to desire lady Masham to excuse him to the queen. Night, dear MD.

7. I was to-day at the house of Lords about a friend's bill. Then I crossed the water at Westminster stairs to Southwark, went through St. George's fields to the Mint, which is the dominion of the King's Bench prison, where Stratford lodges in a blind alley, and writ to me to come to him; but he was gone to the Change. I thought he had something to say to me about his own affairs. I found him at his usual coffee-house, and went to his own lodgings, and dined with him and his wife, and other company. His business was only to desire I would intercede with the ministry about his brother-in-law, Ben Burton of Dublin, the banker, who is likely to come into trouble, as we hear, about spreading false Whiggish news. I hate Burton, and told Stratford so; and I will advise the duke of Ormond to make use of it, to keep the rogue in awe. Mrs. Stratford tells me her husband's creditors have consented to give him liberty to get up his debts abroad; and she hopes he will pay them all. He was cheerfuller than I have seen him this great while. I have walked much to-day. Night, dearest rogues.

8 This day twelvemonth Mr. Harley was stabbed, but he is ill, and takes physic to-day, I hear ('tis now morning); and cannot have the cabinet council with him, as he intended, nor me to say grace. I am going to see him. Pray read the "Representation;" it is the finest that ever was writ.—Some of it is Pdfr's style; but not very much. This is the day of the queen's accession to the crown, so it is a great day. I am going to court, and will dine with lord Masham; but I must go this moment to see the secretary about some business; so I will seal up this, and put it in the post. Farewell, dearest hearts and souls, MD, MD, MD.

LETTER THE FORTY-THIRD.

London, March 8, 1711-12.

I CARRIED my 42nd letter in my pocket till evening, and then put it in the general post. I went in the morning to see lord-treasurer, who had taken physic, and was drinking his broth. I had been with the secretary before, to recommend a friend, one Dr. Freind, to be physician-general; and the secretary promised to mention it to the queen. I can serve everybody but myself. Then I went to court, and carried lord-keeper and the secretary to dine with lord Masham, when we drank the queen and lord-treasurer with every health, because this was the day of his stabbing. Then I went and played pool at piquet with lady Masham and Mrs. Hill; won ten shillings, gave a crown to the box, and came home. I met at my lodgings a letter from Jo, with a bill annexed from Ppt. What Jo asks is entirely out of my way; and I take it for a foolish whim in him. Besides, I know not who is to give a patent; if the duke of Ormond, I would speak to him; but good security is all; and to think that I would speak to lord-treasurer for any such matter at random is a jest. Did I tell you of a race of rakes, called the Mohocks, that play the devil about this town every night, slit people's noses, and bid them, &c. &c. Night, sirrabs, and love Pdfr. Night, MD.

9. I was at court to-day, and nobody invited me to dinner, except one or two, whom I did not care

to dine with; so I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. Young Davenant was telling us at court how he was set upon by the Mohocks,* and how they ran his chair through with a sword. It is not safe being in the streets at night for them. The bishop of Salisbury's son is said to be of the gang. They are all Whigs; and a great lady sent me to speak to her father and to lord-treasurer, to have a care of them, and to be careful likewise of myself; for she heard they had malicious intentions against the ministers and their friends. I know not whether there be anything in this, though others are of the same opinion. The weather still continues very fine and frosty. I walked in the park this evening, and came home early to avoid the Mohocks. Lord-treasurer is better. Night, my own two dearest MD.

10. I went this morning again to lord-treasurer, who is quite recovered; and I stayed till he went out. I dined with a friend in the city, about a little business of printing; but not my own. You must buy a small two-penny pamphlet, called "Law is a Bottomless Pit; or, The History of John Bull." It is very prettily written, and there will be a second part. The commons are very slow in bringing in their bill to limit the press, and the pamphleteers make good use of their time; for there come out three or four every day. Well, but is not it time, methinks, to have a letter from MD? It is now six weeks since I had your No. 26. I can assure you I expect one before this goes; and I will make shorter days' journals than usual, 'cause I hope to fill up a good deal of this side with my answer. Our fine weather lasts yet, but grows a little windy. We shall have rain soon, I suppose. Go to cards, sirrha, and I to sleep. Night, MD.

11. Lord-treasurer has lent the long letter I writ him to Prior; and I can't get Prior to return it. I want to have it printed, and to make up this academy for the improvement of our language. Faith, we never shall improve it so much as FW has done; shall we? No, faith, our richer *Gengriddle*. I dined privately with my friend Lewis, and then went to see Ned Southwell, and talked with him about Wall's business, and Mrs. South's. The latter will be done; but his own not. Southwell tells me, that it must be laid before lord-treasurer, and the nature of it explained, and a great deal of clutter, which is not worth the while; and, may be, lord-treasurer won't do it at last; and it is, as Walls says himself, not above forty shillings a year difference. You must tell Walls this, unless he would have the business a secret from you; in that case only say I did all I could with Ned Southwell, and it cannot be done; for it must be laid before lord-treasurer, &c., who will not do it; and besides, it is not worth troubling his lordship. So night, my two dear little MD.

12. Here is the devil and all to do with these Mohocks. Grub-street papers about them fly like lightning, and a list printed of near eighty put into several prisons, and all a lie; and I begin almost to think there is no truth, or very little in the whole story. He that abused Davenant was a drunken gentleman; none of that gang. My man tells me that one of the lodgers heard in a coffeehouse, publicly, that one design of the Mohocks was upon me, if they could catch me; and though I believe nothing of it, I forbear walking late, and they have put me to the charge of some shillings already. I dined to-day with lord-treasurer and two gentle-

men of the Highlands of Scotland, yet very polite men. I sat there till nine, and then went to lord Masham's, where lord-treasurer followed me, and we sat till twelve; and I came home in a chair for fear of the Mohocks, and I have given him warning of it too. Little Harrison, whom I sent to Holland, is now actually made queen's secretary at the Hague. It will be in the Gazette to-morrow. It is worth twelve hundred pounds a-year.

Here is a young fellow has writ some "Sea Eclogues," Poems of Mermen, resembling pastorals and shepherds, and they are very pretty, and the thought is new. Mermen are he-mermaids; Tritons, natives of the sea. Do you understand me? I think to recommend him to our society to-morrow. His name is Diaper. P—on him! I must do something for him, and get him out of the way. I hate to have any new wits rise, but when they do rise I would encourage them; but they tread on our heels and thrust us off the stage. Night, dearest MD.

13. You would laugh to see our printer constantly attending our society after dinner, and bringing us whatever new thing he has printed, which he seldom fails to do; yet he had nothing to-day. Lord Lansdown, one of our society, was offended at a passage in this day's "Examiner," which he thinks reflects on him, as I believe it does, though in a mighty civil way. It is only that his underlings cheat; but that he is a very fine gentleman every way, &c. Lord Orrery was president to-day, but both our dukes were absent. Brother Wyndham recommended Diaper to the society. I believe we shall make a contribution among ourselves, which I don't like. Lord-treasurer has yet done nothing for us, but we shall try him soon. The company parted early, but Freind, and Prior, and I, sat a while longer and reformed the state, and found fault with the ministry. Prior hates his commission of the customs, because it spoils his wit. He says he dreams of nothing but cockets, and dockets, and drawbacks, and other jargon, words of the custom-house. Our good weather went away yesterday, and the nights are now dark, and I came home before ten. Night, my dearest sirrha.

14. I have been plagued this morning with solicitors, and with nobody more than my brother Dr. Freind, who must needs have me to get old Dr. Lawrence, the physician-general, turned out and himself in. He has argued with me so long upon the reasonableness of it, and I am fully convinced it is very unreasonable; and so I would tell the secretary, if I had not already made him speak to the queen.—Besides, I know not but my friend Dr. Arbuthnot would be content to have it himself, and I love him ten times better than Freind. What's all this to you? but I must talk of things as they happen in the day, whether you know anything of them or not. I dined in the city, and, coming back, one person Richardson,^a of Ireland, overtook me. He was here last summer upon a project of converting the Irish and printing bibles, &c., in that language, and is now returned to pursue it on. He tells me Dr. Coghill came last night to town. I will send to see how he does to-morrow. He gave me a letter from Walls about his old business. Night, dearest MD.

15. I had intended to be early with the secretary this morning, when my man admitted up stairs one Mr. Newcomb, an officer, who brought me a letter from the bishop of Clogher, with four lines added by Mr. Ashe, all about that Newcomb. I think, in-

* A set of debauchees, who, under the various names of actors, servers, &c., insulted passengers, attacked the watchmen, and committed great abominations in night brawls. The "Spectator" goes fully into the description of their mad tricks.

^a John Richardson, rector of Annull, alias Belturbet, and chaplain to the duke of Ormond.

deed, his case is hard, but God knows whether I shall be able to do him any service. People will not understand: I am a very good second, but I care not to begin a recommendation, unless it be for an intimate friend. However, I will do what I can. I missed the secretary, and then walked to Chelsea to dine with the dean of Christchurch (Dr. Atterbury), who was engaged to lord Orrery, with some other Christchurch-men. He made me go with him whether I would or not, for they have this long time admitted me a Christchurch-man. Lord Orrery generally every winter gives his old acquaintance of that college a dinner. There were nine clergymen at table and four laymen. The dean and I soon left them, and after a visit or two I went to lord Masham's and lord-treasurer Arbutnot and I sat till twelve. And now I am come home and got to bed. I came afoot, but had my man with me. Lord-treasurer advised me not to go in a chair, because the Mohocks insult chairs more than they do those on foot. They think there is some mischievous design in those villains. Several of them, lord-treasurer told me, are actually taken up. I heard, at dinner, that one of them was killed last night. We shall know more in a little time. I do not like them as to men.

16. This morning, at the secretary's, I met general Ross, and recommended Newcomb's case to him, who promises to join with me in working up the duke of Ormond to do something for him. Lord Winchelsea told me to-day at court that two of the Mohocks caught a maid of old lady Winchelsea's at the door of their house in the park, with a candle, and had just lighted out somebody. They cut all her face and beat her, without any provocation. I hear my friend Lewis has got a Mohock in one of the messenger's hands. The queen was at church to-day, but was carried in an open chair. She has got an ugly cough, Arbutnot, her physician, says. I dined with Crowe, late governor of Barbados, an acquaintance of Stearn's. After dinner I asked him whether he had heard of Stearn? "Here he is," said he, "at the door in a coach," and in came Stearn. He has been here this week. He is buying a captainship in his cousin Stearn's regiment. He told me he left Jimmy Leigh playing at cards with you. He is to give 800 guineas for his commission. I suppose you know all this better than I. How shall I have room to answer your letter when I get it, I have gone so far already! Night, dearest rogues.

17. Dr. Sacheverel came this morning to give me thanks for getting his brother an employment. It was but six or seven weeks since I spoke to lord-treasurer for him. Sacheverel brought Trap along with him. We dined together at my printer's, and I sat with them till seven. I little thought, and I believe so did he, that ever I should be his solicitor to the present ministry, when I left Ireland. This is the seventh I have now provided for since I came, and can do nothing for myself. I don't care; I shall have ministries and other people obliged to me. Trap is a coxcomb, and the other is not very deep; and their judgment in things of wit and sense is mischievous. The second part of "Law is a Bottomless Pit" is just now printed, and better, I think, than the first. Night, my two dear saucy little rogues.

18. There is a proclamation out against the Mohocks. One of those that are taken is a baronet. I dined with poor Mrs. Wesley, who is returning to the Bath. Mrs. Percival's youngest daughter has got the small-pox, but will do well. I walked this evening in the park, and met Prior, who made me go home with him, where I stayed till past twelve, and

could not get a coach, and was alone, and was afraid enough of the Mohocks. I will do so no more, though I got home safe. Prior and I were talking discontentedly of some managements, that no more people are turned out, which gets lord-treasurer many enemies: but whether the fault be in him, or the queen, I know not; I doubt, in both. Young women, it is now seven weeks since I received your last; but I expect one next packet, to fill the rest of this paper; but if it don't come I'll do without it: so I wish you good luck at ombre with the dean. Night, ***

19. Newcomb came to me this morning, and I went to the duke of Ormond to speak for him; but the duke was just going out to take the oaths for general. The duke of Shrewsbury is to be lord-lieutenant of Ireland. I walked with Domville and Ford to Kensington, where we dined, and it cost me above a crown. I don't like it, as my man said. It was very windy walking. I saw there lord Masham's children. The youngest, my nephew, I fear, has got the king's evil; the other two are daughters of three and four years old. The gardens there are mighty fine. I passed the evening at lord Masham's with lord-treasurer and Arbutnot, as usual, and we stayed till past one; but I had my man to come with me, and at home I found three letters; one from one Fetherston, a parson, with a postscript of Tisdall's to recommend him. And Fetherston, whom I never saw, has been so kind as to give me a letter of attorney to recover a debt for him: another from lord Abercorn, to get him the dukedom of Châtelliers from the king of France; in which I will do what I can, for his pretensions are very just: the third, I warrant you, from our MD. It is a great stir this, of getting a dukedom from the king of France: but it is only to speak to the secretary, and get the duke of Ormond to engage in it, and mention the case to lord-treasurer, &c., and this I shall do. Night, dearest little MD.

20. I was with the duke of Ormond this morning, about lord Abercorn, Dr. Freind, and Newcomb. Some will do and some will not do: that's wise, mistresses. The duke of Shrewsbury is certainly to be your governor. I will go in a day or two, and give the duchess joy, and recommend the archbishop of Dublin to her. I write to the archbishop some months ago that it would be so; and told him I would speak a good word for him to the duchess; and he says he has a great respect for her, &c. I made our society change their house, and we met together at the Star and Garter in the Pall-mall. Lord Arran was president. The other dog was so extravagant in his bills, that for four dishes and four, first and second course, without wine or dessert, he charged twenty-one pounds six shillings and eightpence to the duke of Ormond. We design, when all have been presidents this turn, to turn it into a reckoning of so much a head; but we shall break up when this session ends. Night, dearest.

21. Morning. Now I will answer MD's letter, No. 27; you, that are adding to your numbers and grumbling, had made it 26 and then altered it to 27. I believe it is above a month since your last; yes, it is above seven weeks since I had your last; but I ought to consider that this was twelve days right [writing], so that makes it pretty even. O, the sorry jades, with their excuses of a fortnight at Ballinacool, seeing their friends and landlors running away. O what a trouble and a hustle!—No—if you will have it—I am not dean of Wells, nor know anything of being so; nor is there anything in the story; and that's enough. It was not Roper sent that news: Roper is my humble slave.—Yes, I heard of your

resolves, and that Burton was embroiled. Stratford spoke to me in his behalf; but I said I hated the rascal. Poor Catherine gone to Wales! But she will come back again, I hope. I would see her in my journey, if she were near the road, and bring her over. Joe is a fool; that sort of business is not at all in my way, pray put him off it. People laugh when I mention it. Beg your pardon, mistress: I am glad you like the apron: no harm, I hope. And so MD wonders she has not a letter all the day; she will have it soon. The deuce be it! married to that vengeance! Men are not to be helieved. I don't think her a fool. Who would have her? Dilly will be governed like an ass; and she will govern like a lion. Is not that true, Ppt? Why, Sterne told me he left you at ombre with Leigh; and yet you never saw him. I know nothing of his wife being here: it may cost her a — (I don't like to write that word plain). He is a little in doubt about buying his commission. Yes, I will bring you over all the little papers I can think on. I thought I sent you, by Leigh, all that were good at that time. The author of the *Sea Eclogues* sent books to the society yesterday, and we gave him guinea a-piece; and, may be, will do further from him (for him, I mean). So the bishop of Clogher and lady were your guests for a night or two. Why, Ppt, you are grown a great gamester and company-keeper. I did say to myself, when I read those names, just what you guess; and you clear up the matter wonderfully. You may converse with those two nymphs if you please, but — take me if ever I do. Yes, faith, it is delightful to hear that Ppt is every way Ppt now, in health and looks and all. Pray God keep her so, many, many, many years. The session, I doubt, will not be over till the end of April; however, I shall not wait for it, if the ministry will let me go sooner. I wish I were just now in my little garden at Laracor. I would set out for Dublin early on Monday, and bring you an account of my young trees, which you are better acquainted with than the ministry, and so am I. O, now you have got No. 41; have you so? Why, perhaps, I forgot, and kept it to next post in my pocket: I have done such tricks. My cold is better, but not gone. I want air and riding. Hold your tongue, you Ppt, about colds at Moor Park! the case is quite different. I will do what you desire me for Tisdall, when I next see lord Auglesey. Pray give him my service. The weather is warm these three or four days, and rainy. I am to dine to-day with Lewis and Darteneuf at Somers's, the clerk of the kitchen at court. Darteneuf loves good hits and good sups. Good morrow, little sirrabs. At night.—I dined, as I said; and it cost me a shilling for a chair. It has rained all day, and is very warm. Lady Masham's young son, my nephew, is very ill; and she is sick with grief. I pity her mightily. I am got home early, and going to write to the bishop of Clogher, but have no politics to send him. Night, my own two dearest saucy dear ones.

22. I am going into the city this morning with a friend about some business; so I will immediately seal up this, and keep it in my pocket till evening, and then put it in the post. The weather continues warm and gloomy. I have heard no news since I went to bed, so can say no more. Pray send ***** that I may have time to write to ***** about it. I have here underneath given order [this is *cu* *af*] for forty shillings to Mrs. Brent, which you will send to Parvool. Farewell, dearest dear MD, and love Ppfr dearly. Farewell, MD, MD, MD, &c. There, there, there, there, and there, and there again.

LETTER THE FORTY-FOURTH.

London, March 22, 1711-12.

UGLY, nasty weather. I was in the city to-day with Mrs. Wesley and Mrs. Percival, to get money from a banker for Mrs. Wesley, who goes to Bath on Thursday. I left them there, and dined with a friend, and went to see lord-treasurer; but he had people with him I did not know; so I went to lady Masham's, and lost a crown with her at piqueet, and then sat with lord Masham and lord-treasurer, &c., till past one; but I had my men with me, to come home. I gave in my 43rd, and one for the bishop of Clogher, to the post-office, as I came from the city; and so you know it is late now, and I have nothing to say for this day. Our Mohocks are all vanished; however, I shall take care of my person. Night, my dearest MD.

23. I was this morning, before church, with the secretary about lord Abercorn's business, and some others. My soliciting season is come, and will last as long as the session. I went late to court, and the company was almost gone. The court serves me for a coffeehouse; once a-week I meet an acquaintance there that I should not otherwise see in a quarter. There is a flying report that the French have offered a cessation of arms, and to give us Dunkirk, and the Dutch Namur, for security, till the peace is made. The duke of Ormond, they say, goes in a week. Abundance of his equipage is already gone. His friends are afraid the expense of this employment will ruin him, since he must lose the government of Ireland. I dined privately with a friend, and refused all dinners offered me at court; which, however, were but two, and I did not like either. Did I tell you of a scoundrel about the court, that sells employments to ignorant people, and cheats them of their money? He lately made a bargain for the vice-chamberlain's place, for seven thousand pounds, and had received some guinea earnest; but the whole thing was discovered the other day, and examination taken of it by lord Dartmouth, and I hope he will be swinged. The vice-chamberlain told me several particulars of it last night at lord Masham's. Can DD play at ombre yet, enough to hold the cards while Ppt steps into the next room? Night, dearest sirrabs.

24. This morning I recommended Newcomb again to the duke of Ormond, and left Dick Stewart to do it further. Then I went to visit the duchess of Hamilton, who was not awake. So I went to the duchess of Shrewsbury, and sat an hour at her toilet. I talked to her about the duke's being lord-lieutenant. She said she knew nothing of it; but I rallied her out of that, and she resolves not to stay behind the duke. I intend to recommend the bishop of Clogher to her for an acquaintance. He will like her very well: she is, indeed, a most agreeable woman, and a great favourite of mine. I know not whether the ladies in Ireland will like her. I was at the court of requests to get some lords to be at a committee to-morrow about a friend's bill; and then the duke of Beaufort gave me a poem, suely bound in folio, printed at Stamford, and writ by a country squire. Lord Exeter desired the duke to give it the queen, because the author is his friend; but the duke desired I would let him know whether it was good for anything. I brought it home and will return it to-morrow, as the dullest thing I ever read; and advise the duke not to present it. I dined with Demville at his lodgings, by invitation; for he goes in a few days for Ireland. Night, dear MD.

25. There is a mighty feast at a Tory sheriff's to-day in the city; twelve hundred dishes of meat.—Above five lords and several hundred gentlemen will

be there, and give four or five guineas a-piece, according to custom. Doctor Coghill and I dined, by invitation, at Mrs. Van's. It has rained or mixed all day, as my pockets feel. There are two new answers come out to the "Conduct of the Alliance." The last year's "Examiners," printed together in a small volume, go off but slowly. The printer over-printed himself by at least a thousand; so soon out of fashion are party papers, however so well writ. The "Medley's" are coming out in the same volume, and perhaps may sell better. Our news about a cessation of arms begins to flag, and I have not these three days seen anybody in business to ask them about it. We had a terrible fire last night in Drury-lane, or thereabouts, and three or four people destroyed. One of the maids of honour has the small-pox; but the best is, she can lose no beauty; and we have one new handsome maid of honour. Night, MD.

28. I forgot to tell you that on Sunday last, about seven at night, it lightened above fifty times as I walked the Mall, which I think is extraordinary at this time of the year, and the weather was very hot. Had you anything of this in Dublin? I intended to dine with lord-treasurer to-day; but lord Mansel and Mr. Lewis made me dine with them at Kit Musgrave's. Now you don't know who Kit Musgrave is. I sat the evening with Mrs. Wesley, who goes to-morrow morning to the Bath. She is much better than she was. The news of the French desiring a cessation of arms, &c., was but town talk. We shall know in a few days, as I am told, whether there will be a peace or not. The duke of Ormond will go in a week for Flanders they say. Our Mocks go on still and eat people's faces every night, but they shan't eat mine. I like it better as it is. The dogs will cost me at least a crown a-week in chains. I believe the souls of your houghers of cattle have got into them, and now they don't distinguish between a cow and a christian. I forgot to wish you yesterday a happy new year. You know the twenty-fifth of March is the first day of the year, and now you must leave off cards and put out your fire. I'll put out mine the first of April, cold or not cold. I believe I shall lose credit with you by not coming over at the beginning of April; but I hoped the session would be ended, and I must stay till then; yet I would fain be at the beginning of my willows growing. Percival tells me that the quicksets upon the flat in the garden do not grow so well as those famous ones on the ditch. They want digging about them. The cherry trees by the river side my heart is set upon.

27. Society day, you know that, I suppose. Dr. Arbuthnot was president. His dinner was dressed in the queen's kitchen, and was mighty fine. We eat it at Ozinda's chocolate-house, just by St. James's. We were never merrier nor better company, and did not part till after eleven. I did not summon lord Lansdown; he and I are fallen out. There was something in an Examiner a fortnight ago that he thought reflected on the abuses in his office (he is secretary at war), and he writ to the secretary that he heard I had inserted that paragraph. This I resented highly, that he should complain of me before he spoke to me. I sent him a peppering letter, and would not summon him by note, as I did the rest; nor ever will have anything to say to him till he begs my pardon. I met lord-treasurer to-day at lady Masham's. He would fain have carried me home to dinner, but I begged his pardon. What! upon a society day? No, no. It is late, sirrabs. I am not drunk.—Night, MD.

28. I was with my friend Lewis to-day, getting

materials for a little mischief; and I dined with lord-treasurer and three or four fellows I never saw before. I left them at seven, and came home, and have been writing to the archbishop of Dublin and cousin Deane, in answer to one of his of four months old, that I spied by chance, routing among my papers. Domville is going to Ireland; he came here this morning to take leave of me, but I shall dine with him to-morrow. Does the bishop of Clogher talk of coming for England this summer? I think lord Molesworth told me so about two months ago. The weather is bad again; rainy and very cold this evening. Do you know what the longitude is? A projector has been applying himself to me to recommend him to the ministry, because he pretends to have found out the longitude. I believe he has no more found it out than he has found out mine—. However, I will gravely hear what he says, and discover him a knave or fool. Night, MD.

29. I am plagued with these pains in my shoulder; I believe it is rheumatic; I will do something for it to-night. Mr. Lewis and I dined with Mr. Domville, to take our leave of him. I drank three or four glasses of champagne by perfect teasing, though it is bad for my pain; but if it continue, I will not drink any wine without water till I am well. The weather is abominably cold and wet. I am got into bed, and have put some old flannel, for want of new, to my shoulder; and rubbed it with Hungary water. It is plaguy hard. I never would drink any wine if it were not for my head, and drinking has given me this pain. I will try abstemiousness for a while. How does MD do now; how does DD and Ppt? You must know I hate pain, as the old woman said. But I'll try to go to sleep. My flesh sucks up Hungary water rarely. My man is an awkward rascal, and makes me peevish. Do you know that the other day he was forced to beg my pardon, that he could not shave my head, his hand shook so! He is drunk every day, and I design to turn him off as soon as ever I get to Ireland. I'll write no more now, but go to sleep, and see whether flannel and sleep will cure my shoulder. Night, dearest MD.

30. I was not able to go to church or court to-day. The pain has left my shoulder, and crept to my neck and collar-bone. It makes me think of poor Ppt's blade-bone. Urge, urge, urge; dogs gnawing. I went in a chair at two, and dined with Mrs. Van, where I could be easy, and came back at seven. My Hungary water is gone; and to-night I use spirits of wine, which my landlady tells me is very good. It has rained terribly hard all day long, and is extremely cold. I am very uneasy, and such cruel twinges every moment! Night, dearest MD.

31. April 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. All these days I have been extremely ill; though I twice crawled out a week ago; but am now recovering, though very weak. The violence of my pain abated the night before last: I will just tell you how I was, and then send this letter, which ought to have gone Saturday last. The pain increased with mighty violence in my left shoulder and collar-bone, and that side my neck. On Thursday morning appeared great red spots in all those places where my pain was, and the violence of the pain was confined to my neck, behind, or a little on the left side; which was so violent that I had not a minute's ease, nor hardly a minute's sleep in three days and nights. The spots increased every day, and red little pimples, which are now grown white and full of corruption, though small. The red still continues too, and most prodigious hot and inflamed. The disease is the shingles. I eat nothing but water-gruel; am very weak; but

out of all violent pain. The doctors say it would have ended in some violent disease, if it had not come out thus. I shall now recover fast. I have been in no danger of life, but miserable torture. So adieu, dearest MD, FW, &c. There, I can say there yet, you see. Faith, I don't conceal a bit, as hope saved.

P.S. I must purge and elyster after this; and my next letter will not be in the old order of Journal till I have done with physic. Are you not surprised to see a letter want half a side?

LETTER THE FORTY-FIFTH.

London, April 24, 1712.

I HAD yours two or three days ago. I can hardly answer it now. Since my last I have been extremely ill. 'Tis this day just a month since I felt the pain on the tip of my left shoulder, which grew worse, and spread for six days; then broke all out by my collar and left side of my neck in monstrous red spots inflamed, and these grew to small pimples. For four days I had no rest nor nights for a pain in my neck; then I grew a little better; afterward, where my pains were, a cruel itching seized me, beyond whatever I could imagine, and kept me awake several nights. I rubbed it vehemently, but did not scratch it; then it grew into three or four great sores like blisters, and run; at last I advised the doctor to use it like a blister, so I did with mellilot plasters, which still run; and am now in pain enough, but am daily mending. I kept my chamber a fortnight, then went out a day or two, but confined myself two days ago. I went to a neighbour to dine, but yesterday again kept at home. To-day I will venture abroad, and hope to be well in a week or ten days. I never suffered so much in my life. I have taken my breeches in above two inches, so I am leaner, which answers one question in your letter. The weather is mighty fine. I write in the morning, because I am better then. I will go try to walk a little. I will give DD's certificate to Tooke to-morrow. Farewell, MD, MD, &c.

LETTER THE FORTY-SIXTH.

London, May 10, 1712.

I HAVE not yet ease or humour enough to go on in my journal method, though I have left my chamber these ten days. My pain continues still in my shoulder and collar; I keep flannel on it and rub it with brandy, and take a nasty diet drink. I still itch terribly, and have some few pimples: I am weak, and sweat; and then the flannel makes me mad with itching; but I think my pain lessens. A journal, while I was sick, would have been a noble thing, made up of pain and physic, visits, and messages; the two last were almost as troublesome as the two first. One good circumstance is, that I am grown much leaner. I believe I told you that I have taken in my breeches two inches. I had your No. 29 last night. In answer to your good opinion of my disease, the doctors said they never saw anything so odd of the kind; they were not properly shingles, but *Aerpes miliaria*, and twenty other hard names. I can never be sick like other people, but always something out of the common way; and as for your notion of its coming without pain, it neither came nor stayed, nor went without pain, and the most pain I ever bore in my life. Medemeris is retired in the country, with the beast her husband long ago. I thank the bishop of Clogher for his proxy; I will write to him soon. Here is Dilly's wife in town; but I have not seen her yet.

No, simpleton: it is not a sign of health, but a sign that if it had not come out some terrible fit of sickness would have followed. I was at our society last Thursday, to receive a new member, the chancellor of the exchequer; but I drink nothing above wine and water. We shall have a peace, I hope soon, or at least entirely broke; but I believe the first. My letter to lord-treasurer, about the English tongue, is now printing; and I suffer my name to be put at the end of it, which I never did before in my life. The "Appendix to the Third Part of John Bull" was published yesterday; it is equal to the rest. I hope you read "John Bull." It was a Scotch gentleman, a friend of mine, that writ it; but they put it upon me. The parliament will hardly be up till June. We were like to be undone some days ago with a tack; but we carried it bravely, and the Whigs came in to help us. Poor lady Masham, I am afraid will lose her only son, about a twelvemonth old, with the king's evil. I never would let Mrs. Fenton see me during my illness, though she often came; but she has been once since I recovered. Bernege has been twice to see me of late. His regiment will be broke, and he only upon half-pay; so perhaps he thinks he will want me again. I am told here the bishop of Clogher and family are coming over; but he says nothing of it himself. I have been returning the visits of those that sent *Aow-dees* in my sickness; particularly the duchess of Hamilton, who came and sat with me two hours. I make hargains with all people that I dine with, to let me scrub my back against a chair; and the duchess of Ormonde was forced to bear it the other day. Many of my friends are gone to Kensington, where the queen has been removed for some time. This is a long letter for a sick body. I will begin the next in the journal way, though my journals will be sorry ones. My left hand is very weak and trembles; but my right side has not been touched.

This is a pitiful letter, for want of a better; but plagued with a letter, my fancy does better.

Ab; my poor willows and quicksets! Well, but you must read "John Bull." Do you understand it all! Did I tell you that young parson Grey is going to be married, and asked my advice when it was too late to break off? He tells me Elwick has purchased forty pounds a-year in land adjoining to his living. Ppt does not say one word of her own little health. I am vexed almost; but I won't, because she is a good girl in other things. Yes, and so is DD too. God bless MD, and FW, and Me, and Pdr too. Farewell, MD, MD, MD, Lele. I can say lele yet, young women; yes I can, well as you.

LETTER THE FORTY-SEVENTH.

London, May 21, 1712.

I CANNOT yet arrive to my journal letters, my pains continuing still, though with less violence; but I don't love to write journals while I am in pain; and above all not journals to MD. But, however, I am so much mended, that I intend my next shall be in the old way; and yet I shall perhaps break my resolution when I feel pain. I believe I have lost credit with you in relation to my coming over; but I protest it is impossible for one who has anything to do with this ministry to be certain when he fixes any time. There is a business, which, till it takes some turn or other, I cannot leave this place in prudence or honour. And I never wished so much as now that I

* A tack is a bill tacked to a money bill, that as both must be passed or rejected together, the tacked bill may pass because the money bill must.

had stayed in Ireland; but the die is cast and is now a spinning, and till it settles I cannot tell whether it be an ace or a six. The moment I am used ill I will leave them; but know not how to do it while things are in suspense.—The session will soon be over (I believe in a fortnight), and the peace, we hope, will be made in a short time; and there will be no further occasion for me; nor have I anything to trust to but court gratitude; so that I expect to see my willows a month after the parliament is up: but I will take MD in my way, and not go to Laracor like an unmannerly sproenckish fellow. Have you seen my "Letter to Lord-treasurer?" There are two answers come out to it already; though it is no politics, but a harmless proposal about the improvement of the English tongue. I believe if I write an essay upon a straw some fool would answer it. About ten days hence I expect a letter from MD, No. 30.—You are now writing it, near the end, as I guess.—I have not received DD's money; but I will give you a note for it on Parvissol, and beg your pardon I have not done it before. I am just now thinking to go lodge at Kensington for the air. Lady Masham has teased me to do it, but business has hindered me; but now lord-treasurer has removed thither. Fifteen of our society dined together under a canopy in an arbour at Parson's-green last Thursday; I never saw anything so fine and romantic. We got a great victory last Wednesday in the house of lords by a majority, I think, of twenty-eight; and the Whigs had desired their friends to bespeak places to see lord-treasurer carried to the Tower. I met your Higgins here yesterday; he roars at the insolence of the Whigs in Ireland, talks much of his own sufferings and expenses in asserting the cause of the church; and I find he would fain plead merit enough to desire that his fortune should be mended. I believe he designs to make as much noise as he can in order to preferment. Pray let the provost, when he sees you, give you ten English shillings, and I will give as much here to the man who delivered me Rymmer's books; he knows the meaning. Tell him I will not trust him, but that you can order it to be paid me here; and I will trust you till I see you. Have I told you that the rogue Patrick has left me these two months to my great satisfaction? I have got another, who seems to be much better, if he continues it. I am printing a threepenny pamphlet,* and shall print another in a fortnight, and then I have done, unless some new occasion starts. Is my curate Warburton married to Mrs. Melthrop in my parish? so I hear. Or is it a lie? Has Raymond got to his new house? Do you see Joe now and then? What luck have you, at ombre? How stands it with the dean? My service to Mrs. Stoyte and Catherine, if she be come from Wales. I have not yet seen Dilly Ashe's wife. I culled once, but she was not at home: I think she is under the doctor's hand. I believe the news of the duke of Ormond producing letters in the council of war, with orders not to fight, will surprise you in Ireland. Lord-treasurer said in the house of lords that in a few days the treaty of peace should be laid before them; and our court thought it wrong to hazard a battle, and sacrifice many lives in such a juncture. If the peace holds all will do well, otherwise I know not how we shall weather it. And it was reckoned as a wrong step in politics for lord-treasurer to open himself so much. The secretary would not go so far to satisfy the Whigs in the house of commons; but there all went swimmingly. I'll say no more to you to-night, sirrabs, because I

* "Some Reasons to prove that no person is obliged by his Principles as a Whig, to oppose her Majesty or the present Ministry."

must send away the letter, not by the hell, hot early; and besides, I have not much more to say at this present writing. Does MD never read at all now, pray? But you walk prodigiously, I suppose.—You make nothing of walking to, to, to, ay, to Donybrook. I walk as much as I can, because sweating is good; but I'll walk more if I go to Kensington. I suppose I shall have no apples this year neither. So I dined the other day with lord Rivers, who is sick at his country house, and he showed me all his cherries blasted. Night, dearest sirrabs; farewell, dearest lives, love poor Pdrf. Farewell, dearest little MD.

LETTER THE FORTY-EIGHTH.

Ken-ington. June 17. 1712.

I HAVE been so tosted about since my last, that I could not go on in my journal manner, though my shoulder is a great deal better; however, I feel violent pain in it, but I think it diminishes, and I have cut off some slices from my flannel. I have lodged here near a fortnight, partly for the air and exercise, partly to be near the court, where dinners are to be found. I generally get a lift in a coach to town, and in the evening I walk back. On Saturday I dined with the duchess of Ormond at her lodge near Sheen, and thought to get a boat as usual. I walked by the bank to Kew, but no boat, then to Mortlake, but no boat, and it was nine o'clock. At last a little sculler called, full of nasty people. I made him set me down at Hammersmith, so walked two miles to this place, and got here by eleven. Last night I had another such difficulty. I was in the city till past ten at night; it rained hard, but no coach to be had. It gave over a little, and I walked all the way here, and got home by twelve. I love these shabby difficulties when they are over; but I hate them, because they arise from not having a thousand pounds a-year. I had your No. 30 about three days ago, which I will now answer. And first I did not relapse, but I came out before I ought; and so, and so, as I have told you in some of my last. The first coming abroad made people think I was quite recovered, and I had no more messages afterward. Well, but "John Bull" is not wrote by the person you imagine. It is too good for another to own. Had it been Grub-street, I would have let people think as they please; and I think that's right: is not it now? so flap your hand, and make wry mouths yourself, saucy doxy. Now comes DD. Why, sirrabs, I did write in a fortnight my 47th; and if it did not come in due time, can I help wind and weather? am I a Laplander? am I witch? can I work miracles? can I make easterly winds? Now I am against Dr. Smith. I drink little water with my wine, yet I believe he is right. Yet Dr. Cockburn told me a little wine would not hurt me; but it is so hot and dry, and water is so dangerous. The worst thing here is my evenings at lord Masham's, where lord-treasurer comes, and we sit till after twelve. But it is convenient I should be among them for a while as much as possible. I need not tell you why. But I hope that will be at an end in a month or two one way or other, and I am resolved it shall; but I can't go to Tunbridge, or anywhere else out of the way, in this juncture. So Ppt designs for Templeage (what a name is that!). Whereabouts is that place? I hope not very far from —. Higgins is here roaring that all is wrong in Ireland, and would have me get him an audience at lord-treasurer to tell him so; but I will have nothing to do in it, no, not I, faith. We have had no thunder till last night, and till then we were dead for want of rain; but there fell a great deal; no field looked green. I reckon the queen will go

to Windsor in three or four weeks: and if the secretary takes a house there, I shall be sometimes with him. But how affectingly Ppt talks of my being here all the summer; which I do not intend, nor to stay one minute longer in England than becomes the circumstances I am in. I wish you would go soon into the country, and take a good deal of it; and where better than Trim? Joe will be your humble servant, Purvisol your slave, and Raymond at your command, for he piques himself on good manners. I have seen Dilly's wife—and I have seen once or twice old Bradley here. He is very well, very old, and very wise; I believe I must go see his wife when I have leisure. I should be glad to see Goody Stoyte and her husband; pray give them my humble service, and to Catherine, and to Mrs. Walls—I cannot be the least bit in love with Mrs. Walls—I suppose the cares of the husband increase with the fruitfulness of the wife. I am glad at heart to hear of Ppt's good health; please to let her finish it by drinking waters. I hope DD had her bill, and has her money. Remember to write a due time before the money is wanted, and he good girls, good dollars, I mean, and no crying dollars. I heard somebody coming up stairs, and forgot I was in the country; and I was afraid of a visitor; that is one advantage of being here, that I am not teased with solicitors. Molt, the chemist, is my acquaintance. My service to Dr. Smith. I sent the question to him about sir Walter Raleigh's cordial, and the answer he returned is in these words: "It is directly after Mr. Boyle's receipt." That commission is performed; if he wants any of it, Molt shall use him fairly. I suppose Smith is one of your physicians. So now your letter is fully and impartially answered: not as rascals answer me: I believe, if I writ an essay upon a straw, I should have a shoal of answers; but no matter for that: you see I can answer without making any reflections, as becomes men of learning. Well, but now for the peace: why, we expect it daily; but the French have the staff in their own hands, and we trust to their honesty. I wish it were otherwise. Things are now in the way of being soon in the extremes of well or ill.—I hope and believe the first. Lord Wharton is gone out of town in a rage, and curses himself and friends for ruining themselves in defending lord Marlborough and Godolphin, and taking Nottingham into their favour. He swears he will meddle no more during this reign; a pretty speech at sixty-six, and the queen is near twenty years younger, and now in very good health; for you must know her health is fixed by a certain reason, that she has done with braces (I must use the expression), and nothing ill has happened to her since; so she has a new lease of her life. Read the "Letter to a Whig lord." Do you ever read? Why don't you say so? I mean does DD read to Ppt? Do you walk? I think Ppt should walk to DD, as DD reads to Ppt, for Ppt you must know is a good walker; but not so good as Pdfr. I intend to dine to-day with Mr. Lewis: but it threatens rain; and I shall be too late to get a lift; and I must write to the bishop of Clogher. It is now ten in the morning; and this is all writ at a heat. Farewell, dearest MD.

LETTER THE FORTY-NINTH.

Kennington, July 1, 1719.

I NEVER was in a worse station for writing letters than this; for I go to town early; and when I come home at night I generally go to lord Masham's, where lord-treasurer comes, and we stay till past twelve; but I am now resolved to write journals

again, though my shoulder is not yet well; for I have still a few itching pimples, and a little pain now and then. It is now high cherry time with us; take notice, is it so soon with you! And we have early apricots; and gooseberries are ripe. On Sunday archdeacon Parnell came here to see me. It seems he has been ill for grief of his wife's death, and has been two months at Bath. He has a mind to go to Dunkirk with Jack Hill, and I persuade him to it, and have spoke to Hill to receive him; but I doubt he won't have spirit to go. I have made Ford gasetteer, and got two hundred pounds a-year settled on the employment by the secretaries of state, beside the perquisites. It is the prettiest employment in England of its bigness; yet the puppy does not seem satisfied with it. I think people keep some follies to themselves, till they have occasion to produce them. He thinks it not genteel enough, and makes twenty difficulties. It is impossible to make any man easy. His salary is paid him every week, if he pleases, without taxes or abatements. He has little to do for it. He has a pretty office, with coals, caudles, papers, &c.; can frank what letters he will; and his perquisites, if he takes care, may be worth one hundred pounds more. I hear the bishop of Clogher is landing, or landed, in England; and I hope to see him in a few days. I was to see Mr. Bradley on Sunday night. Her youngest son is to marry somebody worth nothing, and her daughter was forced to leave lady Giffard, because she was striking up an intrigue with a footman who played well on the flute. This is the mother's account of it. Yesterday, the old bishop of Worcester,* who pretends to be a prophet, went to the queen by appointment, to prove to her majesty, out of Daniel and the Revelation, that four years hence there would be a war of religion; that the king of France would be a protestant, and fight on their side; that the popedom would be destroyed, &c.; and declared that he would be content to give up his bishopric if it were not true. Lord-treasurer, who told it me, was by, and some others; and I am told lord-treasurer confounded him sadly in his own learning, which made the old fool very quarrelsome. He is near ninety years old. Old Bradley is fat and lusty, and has lost his palsy. Have you seen "To-land's Invitation to Dismal!" [the earl of Nottingham.] How do you like it? But it is an imitation of Horace, and perhaps you do not understand Horace. Here has been a great sweep of employments, and we expect still more removals. The court seems resolved to make thorough work. Mr. Hill intended to set out to-morrow for Dunkirk, of which he is appointed governor; but he tells me to-day that he cannot go till Thursday or Friday. I wish it were over. Mr. Secretary tells me he is in no fear at all that France will play tricks with us. If we have Dunkirk once, all is safe. We rail now all against the Dutch, who, indeed, have acted like knaves, fools, and madmen. Mr. Secretary is soon to be made a viscount. He desired I would draw the preamble of his patent; but I excused myself from a work that might lose me a great deal of reputation, and get me very little. We would fain have the court make him an earl, but it will not be; and therefore he will not take the title of Bolingbroke, which is lately extinct in the elder branch of his family. I have advised him to be called lord Pomfret; but he thinks that title is already in some other family; and besides, he objects that it is in Yorkshire, where he has no estate; but there is nothing

* Dr. William Lloyd, bishop of Worcester, a man of learning, and author of a "History of the Government of the Church," and other works.

In that, and I love Pomfret. Don't you love Pomfret? Why? 'Tis in all our histories; they are full of Pomfret-castle. But what's all this to you? You don't care for this? Is Goody Stoyte come to London? I have not heard of her yet. The dean of St. Patrick's never had the manners to answer my letter. I was the other day to see Stearn and his wife. She is not half so handsome as when I saw her with you at Dublin. They design to pass the summer at a house near lord Somers's, about a dozen miles off. You never told me how my "Letter to Lord-Treasurer" passes in Ireland. I suppose you are drinking at this time Temple—something waters. Steele was arrested the other day for making a lottery directly against an act of parliament. He is now under prosecution; but they think it will be dropped out of pity. I believe he will very soon lose his employment, for he has been mighty impertinent of late in his Spectators; and I will never offer a word in his behalf. Raymond writes me word that the bishop of Meath [Dr. William Moreton] was going to summon me, in order to suspension for absence, if the provost had not prevented him. I am prettily rewarded for getting them their first-fruits with a p— We have had very little hot weather during the whole month of June; and for a week past we have had a great deal of rain, though not every day. I am just now told that the governor of Dunkirk has not orders yet to deliver up the town to Jack Hill and his forces, but expects them daily. This must put off Hill's journey a while, and I don't like these stoppings in such an affair. Go, get you gone, and drink your waters, if this rain has not spoiled them, saucy dory. I have no more to say to you at present: but love Pdfr, and MD, and Me. And Pdfr will love Pdfr, and MD, and Me. I wish you had taken an account when I sent money to Mrs. Brent. I believe I have not done it a great while. Farewell, dearest MD.

LETTER THE FIFTIETH.

Kensington, July 17, 1718.

I AM weary of living in this place, and glad to leave it soon. The queen goes on Tuesday to Windsor, and I shall follow in three or four days after. I can do nothing here, going early to London, and coming late from it, and supping at lady Masham's. I dined to-day with the duke of Argyll at Kew, and would not go to the court to-night, because of writing to MD. The bishop of Clogher has been here this fortnight: I see him as often as I can. Poor Master Ashe has a bad redness in his face; it is St. Anthony's fire; his face all swelled, and will break out in his cheek, but no danger. Since Dunkirk has been in our hands, Grub-street has been very fruitful. Pdfr has writ five or six Grub-street papers this last week. Have you seen "Toland's Invitation to Dissual," or "Huc and Cry after Dissual," or "Ballad on Dunkirk," or "Agreement that Dunkirk is not in our hands"? Poh! you have seen nothing. I am dead here with the hot weather; yet I walk every night home, and believe it does me good; but my shoulder is not yet right; itches, and scratches, and smail aches. Did I tell you that I have made Ford gazetteer, with two hundred pounds a-year salary, besides perquisites? I had a letter lately from Parvisol, who says my canal looks very finely; I long to see it; but no apples; all blasted again. He tells me there will be a triennial visitation in August. I must send Raymond another proxy. So now I will answer your letter, No. 36, dated June 17. Ppt writes as well as ever, for all her waters. I wish I had never come here, as often

and as heartily as Ppt. What had I to do here? I have heard of the bishop's [of Meath] making me uneasy, but I did not think it was because I never wrote to him. A little would make me write to him, but I don't know what to say. I find I am obliged to the provost for keeping the bishop from being impertinent. Yes, Mrs. DD, but you would not be content with letters from Pdfr of six lines, or twelve either, faith. I hope Ppt will have done with the waters soon, and find benefit by them. I believe, if they were as far off as Wexford, they would do as much good; for I take the journey to contribute as much as anything. I can assure you, the bishop of Clogher's being here does not in the least affect my staying or going. I never talked to Higgins but once in my life in the street, and I believe he and I shall hardly meet but by chance. What care I whether my "Letter to Lord-Treasurer" be commended there or not? Why does not somebody among you answer it, as three or four have done here? (I am now sitting with nothing but my bedgown, for heat.) Ppt shall have a great Bible, and DD shall be repaid her other book; but patience; all in good time; you are so hasty, a dog, would, &c. So Ppt has neither won nor lost. Why, m—, I play sometimes too at picket; that is piquet, I mean; but very seldom.—Out late! why, it is only at lady Masham's, and that is in our town; but I never come late here from London, except once in rain, when I could not get a coach. We have had very little thunder here; none these two months. Why, pray, madam philosopher, how did the rain hinder the thunder from doing any harm? I suppose it quenched it. So here comes Ppt again with her little watery postscript. You bold drunken slut! you drink Pdfr's health ten times in a morning! you are a whetter, faith. I sup MD's fifteen times every morning in milk porridge. There's for you now—and there's for your letter, and every kind of thing—and now I must say something else. You bear secretary St. John is made viscount Bolingbroke. I could hardly persuade him to take that title, because the eldest branch of his family had it in an earldom, and it was last year extinct. If he did not take it, I advised him to be lord Pomfret, which I think is a noble title. You hear of it often in the Chronicles, Pomfret-castle: but we believed it was among the titles of some other lord. Jack Hill sent his sister a pattern of a head-dress from Dunkirk; it was like our fashion twenty years ago, only not quite so high, and looks very ugly. I have made Trap chaplain to lord Bolingbroke, and he is mighty happy and thankful for it. Mr. Addison returned me my visit this morning. He lives in our town. I shall be mighty retired, and mighty busy for a while at Windsor. Pray why don't MD go to Trim, and see Laracor, and give me an account of the garden, and the river, and the holly and the cherry-trees on the river walk?

19. I could not send this letter last post, being called away before I could finish it. I dined yesterday with lord-treasurer; sat with him till ten at night; yet could not find a minute for some business I had with him. He brought me to Kensington, and lord Bolingbroke would not let me go away till two; and I am now in bed, very lazy and sleepy at nine. I must shave head and face, and meet lord Bolingbroke at eleven, and dine again with lord-treasurer. To-day there will be another Grub, "A Letter from the Pretender to a Whig Lord." Grub-street has but ten days to live; then an act of parliament takes place that ruins it, by taxing every half-sheet at a half-penny. We have news just come, but not the particulars, that the earl of Alber-

marie, at the head of eight thousand Dutch, is beaten, lost the greatest part of his men, and himself made a prisoner. This perhaps may cool their courage, and make them think of a peace. The duke of Ormond has got abundance of credit by his good conduct of affairs in Flanders. We had a good deal of rain last night, very refreshing. It is late, and I must rise. Don't play at omhre in your waters, sirrah. Farewell, dearest MD.

LETTER THE FIFTY-FIRST.

London, Aug. 7, 1712.

I HAD your No. 32 at Windsor: I just read it, and immediately sealed it up again, and shall read it no more this twelvemonth at least. The reason of my resentment is, because you talk as glibly of a thing as if it were done, which, for aught I know, is farther from being done than ever, since I hear not a word of it, though the town is full of it, and the court always giving me joy and vexation. You might be sure I would have let you know as soon as it was done; but I believe you fancied I would not affect to tell it you, but let you learn it from newspapers and reports. I remember only there was something in your letter about Me's money; and that shall be taken care of on the other side. I left Windsor on Monday last, upon lord Bolingbroke's being gone to France; and somebody's being here that I ought often to consult with in an affair I am upon; but that person talks of returning to Windsor again, and I believe I shall follow him. I am now in a hedge lodging very busy, as I am every day till noon; so that this letter is like to be short, and you are not to blame me these two months; for I protest, if I study ever so hard, I cannot in that time compass what I am upon.* We have a fever both here and at Windsor, which hardly anybody misses; but it lasts not above three or four days, and kills nobody. The queen had forty servants down in it at once. I dined yesterday with lord-treasurer, but could do no business, though he sent for me I thought on purpose; but he desires I will dine with him again to-day. Windsor is a most delightful place, and at this time abounds in dinners. My lodgings look upon Eton and the Thames. I wish I were owner of them; they belong to a prebend. God knows what was in your letter; and if it be not answered, whose fault is it, saucy dallars! Do you know that Grub-street is dead and gone last week! No more ghosts or murders now for love or money. I plied it pretty close the last fortnight, and published at least seven penny papers of my own, besides some of other people's: but now every single half-sheet pays a half-penny to the queen. The "Observer" is fallen; the "Medleys" are jumbled together with the "Flying Post;" the "Examiner" is dead; the "Spectator" keeps up, and doubles its price; I know not how long it will hold. Have you seen the red stamp the papers are marked with? Methinks it is worth a half-penny the stamping. Lord Bolingbroke and Prior set out for France last Saturday. My lord's business is to hasten the peace before the Dutch are too much mauled, and to hinder France from carrying the jest of beating them too far. Have you seen the fourth part of John Bull? It is equal to the rest, and extremely good. The bishop of Clogher's son has been ill of St. Anthony's fire, but is now quite well. I was afraid his face would be spoiled, but it is not. Dilly is just as he used to be, and puns as plentifully and as bad. The two brothers see one another; and I

* His History of the Four last Years.

think not the two sisters. Raymond wrote to me that he intended to invite you to Trim. Are you, have you, will you be there? Won't you see poor Laracor? Parvisoi says I shall have no fruit. Blasts have taken away all. Pray observe the cherry-trees in the river walk; but you are too lazy to take such a journey. If you have not your letters in due time for two months hence, impute it to my being tossed between this and Windsor. Poor lord Winchelsea is dead, to my great grief. He was a worthy honest gentleman, and particular friend of mine; and, what is yet worse, my old acquaintance, Mrs. Finch, is now countess of Winchelsea, the title being fallen to her husband, but without much estate. I have been poring my eyes all this morning, and it is now past two afternoon, so I shall take a little walk in the park. Do you play at omhre still? Or is that off by Mr. Stoyte's absence and Mrs. Manley's grief? Somebody was telling me of a strange sister that Mrs. Manley has got in Ireland, who disappointed you all about her being handsome. My service to Mrs. Walls. Farewell, dearest MD, FW, Me, Lele, rogues both; love poor Pdf.

LETTER THE FIFTY-SECOND.

Windsor, Sept. 15, 1712.

I NEVER was so long without writing to MD as now since I left them, nor ever will again while I am able to write. I have expected from one week to another that something would be done in my own affairs; but nothing at all is, nor I don't know when anything will, or whether any at all, so slow are people at doing favours. I have been much out of order of late with the old giddiness in my head. I took a vomit for it two days ago, and will take another about a day or two hence. I have eat mighty little fruit; yet I impute my disorder to that little, and shall henceforth wholly forbear it. I am engaged in a long work, and have done all I can of it, and wait for some papers from the ministry for materials for the rest; and they delay me, as if it were a favour I asked of them; so that I have been idle here this good while, and it happened in a right time, when I was too much out of order to study. One is kept constantly out of humour by a thousand unaccountable things in public proceedings; and when I reason with some friends, we cannot conceive how affairs can last as they are. God only knows, but it is a very melancholy subject for those who have any near concern in it. I am again endeavouring, as I was last year, to keep people from breaking to pieces upon a hundred misunderstandings. One cannot withhold them from drawing different ways, while the enemy is watching to destroy both. See how my style is altered, by living and thinking, and talking among these people, instead of my canal and river, walk and willows. I lose all my money here among the ladies; so that I never play when I can help it, being sure to lose. I have lost five pounds the five weeks I have been here. I hope Fpt is luckier at picquet with the dean and Mrs. Walls. The dean never answered my letter, and I have clearly forgot whether I sent a bill for Me in any of my last letters. I think I did; pray let me know, and always give me timely notice, I wait here but to see what they will do for me; and whenever preferences are given from me, as *** said, I will come over.

18. I have taken a vomit to-day, and hope I shall be better. I have been very giddy since I wrote what is before, yet not as I used to be; more frequent, but not so violent. Yesterday we were

alarmed with the queen's being ill: she had an aguish and feverish fit; and you never saw such countenances as we all had, such dismal melancholy. Her physicians from town were sent for; but to-ward night she grew better; to-day she missed her fit, and was up; we are not now in any fear; it will be at worst but an ague, and we hope even that will not return. Lord-treasurer would not come here from London, because it would make a noise, if he came before his usual time, which is Saturday, and he goes away on Mondays. The Whigs have lost a great support in the earl of Godolphin. It is a good jest to hear the ministers talk of him with humanity and pity, because he is dead, and can do them no more hurt. Lady Orkney,* the late king's mistress, (who lives at a fine place, five miles from hence, called Clifflin,) and I, are grown mighty acquaintance. She is the wisest woman I ever saw; and lord-treasurer made great use of her advice in the late change of affairs. I heard lord Marlborough is growing ill of his *diabetes*; which, if it be true, may soon carry him off; and then the ministry will be something more at ease. MD has been a long time without writing to Pdfr, though they have not the same cause: it is seven weeks since your last came to my hands, which was No. 32, that you may not be mistaken. I hope Pp has not wanted her health. You were then drinking waters. The doctor tells me I must go into a course of *steel*, though I have not the spleen; for that they can never give me, though I have as much provocation to it as any man alive. Bernage's regiment is broke; but he is upon half-pay. I have not seen him this long time; but I suppose he is overrun with melancholy. My lord Shrewsbury is certainly designed to be governor of Ireland; and I believe the duchess will please the people there mightily. The Irish Whig leaders promise great things to themselves from this government; but great care shall be taken, if possible, to prevent them. Mrs. Fenton has writ to me that she has been forced to leave lady Giffard, and come to town, for a rheumatism: that lady does not love to be troubled with sick people. Mrs. Fenton writes to me as one dying, and desires I would think of her son; I have not answered her letter. She is retired to Mrs. Povey's. Is my aunt alive yet? and do you ever see her? I suppose she has forgot the loss of her son. Is Raymond's new house quite finished? and does he squander as he used to do? Has he yet spent all his wife's fortune? I hear there are five or six people putting strongly in for my livings; God help them! But if ever the court should give me anything, I would recommend Raymond to the Duke of Ormond; not for any particular friendship to him, but because it would be proper for the minister of Trim to have Laracor. You may keep the gold studded snuff-box now; for my brother Hill, governor of Dunkirk, has sent me the finest that ever you saw. It is allowed at court that none in England comes near it, though it did not cost above twenty pounds. And the duchess of Hamilton has made me a pocket for it, like a woman's, with a belt and buckle (for, you know, I wear no waistcoat in summer), and there are several divisions, and one on purpose for my box, oh, ho!—We have had most delightful weather this whole week; but illness and vomiting have hindered me from sharing in a great part of it. Lady Masham made the queen send to Kensington for some of her preserved ginger for me, which I take in the morning, and hope it will do me good. Mrs. Brent sent me a letter by a young fellow, a printer, desiring I

would recommend him here, which you may tell her I have done: but I cannot promise what will come of it, for it is necessary they should be made free here before they can be employed. I remember I put the boy apprentice to Brent. I hope Parvise has set my tithes well this year; he has writ nothing to me about it; pray talk to him of it when you see him, and let him give me an account how things are. I suppose the corn is now off the ground. I hope he has sold that great ugly horse. Why don't you talk to him? He keeps me at charges for horses that I never ride: yours is large, and will never be good for anything. The queen will stay here about a month longer I suppose; but lady Masham will go in ten days to lie in at Kensington. Poor creature! she fell down in the court here the other day. She would needs walk across it upon some displeasure with her chairmen, and was likely to be spoiled so near her time; but we hope all is over for a black eye and a sore side; though I shall not be at ease till she is brought to bed. I find I can fill up a letter, some way or other, without a journal. If I had not a spirit naturally cheerful,* I should be very much discontented at a thousand things. Pray God preserve MD's health, and Pdfr's, and that I may live free from the envy and discontent that attends those who are thought to have more favour at court than they really possess. Love Pdfr, who loves MD above all things. Farewell, dearest, ten thousand times dearest, MD.

LETTER THE FIFTY-THIRD.

London, Oct. 9, 1712.

I HAVE left Windsor these ten days, and am deep in pills with *asafoetida* and a steel bitter drink; and I find my head much better than it was. I was very much discouraged; for I used to be ill for three or four days together, ready to totter as I walked. I take eight pills a-day, and have taken, I believe, a hundred and fifty already. The queen, lord-treasurer, lady Masham and I were all ill together, but are now all better; only lady Masham expects every day to lie in at Kensington. There never was such a lump of lies spread about the town together as now. I doubt not but you will have them in Dublin before this comes to you, and all without the least ground of truth. I have been mightily put back in something I am writing by my illness, but hope to fetch it up, so as to be ready when the parliament meets. Lord-treasurer has had an ugly fit of the rheumatism, but it is now near quite well. I was playing at *one-and-thirty* with him and his family the other night. He gave us all twelvence apiece to begin with: it put me in mind of sir William Temple. I asked both him and lady Masham seriously whether the queen were at all inclined to a dropy? And they positively assured me she was not; so did her physician Arhuthnot, who always attends her. Yet these devils have spread that she has holes in her legs and runs at her navel, and I know not what. Arhuthnot has sent me from Windsor a pretty Discourse upon Lying, and I have ordered the printer to come for it. It is a proposal for publishing a curious piece, called "The Art of Political Lying, in two volumes." &c. And then there is an abstract of the first volume, just like those pamphlets which they call "The Works of the Learned." Pray get it when it comes out. The queen has a little of the gout in one of her hands. I believe she will stay a month still at Windsor. Lord-treasurer

* This life is a mournful and striking instance of the power of disappointment totally to subvert natural cheerfulness, to take away the value of every good, and aggravate real by imaginary evil.

* Lady Elizabeth Villiers, on whom King William settled a large estate in Ireland.

showed me the kindest letter from her in the world, by which I picked out one secret, that there will be soon made some knights of the Garter. You know another is fallen by lord Godolphin's death; he will be hurried in a day or two at Westminster Abbey. I saw Tom Leigh in town once. The bishop of Clogher has taken his lodging for the winter; they are all well. I hear there are in town abundance of people from Ireland; half-a-dozen bishops at least. The poor old bishop of London,* at past fourscore, fell down backward going up stairs, and I think broke or cracked his skull; yet is now recovering. The town is as empty as at midsummer; and if I had not occasion for physic, I would be at Windsor still. Did I tell you of lord Rivers' will? He has left legacies to about twenty paltry old whores by name, and not a farthing to any friend, dependent, or relation; he has left from his only child, lady Barrymore,^b her mother's estate, and given the whole to his heir-male, a popish priest, a second cousin, who is now earl Rivers, and whom he used in his life like a footman. After him it goes to his chief wench and bastard. Lord-treasurer and lord-chamberlain are executors of this hopeful will. I loved the man, but I detest his memory. We hear nothing of peace yet: I believe verily the Dutch are so wilful because they are told the queen cannot live. I had poor MD's letter, No. 32, at Windsor; but I could not answer it then; Ppfr was very sick then; and, besides, it was a very inconvenient place to write letters from. You "thought to come home the same day, and stayed a month!" that was a sign the place was agreeable. I should love such a sort of jaunt. Is that lad Swenton a little more fixed than he used to be? I think you like the girl very well. She has left off her grave airs, I suppose. I am now told lord Godolphin was buried last night.—O poor Ppfr (Mrs. Johnson). I believe I escaped the *new fever*, for the same reason that Ppfr did, because I am not well; but why should DD escape it, pray? She is *melanchol*, you know, and ought to have the fever; but I hope it is now too late, and she won't have it at all. Some physicians here talk very melancholy, and think it foreruns the plague, which is actually at Hamburg. I hoped Ppfr would have done with her illness; but I think we both have the faculty never to part with a disorder for ever; we are very constant. I have had my giddiness twenty-three years by fits. Will Mrs. Raymond never have done lying-in? He intends to leave beggars enough; for I dare say he has squandered away the best part of his fortune already, and is not out of debt. I had a letter from him lately.

October 11. Lord-treasurer sent for me yesterday and the day before to sit with him, because he is not yet quite well enough to go abroad; and I could not finish my letter. How the deuce come I to be so exact in your money? Just seventeen shillings and eightpence more than due; I believe you cheat me. Ppfr makes a petition with many apologies. John Daxters, you know, is lady Giffard's friend. The rest I never heard of. I tell you what, as things are at present, I cannot possibly speak to lord-treasurer for anybody. I need tell you no more. Something or nothing will be done in my own affairs; if the former, I will be a solicitor for your sister; if the latter, I have done with courts for ever. Opportunities will often fall in my way if I am used well, and I will then make it my business. It is my delight to do good offices for people who want and deserve

it, and a tenfold delight to do it to a relation of Ppfr, whose affairs Ppfr has so at heart. I have taken down his name and his case (not *Aer ense*); and whenever a proper time comes I will do all I can: that is enough to say when I can do no more; and I beg your pardon a thousand times that I cannot do better; I hope the dean of St. Patrick's (Dr. Sterne) is well of his fever; he has never wrote to me; I am glad of it; pray don't desire him to write. I have dated your bill late, because it must not commence, young women, till the first of November next. O, faith, I must be *ise*; yes faith, must I; else we shall cheat Ppfr. Are you good housewives and readers? Are you walkers? I know you are gamblers. Are you drinkers? Are you ——— hold, I must go no further, for fear of abusing fine ladies. Parvicol has not sent me one word how he set this year's tithe. Pray, ask whether titles set well or ill this year. Bishop of Killaloe tells me wool bears a good rate in Ireland; but how is corn? I dined yesterday with lady Orkney, and we sat alone from two till eleven at night.—You have heard of her, I suppose. I have twenty letters upon my hands, and am so lazy and so busy, I cannot answer them, and they grow upon me for several months. Have I any apples at Larnoe? It is strange every year should blast them, when I took so much care for shelter. Lord Boliogbroke has been idle at his country house this fortnight, which puts me backward in business I have. I am got into an ordinary room two pair of stairs, and see nobody if I can help it; yet some puppies have found me out, and my man is not such an artist as Patrick at denying me. Patrick has been soliciting to come to me again, but in vain. The printer has been here with some of the new whims printed, and has taken up my time. I am just going out, and can only bid you farewell. Farewell, dearest little MD, &c.

LETTER THE FIFTY-FOURTH.

London, Oct. 28, 1715.

I HAVE been in physic this month, and have been better these three weeks. I stop my physic by the doctor's orders, till he sends me farther directions. DD grows politician, and longs to hear the peace is proclaimed. I hope we shall have it soon, for the Dutch are fully humbled; and Prior is just come over from France for a few days—I suppose upon some important affair. I saw him last night, but had no private talk with him. Stocks rise upon his coming. As for my stay in England it cannot be long now, so tell my friends. The parliament will not meet till after Christmas, and by that time the work I am doing will be over, and then nothing shall keep me. I am very much discontented at Parvicol, about neglecting to sell my horses, &c.

Lady Masham is not yet brought-to-bed; but we expect it daily. I dined with her to-day. Lord Boliogbroke returned about two months ago, and Prior about a week; and goes back (Prior I mean) in a few days. Who told you of my snuff-box and pocket? Did I? I had a letter to-day from Dr. Coghill, desiring me to get Raphoe for dean Sterne, and the deanery for myself. I shall indeed, I have such obligations to Sterne. But however, if I am asked who would make a good bishop, I shall name him before anybody. Then comes another letter, desiring I would recommend a provost, supposing that Pratt (who has been here about a week) will certainly be promoted; but I believe he will not. I presented Pratt to lord-treasurer, and truly young Molyneux would have had me present him too; but I directly answered him I would not, unless he had business with him. He is the son of one Mr. Moly-

* Dr. Henry Compton, translated to that see from the bishopric of Oxford, in 1675.

^b Lady Elizabeth, married to James, the fourth Earl of Barrymore.

neux of Ireland. His father wrote a book;^a I suppose you know it. Here is the duke of Marlborough going out of England (lord knows why), which causes many speculations. Some say he is conscious of guilt, and dare not stand it. Others think he has a mind to fling an obolus on the government, as who should say that one who has done such great services to his country cannot live quietly in it, by reason of the malice of his enemies. I have helped to patch up these people together once more. God knows how long it may last. I was to-day at a trial between lord Lansdown and lord Carteret, two friends of mine. It was in the queen's bench, for about six thousand a-year (or nine I think). I sat under lord chief justice Parker, and his pen falling down I reached it up. He made me a low bow; and I was going to whisper him that "I had done good for evil; for he would have taken mine from me." I told it lord-treasurer and Bolingbroke. Parker would not have known me, if several lords on the bench, and in the court, hewing, had not turned everybody's eyes and set them a whispering. I owe the dog a spite, and will pay him in two months at farthest, if I can. So much for that. But you must have chat, and I must say every sorry thing that comes into my head. They say the queen will stay a month longer at Windsor. These devils of Grub-street rogues, that write the "Flying Post" and "Medley" in one paper, will not be quiet. They are always mauling lord-treasurer, lord Bolingbroke, and me. We have the dog under prosecution, but Bolingbroke is not active enough; but I hope to swing him. He is a Scotch rogue, one Kidpath. They get out upon bail, and write on. We take them again, and get fresh bail; so it goes round. They say some learned Dutchman has wrote a book, proving by civil law that we do them wrong by this pence; but I shall show, by plain reason, that we have suffered the wrong, and not they. I toil like a horse, and have hundreds of letters still to read; and squeeze a line out of each, or at least the seeds of a line. Strufford goes back to Holland in a day or two, and I hope our peace is very near. I have about thirty pages more to write, (that is to be extracted), which will be sixty in print. It is the most troublesome part of all, and I cannot keep myself private, though I stole into a room up two pair of stairs when I came from Windsor; but my present man has not yet learned his lesson of denying me discreetly.

30. The duchess of Ormond found me out to-day, and made me dine with her. Lady Masham is still expecting. She has had a cruel cold. I could not finish my letter last post for the soul of me. Lord Bolingbroke has had my papers these six weeks, and done nothing to them. Is Tisdall yet in the world? I propose writing controversies, to get a name with posterity. The duke of Ormond will not be over these three or four days. I design to make him join with me in settling all right among our people. I have ordered the duchess to let me have an hour with the duke at his first coming, to give him a true state of persons and things. I believe the duke of Shrewsbury will hardly be declared your governor yet; at least, I think so now; but resolutions alter very often. Duke Hamilton gave me a pound of snuff to-day, admirably good. I wish DD had it, and Ppt too, if she likes it. It cost me a quarter of an hour of his politics, which I was forced to hear. Lady Orkney is making me a writing-table of her own contrivance, and a bed nightgown. She is perfectly kind, like a mother. I think the devil was in it the other day that I should talk to

her of an ugly squinting cousin of hers, and the poor lady herself, you know, squints like a dragon. The other day we had a long discourse with her about love; and she told us a saying of her sister Fitzharding, which I thought excellent, "that in men, desire begets love, and in women, love begets desire." We have abundance of our old criers still hereabouts. I hear every morning your wench with the old satin and taffata, &c., the fellow with old coats, suits, or elonks. Our weather is abominable of late. We have not two tolerable days in twenty. I have lost money again at ombre with lord Orkney and others; yet, after all, this year I have lost but three-and-twenty shillings; so that, considering card money, I am no loser.

Our society hath not yet renewed their meetings. I hope we shall continue to do some good this winter; and lord-treasurer promises the academy for reforming our language shall soon go forward. I must now go hunt those dry letters for materials. You will see something very notable, I hope. So much for that. God Almighty bless you!

LETTER THE FIFTY-FIFTH.

London, Nov. 15, 1712.

BEFORE this comes to your hands you will have heard of the most terrible accident that hath almost ever happened. This morning at eight my man brought me word that duke Hamilton had fought with lord Mohun, and killed him, and was brought home wounded. I immediately sent him to the duke's house, in St. James's-square; but the porter could hardly answer for tears, and a great rabble was about the house. In short, they fought at seven this morning. The dog Mohun was killed on the spot; and, while the duke was over him, Mohun shortened his sword, stabbed him in at the shoulder to the heart. The duke was helped toward the cakehouse by the ring in Hyde-park (where they fought), and died on the grass, before he could reach the house; and was brought home in his coach by eight, while the poor duchess was asleep. Macartney and one Hamilton were the seconds, who fought likewise, and are both fled. I am told that a footman of lord Mohun's stabbed duke Hamilton, and some say Macartney did so too.^b Mohun gave the affront, and yet sent the challenge. I am infinitely concerned for the poor duke, who was a frank, honest, good-natured man. I loved him very well, and I think he loved me better. He had the greatest mind in the world to have me go with him to France, but durst not tell it me; and those he did tell said I could not be spared, which was true. They have removed the poor duchess to a lodging in the neighbourhood, where I have been with her two hours, and am just come away. I never saw so melancholy a scene; for indeed all reasons for real grief belong to her; nor is it possible for anybody to be a greater loser in all regards. She has moved my very soul. The lodging was inconvenient, and they would have removed her to another; but I would not suffer it, because it had no room backward, and she must have been tortured with the noise of the Grub-street screamers mentioning her husband's murder in her ears.

I believe you have heard the story of my escape in opening the band-box sent to the lord-treasurer.^c

^a The quarrel appeared to be forced on the duke, but these are doubts, that he received foul play.

^b A report of a conspiracy, by which the lord-treasurer a box, with three pistols, whose triggers being tied to the cover, they would have gone off at the opening of the box, had not the same been prevented by Swift, who, being then in the room, while his lordship was dressing, suspected something, and opened the box in such a manner that no mischief was done.

^c The Case of Ireland's being bound by Acts of Parliament in England stated, 8vo. 4698.

The prints have told a thousand lies of it; but at last we gave them a true account of it at length, printed in "The Evening;" only I would not suffer them to name me, having been so often named before, and teased to death with questions. I wonder how I came to have so much presence of mind, which is usually not my talent; but so it pleased God, and I saved myself and him, for there was a bullet-piece. A gentleman told me that if I had been killed the Whigs would have called it a judgment, because the barrels were of inkhorns, with which I had done them so much mischief. There was a pure Grub-street of it, full of lies and inconsistencies. I do not like these things at all, and I wish myself more and more among my willows. There is a devilish spirit among people, and the ministry must exert themselves, or sink. Night, dearest sirrals, I'll go to sleep.

16. I thought to have finished this yesterday; but was too much disturbed. I sent a letter early this morning to lady Masham, to beg her to write some comforting words to the poor duchess. I dined to-day with lady Masham at Kensington, where she is expecting these two months to lie in. She has promised me to get the queen to write to the duchess kindly on this occasion; and to-morrow I will beg lord-treasurer to visit and comfort her. I have been with her two hours again, and find her worse. Her violences not so frequent, but her melancholy more formal and settled. She has abundance of wit and spirit; about thirty-three years old; handsome and airy, and seldom spared any body that gave her the least provocation; by which she had many enemies and few friends. Lady Orkney, her sister-in-law, is come to town on this occasion, and has been to see her, and behaved herself with great humanity. They have been always very ill together, and the poor duchess could not have patience when people told her I went often to lady Orkney's. But I am resolved to make them friends; for the duchess is now no more the object of envy, and must learn humility from the severest master, Affliction. I design to make the ministry put out a proclamation (if it can be found proper) against that villain Macartney. What shall we do with these murderers? I cannot end this letter to-night, and there is no occasion, for I cannot send it till Tuesday, and the coroner's inquest on the duke's body is to be to-morrow. And I shall know more. But what care you for all this? Yes, MD is sorry for Pdfr's friends; and this is a very surprising event. 'Tis late, and I'll go to bed. This looks like journals. Night.

17. I was to-day at noon with the duchess of Hamilton again, after I had been with lady Orkney, and charged her to be kind to her sister in affliction. The duchess told me lady Orkney had been with her, and that she did not treat her as gently as she ought. They hate one another, but I will try to patch it up. I have been drawing up a paragraph for the Post Boy, to be out to-morrow, and as malicious as possible, and very proper for Abel Roper, the printer of it. I dined at lord-treasurer's at six in the evening, which is his usual hour of returning from Windsor; he promised to visit the duchess to-morrow, and says he has a message to her from the queen. 'Tis late: I have stayed till past one with him. So night, dearest MD.

18. The committee of council is to sit this afternoon upon the affair of duke Hamilton's murder, and I hope a proclamation will be out against Macartney. I was just now ('tis now noon) with the duchess, to let her know lord-treasurer will see her. She is mightily indisposed. The jury have not yet brought in their verdict upon the coroner's

inquest. We suspect Macartney stabbed the duke while he was fighting. The queen and lord-treasurer are in great concern at this event. I dine to-day again with lord-treasurer, but must send this to the post-office before, because else I shall not have time; he usually keeps me so late. Bet Tooke bid me write to DD to send her certificate, for it is high time it should be sent, he says. Pray make Parvul write to me, and send me a general account of my affairs; and let him know I shall be over in spring, and that by all means he sells the horses. Prior has kissed the queen's hand, and will return to France in a few days, and lord Strafford to Holland; and now the king of Spain has renounced his pretensions to France, the peace must follow very soon unavoidably. You must no more call Philip duke of Anjou, for we now acknowledge him king of Spain. Dr. Pratt tells me you are all mad in Ireland with playhouse frolics and prologues, and I know not what. The bishop of Clogher and his family are well; they have heard from you lately, or you from them, I have forgot which: I dined there the other day, but the bishop came not till after dinner, and our meat and drink was very so. Mr. Vedeau was with me yesterday, and inquired after you. He was a lieutenant, and is now broke, and upon half-pay. He asked me nothing for himself, but wanted an employment for a friend, "who would give a handsome pair of gloves." One Hales sent me up a letter the other day, which said you lodged in his house, and therefore desired I would get him a civil employment. I would not be withi, and have directed my man to give him an answer that I never open letters brought me by the writers, &c. I was complaining to a lady that I wanted to mend an employment from forty to sixty pounds a-year, in the salt-office, and thought it hard I could not do it. She told me one Mr. Griffin should do it. And afterward I met Griffin at her lodgings; and he was, as I found, one I had been acquainted with. I named Filby to him, and his abode somewhere near Nantwich. He said frankly he had formerly examined the man, and found he understood very little of his business; but if he heard he mended he would do what I desired. I will let it rest a while, and then resume it; and if Ppt writes to Filby, she may advise him to diligence, &c. I told Griffin positively I would have it done if the man mended. This is an account of Ppt's commission to her most humble servant Pdfr. I have a world of writing to finish, and little time; these toads of ministers are so slow in their helps. This makes me sometimes steal a week from the exactness I used to write to MD. Farewell, dearest little MD, &c. Smoke the folding of my letters of late.

LETTER THE FIFTY-SIXTH.

London, December 12, 1712.

HERE is now a strange thing; a letter from MD unanswered: never was before. I am slower, and MD is faster; but the last was owing to DD's certificate. Why could it not be sent before, pray now? Is it so hard for DD to prove she is alive? I protest solemnly I am not able to write to MD for other business, but I will renew my journal method next time. I find it is easier, though it contains nothing but where I dine, and the occurrences of the day. I will write now but once in three weeks till this business is off my hands, which must be in six, I think, at farthest. O! Ppt, I remember your reprimanding me for meddling in other people's affairs; I have enough of it now, with a vengeance. Two women have been here six times a-piece; I never saw them yet. The

first I have despatched with a letter; the other I must see, and tell her I can do nothing for her: she is wife of one Mr. Connor, an old college acquaintance, and comes on a foolish errand for some old pretensions that will succeed when I am lord-treasurer. I am got up two pair of stairs, in a private lodging, and have ordered all my friends not to discover where I am; yet every morning two or three sets are plaguing me, and my present servant has not yet his lesson perfect of denying me. I have written a hundred and thirty pages in folio, to be printed, and must write thirty more, which will make a large book of four shillings.* I wish I knew an opportunity of sending you some snuff. I will watch who goes to Ireland, and do it if possible. I had a letter from Parvisol, and find he has set my livings very low. Colonel Hamilton, who was second to duke Hamilton, is tried to-day. I suppose he is come off, but have not heard. I dined with lord-treasurer, but left him by nine, and visited some people. Lady Betty, his daughter, will be married on Monday next (as I suppose) to the marquis of Caermarthen. I did not know your country place had been Portrairie,^b till you told me so to your last. Has Swanton taken it of Wallis? That Wallis was a grave, wise coxcomb. God be thanked that Ppt is better of her disorders. God keep her so. The pamphlet of "Political Lying" is written by Dr. Arbuthnot, the author of John Bull; 'tis very pretty, but not so obvious to be understood. Higgins, first chaplain to duke Hamilton? Why, duke Hamilton never dreamt of a chaplain, nor I believe ever heard of Higgins. You are glorious newsmongers in Ireland—Dean Francis, sir Richard Levinge, stuff; and Pratt, more stuff. We have lost our fine frost here; and Abel Roper tells me you have had floods in Dublin; ho, have you! Oh ho! Swanton seized Portrairie, now I understand you. Ay, ay, now I see Portrairie at the top of your letter. I never minded it before. Now to your second, No. 36. So, you read one of the Grub-streets about the band-box. The Whig papers have abused me about the band-box. God help me, what could I do! I fairly ventured my life. There is a particular account of it in the "Postboy" and "Evening Post" of that day. Lord-treasurer had the seal sent him that sealed the box, and directions where to find the other pistol in a tree in St. James's Park, which lord Bolingbroke's messenger found accordingly; but who sent the present is not yet known. Duke Hamilton avoided the quarrel as much as possible according to the foppish rules of honour in practice. What signified your writing angry to Filby! I hope you said nothing of hearing from me. Heigh! do you write by candle-light! naughty, naughty, naughty dallas, a hundred times, for doing so. O faith, DD, I'll take care of myself! The queen is in town, and lady Masham's month of lying-in is within two days of being out. I was at the christening on Monday. I could not get the child named Robin, after lord-treasurer; it is Samuel, after the father. My brother Ormond sent me some chocolate to-day. I wish you had share of it: they say it is good for me, and I design to drink some in the morning. Our society meets next Thursday, now the queen is in town; and lord-treasurer assures me that the society for reforming the language shall soon be established. I have given away two shillings to-day to servants. What a stir is here about your company and visits! Charming company, no doubt; now, I keep no company, nor have I any desire to keep any. I never go to a coffee-house nor a tavern, nor have I touched a card since I

left Windsor. I make few visits, nor go to levees; my only debauch is sitting late where I dine, if I like the company. I have almost dropped the duchesses of Shrewsbury and Hamilton, and several others. Lord-treasurer, the duke of Ormond, and lady Orkney, are all that I see very often. O yes, and lady Masham and lord Bolingbroke, and one or two private friends. I make no figure but at court, where I affect to turr from a lord to the meanest of my acquaintance, and I love to go there on Sundays to see the world. But, to say the truth, I am growing weary of it. I dislike a million of things in the course of public affairs; and if I were to stay here much longer, I am sure I should ruin myself endeavouring to mend them. I am every day invited into schemes of doing this, but I cannot find any that will probably succeed. It is impossible to save people against their own will; and I have been too much engaged in patchwork already. Do you understand all this stuff? No. Well then, you are now returned to ombré and the dean, and Christmas; I wish you a very merry one; and pray don't lose your money, nor play upon Watt Welch's game. Night, sirrah, it is late, I'll go to sleep; I don't sleep well, and therefore never dare to drink coffee or tea after dinner: but I am very sleepy in a morning. This is the effect of wine and years. Night, dearest MD,

13. Morning. I am so very sleepy in the morning that my man wakens me above ten times; and now I can tell you no news of this day. (Here is a restless dog, crying "cabbages and savoy's," plagues me every morning about this time; he is now at it. I wish his largest cabbage were sticking in his throat). I lodge over against the house in Little Rider-street where DD lodged. Don't you remember, mistress! To-night I must see the abbé Gautier, to get some particulars for my history. It was he who was first employed by France in the overtures of peace, and I have not had time this month to see him; he is but a puppy too. Lady Orkney has just sent to invite me to dinner: she has not given me the bed nightgown; besides, I am come very much off from writing in bed, though I am doing it this minute; but I stay till my fire is burnt up. My grate is very large; two bushels of coal in a week; but I save it in lodgings. Lord Abercorn is come to London, and he will plague me, and I can do him no service. The duke of Shrewsbury goes in a day or two for France, perhaps to-day. We shall have a peace very soon; the Dutch are almost entirely agreed, and if they stop we shall make it without them; that has been resolved. One squire Jones, a scoundrel in my parish, has writ to me, to desire I would engage Joe Beaumont to give him his interest for parliament-man for him: pray tell Joe this; and if he designed to vote for him already, then he may tell Jones that I received his letter, and that I writ to Joe to do it. If Joe be engaged for any other, then he may do what he will: and Parvisol may say he spoke to Joe, and Joe is engaged, &c. I received three pair of fine thread stockings from Joe lately. Pray, thank him when you see him; and that I say they are very fine and good. (I never looked at them yet, but that's no matter.) This is a fine day. I am ruined with coaches and chairs this twelvemonth weather. I must see my brother Ormond at eleven, and then the duchess of Hamilton, with whom I doubt I am in disgrace, not having seen her these ten days. I send this to-day, and must slosh it now; and perhaps some people may come and hinder me; for it is ten o'clock (but not shaving-day), and I must be abroad at eleven. Abbé Gautier sends me word I cannot see him to-night; p— take him! I don't value anything but one letter he has of Petrucum's show-

* History of the Peace of Utrecht.

^b Or Portenec, seven miles from Dublin.

ing the roguery of the Dutch. Did not the "Conduct of the Allies" make you great politicians? Faith, I believe you are not quite so ignorant as I thought you. I am glad to hear you walked so much in the country. Does DD ever read to you, young woman? O, faith! I shall find strange doings when I come home! Here is somebody coming that I must see that wants a little place; the son of cousin Rooke's eldest daughter, that died many years ago. He is here. Farewell, dearest MD, FW, Me, Leise.

LETTER THE FIFTY-SEVENTH.

London, Dec. 18, 1718.

Our society was to meet to-day; but lord Harley, who was president this week, could not attend, being gone to Wimbledon with his new brother-in-law, the young marquis of Caermarthen, who married lady Betty Harley on Monday last; and lord-treasurer is at Wimbledon too. However, half a dozen of us met, and I propose our meetings should be once a fortnight; for, between you and me, we do no good. It cost me nineteen shillings to-day for my club dinner; I don't like it. We have terrible snowy slobbery weather. Lord Abercorn is come to town, and will see me, whether I will or not. You know he has a pretence to a dukedom in France [of Châtellerault], which duke Hamilton was soliciting for; but Abercorn resolves to spoil their title, if they will not allow him a fourth part; and I have advised the duchess to compound with him, and have made the ministry of my opinion. Night, dear sir-rhs, MD.

19. How agreeable it is in a morning for Pdfr to write journals again! It is as natural as mother's milk, now I am got into it. Lord-treasurer is returned from Wimbledon, ('tis not above eight miles off), and sent for me to dine with him at five; but I had the grace to be abroad, and dined with some others, with honest Ben Touke, by invitation. The duchess of Ormond promised me her picture, and coming home to-night I found hers and the duke's both in my chamber. Was not that a pretty civil surprise! Yes, and they are in fine gilded frames too. I am writing a letter to thank her; which I will send to-morrow morning. I will tell her she is such a prude that she will not let so much as her picture be alone in a room with a man unless the duke's be with it; and so forth. We are full of snow and dabbling. Lady Masham has come abroad these three days, and seen the queen. I dined with her the other day at her sister Hill's. I hope she will remove in a few days to her new lodgings at St. James's from Kensington. Night, dear rogues, MD.

20. I lodge up two pair of stairs, have but one room, and deny myself to everybody almost, yet I cannot be quiet; and all my mornings are lost with people who will not take answers below stairs; such as Dilly, and the bishop, and provost, &c. Lady Orkney invited me to dinner to-day, which hindered me from dining with lord-treasurer. This is his day that his chief friends in the ministry dine with him. However, I went there about six, and sat with him till past nine, when they all went off; but he kept me back, and told me the circumstances of lady Betty's match. The young fellow has 60,000*l.* ready money, three great houses furnished, 7000*l.* a-year at present, and about five more after his father and mother die. I think lady Betty's portion is not above 8000*l.* I remember Tisdall writ to me in somebody's letter, or you did it for him, that I should mention him on occasion to lord Anglesey, with whom, he said, he had some little acquaintance. Lord Anglesey was with me to-night at lord-treasurer's; and then I asked him about Tisdall, and

described him. He said he never saw him, but that he had sent him his book. See what it is to be a puppy. Pray tell Mr. Walls that lord Anglesey thanked me for recommending Clements to him; that he says he is 20,000*l.* the better for knowing Clements. But pray don't let Clements go and write a letter of thanks, and tell my lord that he hears so and so, &c. Why, it is but like an *Irish* understanding to do so. Sad weather; two shillings in coaches to-day, and yet I am dirty. I am now going to read over something and correct it. So, night.

21. Puppies have got a new way of plaguing me. I find letters directed for me at lord-treasurer's, sometimes with enclosed ones to him, and sometimes with projects and sometimes with libels. I usually keep them three or four days without opening. I was at court to-day, as I always am on Sundays, instead of a coffee-house, to see my acquaintance. This day so'n'ight, after I had been talking at court with sir William Wyndham, the Spanish ambassador came to him, and said he heard that was Dr. Swift, and desired him to tell me that his master, and the king of France, and the queen, were more obliged to me than any man in Europe; so we bowed, and shook hands, &c. I took it very well of him. I dined with lord-treasurer, and must again to-morrow, though I had rather not (as DD says); but now the queen is in town he does not keep me so late. I have not had time to see Fanny Manley since she came; but I intend it one of these days. Her uncle, Jack Manley, I hear, cannot live a month, which will be a great loss to her father in Ireland, for I believe he is one of his chief supports. Our peace now will soon be determined; for lord Bolingbroke tells me this morning that four provinces of Holland have complied with the queen, and we expect the rest will do so immediately. Night, MD.

22. Lord-keeper promised me yesterday the first convenient living to poor Mr. Gery,* who is married, and wants some addition to what he has. He is a very worthy creature. I had a letter some weeks ago from Elwick, who married Betty Gery. It seems the poor woman died some time last summer. Elwick grows rich, and purchases lands. I dined with lord-treasurer to-day, who has engaged me to come again to-morrow. I gave lord Bolingbroke a poem of Parnell's. I made Parnell insert some compliments in it to his lordship. He is extremely pleased with it, and read some parts of it to-day to lord-treasurer, who liked it as much. And indeed he outdoes all our poets here a bar's length. Lord Bolingbroke has ordered me to bring him to dinner on Christmas-day, and I made lord-treasurer promise to see him; and it may one day do Parnell a kindness. You know Parnell. I believe I have told you of that poem. Night, dear MD.

23. This morning I presented one Diaper,^b a poet, to lord Bolingbroke, with a new poem, which is a very good one; and I am to give him a sum of money from my lord; and I have contrived to make a parson of him, for he is half one already, being in deacon's orders, and serves a small cure in the country; but has a sword at his tail here in town. It is a poor, little, short wretch, but will do best in a gown, and we will make lord-keeper give him a living. Lord Bolingbroke writ to lord-treasurer to excuse me to-day; so I dined with the former, and Monteleon, the Spanish ambassador, who made me many compliments. I stayed till nine, and now it is past ten, and my man has locked me up, and I

* Mr. Gery, rector of Lecombe, in Berks, whom Swift highly esteemed.
^b Author of the *Sea Eclogues*.

have just called to mind that I shall be in disgrace with Tom Leigh. That coxcomb had got into acquaintance with one Eckershall, clerk of the kitchen to the queen, who was civil to him at Windsor on my account; for I had done some service to Eckershall. Leigh teases me to pass an evening at his lodgings with Eckershall. I put it off several times, but was forced at last to promise I would come to-night; and it never was in my head till I was locked up, and I have called and called, but my man is gone to bed; so I will write an excuse to-morrow. I detest that Tom Leigh, and am so formal to him as I can when I happen to meet him in the park. The rogue frets me if he knew it. He asked me, "Why I did not wait on the bishop of Dromore?" [Dr. T. Pullen, 1695—1713.] I answered, "I had not the honour to be acquainted with him, and would not presume," &c. He takes me seriously, and says, "The bishop is no proud man," &c. He tells me of a judge in Ireland that has done ill things. I ask, "Why he is not out?" Says he, "I think the bishops and you, and I, and the rest of the clergy, should meet and consult about it." I beg his pardon, and say, "I cannot be serviceable that way." He answers, "Yes, everybody may help something."—Don't you see how curiously he continues to vex me for the dog knows that with half a word I could do more than all of them together. But he only does it from the pride and envy of his own heart, and not out of a humorous design of teasing. He is one of those that would rather a service should not be done than done by a private man, and of his own country. You take all this, don't you? Night, sirrah! I will go to sleep.

24. I dined to-day with the chancellor of the exchequer [Robert Benson, esq.], in order to look over some of my papers, but nothing was done. I have been also meditating between the Hamilton family and lord Abercorn, to have them compound with him; and I believe they will do it. Lord Selkirk, the late duke's brother, is to be in town, in order to go to France to make the demands; and the ministry are of opinion they will get some satisfaction, and they empowered me to advise the Hamilton side to agree with Abercorn, who asks a fourth part, and will go to France and spoil all if they don't yield it. Night, sirrah.

25. I carried Parnell to dine at lord Bolingbroke's, and he behaved himself very well; and lord Bolingbroke is mightily pleased with him. I was at St. James's chapel by eight this morning; and church and sacrament were done by ten. The queen has got the gout in her hand, and did not come to church to-day; and I stayed so long in my chamber that I missed going to court. Did I tell you that the queen designs to have a drawing-room and company every day? Night, dear rogues.

26. I was to wish the duke of Ormond a happy Christmas, and give half-a-crown to his porter. It will cost me a dozen half-crowns to such fellows. I dined with lord-treasurer, who chid me for being absent three days. Mighty kind, with a p—! less of civility and more of interest! We hear Macartney is gone over to Ireland. Was it not comical for a gentleman to be set upon by highwaymen, and to tell them he was Macartney? Upon which they brought him to a justice of peace, in hopes of a reward, and the rogues were sent to gaol. Was it not great presence of mind? But may be you heard of this already; for there was a Grub-street of it. Lord Bolingbroke told me I must walk away to-day when dinner was done, because lord-treasurer, and he, and another, were to enter upon business; but I said it was as fit I should know their business as anybody,

for I was to justify. So the rest went, and I stayed, and it was so important, I was like to sleep over it. I left them at nine, and it is now twelve. Night, MD.

27. I dined to-day with general Hill, governor of Dunkirk. Lady Maabam and Mrs. Hill, his two sisters, were of his company, and there have I been sitting this evening till eleven, looking over others at play; for I have left off loving play myself; and I think Ppt is now a great gamester. I have a great cold on me, not quite at its height. I have them seldom, and therefore ought to be patient. I met Mr. Addison and Pastoral Philips on the Mall to-day, and took a turn with them; but they both looked terribly dry and cold. A curse of party! And do you know I have taken more pains to recommend the Whig wits to the favour and mercy of the ministers than any other people. Steele I have kept in his place. Congreve I have got to be used kindly, and secured. Rowe I have recommended, and got a promise of a place. Philips I should certainly have provided for, if he had not run party mad, and made me withdraw my recommendations; and I set Addison so right at first, that he might have been employed, and have partly secured him the place he has; yet I am worse used by that faction than any man. Well, go to cards, sirrah Ppt, and dress the wine and orange, sirrah Me,* and I'll go sleep. It is late. Night, MD.

28. My cold is so bad that I could not go to church to-day, nor to court; but I was engaged to lord Orkney's, with the duke of Ormond, at dinner; and ventured, because I could cough and spit there as I please. The duke and lord Arran left us, and I have been sitting ever since with lord and lady Orkney till past eleven; and my cold is worse, and makes me giddy. I hope it is only my cold. O, says Ppt, everybody is giddy with a cold; I hope it is no more; but I'll go to-bed, for the fellow has bawled past twelve. Night, dears.

29. I got out early to-day, and escaped all my duns. I went to see lord Bolingbroke about some business, and truly he was gone out too. I dined in the city upon the broiled leg of a goose and a bit of hacon with my printer. Did I tell you that I forbear printing what I have in hand till the court decides something about me? I will contract no more enemies, at least I will not embitter worse those I have already, till I have got under shelter; and the ministers know my resolution, so that you may be disappointed in seeing this thing as soon as you expected. I hear lord-treasurer is out of order. My cold is very bad. Everybody has one. Night, dear rogues.

30. I suppose this will be full by Saturday. Duke of Ormond, lord Arran, and I, dined privately to-day at an old servant's house of his. The council made us part at six. One Mrs. Ramsay dined with us, an old lady of about fifty-five, that we were all very fond of. I called this evening at lord-treasurer's, and sat with him two hours. He has been cupped for a cold, and has been very ill. He cannot dine with Parnell and me at lord Bolingbroke's to-morrow; but says he will see Parnell some other time. I hoise up Parnell partly to spite the envious Irish folks here, particularly Tom Leigh. I saw the bishop of Clogher's family to-day; miss is mighty ill of a cold, and coughs incessantly. Night, MD.

31. To-day Parnell and I dined with lord Bolingbroke, to correct Parnell's poem. I made him show all the places he disliked; and when Parnell has corrected it fully he shall print it. I went this evening to sit with lord-treasurer. He is better, and will be out in a day or two. I sat with him while the

* Here Me plainly means Dingley
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young folks went to supper, and then went down, and there were the young folks merry together, having turned lady Oxford up to my lord, and I stayed with them till twelve. There was the young couple, lord and lady Caermarthen, and lord and lady Dupplin, and lord Harley and I; and the old folks were together above. It looked like what I have formerly done so often; stealing together from the old folks, though indeed it was not from poor lord-treasurer, who is as young a fellow as any of us; but lady Oxford is a silly mere old woman. My cold is still so bad that I have not the least smelling. I am just got home, and 'tis past twelve; and I'll go to bed, and settle my head, heavy as lead. Night, MD.

January 1. A great many new years to dearest little MD. Pray God Almighty bless you, and send you ever happy! I forgot to tell you that yesterday lord Abercorn was here, teasing me about his French sneh, and suspecting my partiality to the Hamilton family in such a whimsical manner, that Dr. Pratt, who was by, thought he was mad. He was no sooner gone but lord Orkney sent to know whether he might come and sit with me half an hour upon some business. I returned answer that I would wait on him, which I did. We discoursed a while, and he left me with lady Orkney; and in came the earl of Selkirk, whom I had never seen before. He is another brother of duke Hamilton, and is going to France, by a power from his mother, the old duchess, to negotiate their pretensions to the duchy of Châtellerault. He teased me for two hours in spite of my teeth, and held my hand when I offered to stir; would have had me engage the ministry to favour him against lord Abercorn, and to convince them that lord Abercorn had no pretensions; and desired I would also convince lord Abercorn himself so; and concluded, he was sorry I was a greater friend to Abercorn than Hamilton. I had no patience, and used him with some plainness. Am not I purely handled between a couple of puppies! Ay, says Ppt, you must be meddling in other folks' affairs. I appeal to the bishop of Clogher whether Abercorn did not complain that I would not let him see me last year, and that he swore he would take no denial from my servant when he came again. The ministers gave me leave to tell the Hamilton family it was their opinion that they ought to agree with Abercorn. Lord Anglesey was then by, and told Abercorn; upon which he gravely tells me "I was commissioned by the ministers, and ought to perform my commission," &c.—But I'll have done with them. I have warned lord-treasurer and lord Bolingbroke to beware of Selkirk's teasing, pox on him! yet Abercorn vexes me more. The whelp owes to me all the kind receptions he has had from the ministry. I dined to-day at lord-treasurer's with the young folks, and sat with lord-treasurer till nine, and then was forced to lady Masham's, and sat there till twelve, talking of affairs, till I am out of humour, as every one must that knows them inwardly. A thousand things wrong, most of them easy to mend; yet our schemes availing at best but little, and sometimes nothing at all. One evil, which I twice patched up with the hazard of all the credit I had, is now spread more than ever. But burn politics, and send me from courts and ministers! Night, dearest little MD.

2. I sauntered about this morning, and went with Dr. Pratt to a picture auction, where I had like to be drawn in to buy a picture that I was fond of, but, it seems, was good for nothing. Pratt was there to buy some pictures for the bishop of Clogher, who resolves to lay out ten pounds to furnish his house

with curious pieces. We dined with the bishop, I being by chance disengaged. And this evening I ate with the bishop of Ossory [Dr. J. Hartstonge], who is laid up with the gout. The French ambassador, duke d'Aumont, came to town to-night; and the rabble conducted him home with shouts. I cannot smell yet, though my cold begins to break. It continues cruel hard frosty weather. Go and be merry, little sirrah.

3. Lord Dupplin and I went with lord and lady Orkney this morning at ten to Wimbledon, six miles off, to see lord and lady Caermarthen. It is much the finest place about this town. Did you never see it? I was once there before, about six years ago. You know lady Caermarthen is lord-treasurer's daughter, married about three weeks ago.—I hope the young fellow will be a good husband. I must send this away now. I came back just by nightfall, cruel cold weather; I'll take my leave.—I forgot how MD's accounts are. Pray let me know always timely before MD wants; and pray give the bill on the other side to Mrs. Brent as usual. I believe I have not paid her this great while. Go, play at cards. Love Ppfr. Night, MD, FW, Me, I.ele. The six odd shillings, tell Mrs. Brent, are for her new-year's gift. I am just now told that poor dear lady Ashburnham, the Duke of Ormond's daughter, died yesterday at her country house. The poor creature was with child. She was my greatest favourite, and I am in excessive concern for her loss. I hardly knew a more valuable person on all accounts. You must have heard me talk of her. I am afraid to see the duke and duchess. She was naturally very healthy; I fear she has been thrown away for want of care. Pray condole with ms. 'Tis extremely moving. Her lord is a puppy; and I shall never think it worth my while to be troubled with him now he has lost all that was valuable in his possession; yet I think he used her pretty well. I hate life when I think it exposed to such accidents; and to see so many thousand wretches hardening the earth, while such as her die, makes me think God did never intend life for a blessing. Farewell.

LETTER THE FIFTY-EIGHTH.

London, Jan. 4, 1719-13.

I ENDED my last with the melancholy news of poor lady Ashburnham's death. The bishop of Clogher and Dr. Pratt made me dine with them to-day at lord Mountjoy's, pursuant to an engagement which I had forgot. Lady Mountjoy told me that Macartney was got safe out of our clutches, for she had spoke with one who had a letter from him from Holland. Others say the same thing.—As I left lord Mountjoy's I saw the duke d'Aumont, the French ambassador, going from lord Bolingbroke's, where he dined, to have a private audience of the queen. I followed, and went up to court, where there was a great crowd. I was talking with the duke of Argyle by the fireside in the bedchamber, when the ambassador came out from the queen. Argyle presented me to him and lord Bolingbroke, and we talked together a while. He is a fine gentleman, something like the duke of Ormond, and just such an expensive man. After church to-day I showed the bishop of Clogher, at court, who was who. Night, my two dear rogues.

5. Our frost is broke, but it is bloody cold. Lord-treasurer is recovered, and went out this evening to the queen. I dined with lady Oxford, and then sat with lord-treasurer till he went out. He gave me a letter from an unknown hand, relating to Dr. Brown, bishop of Cork, recommending him to a

better bishopric, as a person who opposed Lord Wharton, and was made a bishop on that account, celebrating him for a great politician, &c.: in short, all directly contrary to his character, which I made hold to explain. What dogs there are in the world! I was to see the poor duke and duchess of Ormond this morning. The duke was in his public room, with Mr. Southwell and two more gentlemen. When Southwell and I were alone with him he talked something of lord Ashburnham, that he was afraid the Whigs would get him again. He bore up as well as he could, but something falling accidentally in discourse, the tears were just falling out of his eyes, and I looked off to give him an opportunity (which he took) of wiping them with his handkerchief. I never saw anything so moving, nor such a mixture of greatness of mind, and tenderness, and discretion. Night, dearest MD.

6. Lord Bolingbroke, and Parnell, and I, dined, by invitation, with my friend Dartineuf, whom you have heard me talk of. Lord Bolingbroke likes Parnell mightily; and it is pleasant to see that one who hardly passed for anything in Ireland makes his way here with a little friendly forwarding. It is scurvy rainy weather, and I have hardly been abroad to-day, nor know anything that passes.—Lord-treasurer is quite recovered, and I hope will take care to keep himself well. The duchess of Marlborough is leaving England to go to her duke, and makes presents of rings to several friends, they say worth two hundred pounds a-piece. I am sure she ought to give me one, though the duke pretended to think me his greatest enemy, and got people to tell me so, and very mildly to let me know how gladly he would have me softened toward him. I bid a lady of his acquaintance and mine let him know "that I had hindered many a bitter thing against him; not for his own sake, but because I thought it looked base; and I desired everything should be left him except power." Night, MD.

7. I dined with lord and lady Masham to-day, and this evening played at ombre with Mrs. Van-homrigh, merely for amusement. The ministers have got my papers, and will neither read them nor give them to me; and I can hardly do anything. Very warm slabby weather, but I made a shift to get a walk; yet I lost half of it by shaking off lord Rochester,* who is a good, civil, simple man. The bishop of Osnery will not be bishop of Hereford, to the great grief of himself and his wife. And what is MD doing now, I wonder! Playing at cards with the dean and Mrs. Wallis? I think it is not certain yet that Macartney is escaped. I am plagued with bad authors, verse and prose, who send me their books and poems, the vilest trash I ever saw; but I have given their names to my man, never to let them see me. I have got weak ink, and it is very white, and I don't see that it turns black at all. I'll go to sleep; it is past twelve.—Night, MD.

8. You must understand that I am in my geers, and have got a chocolate-pot, a present from Mrs. Ash, of Clogher, and some chocolate from my brother Ormond, and I treat folks sometimes. I dined with lord-treasurer at five o'clock to-day, and was by while he and lord Bolingbroke were at business; for it is fit I should know all that passes now, because, &c. The duke of Ormond employed me to speak to lord-treasurer to-day about an affair, and I did so; and the duke spoke himself two hours before, which vexed me, and I will chide the duke about it. I'll tell you a good thing: there is not one of the ministry but what will employ me as

gravely to speak for them to lord-treasurer as if I were their brother or his; and I do it as gravely, though I know they do it only because they will not make themselves uneasy, or had rather I should be denied than they. I believe our peace will not be finished these two months; for I think we must have a return from Spain by a messenger who will not go till Sunday next. Lord-treasurer has invited me to dine with him again to-morrow. Your commissioner, Keatsy, is to be there. Night, dear little MD.

9. Dr. Pratt drank chocolate with me this morning, and then we walked. I was yesterday with him to see lady Betty Butler, grieving for her sister Ashburnham. The jade was in bed in form, and she did so cant, she made me sick. I meet Tom Leigh every day in the park, to preserve his health. He is as ruddy as a rose, and tells me his bishop of Dromore recovers very much. That bishop has been very near dying. To-day's "Examiner" talks of the play of "What is it like?" and you will think it to be mine, and be bit; for I have no hand in these papers at all. I dined with lord-treasurer, and shall again to-morrow, which is his day when all the ministers dine with him. He calls it whipping-day. It is always on Saturday, and we do indeed usually rally him about his faults on that day. I was of the original club, when only poor lord Rivers, luri-keeper, and lord Bolingbroke came; but now Ormond, Anglesey, lord-steward, Dartmouth, and other rabble intrude, and I scold at it; but now they pretend as good a title as I; and, indeed, many Saturdays I am not there. The company being too many, I don't love it. Night, MD.

10. At seven this evening, as we sat after dinner at lord-treasurer's, a servant said lord Peterborough was at the door. Lord-treasurer and lord Bolingbroke went out to meet him, and brought him in. He was just returned from abroad, where he has been above a year. As soon as he saw me he left the duke of Ormond and other lords, and ran and kissed me before he spoke to them; but chid me terribly for not writing to him, which I never did this last time he was abroad, not knowing where he was; and he changed places so often, it was impossible a letter should overtake him. He left England with a bruise, by his coach overturning, that made him spit blood, and was so ill we expected every post to hear of his death; but he outlived it, or out-drunk it, or something, and is come home lustier than ever. He is at least sixty, and has more spirits than any young fellow I know of in England. He has got the old Oxford regiment of horse, and I believe will have a garter. I love the hang-dog dearly. Night, dear MD.

11. The court was crammed to-day to see the French ambassador, but he did not come. Did I never tell you that I go to court on Sundays as to a coffeehouse, to see acquaintance whom I should not otherwise see twice a-year? The provost and I dine with Ned Southwell, by appointment, in order to settle your kingdom, if my scheme can be followed; but I doubt our ministry will be too tedious. You must certainly have a new parliament; but they would have that a secret yet. Our parliament here will be prorogued for three weeks. Those puppies the Dutch will not yet come in, though they pretend to submit to the queen in everything; but they would fain try first how our session begins, in hopes to embroil us in the house of lords; and if my advice had been taken the session should have begun, and we would have trusted the parliament to approve the steps already made toward the peace, and had an address perhaps from them to conclude with

* Henry Hyde, son of Laurence earl of Rochester, younger son of lord chancellor (Therndon, minister of Charles II.

out the Dutch, if they would not agree. Others are of my mind, but it is not reckoned so safe, it seems; yet I doubt whether the peace will be ready so soon as three weeks, but that is a secret. Night, MD.

12. Pratt and I walked into the city to one Bateman's, a famous bookseller, for old books. There I laid out four pounds like a fool, and we dined at a hedge ale-house, for two shillings and twopence, like emperors. Let me see, I bought Pintarch, two volumes, for thirty shillings, &c. Well, I'll tell you no more; you don't understand Greek. We have no news, and I have nothing more to say to-day, and I can't finish work. These ministers will not find time to do what I would have them. So night, own dear dollars.

13. I was to have dined to-day with lord-keeper, but would not, because that brute sir John Walter was to be one of the company. You may remember he railed at me last summer was twelvemonth at Windsor, and has never begged my pardon, though he promised to do it; and lord Mansel, who was one of the company, would certainly have set us together by the ears, out of pure roguish mischief. So I dined with lord-treasurer, where there was none but lord Bollingbroke. I stayed till eight, and then went to lady Orkney's, who has been sick and sat with her till twelve. The parliament was prorogued to-day, as I told you, for three weeks. Our weather is very bad and slobbery, and I shall spoil my new hat (I have bought a new hat), or empty my pockets. Does Hawkehaw pay the interest he owes! Lord Abercorn plagues me to death. I have now not above six people to provide for, and about as many to do good offices to; and thrice as many that I will do nothing for; nor can I if I would. Night, dear MD.

14. To-day I took the circle of morning visits. I went to the duchess of Ormond, and there was she, and lady Betty, and lord Ashburnham together; this was the first time the mother and daughter saw each other since lady Ashburnham's death. They were both in tears, and I chid them for being together, and made lady Betty go to her own chamber; then sat a while with the duchess, and went after lady Betty, and all was well. There is something of farce in all these mournings, let them be ever so serious. People will pretend to grieve more than they really do, and that takes off from their true grief. I then went to the duchess of Hamilton, who never grieved, but raged, and stormed, and railed. She is pretty quiet now, but has a diabolical temper. Lord-keeper and his son, and their two ladies, and I dined to-day with Mr. Caesar, treasurer of the navy, at his house in the city, where he keeps his office. We happened to talk of Brutus, and I said something in his praise, when it struck me immediately that I had made a blunder in doing so; and, therefore, I recollected myself, and said, "Mr. Caesar, I beg your pardon." So we laughed, &c. Night, my own dearest little rogues, MD.

15. I forgot to tell you that last night I had a present sent me (I found it, when I came home, in my chamber) of the finest wild fowl I ever saw, with the vilest letter, and from the vilest poet, in the world, who sent it me as a bribe to get him an employment. I knew not where the scoundrel lived, so I could not send them back; and therefore I gave them away as freely as I got them, and have ordered my man never to let up the poet when he comes. The rogue should have kept the wings at least for his mase. One of his fowls was a large capon pheasant, as fat as a pullet. I ate share of it to-day with a friend. We have now a drawing-room every Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at one o'clock. The queen does not come out; but all her

ministers, foreigners, and persons of quality are at it. I was there to-day; and as lord-treasurer came toward me I avoided him, and he hunted me thrice about the room. I affect never to take notice of him at church or court. He knows it, for I have told him so; and to-night, at lord Masham's, he gave no account of it to the company; but my reasons are, that people seeing me speak to him causes a great deal of teasing. I tell you what comes into my head, that I never knew whether you were Whigs or Tories, and I value our conversation the more that it never turned on that subject. I have a fancy that Ppt is a Tory and a rigid one. I don't know why; but methinks she looks like one, and DD a sort of a trimmer. Am I right! I gave the Examiner a hint about this prerogative, and to praise the queen for her tenderness to the Dutch in giving them still more time to submit. It fitted the occasions at present. Night, MD.

16. I was busy to-day at the secretary's office, and stayed till past three. The duke of Ormond and I were to dine at lord Orkney's. The duke was at the committee, so I thought all was safe. When I went there they had almost dined; for the duke had sent to excuse himself, which I never knew. I came home at seven, and began a little whim, which just came into my head, and will make a threepenny pamphlet. It shall be finished and out in a week; and if it succeed, you shall know what it is; otherwise, not. I cannot send this to-morrow, and will put it off till next Saturday, because I have much business. So my journals shall be short, and Ppt must have patience.

17. This rogue Parnell has not yet corrected his poem, and I would fain have it out. I dined to-day with lord-treasurer and his Saturday's company, nine of us in all. They went away at seven, and lord-treasurer and I sat talking an hour after. After dinner he was talking to the lords about the speech the queen must make when the parliament meets. He asked me how I would make it! I was going to be serious, because it was seriously put; but I turned it to a jest. And because they had been speaking of the duchess of Marlborough going to Flanders after the duke, I said, the speech should begin thus:—"My lords and gentlemen, In order to my own quiet, and that of my subjects, I have thought fit to send the duchess of Marlborough abroad after the duke." This took well, and turned off the discourse. I must tell you I do not at all like the present situation of affairs, and remember I tell you so. Things must be on another foot, or we are all undone. I hate this driving always to an inch. Night, MD.

18. We had a mighty full court to-day. Dilly was with me at the French church, and edited mightily. Duke of Ormond and I dined at lord Orkney's; but I left them at seven, and came home to my whim. I have made a great progress. My large Treatise stands stock still. Some think it too dangerous to publish, and would have me print only what relates to the peace. I cannot tell what I shall do. The bishop of Dromore is dying. They thought yesterday he could not live two hours; yet he is still alive, but is utterly past all hopes. Go to cards. Night, dear MD.

19. I was this morning to see the duke and duchess of Ormond. The duke d'Aumont came in while I was with the duke of Ormond, and we complimented each other like dragons. A poor fellow called at the door where I lodge, with a parcel of oranges for a present for me. I hid my man learn what his name was, and whence it came. He sent word his name was Bun, and that I knew him very

• His History of the Peace of Utrecht.

well. I bid my man tell him I was busy, and he could not speak to me; and not to let him leave his oranges. I know no more of it, but I am sure I never heard the name, and I shall take no such presents from strangers. Perhaps he might be only some beggar, who wanted a little money. Perhaps it might be something worse. Let them keep their poison for their rats. I don't love it. That blot is a blunder. Night, dear MD.

20. A committee of our society dined to-day with the chancellor of the exchequer. Our society does not meet now as usual, for which I am blamed; but till lord-treasurer will agree to give us money and employments to bestow, I am averse to it; and he gives us nothing but promises. Bishop of Dromore is still alive, and that is all. We expect every day he will die, and then Tom Leigh must go back, which is one good thing to the town. I believe Pratt will drive at one of these bishoprics. Our English bishopric² is not yet disposed of. I believe the peace will not be ready by the session.

21. I was to-day with my printer, to give him a little pamphlet I had written, but not politics. It will be out by Monday. If it succeeds, I will tell you of it; otherwise not. We had a prodigious thaw to-day, as bad as rain; yet I walked like a good boy all the way. The bishop of Dromore still draws breath, but cannot live two days longer. My large book lies flat. Some people think a great part of it ought not to be now printed. I believe I told you so before. This letter shall not go till Saturday, which makes up the three weeks exactly, and I allow MD six weeks, which are now almost out; so you must know I expect a letter very soon, and that MD is very well; and so night, dear MD.

22. This is one of our court-days, and I was there. I told you there is a drawing-room Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday. The Hamiltons and Abercroms have done teasing me. The latter, I hear, is actually going to France. Lord-treasurer quarrelled with me at court for being four days without dining with him; so I dined there to-day, and he has at last fallen in with my project (as he calls it) of coining halfpence and furlings, with devices, like medals, in honour of the queen, every year changing the device. I wish it may be done. Night, MD.

23. Duke of Ormond and I appointed to dine with Ned Southwell to-day, to talk of settling your affairs of parliament in Ireland, but there was a mixture of company, and the duke of Ormond was in haste, and nothing was done. If your parliament meets this summer it must be a new one; but I find some are of opinion there should be none at all these two years. I will trouble myself no more about it. My design was to serve the duke of Ormond. Dr. Pratt and I sat this evening with the bishop of Clogher, and played at ombra for threepence. That I suppose is but low with you. I found, at coming home, a letter from MD, No. 37. I shall not answer it this bout, but will the next. I am sorry for poor Ppt. Pray walk if you can. I have got a terrible new cold before my old one was quite gone, and don't know how. I shall have DD's money soon from the exchequer. The bishop of Dromore is dead now at last. Night, dear MD.

24. I was at court to-day, and it was comical to see lord Abercrom bowing to me, but not speaking, and lord Seikirk the same. I dined with lord-treasurer and his Saturday club, and sat with him two hours after the rest were gone, and spoke free to him of affairs than I am afraid others do who might

do more good. All his friends repine, and shrew their shoulders, but will not deal with him so freely as they ought. It is an odd business; the parliament just going to sit, and no employments given. They say they will give them in a few days. There is a new bishop made of Hereford; so Ossory is disappointed. I hinted so to his friends two months ago, to make him leave off deluding himself, and being indiscreet, as he was. I have just time to send this without giving it to the bellman. My second cold is better now. Night, dearest little MD, FW, Me, Lele.

LETTER THE FIFTY-NINTH.

London, Sunday, Jan. 23, 1712-13.

We had such a terrible storm to-day, that, going to lord Bolingbroke's, I saw a hundred tiles fallen down; and one swinger fell about forty yards before me, that would have killed a horse; so, after church and court, I walked through the park, and took a chair to lord-treasurer's. Next door to his house a tin chimney-top had fallen down with a hundred bricks. It is grown calm this evening. I wonder had you such a wind to-day? I hate it as much as any hog does. Lord-treasurer has engaged me to dine again with him to-morrow. He has those tricks sometimes of inviting me from day to day, which I am forced to break through. My little pamphlet is out: 'tis not politics. If it takes, I say again you shall hear of it.

26. This morning I felt a little touch of giddiness, which has disordered and weakened me with its ugly remains all this day. After dinner at lord-treasurer's, the French ambassador, duke d'Aumont, sent lord-treasurer word that his house was burnt down to the ground. It took fire in the upper rooms, while he was at dinner with Monteleon, the Spanish ambassador, and other persons; and soon after lord Bolingbroke came to us with the same story. We are full of speculations upon it, but I believe it was the carelessness of his French mascal servants. It is odd that this very day lord Somers, Wharton, Sunderland, Halifax, and the whole club of Whig lords, dined at Pontac's in the city, as I received private notice. They have some damned design. I tell you another odd thing: I was observing it to lord-treasurer that he was stabbed on the day king William died; and the day I saved his life by opening the hand-box was king William's birth-day. My friend Mr. Lewis (secretary to the earl of Dartmouth) has had a lie spread on him by the mistake of a man who went to another of his name to give him thanks for passing his privy seal to come from France. That other Lewis spread about that the man brought him thanks from lord Perth and lord Melfort (two lords with the pretender), for his great services, &c. The lords will examine that other Lewis to-morrow in council; and I believe you will hear of it in the prints, for I will make Abel Roper give a relation of it. Pray tell me if it be necessary to write a little plainer, for I looked over a bit of my last letter, and could hardly read it. I'll mend my hand, if you please; but "you are more used to it *nor I*," as Mr. Raymond says. Night, MD.

27. I dined to-day with lord-treasurer; this makes four days together; and he has invited me again to-morrow, but I absolutely refused him. I was this evening at a christening with him of lord Dupplin's daughter. He went away at ten; but they kept me and some others till past twelve; so you may be sure 'tis late, as they say. We have now stronger suspicions that the duke d'Aumont's

² Hereford, vacant by the death of Dr. H. Humphreys, 20th November, 1712.

house was set on fire by malice. I was to-day to see lord-keeper, who has quite lost his voice with a cold. There Dr. Radcliffe told me that it was the ambassador's confectioner set the house on fire by boiling sugar, and going down and letting it boil over. Yet others still think differently; so I know not what to judge. Night, my own dearest MD.

28. I was to-day at court, where the ambassador talked to me as if he did not suspect any design in burning d'Aumont's house; but the abbé Gautier, secretary for France here, said quite otherwise; and that d'Aumont had a letter the very same day to let him know his house should be burnt, and tells several other circumstances too tedious to write. One is, that a fellow mending the tiles just when the fire broke out saw a pot with wildfire in the room. I dined with lord Orkney. Neither lord Abercorn nor Selkirk will now speak with me. I have disablied both sides. Night, dear MD.

29. Our society met to-day, fourteen of us, and at a tavern. We now resolve to meet but once a fortnight, and have a committee every other week of six or seven, to consult about doing some good. I proposed another message to lord-treasurer by three principal members, to give a hundred guineas to a certain person, and they are to urge it as well as they can. We also raised sixty guineas upon our own society; but I made them do it by assessors, and I was one of them, and we fitted our tax to the several estates. The duke of Ormond pays ten guineas, and I the third part of a guinea; at that rate they may tax as often as they please. Well, but I must answer your letter, young women: not yet; it is late now, and I can't find it. Night, dearest MD.

30. I have drank Spa waters these two or three days; but they do not pass, and make me very giddy. I am not well; faith, I will take them no more. I sauntered after church with the provost to-day, to see a library to be sold, and dined at five with lord Orkney. We still think there was malice in burning d'Aumont's house. I hear little Harrison is come over; it was he I sent to Utrecht. He is now queen's secretary to the embassy, and has brought with him the Barrier Treaty, as it is now corrected by us, and yielded to by the Dutch, which was the greatest difficulty to retard the peace. I hope he will bring over the peace a month hence, for we will send him back as soon as possible. I long to see the little brat, my own creature. His pay is in all a thousand pounds a-year, and they have ever paid him a grant, though I have teased their hearts out. He must be three or four hundred pounds in debt at least. Poor brat! Let me go to bed, sirrabs. Night, dear MD.

31. Harrison was with me this mornlog; we talked three hours, and then I carried him to court. When we went down to the door of my lodging I found a coach waited for him. I chid him for it, but he whispered me it was impossible to do otherwise; and in the coach he told me he had not one farthing in his pocket to pay it; and therefore took the coach for the whole day, and intended to borrow money somewhere or other. So there was the queen's minister intrusted in affairs of the greatest importance, without a shilling in his pocket to pay a coach! I paid him while he was with me seven guineas, in part of a dozen of shirts he bought me in Holland. I presented him to the duke of Ormond and several lords at court; and I contrived it so that lord-treasurer came to me and asked (I had Parnell by me) whether that was Dr. Parnell, and came on and spoke to him with great kindness, and invited him to his house. I value myself upon

making the ministry desire to be acquainted with Parnell, and not Parnell with the ministry. His poem is almost fully corrected, and shall be soon out. Here is enough for to-day: only to tell you that I was in the city with my printer to alter an Examiner about my friend Lewis's story, which will be told with remarks.

Sunday, February 1. I could do nothing till to-day about the Examiner, but the printer came this morning, and I dictated to him what was fit to be said, and then Mr. Lewis came and corrected it as he would have it; so I was neither at church nor court. The duke of Ormond and I dined at lord Orkney's. I left them at seven, and sat with sir Andrew Fountain, who has a very bad sore leg, for which he designs to go to France. Here is a week gone, and one side of this letter not finished. O, but I will write now but once in three weeks.—Yes, faith, this shall go sooner. The parliament is to sit on the third, but will adjourn for three or four days, for the queen is laid up with the gout, and both speakers out of order, though one of them, the lord-keeper, is almost well. I spoke to the duke of Ormond a good deal about Ireland. We do not altogether agree, nor am I judge enough of Irish affairs; but I will speak to lord-treasurer to-morrow, that we three may settle some way or other.

2. I had a letter some days ago from Moll Gery; her name is now Wigmore, and her husband is turned parson. She desires nothing but that I would get lord-keeper to give him a living; but I will send her no answer, though she desires it much. She still makes mantuas at Farnham. It rained all this day, and Dilly came to me, and was coaching it into the city; so I went with him for a shaking, because it would not cost me a farthing. There I met my friend Stratford, the merchant, who is going abroad to gather up his debts, and be clear in the world. He begged that I would dine with some merchant friends of ours there, because it was the last time I should see him: so I did, and thought to have seen lord-treasurer in the evening, but he happened to go out at five; so I visited some friends and came home. And now I have the greatest part of your letter to answer; and yet I will not do it to-night, say what you please. The parliament meets to-morrow, but will be prorogued for a fortnight; which disappoints me, I believe, vex abundance of them, though they are not Whigs; for they are forced to be in town at expense for nothing; but we want an answer from Spain before we are sure of every thing being right for the peace; and God knows whether we can have that answer this month. It is a most ticklish juncture of affairs; we are always driving to an inch; I am weary of it. Night, MD.

3. The parliament met, and was prorogued, as I said, and I found some cloudy faces, and heard some grumling. We have got over all our difficulties with France, I think. They have now settled all the articles of commerce between us and them, wherein they were very much disposed to play the rogue if we had not held them to; and this business we wait for from Spain is to prevent some other rogueries of the French, who are finding an evasion to trade to the Spanish West India; but I hope we shall prevent it. I dined with lord-treasurer, and he was in good humour enough. I gave him that part of my book in manuscript to read where his character was, and drawn pretty freely. He was reading and correcting it with his pencil, when the bishop of St. David's (Dr. P. Blise) (now removing to Hereford) came and interrupted us. I left him at eight, and sat till twelve with the provost and bishop of Clogher.

{Wednesday} 4. I was to-day at court, but kept

out of lord-treasurer's way, because I was engaged to the duke of Ormond, where I dined, and, I think, ate and drank too much. I sat this evening with lady Masham, and then with lord Masham and lord-treasurer at lord Masham's. It was last year, you may remember, my constant evening place. I saw lady Jersey with lady Masham, who has been laying out for my acquaintance, and has forced a promise from me to drink chocolate with her in a day or two, which I know not whether I shall perform (I have just mended my pen you see), for I do not much like her character; but she is very malleous, and therefore I think I must keep fair with her. I cannot send this letter till Saturday next. I find; so I will answer yours now. I see no different days of the month; yet it is dated January 3. So it was long a coming. I did not write to Dr. Coghill that I would have nothing in Ireland; but that I was solliciting nothing anywhere, and that is true. I have named Dr. Sterne to lord-treasurer, lord Bolingbroke, and the duke of Ormond, for a bishopric, and I did it heartily. I know not what will come of it; but I tell you as a great secret that I have made the duke of Ormond promise me to recommend nobody till he tells me, and this for some reasons too long to mention. My head is still in no good order. I am heartily sorry for Ppt. I am sure her head is good for ****. I'll answer more to-morrow. Night, dearest MD.

5 [6]. I must go on with your letter. I dined to-day with sir Andrew Fountaine and the provost, and played at ombre with him all the afternoon. I won, yet sir Andrew is an admirable player. Lord Pembroke came in, and I gave him three or four scurvy Dilly puns, that begin with an *if*. Well, but your letter, well, let me see.—No; I believe I shall write no more this good while, nor publish what I have done. **** I did not suspect you would tell Filthy. You are so ****. Turns and visitations—what are those? I'll preach and visit as much for Mr. Walla. Pny God mend people's health; mine is but very indifferent. I have left off Spa water; it makes my legs swell. Night, dearest MD.

6 [7]. This is the queen's birthday, and I never saw it celebrated with so much hurry and fuss clothes. I went to court to see them, and I dined with lord-keeper, where the ladies were fine to admiration. I passed the evening at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, and came home pretty early to answer your letter again. Pray God keep the queen. She was very ill about ten days ago, and had the gont in her stomach. When I came from lord-keeper's I called at lord-treasurer's, because I heard he was very fine, and that was a new thing; and it was true, for his coat and waistcoat were embroidered. I have seen the provost often since, and never spoke to him to speak to the Temples about Daniel Carr, nor will; I don't care to do it. I have writ lately to Parvisol. You did well to let him make up his accounts. All things grow dear in Ireland, but corn to the parsons; for my livings are fallen much this yearly Parvisol's account. Night, dearest rogues, MD.

7 [8]. I was at court to-day, but saw no birthday clothes; the great folks never wear them above once or twice. I dined with lord Orkney and sat the evening with sir Andrew Fountaine, whose leg is in a very dubious condition. Pray let me know when DD's money is near due; always let me know it beforehand. This, I believe, will hardly go till Saturday; for I tell you what, being not very well, I dare not study much; so I let company come in a morning, and the afternoon pass in dining and sitting somewhere. Lord-treasurer is angry if I don't dine with him every second day, and I cannot part with

him till late: he kept me last night till near twelve. Our weather is constant rain above these two months, which hinders walking, so that our spring is not like yours. I have not seen Fanny Manley yet; I cannot find time. I am in rebellion with all my acquaintance, but I will mend with my health and the weather. Clogher make a figure! Clogher make a ——. Colds! why we have been all dying with colds; but now they are a little off, and my second is almost off. I can do nothing for Swanton. Indeed it is a thing impossible, and wholly out of my way. If he buys, he must buy. So now I have answered your letter; and there's an end of that now; and I'll say no more, but bid you night, dear MD.

8 [9]. It was terribly rainy to-day from morning till night. I intended to have dined with lord-treasurer, but went to see sir Andrew Fountaine, and he kept me to dinner, which saved coach-hire, and I stayed with him all the afternoon, and lost thirteen shillings and sixpence at ombre. There was management! and lord-treasurer will chide; but I'll dine with him to-morrow. The bishop of Clogher's daughter has been ill some days, and it proves the small-pox. She is very full, but it comes out well, and they apprehend no danger. Lady Orkney has given me her picture, a very fine original of sir Godfrey Kneller's; it is now a mending. He has favoured her squire admirably; and you know I love a cast in the eye. I was to see lady Worsley to-day, who is just come to town; she is full of rheumatic pains. All my acquaintance grow old and sickly. She lodges in the very house in King-street, between St. James's-street and St. James's-square, where DD's brother bought the sweetbread when I lodged there and DD came to see me. Short ****. Night, MD.

9 [10]. I thought to have dined with lord-treasurer to-day, but he dined abroad at Tom Harley's, so I dined at lord Masham's, and was winning all I had lost playing with lady Masham at crown piquet, when we went to pools, and I lost it again. Lord-treasurer came in to us and chid me for not following him to Tom Harley's. Miss Ashe is still the same, and they think her not in danger; my man calls this redaily after I am gone out, and tells me at night. I was this morning to see lady Jersey, and we have made twenty parties about dining together, and I shall hardly keep one of them. She is reduced, after all her greatness, to seven servants and a small house, and no coach. I like her tolerably as yet. Night, MD.

10 [11]. I made visits this morning to the duke and duchess of Ormond, and lady Betty, and the duchess of Hamilton. (When I was writing this near twelve o'clock the duchess of Hamilton sent to have me dine with her to-morrow. I am forced to give my answer through the door, for my man has got the key and is gone to bed, but I cannot obey her, for our society meets to-morrow.) I stole away from lord-treasurer by eight, and intended to have passed the evening with sir Thomas Clarges and his lady, but met them in another place, and have there ate till now. My head has not been ill to-day. I was at court, and made lord Mansel walk with me in the Park before we went to dinner.—Yesterday and to-day have been fair, but yet it rained all last night. I saw Sterne staring at court to-day. He has been often to see me, he says, but my man has not yet let him up. He is in deep mourning; I hope it is not for his wife. I did not ask him. Night, MD.

12. I have reckoned days wrong all this while,*

* He had omitted Thursday the fifth.

for this is the twelfth. I do not know when I lost it. I dined to-day with our society, the greatest dinner I have ever seen. It was at Jack Hill's, the governor of Dunkirk. I gave an account of sixty guineas I had collected, and am to give them away to two authors to-morrow, and lord-treasurer has promised me a hundred pounds to reward some others. I found a letter on my table last night to tell me that poor little Harrison, the queen's secretary, that came lately from Utrecht with the Barrier Treaty, was ill, and desired to see me at night, but it was late, and I could not go till to-day. I have often mentioned him in my letters you may remember. **** I went in the morning and found him mighty ill, and got thirty guineas for him from lord Bolingbroke, and an order for a hundred pounds from the treasury, to be paid him to-morrow, and I have got him removed to Knightbridge for the air. He has a fever and inflammation on his lungs, but I hope will do well. Night, MD.

13. I was to see a poor poet, one Mr. Diaper, in a nasty garret very sick. I gave him twenty guineas from lord Bolingbroke, and disposed the other sixty to two other authors, and desired a friend to receive the hundred pounds for poor Harrison, and will carry it to him to-morrow morning. I sent to see how he did, and he is extremely ill; and I am very much afflicted for him, as he is my own creature, and in a very honourable post, and very worthy of it. I dined in the city. I am much concerned for this poor lad. His mother and sister attend him, and he wants nothing. Night, dear MD.

14. I took Parnell this morning, and we walked to see poor Harrison. I had the hundred pounds in my pocket. I told Parnell I was afraid to knock at the door; my mind misgave me. I knocked, and his man in tears told me his master was dead an hour before. Think what grief this is to me! I went to his mother, and have been ordering things for his funeral, with as little cost as possible, to-morrow at ten at night. Lord-treasurer was much concerned when I told him. I could not dine with lord-treasurer, nor anywhere else; but got a bit of meat toward evening. No loss ever grieved me so much; poor creature! Pray God Almighty bless poor MD. Adieu. I send this away to-night, and am sorry it must go while I am in so much grief.

LETTER THE SIXTIETH.

London, Feb. 15, 1712-13.

I NINETEEN to-day with Mr. Rowe, and a projector, who has been teasing me with twenty schemes to get grants; and I don't like one of them; and, besides, I was out of humour for the loss of poor Harrison. At ten this night I was at his funeral, which I ordered to be as private as possible. We had but one coach with four of us; and when it was carrying us home after the funeral, the braces broke; and we were forced to sit in it, and have it held up, till my man went for chairs, at eleven at night in terrible rain. I am come home very melancholy, and will go to bed. Night, dearest MD.

16. I dined to-day with lord Dupplin and some company to divert me; but left them early, and have been reading a book for amusement. I shall never have courage again to care for making anybody's fortune. The parliament meets to-morrow, and will be prorogued another fortnight, at which several of both parties were angry; but it cannot be helped, though everything about the peace is past all danger. I never saw such a continuance of rainy weather. We have not had two fair days together these ten weeks. I have not dined with lord-treasurer these

four days, nor can I till Saturday; for I have several engagements till then, and he will chide me to some purpose. I am perplexed with this hundred pounds of poor Harrison's, what to do with it. I cannot pay his relations till they administer, for he is much in debt; but I will have the staff in my own hands, and venture nothing. Night, dear MD.

17. Lady Jersey and I dined by appointment to-day with lord Bolingbroke. He is sending his brother to succeed Mr. Harrison. It is the prettiest post in Europe for a young gentleman. I lost my money at ombre sadly; I make a thousand blunders at it. I play but threepenny ombre; but it is what you call running ombre. Lady Clarges, and a drab I hate, won a dozen shillings of me last night. The parliament was prorogued to-day; and people grumble; and the good of it is, the peace cannot be finished by the time they meet, there are so many fiddling things to do. Is Ppt an ombre lady yet? You know all the tricks of it now, I suppose. I reckon you have all your cards from France, for ours pay sixpence a pack tax, which goes deep to the hox. I have given away all my Spa water, and take some nasty steel drops, and my head has been better this week past. I send every day to see how Miss Ashe does; she is very full, they say, but in no danger. I fear she will lose some of her beauty. The soul lies out of the house. I wish he had them too, while he is so young.—Night MD.

18. The earl of Abingdon had been teasing me these three months to dine with him; and this day was appointed about a week ago, and I named my company; lord Stawell, colonel Disney, and Dr. Arhuthnot; but the two last slipped out their necks, and left Stawell and me to dine there. We did not dine till seven, because it is Ash Wednesday. We had nothing but fish, which lord Stawell could not eat, and got a broiled leg of a turkey. Our wine was poison; yet the puppy has twelve thousand pounds a-year. His carps were raw, and his caudles tallow. He shall not catch me in haste again, and everybody has laughed at me for dining with him. I was to-day to let Harrison's mother know I could not pay till she administers; which she will do. I believe she is an old devil, and her daughter a ——. There were more Whigs to-day at court than Tories. I believe they think the peace must be made, and so come to please the queen. She is still lame with the gout.

19. I was at court to-day, to speak to lord Bolingbroke to look over Parnell's poem since it is corrected; and Parnell and I dined with him, and he has shown him three or four more places to alter a little. Lady Bolingbroke came down to us while we were at dinner, and Parnell stared at her as if she were a goddess. I thought she was like Parnell's wife, and he thought so too. Parnell is much pleased with lord Bolingbroke's favour to him, and I hope it may one day turn to his advantage. His poem will be printed in a few days. Our weather continues as fresh raining as if it had not rained at all. I sat to-night at lady Masham's, where lord-treasurer came and scolded me for not dining with him. I told him I could not till Saturday. I have stayed there till past twelve; so night, dear MD.

20. Lady Jersey, lady Catherine Hyde, the Spanish ambassador, the duke d'Etréac, another Spaniard, and I, dined to-day by appointment with lord Bolingbroke; but they fell a drinking so many Spanish healths in champagne, that I stole away to the ladies, and drank tea till eight, and then went and lost my money at ombre with sir Andrew Fountaine, who has a very bad leg. Miss Ashe is past all danger; and her eye which was lately bad, I sup-

pose one effect of her distemper,) is now better. I do not let the bishop see me, nor shall this good while. Good-lack! when I came home, I warrant, I found a letter from MD, No. 38; and you write so small now-a-days. I hope your poor eyes are better. Well, this shall go to-morrow se'enight, with a bill for Me. I will speak to Mr. Griffin to-morrow, about Ppt's brother Filby, and desire, whether he deserves or no, that his employment may be mended, that is to say, if I see Griffin; otherwise not; and I'll answer MD's letter when I Pdf'r think fit. Night, MD.

21. Methinks I write a little saucy last night. I mean the last. I saw Griffin at court. He says he knows nothing of a salt-work at Recton; but that he will give Filby a better employment, and desires Filby will write to him. If I knew where to write to Filby, I would; but pray do you. Bid him make no mention of you; but only let Mr. Griffin know "that he has had the honour to be recommended by Dr. Swift, &c.; that he will endeavour to deserve, &c.;" and if you dictated a whole letter for him it would be better; I hope he can write and spell well. I'll inquire for a direction to Griffin before I finish this. I dined with lord-treasurer and seven lords to-day. You know Saturday is his great day. I sat with them till eight, and then came home, and have been writing a letter to Mrs. Davis, at York. She took care to have a letter delivered for me at lord-treasurer's; for I would not own one she sent by post. She reproaches me for not writing to her these four years; and I have honestly told her it was my way never to write to those whom I am never likely to see, unless I can serve them, which I cannot her, &c. Davis the schoolmaster's widow. Night, MD.

22. I dined to-day at lord Orkney's, with the duke of Ormond and sir Thomas Hamner. Have you ever heard of the latter! He married the duchess of Grafton in his youth (she dined with us too). He is the most considerable man in the house of commons. He went last spring to Flanders, with the duke of Ormond; from thence to France, and was going to Italy; but the ministry sent for him, and he has been come over about ten days. He is much out of humour with things; he thinks the peace is kept off too long; and is full of fears and doubts. It is thought he is designed for secretary of state, instead of lord Dartmouth. We have been acquainted these two years; and I intend, in a day or two, to have an hour's talk with him on affairs. I saw the bishop of Clogher at court; miss is recovering. I know not how much she will be marked. The queen is slowly mending of her gout, and intends to be brought in a chair to parliament when it meets, which will be March 3; for I suppose they will prorogue no more; yet the peace will not be signed then, and we apprehend the Tories themselves will many of them be discontented. Night, dear MD.

23. It was ill weather to-day, and I dined with sir Andrew Fountain, and in the evening played at ombre with him and the provost, and won twenty-five shillings; so I have recovered myself pretty well. Dilly has been dunning me to see Fanny Mauley; but I have not yet been able to do it. Miss Ashe is now quite out of danger; and they hope will not be much marked. I cannot tell how to direct to Griffin; and think he lives in Bury-street, near St. James's-street, hard by me; but I suppose your brother may direct to him to the salt-office, and, as I remember, he knows his christian name, because he sent it me in the list of the commissioners. Night, dear MD.

24. I walked this morning to Chelsea, to see Dr. Atterbury, dean of Christchurch. I had business with him about entering Mr. Fite-Maurice, lord Kerry's son, into his college; and lady Kerry is a great favourite of mine. Lord Harley, lord Dupplin, young Bromley the speaker's son, and I, dined with Dr. Stratford and some other clergymen; but I left them at seven, to go to lady Jersey, to see Monteleon the Spanish ambassador play at ombre. Lady Jersey was abroad, and I chid the servants and made a rattle; but since I came home she sent me a message that I was mistaken, and that the meeting is to be to-morrow. I have a worse memory than when I left you, and every day forget appointments; but here my memory was by chance too good. But I'll go to-morrow; for lady Catherine Hyde and lady Bolingbroke are to be there by appointment, and I listed up my periwig, and all, to make a figure. Well, who can help it! Not I, vow to Heaven! Night, MD.

25. Lord-treasurer met me last night at lord Masham's, and thanked me for my company in a jeer, because I had not dined with him in three days. He chides if I stay away but two days together. What will this come to? Nothing. My grandmother used to say,

"More of your living, and less of your dying."

However, I dined with him, and could hardly leave him at eight, to go to lady Jersey's, where five or six foreign ministers were, and as many ladies. Monteleon played like the English, and cried gume, and knocked his knuckles for trump, and played at small games like Ppt. Lady Jersey whispered me to stay and sup with the ladies when the fellows were gone; but they played till eleven, and I would not stay. I think this letter must go on Saturday; that's certain; and it is not half full yet. Lady Catherine Hyde had a mighty mind I should be acquainted with lady Dalkeith, her sister, the duke of Monmouth's eldest son's widow, who was of the company to-night; but I did not like her; she paints too much. Night, MD.

26. This day our society met at the duke of Ormond's; but I had business that called me another way; so I sent my excuses, and dined privately with a friend. Besides, sir Thomas Hamner whispered me last night at lady Jersey's that I must attend lord-treasurer and duke of Ormond at supper at his house to-night; which I did at eleven, and stayed till one, so you may be sure it is late enough. There was the duchess of Grafton, and the duke her son; nine of us in all. Duke of Ormond chid me for not being at the society to-day, and said sixteen were there. I said I never knew sixteen people good company in my life; no, faith, nor eight neither. We have no news in this town at all. I wonder why I don't write you news. I know less of what passes than anybody, because I go to no coffeehouse, nor see any but ministers and such people; and ministers never talk politics in conversation. The Whigs are forming great schemes against the meeting of parliament, which will be next Tuesday, I still think, without fail; and we hope to hear by then that the peace is ready to sign. The queen's gout mends daily. Night, MD.

27. I passed a very insipid day, and dined privately with a friend in the neighbourhood. Did I tell you that I have a very fine picture of lady Orkney,* an original, by sir Godfrey Kneller, three quarters length! I have it now at home, with a fine frame. Lord Bolingbroke and lady Masham have promised to sit for me; but I despair of lord-treasurer; only I hope he will give me a copy, and

* He bequeathed this picture to the Earl of Orrery.

then I shall have all the pictures of those I really love here; just half a dozen; only I will make lord keeper give me his print in a frame. This letter must go to-morrow, because of sending Me a bill; else it should not till next week, I assure you. I have little to do now with my pen; for my grand business* stops till they are more pressing, and till something or other happens; and I believe I shall return with disgust to finish it, it is so very laborious. Sir Thomas Hanmer has my papers now. You are now at ombre with the dean, always on Friday night with Mrs. Walls. Pray don't play at small games. I stood by the other night while the Duke d'Etrées lost six times with manillo, basto, and three small trumps; and lady Jersey won above twenty pounds. Night, dear MD.

28. I was at court to-day, when the abbé Gautier whispered me that a courier was just come with an account that the French king had consented to all the queen's demands, and his consent was carried to Utrecht, and the peace will be signed in a few days. I suppose the general peace cannot be so soon ready; but that is no matter. The news presently ran about the court. I saw the queen carried out in her chair to take the air in the garden. I met Griffin at court, and he told me that orders were sent to examine Filby; and, if he be fit, to make him (I think he called it) an assistant; I don't know what, supervisor, I think; but it is some employment a good deal better than his own. The parliament will have another short prorogation, though it is not known yet. I dined with lord-treasurer and his Saturday company, and left him at eight to put this in the post-office time enough. And now I must bid you farewell, dearest rogues. God bless dear MD; and love Pdr. Farewell, MD, FW, Me, Lele.

LETTER THE SIXTY-FIRST.

London, March 1, 1719-12.

It is out of my head whether I answered all your letter in my last yesterday or no. I think I was in haste, and could not; but now I see I answered a good deal of it; no, only about your brother, and Me's bill. I dined with lady Orkney, and we talked politics till eleven at night; and, as usual, found everything wrong, and put ourselves out of humour. Yes, I have lady Giffard's picture sent me by your mother. It is boxed up at a place where my other things are. I have goods in two or three places; and when I have a lodging I box up the books I get (for I always get some), and come naked into a new lodging; and so on. Talk not to me of dearies; I know less of that than ever by much. Night, MD.

2. I went into the city to see Pat Rolt, who lodges with a city cousin, a daughter of cousin Cleve (you are much the wiser). I had never been at her house before. My be-cousin Thomson the hatcher is dead, or dying. I dined with my printer, and walked home, and went to sit with lady Clarges. I found four of them at what; lady Godolphin was one. I sat by her, and talked of her cards, &c., but she would not give one look, nor say a word to me. She refused some time ago to be acquainted with me. You know she is lord Marlborough's eldest daughter. She is a fool for her pains, and I'll pull her down. What can I do for Dr. Smith's daughter's husband? I have no personal credit with any of the commissioners. I will speak to Keatley; but I believe it will signify nothing. In the customs people must rise by degrees, and be must at first take what is very low, if he be qualified for that. Ppt mistakes me; I am not angry at your recom-

* His History of the Peace of Utrecht.

mending any one to me, provided you will take my answer. Some things are in my way, and then I serve those I can. But people will not distinguish, but take things ill when I have no power; but Ppt is wiser. And employments in general are very hard to be got. Night, MD.

3. I dined to-day with lord-treasurer, who chid me for my absence, which was only from Saturday last. The parliament was again prorogued for a week, and I suppose the peace will be ready by then, and the queen will be able to be brought to the house and make her speech. I saw Dr. Griffith two or three months ago at a Latin play at Westminster, but did not speak to him. I hope he will not die I should be sorry for Ppt's sake; he is very tender of her. I have long lost all my colds, and the weather mends a little. I take some steel drops, and my head is pretty well. I walk when I can, but am grown very idle; and, not finishing my thing, I ramble abroad and play at ombre. I shall be more careful in my physic than Mrs. Price: 'tis not a farthing matter her death, I think; and so I say no more to-night, but will read a dull book and go sleep. Night, dear MD.

4. Mr. Ford has been this half-year inviting me to dine at his lodgings: so I did to-day, and brought the provost and Dr. Parnell with me, and my friend Lewis was there. Parnell went away, and the other three played at ombre, and I looked on; which I love, and would not play. Tisdall is a pretty fellow, as you say; and when I come back to Ireland with nothing he will condole with me with abundance of secret pleasure. I believe I told you what he wrote to me, "That I have saved England, and be Ireland;" but I can bear that. I have learned to bear and see, and say nothing. I was to see the duchess Hamilton to-day, and met Blith of Ireland just going out of her house into his coach. I asked her how she came to receive young fellows. It seems he had a bill in the duke of Hamilton's house when the duke died; and the duchess got an advertisement put in the Postboy, reflecting on the bill because the Marlborough daughters were there; and Blith came to beg the duchess's pardon and clear himself. He is a sad dog. Night, dear MD.

5. Lady Masham has miscarried; but is almost well again. I have paid many visits to-day. I met Blith at the duke of Ormond's; and he begged me to carry him to the duchess Hamilton to beg her pardon again. I did on purpose to see how the blunderbus behaved himself; but I begged the duchess to use him mercifully, for she is the devil of a teaser. The good of it is, she ought to beg his pardon, for he meant no harm; yet she would not allow him to put in an advertisement to clear himself from hers, though hers was all a lie. He appealed to me, and I gravely gave it against him. I was at court to-day, and the foreign ministers have got a trick of employing me to speak for them to lord-treasurer and lord Bolingbroke; which I do when the case is reasonable. The college need not fear; I will not be their governor. I dined with sir Thomas Hanmer and his duchess. The duke of Ormond was there, but we parted soon, and I went to visit lord Pembroke for the first time; but it was to see some curious books. Lord Cholmondeley came in; but I would not talk to him, though he made many advances. I hate the scoundrel for all he is your Griffith's friend. Yes, yes, I am abused enough, if that be all. Night, MD.

6. I was to-day at an auction of pictures with Pratt, and laid out two pounds five shillings for a picture of Titian, and if it were a Titian it would be worth twice as many pounds. If I am cheated, I'll

part with it to lord Masham: If it be a bargain, I'll keep it to myself. That's my conscience. But I made Pratt buy several pictures for lord Masham. Pratt is a great virtuoso that way. I dined with lord-treasurer, but made him go to court at eight. I always tease him to be gone. I thought to have made Parnell dine with him, but he was ill; his head is out of order like mine, but more constant, poor boy!—I was at lord-treasurer's levee with the provost, to ask a book for the college. I never go to his levee unless it be to present somebody.

7. Yes, I hope Leigh will soon be gone, & p— on him! I met him once, and he talked gravely to me of not seeing the Irish bishops here, and the Irish gentlemen; but I believe my answers fretted him enough. I would not dine with lord-treasurer to-day, though it was Saturday (for he has engaged me for to-morrow), but went and dined with lord Masham, and played at omhre, sixpenny running omhre, for three hours. There were three voices against me, and I was once a great loser, but came off for three shillings and sixpence. One may easily lose five guineas at it. Lady Oranay is gone out of town to-day, and I could not see her for laziness, but wrote to her. She has left me some physic. I knew MD's politics before, and I think it pretty extraordinary, and a great compliment to you, and I believe never three people conversed so much with so little politics. I avoid all conversation with the other party; it is not to be borne, and I am sorry for it. O yes, things are very dear. DD must come in at last with her two eggs a penny. There the provost was well applied. Parnell has sent me a bill of fifty pounds, as I ordered him, which I hope will serve me, and bring me over. Pray God MD does not let me be delayed for it; but I have had very little from him this long time. I was not at court to-day; a wonder! Night, dear MD. Love P&F.

8. You must know I give chocolate almost every day to two or three people that I suffer to come to see me in a morning. My man begins to lie pretty well. 'Tis nothing for people to be denied ten times. My man knows all I will see, and denies me to everybody else. This is the day of the queen's coming to the crown, and the day lord-treasurer was stabbed by Guiscard. I was at court, where everybody had their birthday clothes on, and I dined with lord-treasurer, who was very fine. He showed me some of the queen's speech, which I corrected in several places, and penned the vote of address of thanks for the speech; but I was of opinion the house should not sit on Tuesday next unless they hear the peace is signed; that is, provided they are sure it will be signed the week after, and so have one scolding for all. Night, MD.

9. Lord-treasurer would have had me dine with him to-day; he desired me last night, but I refused, because he would not keep the day of his stalling with all the cabinet, as he intended; so I dined with my friend Lewis; and the provost, Parnell, and Ford, were with us. I lost sixteen shillings at omhre; I don't like it. At night Lewis brought us word that the parliament does not sit to-morrow. I hope they are sure of the peace by next week, and then they are right in my opinion; otherwise I think they have done wrong, and might have sat three weeks ago. People will grumble; but lord-treasurer cares not a rush. Lord-keeper is suddenly taken ill of a quinsy, and some lords are commissioned, I think lord-treasurer, to prorogue the parliament in his stead. You never saw a town so full of ferment and expectation. Mr. Pope has published a fine poem, called Windsor Forest. Read it. Night, MD.

10. I was early this morning to see lord Bolingbroke. I find he was of opinion the parliament should sit; and says they are not sure the peace will be signed next week. The prorogation is to this day se'ennight. I went to look on a library I am going to buy, if we can agree. I have offered a hundred and twenty pounds, and will give ten pounds more. Lord Bolingbroke will lend me the money. I was two hours poring over the books. I will sell some of them and keep the rest; but I doubt they won't take the money. I dined in the city, and ate an hour in the evening with lord-treasurer, who was in very good humour, but reproached me for not dining with him yesterday and to-day. What will all this come to? Lord-keeper had a pretty good night, and is better. I was in pain for him. Night, MD.

11. I was this morning to visit the duke and duchess of Ormond and the duchess of Hamilton, and went with the provost to an auction of pictures, and laid out fourteen shillings. I am in for it if I had money; but I doubt I shall be undone; for sir Andrew Fontaine invited the provost and me to dine with him and play at omhre, when I fairly lost fourteen shillings. It won't do; and I shall be out of conceit with play this good while. I am come home; and it is late, and my puppy let out my fire, and I am gone to bed, and writing there, and it is past twelve a good while. Went out four matadores and a trump in black, and yet was beasted. Very sad, faith! Night, my dear rogues, MD.

12. I was at another auction of pictures to-day, and a great auction it was. I made lord Masham lay out forty pounds. There were pictures sold of twice as much value apiece. Our society met to-day at the duke of Beaufort's: a prodigious fine dinner, which I hate; but we did some business. Our printer was to attend us as usual; and the chancellor of the exchequer sent the author of the "Examiner" [Mr. Oldisworth] twenty guineas. He is an ingenious fellow, but the most confounded vain coxcomb in the world, so that I dare not let him see me, nor am acquainted with him. I had much discourse with the duke of Ormond this morning, and am driving some points to secure ***** I left the society at seven. I can't drink now at all with any pleasure. I love white Portugal wine better than claret, champagne, or hurgundy. I have a sad vulgar appetite. I remember Ppt used to maunder when I came from a great dinner, and DD had but a bit of mutton. I cannot endure above one dish, nor ever could since I was a boy and loved stuffing. It was a fine day, which is a rarity with us, I assure you. Never fair two days together. Night, MD.

13. I had a rabble of Irish parsons this morning drinking my chocolate. I cannot remember appointments. I was to have supped last night with the Swedish envoy at his house, and some other company, but forgot it; and he rallied me to-day at lord Bolingbroke's, who excused me, saying the envoy ought not to be angry, because I serve lord-treasurer and him the same way. For that reason I very seldom promise to go anywhere. I dined with lord-treasurer, who chid me for being absent so long, as he always does if I miss a day. I sat three hours this evening with lady Jersey; but the first two hours she was at omhre with some company. I left lord-treasurer at eight; I fancied he was a little thoughtful, for he was playing with an orange by fits, which, I told him, among common men looked like the spleen. This letter shall not go to-morrow; no hate, young women; nothing that presses. I promised but once in three weeks, and I am better than

my word. I wish the peace may be ready, I mean that we have notice it is signed before Tuesday; otherwise the grumbling will much increase. Night, dear MD.

14. It was a lovely day this, and I took the advantage of walking a good deal in the park before I went to court. Colonel Disney, one of our society, is ill of a fever, and, we fear, in great danger. We all love him mightily, and he would be a great loss. I doubt I shall not buy the library; for a roguish bookseller has offered sixty pounds more than I designed to give; so you see I meant to have a good bargain. I dined with lord-treasurer and his Saturday company; but there were but seven at table. Lord Peterborow is ill, and spits blood, with a bruise he got before he left England; but, I believe, an Italian lady he has brought over is the cause that his illness returns. You know old lady Bellaysse is dead at last! She has left lord Berkeley of Stratton one of her executors, and it will be of great advantage to him; they say above ten thousand pounds. I stayed with lord-treasurer upon business after the company was gone, but I dare not tell you upon what. My letters would be good memoirs if I durst venture to say a thousand things that pass; but I hear so much of letters opening at your post-office that I am fearful, &c., and so good night. Love Pfft and MD.

15. Lord-treasurer engaged me to dine with him again to-day, and I had ready what he wanted; but he would not see it, but put me off till to-morrow. The queen goes to chapel now. She is carried in an open chair, and will be well enough to go to parliament on Tuesday, if the houses meet, which is not yet certain; neither, indeed, can the ministers themselves tell; for it depends on winds and weather, and circumstances of negotiation. However, we go on as if it was certainly to meet; and I am to be at lord-treasurer's to-morrow, upon that supposition, to settle some things relating that way. Ppt may understand me. The doctors tell me that, if poor colonel Disney does not get some sleep to-night, he must die. What care you? Ah! but I do care. He is one of our society; a fellow of abundance of humour; an old battered rake, but very bonest; not an old man, but an old rake. It was he that said of Jenny Kingdom, the maid of honour, who is a little old, "That, since she could not get a husband, the queen should give her a brevet to act as a married woman." You don't understand this. They give brevets to majors and captains to act as colonels in the army. Brevets are commissions. Ask soldiers, dear sirrabs. Night, MD.

16. I was at lord-treasurer's before he came; and, as he entered, he told me the parliament was prorogued till Thursday se'ennight. They have had some expresses, by which they count that the peace may be signed by that time; at least, that France, Holland, and we, will sign some articles, by which we shall engage to sign the peace when it is ready; but Spain has no minister there; for Monteleon, who is to be their ambassador at Utrecht, is not yet gone from hence; and till he is there the Spaniards can sign no peace; and one thing take notice, that a general peace can hardly be finished these two months, so as to be proclaimed here; for, after signing, it must be ratified; that is, confirmed by the several princes at their courts, which to Spain will cost a month; for we must have notice that it is ratified in all courts before we can proclaim it. So be not in too much haste. Night, MD.

17. The Irish folks were disappointed that the parliament did not meet to-day, because it was St. Patrick's day; and the Mall was so full of crosses that

I thought all the world was Irish. Miss Ashe is almost quite well, and I see the bishop, but shall not yet go to his house. I dined again with lord-treasurer; but the parliament being prorogued, I must keep what I have till next week; for I believe he will not see it till just the evening before the session. He has engaged me to dine with him again to-morrow, though I did all I could to put it off; but I don't care to disoblige him. Night, MD.

18. I have now dined six days successively with lord-treasurer; but to-night I stole away while he was talking with somebody else, and so am at liberty to-morrow. There was a flying report of a general cessation of arms: everybody had it at court; but I believe there is nothing in it. I asked a certain French minister how things went? And he whispered me in French, "Your plenipotentiaries and ours play the fool." None of us, indeed, approve of the conduct of either at this time; but lord-treasurer was in full good humour for all that. He had invited a good many of his relations; and of a dozen at table, they were all of the Harley family but myself. Disney is recovering, though you don't care a straw. Dilly murders us with his *if* puns. You know them. Night, MD.

19. The bishop of Clogher has made an *if* pun, that he is mighty proud of, and designs to send it over to his brother Tom. But sir Andrew Fountaine has wrote to Tom Ashe last post, and told him the pun, and desired him to send it over to the bishop as his own; and, if it succeeds, it will be a pure bite. The bishop will tell it us as a wonder, that he and his brother should jump so exactly. I'll tell you the pun:—If there was a hackney coach at Mr. Pooley's door, what town in Egypt would it be? Why, it would be Hecatompolis; "Hack at Tom Pooley's." Silly, says, Ppt. I dined with a private friend to-day; for our society, I told you, meet but once a fortnight. I have not seen Fanny Manley yet; I can't help it. Lady Orkney is come to town: why, she was at her country-house; what care you? Night, MD.

20. Dilly read me a letter to-day from Ppt. She seems to have scratched her head when she wrote it. 'Tis a sad thing to write to people without taste. There you say, you bear I was going to Bath. No such thing; I am pretty well, I thank God. The town is now sending me to Savoy. Forty people have given me joy of it, yet there is not the least truth that I know in it. I was at an auction of pictures, but bought none. I was so glad of my liberty that I would dine nowhere; but, the weather being fine, I sauntered into the city, and ate a bit about five, and then supped at Mr. Burke's, your accountant-general, who had been engaging me this month. The bishop of Clogher was to have been there, but was disordered by lord Paget's funeral. The provost and I sat till one o'clock; and if that be not late I don't know what is late. Parnell's poem will be published on Monday, and to-morrow I design he shall present it to lord-treasurer and lord Bollingbroke at court. The poor lad is almost always out of order with his head. Burke's wife is his sister. She has a little of the pert Irish way. Night, MD.

21. Morn'ing.—I will now finish my letter; for company will come, and a stir, and a clutter; and I'll keep the letter in my pocket, and give it into the post myself. I must go to court, and you know on Saturday I dine with lord-treasurer, of course. Farewell, dearest MD, FW, Me, Lele.

LETTER THE SIXTY-SECOND.

London, March 21, 1718-19.

I OAVE your letter in this night. I dined with lord-

treasurer to-day, and find he has been at a meeting at lord Halifax's house, with four principal Whigs; but he is resolved to begin a speech against them when the parliament sits; and I have begged that the ministry may have a meeting on purpose to settle that matter, and let us be the attackers; and I believe it will come to something, for the Whigs intend to attack the ministers: and if, instead of that, the ministers attack the Whigs, it will be better: and further, I believe we shall attack them on those very points they intend to attack us. The parliament will be again prorogued for a fortnight, because of Passion-week. I forgot to tell you that Mr. Griffin has given Ppt's brother a new employment, about ten pounds a-year better than his former; but more remote, and consequently cheaper. I wish I could have done better, and hope that you will take what can be done in good part, and that Ppt's brother will not dislike it.—Night, dearest MD.

22. I dined to-day with lord-steward [earl Poulet]. There Frank Annesley (a parliament-man) told me he had heard that I had wrote to my friends in Ireland to keep firm to the Whig interest; for that lord-treasurer would certainly declare for it after the peace. Annesley said twenty people had told him this. You must know this is what they endeavour to report of lord-treasurer, that he designs to declare for the Whigs; and a Scotch fellow has wrote the same to Scotland; and his meeting with those lords gives occasion to such reports. Let me henceforth call lord-treasurer Eltee, because possibly my letters may be opened. Pray remember Eltee. You know the reason. L. T. and Eltee are pronounced the same way. Stay, it is now five weeks since I had a letter from MD. I allow you els. You see why I cannot come over the beginning of April. Whoever has to do with this ministry can fix no time: but as hope saved, it is not Ppt's fault.

23. I dined to-day at sir Thomas Hanmer's, by an old appointment; there was the duke of Ormond, and lord and lady Orkney. I left them at six. Everybody is as sour as vinegar. I endeavour to keep a firm friendship between the duke of Ormond and Eltee. You know who Eltee is (or have you forgot already?). I have great designs, if I can compass them; but delay is rooted in Eltee's heart; yet the fault is not altogether there that things are ne better. Here is the cursedest libel in verse come out that ever was seen, called "The Ambassador;" it is very dull too; it has been printed three or four different ways, and is handed about, but not sold. It abuses the queen horribly. The Examiner has cleared me to-day of being author of his paper, and done it with great civilities to me. I hope it will stop people's mouths; if not, they must go on and be hanged, I care not. "The terrible rainy weather; I'll go sleep. Night, dearest MD.

24. It rained all this day, and ruined me in coach-hire. I went to colonel Disney, who is past danger. Then I visited lord-keeper, who was at dinner; but I would not dine with him, but drove to lord-treasurer (Eltee I mean); paid the coachman and went in; but he dined abroad: so I was forced to call the coachman again, and went to lord Bollingbroke's. He dined abroad too; and at lord Dupplin's I alighted, and by good luck got a dinner there, and then went to the Latin play at Westminster school, acted by the boys: and lord-treasurer (Eltee I mean again) honoured them with his presence. Lady Masham's eldest son, about two years old, is ill, and I am afraid will not live: she is full of grief, and I pity

* It was entitled "The British Ambassadors' Speech to the French King."

and am angry with her. Four shillings to-day in coach-hire; faith it won't do. Our peace will certainly be ready by Thursday fortnight; but our plenipotentiaries were to blame that it was not done already. They thought their powers were not full enough to sign the peace, unless every prince was ready, which cannot yet be; for Spain has no minister yet at Utrecht; but now ours have new orders. Night, MD.

25. Weather worse than ever; terrible rain all day, but I was resolved I would spend no more money. I went to an auction of pictures with Dr. Pratt, and there met the duke of Beaufort, who promised to come with me to court, but did not. So a coach I got, and went to court, and did some little business there, but was forced to go home; for you must understand I take a little physic over night, which works me next day. Lady Orkney is my physician. It is *hiern piers*, two spoonful—devilish stuff! I thought to have dined with Eltee, but would not, merely to save a shilling; but I dined privately with a friend, and played at ombre, and won six shillings. Here are several people of quality lately dead of the small-pox. I have not yet seen Miss Asbe, but hear she is well. The bishop of Clogher has bought abundance of pictures, and Dr. Pratt has got him very good pennyworths. I can get no walks, the weather is so bad. Is it so with you? Night, dear MD.

26. Though it was shaving-day, head and beard, yet I was out early to see lord Bollingbroke and talk over affairs with him; and then I went to the duke of Ormond, and so to court, where the ministers did not come, because the parliament was prorogued all this day fortnight. We had terrible rain and hail to-day. Our society met this day, but I left them before seven, and went to sir Andrew Fountain, and played at ombre with him and sir Thomas Charges till ten, and then went to sir Thomas Hanmer. His wife, the duchess of Grafton, left us after a little while, and I stayed with him about an hour, upon some affairs, &c. Lord Bollingbroke left us at the society before I went; for there is an express from Utrecht, but I know not yet what it contains; only I know the ministers expect the peace will be signed in a week, which is a week before the session. Night, MD.

27. Parnell's poem is mightily esteemed; but poetry sells ill. I am plagued with that **** poor Harrison's mother; you would laugh to see how cautious I am of paying her the 100*l*. I received for her son from the treasury. I have asked every creature I know whether I may do it safely; yet durst not venture till my lord-keeper assured me there was no danger. Yet I have not paid her, but will in a day or two: though I have a great mind to stay till Ppt sends me her opinion, because Ppt is a great lawyer. I dined to-day with a mixture of people at a Scotchman's, who made the invitation to Mr. Lewis and me, and has some design upon us, which we know very well. I went afterward to see a famous moving picture, and I never saw anything so pretty. You see a sea ten inches wide, a town at the other end, and ships sailing in the sea and discharging their cannon. You see a great sky, with moon and stars, &c. I am a fool. Night, dear MD.

28. I had a mighty levee to-day. I deny myself to everybody, except about half a dozen, and they were all here, and Mr. Addison was one. I had chocolate twice, which I don't like. Our rainy weather continues. Coach-hire goes deep. I dined with Eltee and his Saturday company, as usual, and could not get away till nine. Lord Peterborow was

making long harangues, and Eltee kept me in spite. Then I went to see the bishop of Ossory, who had engaged me in the morning; he is going to Ireland. The bishop of Killaloe and Tom Leigh were with us. The latter had wholly changed his style by seeing how the bishops behaved themselves, and he seemed to think me one of more importance than I really am. I put the ill conduct of the bishops about the first-fruits, with relation to Eltee and me, strongly upon Killaloe, and showed how it had hindered me from getting a better thing for them, called the crown-rents, which the queen had promised. He had nothing to say, but was humble, and desired my interest in that and some other things. This letter is half done in a week: I believe you will have it next. Night, MD.

29. I have been employed in endeavouring to save one of your junior fellows,* who came over here for a dispensation from taking orders, and, in soliciting it, has run out his time, and now his fellowship is void, if the college pleases, unless the queen suspends the execution, and gives him time to take orders. I spoke to all the ministers yesterday about it; but they say the queen is angry, and thought it was a trick to deceive her; and she is positive, and so the man must be ruined, for I cannot help him. I never saw him in my life; but the case was so hard I could not forbear interposing. Your government recommended him to the duke of Ormond, and he thought they would grant it; and by the time it was refused the fellowship by rigour is forfeited. I dined with Dr. Arbuthnot (one of my brothers) at his lodgings in Chelsea, and was there at chapel; and the aliar put me in mind of Tiedall's outlandish mould at your hospital for the soldiers. I was not at court to-day, and I hear the queen was not at church. Perhaps the gont has seized her again. Terrible ruin all day. Have you such weather? Night, MD.

30. Morning.—I was naming some time ago to a certain person, another certain person that was very deserving and poor and sickly; and the other, that first certain person, gave me a hundred pounds to give the other, which I have not yet done. The person who is to have it never saw the giver, nor expects one farthing, nor has the least knowledge or imagination of it; so I believe it will be a very agreeable surprise; for I think it is a handsome present enough. At night I dined in the city, at Pontack's, with lord Dnpllin^b and some others. We were treated by one colonel Cleland, who has a mind to be governor of Barbadoes, and is laying these long traps for me and others, to engage our interest for him. He is a true Scotchman. I paid the hundred pounds this evening, and it was a great surprise to the receiver. We reckon the peace is now signed, and that we shall have it in three days. I believe it is pretty sure. Night, MD.

31. I thought to-day on Ppt when she told me she supposed I was acquainted with the steward, when I was giving myself airs of being at some lord's house. Sir Andrew Fountaine invited the bishop of Clogher and me, and some others, to dine where he did; and he carried us to the duke of Kent's, who was gone out of town; but the steward treated us nobly, and showed us the fine pictures, &c. I have not yet seen Miss Ashe. I wait till she has been abroad and taken the air. This evening lady Masham, Dr. Arbuthnot, and I, were contriving a lie for to-morrow, that Mr. Noble, who was hanged last Saturday, was recovered by his friends and then

seized again by the sheriff, and is now in a messenger's hands at the Black Swan in Holborn. We are all to send to our friends to know whether they they have heard anything of it, and so we hope it will spread. However, we shall do our endeavours; nothing shall be wanting on our parts, and leave the rest to fortune. Night, MD.

April 1. We had no success in our story, though I sent my man to several houses to inquire among the footmen, without letting him into the secret; but I doubt my colleagues did not contribute as they ought. Parnell and I dined with Dartineuf to-day. You have heard of Dartineuf; I have told you of Dartineuf. After dinner we all went to lord Bolingbroke's, who had desired me to dine with him, but I would not, because I had heard it was to look over a dull poem of one parson Trap upon the peace. The Swedish envoy told me to-day at court that he was in great apprehensions about his master, and indeed we are afraid that prince [Charles XII.] is dead among those Turkish dogs. I prevailed on lord Bolingbroke to invite Mr. Addison to dine with him on Good Friday. I suppose we shall be mighty merrily. Addison is to have a play on Friday in Easter week: 'tis a tragedy called Cato; I saw it unfinished some years ago. Did I tell you that Steele has begun a new daily paper called the "Guardian" they say good for nothing. I have not seen it. Night, dear MD.

2. I was this morning with lord Bolingbroke, and he tells me a Spanish courier is just come with the news that the king of Spain has agreed to everything that the queen desires, and the duke d'Osuna has left Paris in order to his journey to Utrecht. I was prevailed on to come home with Trap and read his poem and correct it, but it was good for nothing. While I was thus employed sir Thomas Hanmer came up to my chamber and barked me of a journey he and I intended this week to lord Orkney's, at Clifden, but he is not well, and his physician will not let him undertake such a journey. I intended to dine with lord-treasurer, but going to see colonel Disney, who lives with general Withers, I liked the general's little dinner so well that I stayed and took share of it, and did not go to lord-treasurer till six, where I found Dr. Sacheverel, who told us that the bookellar had given him 100*l*. for his sermon preached last Sunday, and intended to print 30,000; I believe he will be confoundedly ill, and will hardly sell above half. I have fires still, though April is begun, against my old maxim, but the weather is wet and cold. I never saw such a long run of ill weather in my life. Night, dear MD.

3. I was at the queen's chapel to-day, but she was not there. Mr. St. John, lord Bolingbroke's brother, came this day at noon with an express from Utrecht that the peace is signed by all the ministers there but those of the emperor, who will likewise sign in a few days, so that now the great work is in effect done, and I believe it will appear a most excellent peace for Europe, particularly for England. Addison and I, and some others, dined with lord Bolingbroke, and sat with him till twelve. We were very civil, but yet, when we grew warm, we talked in a friendly manner of party. Addison raised his objections, and lord Bolingbroke answered them with great complaisance. Addison began lord Somers's health, which went about; but I hid him not name lord Wharton's, for I would not pledge it, and I told lord Bolingbroke frankly that Addison loved lord Wharton as little as I did: so we laughed, &c. Well, but you are glad of the peace, you Ppt the trimmer, are you not? As for DD, I don't doubt her. Why, now, if I did not think Ppt had been a violent Tory, and

* Mr. Charles Gratton, afterwards master of the royal free school at Enniskillen, founded by Erasmus Smith, esq.

^b Then one of the tellers of the exchequer.

DD the greater Whig of the two! It is late. Night, MD.

4. This Passion-week people are so demure, especially this last day, that I told Dilly, who called here, that I would dine with him, and so I did, faith, and had a small shoulder of mutton of my own bespeaking. It rained all day. I came home at seven and have never stirred out, but have been reading Sacheverel's long dull sermon which he sent me. It is his first sermon since his suspension is expired, but not a word in it upon the occasion except two or three remote hints. The bishop of Clogher has been sadly bit by Tom Ashe, who sent him a pun which the bishop had made and designed to send him, but delayed it; and lord Pembroke and I made sir Andrew Fountaine write it to Tom. I believe I told you of it in my last; it succeeded right, and the bishop was wondering to lord Pembroke how he and his brother could hit on the same thing. I'll go to bed soon, for I must be at church by eight to-morrow, Easter-day. Night, dear MD.

5. Warburton wrote to me two letters about a living of one Foulkes, who is lately dead in the county of Meath. My answer is, that before I received the first letter general Georges had recommended a friend of his to the duke of Ormond, which was the first time I heard of its vacancy, and it was the provost told me of it. I believe verily that Foulkes was not dead when Georges recommended the other, for Warburton's last letter said that Foulkes was dead the day before the date.—This has prevented me from serving Warburton as I would have done if I had received early notice enough. Pray say or write this to Warburton, to justify me to him. I was at church at eight this morning, and dressed and shaved after I came back, but was too late at court, and lord Abington had like to have snapped me for dinner, and I believe will fall out for refusing him; but I hate dining with him, and I dined with a private friend, and took two or three good walks, for it was a very fine day, the first we have had a great while. Remember, was Easter-day a fine day with you? I have sat with lady Worsley till now. Night, MD.

6. I was this morning at ten at the rehearsal of Mr. Addison's play, called Cato, which is to be acted on Friday. There was not above half-a-score of us to see it. We stood on the stage, and it was foolish enough to see the actors prompted every moment, and the poet directing them; and the drab that acts Cato's daughter [Mrs. Oldfield] out in the midst of a passionate part, and then calling out, "What's next?" The bishop of Clogher was there too; but he stood privately in a gallery. I went to dine with lord-treasurer, but he was gone to Wimbledon, his daughter Caermarthen's country seat, seven miles off. So I went back, and dined privately with Mr. Addison, whom I had left to go to lord-treasurer. I keep fires yet; I am very extravagant. I sat this evening with sir Andrew Fountaine, and we amused ourselves with making i/s for Dilly. It is rainy weather again; never saw the like. This letter shall go to-morrow: remember, young womeo, it is seven weeks since your last, and I allow you but five weeks; but you have been galloping in the country to Swanton's. Pray tell Swanton I had his letter, but cannot contrive how to serve him. If a governor were to go over, I would recommend him as far as lay in my power, but I can do no more: and you know all employments in Ireland, at least almost all, are engaged in reversions. If I were on the spot, and had credit with a lord-lieutenant, I would very heartily recommend him; but

employments here are no more in my power than the monarchy itself. Night, dear MD.

7. Morning.—I have had a visitor here that has taken up my time. I have not been abroad, you may be sure; so I can say nothing to-day, but that I love MD better than ever, if possible. I will put this in the post-office; so I say no more. I write by this post to the dean, but it is not above two lines; and one enclosed to you, but that enclosed to you is not above three lines; and then one enclosed to the dean, which he must not have but upon condition of burning it immediately after reading, and that before your eyes; for there are some things in it I would not have liable to accident. You shall only know in general that it is an account of what I have done to serve him in his pretensions on these vacancies, &c. But he must not know that you know so much. Don't this perplex you? What care I! But love Pdfr. Farewell, dearest MD, FW, Me, Lele.

LETTER THE SIXTY-THIRD.

London, April 7, 1713.

I FANCY I marked my last, which I sent this day, wrong; only 61, and it ought to be 62. I dined with lord-treasurer, and though the business I had with him is something against Thursday, when the parliament is to meet, and this is Tuesday, yet he put it off till to-morrow. I dare not tell you what it is, lest this letter should miserry or be opened; but I never saw his fellow for delays. The parliament will now certainly sit, and everybody's expectations are ready to burst. At a council to-night the lord-chief-justice Parker, a Whig, spoke against the peace; so did lord Cholmondeley, another Whig, who is treasurer of the household. My lord-keeper [lord Harcourt], was this night made lord-chancellor. We hope there will soon be some removes. Night, dearest little MD.

8. Lord Cholmondeley is this day removed from his employment, for his last night's speech; and sir Richard Temple, lieutenant-general, the greatest Whig in the army, is turned out; and lieutenant-general Palmes will be obliged to sell his regiment. This is the first-fruits of a friendship I have established between two great men. I dined with lord-treasurer, and did the business I had for him to his satisfaction. I won't tell you what it was. The parliament sits to-morrow for certain. Here is a letter printed in Macartney's name, vindicating himself from the murder of duke Hamilton. I must give some hints to have it answered; 'tis full of lies, and will give an opportunity of exposing that party. To-morrow will be a very important day. All the world will be at Westminster. Lord-treasurer is as easy as a lamb. They are mustering up the proxies of the absent lords; but they are not in any fear of wanting a majority, which death and accidents have increased this year. Night, MD.

9. I was this morning with lord-treasurer, to present to him a young son of the late earl of Jersey, at the desire of the widow. There I saw the mace and great coach ready for lord-treasurer, who was going to parliament. Our society met to-day; but I expected the houses would sit longer than I cared to stay; so I dined with a friend, and never inquired how matters went till eight this evening, when I went to lord Orkney's, where I found sir Thomas Hanmer. The queen delivered her speech very well, but a little weaker in her voice. The crowd was vast. The order for an address was moved, and opposed by lords Nottingham, Halifax, and Cowper.

Lord-treasurer spoke with great spirit and resolution; lord Peterborow flirted against the duke of Marlborough (who is in Germany, you know), but it was in answer to one of lord Halifax's importunesses. The order for an address passed by a majority of thirty-three, and the bouzes rose before six. This is the account I heard at lord Orkney's. The bishop of Chester, a high Tory, was against the court. The duchess of Marlborough sent for him some months ago, to justify herself to him in relation to the queen, and showed him letters, and told him stories, which the weak man believed, and was converted.

10. I dined with a cousin in the city, and poor Pat Rolt was there. I have got her rogue of a husband leave to come to England from Portsmouth. The Whigs are much down, but I reckon they have some scheme in agitation. This parliament-time hinders our court meetings on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. I had a great deal of business to-night, which gave me a temptation to be idle, and I lost a dozen shillings at ombre with Dr. Pratt and another. It rains every day, and yet we are all over dust. Lady Masham's eldest boy is very ill: I doubt he will not live, and she stays at Kensington to nurse him, which vexes us all. She is so excessively fond, it makes me mad. She should never leave the queen, but leave everything to stick to what is so much the interest of the public, as well as her own. This I tell her, but talk to the winds. Night, MD.

11. I dined at lord-treasurer's, with his Saturday company. We had ten at table, all lords but myself and the chancellor of the exchequer. Argyle went off at six, and was in very indifferent humour as usual. Duke of Ormond and lord Bolingbroke were absent. I stayed till near ten. Lord-treasurer showed us a small picture, enamelled work, and set in gold, worth about twenty pounds; a picture, I mean, of the queen, which she gave to the duchess of Marlborough, set in diamonds. When the duchess was leaving England, she took off all the diamonds, and gave the picture to one Mrs. Higgins (an old intriguing woman, whom everybody knows), bidding her make the best of it she could. Lord-treasurer sent to Mrs. Higgins for this picture, and gave her a hundred pounds for it. Was ever such an ungrateful beast as that duchess! or did you ever hear such a story? I suppose the Whigs will not believe it. Pray, try them. She takes off the diamonds, and gives away the picture to an insignificant woman, as a thing of no consequence; and gives it to her to sell, like a piece of old-fashioned plate. Is she not a detestable slut? Night, dear MD.

12. I went to court to-day, on purpose to present Mr. Berkeley,* one of your fellows of Dublin-college, to lord Berkeley of Stratton. That Mr. Berkeley is a very ingenuous man and great philosopher, and I have mentioned him to all the ministers, and have given them some of his writings; and I will favour him as much as I can. This I think I am bound to, in honour and conscience, to use all my little credit toward helping forward men of worth in the world. The queen was at chapel to-day, and looks well. I dined at lord Orkney's, with the duke of Ormond, lord Arran, and sir Thomas Hanmer. Mr. St. John, secretary at Utrecht, expects every moment to return there with the ratification of the peace. Did I tell you in my last of Addison's play called Cato, and that I was at the rehearsal of it? Night, MD.

13. This morning my friend Mr. Lewis came to me, and showed me an order for a warrant for three

deaneries; but none of them to me. This was what I always foresaw, and received the notice of it better, I believe, than be expected. I bid Mr. Lewis tell my lord-treasurer that I take nothing ill of him but his not giving me timely notice, as he promised to do, if he found the queen would do nothing for me. At noon lord-treasurer, hearing I was in Mr. Lewis's office, came to me, and said many things too long to repeat. I told him I had nothing to do but go to Ireland immediately; for I could not, with any reputation, stay longer here, unless I had something honourable immediately given to me. We dined together at the duke of Ormond's. He there told me he had stopped the warrants for the deans, that what was done for me might be at the same time, and he hoped to compass it to-night; but I believe him not. I told the duke of Ormond my intentions. He is content Sterne should be a bishop and I have St. Patrick's; but I believe nothing will come of it, for stay I will not; and so I believe, for all our *****, you may see me in Dublin before April ends. I am less out of humour than you would imagine; and if it were not that impertinent people will condole with me, as they used to give me joy, I would value it less. But I will avoid company, and muster up my baggage, and send them next Monday by the carrier to Chester, and come and see my willows, against the expectation of all the world.—What care I! Night, dearest rogues, MD.

14. I dined in the city to-day, and ordered a lodging to be got ready for me against I came to pack up my things; for I will leave this end of the town as soon as ever the warrants for the deaneries are out, which are yet stopped. Lord-treasurer told Mr. Lewis that it should be determined to-night; and so he will say a hundred nights. So he said yesterday, but I value it not. My daily journals shall be but short till I get into the city, and then I will send away this, and follow it myself; and design to walk it all the way to Chester, my man and I, by ten miles a-day. It will do my health a great deal of good. I shall do it in fourteen days. Night, dear MD.

15. Lord Bolingbroke made me dine with him to-day; I was as good company as ever; and told me the queen would determine something for me to-night. The dispute is, Windsor or St. Patrick's. I told him I would not stay for their disputes, and he thought I was in the right. Lord Masham told me that lady Masham is angry I have not been to see her since this business, and desires I will come to-morrow. Night, dear MD.

16. I was this noon at lady Masham's, who was just come from Kensington, where her eldest son is sick. She said much to me of what she had talked to the queen and lord-treasurer. The poor lady fell a shedding tears openly. She could not bear to think of my baring St. Patrick's, &c. I was never more moved than to see so much friendship. I would not stay with her, but went and dined with Dr. Arbuthnot, with Mr. Berkeley, one of your fellows, whom I have recommended to the doctor and to lord Berkeley of Stratton. Mr. Lewis tells me that the duke of Ormond has been to-day with the queen; and she was content that Dr. Sterne should be bishop of Dromore and I dean of St. Patrick's; but then out came lord-treasurer, and said he would not be satisfied, but that I must be prebendary of Windsor. Thus he perplexes things. I expect neither; but I confess, as much as I love England, I am so angry at this treatment, that, if I had my choice, I would rather have St. Patrick's. Lady

* Afterwards the celebrated bishop of Clonfert.

Masham says she will speak to the purpose to the queen to-morrow. Night, dear MD.

17. I went to dine at Lady Masham's to-day, and she was taken ill of a sore throat, and anguish. She spoke to the queen last night, but had not much time. The queen says she will determine to-morrow with lord-treasurer. The warrants for the deaneries are still stopped, for fear I should be gone. Do you think anything will be done? I don't care whether it is or no. In the mean time I prepare for my journey, and see no great people, nor will see lord-treasurer any more, if I go. Lord-treasurer told Mr. Lewis it should be done to-night; so he said five nights ago. Night, MD.

18. This morning Mr. Lewis sent me word that lord-treasurer told him the queen would determine at noon. At three lord-treasurer sent to me to come to his lodgings at St. James's, and told me the queen was at last resolved that Dr. Sterne should be bishop of Dromore and I dean of St. Patrick's; and that Sterne's warrant should be drawn immediately. You know the deanery is in the duke of Ormond's gift; but this is concerted between the queen, lord-treasurer, and the duke of Ormond, to make room for me. I do not know whether it will yet be done; some unlucky accident may yet come. Neither can I feel joy at passing my days in Ireland; and I confess I thought the ministry would not let me go; but perhaps they can't help it. Night, MD.

19. I forgot to tell you that lord-treasurer forced me to dine with him yesterday as usual, with his Saturday company, which I did after frequent refusals. To-day I dined with a private friend, and was not at court. After dinner Mr. Lewis sent me word that the queen stayed till she knew whether the duke of Ormond approved of Sterne for a bishop. I went this evening and found the duke of Ormond at the cockpit, and told him, and desired he would go to the queen and approve of Sterne. He made objections, and desired I would name any other deanery, for he did not like Sterne; that Sterne never went to see him; that he was influenced by the archbishop of Dublin, &c.; so all is now broken again. I sent out for lord-treasurer, and told him this. He says all will do well; but I value not what he says. This suspense vexes me worse than anything else. Night, MD.

20. I went to-day, by appointment, to the cockpit, to talk with the duke of Ormond. He repeated the same proposals of any other deanery, &c. I desired he would put me out of the case, and do as he pleased. Then, with great kindness, he said he would consent; but would do it for no man alive but me, &c. And he will speak to the queen to-day or to-morrow; so, perhaps, something will come of it. I can't tell. Night, own dear MD.

21. The duke of Ormond has told the queen he is satisfied that Sterne should be bishop, and she consents I shall be dean; and I suppose the warrants will be drawn in a day or two. I dined at an alehouse with Parnell and Berkeley; for I am not in humour to go among the ministers, though lord Dartmouth invited me to dine with him to-day, and lord-treasurer was to be there. I said I would if I were out of suspense. Night, dearest MD.

22. The queen says warrants shall be drawn, but she will dispose of all in England and Ireland at once, to be tessed no more. This will delay it some time; and, while it is delayed, I am not sure of the queen, my enemies being busy. I hate this suspense. Night, dear MD.

23. I dined yesterday with general Hamilton; I forgot to tell you. I write short journals now. I

have eggs on the spit. This night the queen has signed all the warrants, among which Sterne is bishop of Dromore, and the duke of Ormond is to send over an order for making me dean of St. Patrick's. I have no doubt of him at all. I think 'tis now past. And I suppose MD is malicious enough to be glad, and rather have it than Wells. But you see what a condition I am in. I thought I was to pay but six hundred pounds for the house; but the bishop of Clogher says eight hundred pounds; first-fruits one hundred and fifty pounds, and so, with patent, a thousand pounds in all; so that I shall not be the better for the deanery these three years. I hope in some time they will be persuaded here to give me some money to pay off these debts. I must finish the book I am writing before I can go over; and they expect I shall pass next winter here, and then I will drive them to give me a sum of money. However, I hope to pass four or five months with MD, whatever comes of it. I received yours to-night; just ten weeks since I had your last. I shall write next post to bishop Sterne. Never man had so many enemies in Ireland as he. I carried it with the strongest hand possible. If he does not use me well and gently in what dealings I shall have with him, he will be the most ungrateful of mankind. The archbishop of York [Dr. Sharpe], my mortal enemy, has sent, by a third hand, that he would be glad to see me. Shall I see him or not? I hope to be over in a month, and that MD, with their railery, will be mistaken, that I shall make it three years. I will answer your letter soon, but no more journals. I shall be very busy. Short letters from benevolent. I shall not part with Laracor. That is all I have to live on, except the deanery be worth more than four hundred pounds a-year. Is it! If it be, overplus shall be divided ***** besides usual ***** Pray write to me a good-humoured letter immediately, let it be ever so short. This affair was carried with great difficulty, which vexes me. But they say here it is much to my reputation that I have made a bishop, in spite of all the world, to get the best deanery in Ireland. Night, dear MD.

24. I forgot to tell you I had Sterne's letter yesterday, in answer to mine. ***** I made mistakes the last three days, and am forced to alter the number. I dined in the city to-day with my printer, and came home early, and am going to be busy with my work. I will send this to-morrow, and I suppose the warrants will go then. I wrote to Dr. Coghlin to take care of passing my patent; and to Parvial to attend him with money, if he has any, or to borrow some where he can. Night, MD.

25. Morning. I know not whether my warrant be got ready from the duke of Ormond. I suppose it will by to-night. I am going abroad, and will keep this unsealed till I know whether all be finished.

I had this letter all day in my pocket, waiting till I heard the warrants were gone over. Mr. Lewis sent to Southwell's clerk at ten, and he said the bishop of Killaloe [Dr. Thomas Lindsay] had desired they should be stopped till next post. He sent again that the bishop of Killaloe's business had nothing to do with ours. Then I went myself, but it was past eleven, and asked the reason. Killaloe is removed to Raphoe, and he has a mind to have an order for the rents of Raphoe that have fallen due since the vacancy, and he would have all stop till he has gotten that. A pretty request! But the clerk, at Mr. Lewis's message, sent the warrants for Sterne and me; but then it was too late to send this, which frets me heartily, that MD should not have intelligence first from Pdfr. I think to take a

hundred pounds a-year out of the deanery and divide between ****, but will talk of that when I come over. Night, dear MD. Love Pdrfr.

26. I was at court to-day, and a thousand people gave me joy; so I ran out. I dined with lady Orkney. Yesterday I dined with lord-treasurer and his Saturday people as usual; and was so bedesned! The archbishop of York says he will never more speak against me. Pray see that Parvisol stirs about getting my patent. I have given Tooke DD's note to prove she is alive.

27. Nothing new to-day. I dined with Tom Harley, &c. I'll seal up this to-night. Pray write soon. Farewell, MD, FW, Me, Lele.

LETTER THE SIXTY-FOURTH.

London, May 16, 1713.

I HAD yours, No. 40, yesterday. Your new bishop acts very ungratefully. I cannot say so had of him as he deserves. I begged, by the same post his warrant and mine went over, that he would leave those livings to my disposal. I shall write this post to him to let him know how ill I take it. I have letters to tell me that I ought to think of employing somebody to set the tithes of the deanery. I know not what to do at this distance. I cannot be in Ireland under a month. I will write two orders, one to Parvisol, and the other to Parvisol and a blank for whatever fellow the last dean employed; and I would desire you to advise with friends which to make use of: and if the latter, let the fellow's name be inserted, and both act by commission. If the former, then speak to Parvisol and know whether he can undertake it. I doubt it is hardly to be done by a perfect stranger alone, as Parvisol is. He may perhaps venture at all, to keep up his interest with me, but that is needless, for I am willing to do him any good that will do me no harm. Pray advise with Walls and Raymond, and a little with bishop Sterne for form. Tell Raymond I cannot succeed to get him the living of Moimed. It is represented here as a great sinecure. Several chaplains have solicited for it, and it has vexed me so, that, if I live, I will make it my business to serve him better in something else. I am heartily sorry for his illness, and that of the other two. If it be not necessary to let the tithes till a month hence you may keep the two papers and advise well in the mean time; and whenever it is absolutely necessary, then give that paper which you are most advised to. I thank Mr. Walls for his letter. Tell him that must serve for an answer, with my service to him and her. I shall buy bishop Sterne's hair as soon as his household goods. I shall be ruined, or at least sadly cramped, unless the queen will give me a thousand pounds. I am sure she owes me a great deal more. Lord-treasurer rallies me upon it, and I believe intends it; but, *quando?* I am advised to hasten over as soon as possible, and so I will, and hope to set out the beginning of June. Take no lodging for me. What! at your old tricks again! I can lie somewhere after I land, and care not where nor how. I will buy your eggs and bacon, **** your cups and Bible; and pray think immediately,

and give me some commissions, and I will perform them. The letter I sent before this was to have gone a post before, but an accident hindered it, and I assure you I am very angry MD did not write to Pdrfr, and I think you might have had a dean under your girdle for the superscription. I have just finished my treatise,* and must be ten days in correcting it. Farewell, dearest MD, FW, Me, Lele. You'll seal the two papers after my name.

"London, May 16, 1713.

"I appoint Mr. Isaiah Parvisol and Mr. to set and let the tithes of the deanery of St. Patrick's for the present year. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, the day and year above written.

JONAT. SWIFT."

"London, May 16, 1713.

"I do hereby appoint Mr. Isaiah Parvisol my proctor, to set and let the tithes of the deanery of St. Patrick's. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, the day and year above written.

JONAT. SWIFT."

LETTER THE SIXTY-FIFTH.

Chester, June 6, 1713.

I AM come here after six days. I set out on Monday last, and got here to-day about eleven in the morning. A noble rider, faith! and all the ships and people went off yesterday with a rare wind. This was told me, to my comfort, upon my arrival. Having not used riding these three years, made me terrible weary, yet I resolve on Monday to set out for Holyhead, as weary as I am: 'tis good for my health, man. When I came here I found MD's letter of the 26th of May sent down to me. Had you written a post sooner I might have brought some pins, but you were lazy, and could not write your orders immediately, as I desired you. I will come when God pleases; perhaps I may be with you in a week. I will be three days going to Holyhead; I cannot ride faster, say what you will. I am upon Stay-behind's mare. I have the whole inn to myself. I would fain 'scape this Holyhead journey; but I have no prospect of ships, and it will be almost necessary I should be in Dublin before the 25th instant, to take the oaths, otherwise I must wait to a quarter session. I will lodge as I can, therefore take no lodgings for me to pay in my absence. The poor dean can't afford it. I spoke again to the duke of Ormond about Moimed for Raymond, and hope he may yet have it, for I laid it strongly to the duke, and gave him the bishop of Meath's memorial. I am sorry for Raymond's distils; tell him so. I will speak to lord-treasurer about Mrs. South tomorrow.—Ods! I forgot; I thought I had been in London. Mrs. Tisdall is very big, ready to lie down. Her husband is a puppy. Do his feet stink still! The letters to Ireland go at so uncertain an hour that I am forced to conclude. Farewell, MD, FW, Me, Lele, &c.

* His history of the Peace of Utrecht.

MEMOIRS

RELATING TO THAT CHANGE WHICH HAPPENED IN QUEEN ANNE'S MINISTRY IN THE YEAR 1710.

Many particulars in these memoirs are remarkably confirmed by a publication in which the reader would the least expect them, in "An Account of the Conduct of the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough, from her first coming to Court, to the year 1749, in a letter from herself to my Lord —," printed in 1749.

HAVING continued for near the space of four years in a good degree of confidence with the ministry then in being, although not with so much power as was believed, or at least given out by my friends, as well as by my enemies, especially the latter, in both houses of parliament; and this having happened during a very busy period of negotiations abroad and management of intrigue at home, I thought it might probably, some years hence, when the present scene shall have given place to many new ones that will arise, be an entertainment to those who will have any personal regard for me or my memory to set down some particularities which fell under my knowledge and observation, while I was supposed, whether truly or not, to have part in the secret of affairs.

One circumstance I am a little sorry for, that I was too negligent (against what I had always resolved, and blamed others for not doing) in taking hints, or journals, of every material as it passed, whereof I omitted many that I cannot now recollect, although I was convinced by a thousand instances of the weakness of my memory. But, to say the truth, the nearer knowledge any man has in the affairs at court, the less he thinks them of consequence, or worth regarding. And those kind of passages which I have with curiosity found or searched for in memoirs, I wholly neglected when they were freely communicated to me from the first hand, or were such wherein I acted myself. This I take to be one among other reasons why great ministers seldom give themselves the trouble of recording the important parts of that administration where they themselves are at the head. They have extinguished all that vanity which usually possesses men during their first acquaintance at courts; and, like the masters of a puppet-show, they despise those motions which fill common spectators with wonder and delight. However, upon frequently recollecting the course of affairs during the time I was either trusted or employed, I am deceived if in history there can be found any period more full of passages which the curious of another age would be glad to know the secret springs of, or whence more useful instructions may be gathered, for directing the conduct of those who shall hereafter have the good or ill fortune to be engaged in business of the state.

It may probably often happen that those who shall at any time hereafter peruse these papers may think it not suitable to the nature of them, that upon occasion I sometimes make mention of myself, who, during these transactions, and ever since, was a person without titles or public employment. But, since the chief leaders of the faction, then out of power, were pleased, in both houses of parliament, to take every opportunity of showing their malice by mentioning me (and often by name) as one who was in the secret of all affairs, and without whose advice or privity nothing was done, or employment disposed of, it will not, perhaps, be improper to take

notice of some passages wherein the public and myself were jointly concerned; not to mention that the chief cause of giving myself this trouble is to satisfy my particular friends; and at worst, if, after the fate of manuscripts, these papers shall, by accident or indiscretion, fall into the public view, they will be no more liable to censure than other memoirs, published for many years past, in English, French, and Italian. The period of time I design to treat on will commence with September, 1710; from which time, till within two months of the queen's death, I was never absent from court, except about six weeks in Ireland.

But, because the great change of employments in her majesty's family, as well as the kingdom, was begun some months before, and had been thought on from the time of Dr. Sacheverel's trial, while I was absent and lived retired to Ireland, I shall endeavour to recollect, as well as I am able, some particulars I learned from the earl of Oxford, the lord-viscount Bolingbroke, the lady Masham, and doctor Atterbury, who were best able to inform me.

I have often, with great earnestness, pressed the earl of Oxford, then lord treasurer, and my lady Masham, who were the sole persons which brought about that great change, to give me a particular account of every circumstance and passage during the whole transaction. Nor did this request proceed from curiosity, or the ambition of knowing and publishing important secrets; but from a sincere honest design of justifying the queen in the measures she then took, and afterwards pursued, against a load of scandal, which would certainly be thrown on her memory with some appearance of truth. It was easy to foresee, even at that distance, that the queen could not live many years; and it was sufficiently known what party was most in the good graces of the successor, and, consequently, what turns would be given by historians to her majesty's proceedings, under a reign whose directly contrary measures would probably be taken. For instance, what would be more easy to a malicious pen than to charge the queen with inconstancy, weakness, and ingratitude, in removing and disgracing the duke of Marlborough, who had so many years commanded her armies with victory and success; in displacing so many great officers of her court and kingdom, by whose counsels she had, in all appearance, so prosperously governed; in extending the marks of her severity and displeasure toward the wife and daughters, as well as relations and allies, of that person she had so long employed and so highly trusted; and all this by the private intrigues of a woman of her bedchamber, in concert with an artful man, who might be supposed to have acted that bold part only from a motive of revenge upon the loss of his employments, or of ambition to come again into power!

These are some of the arguments I often made use of, with great freedom, both to the earl of Oxford and my lady Masham, to incite them to furnish me with materials for a fair account of that great transaction; to which they always seemed as well disposed as myself. My lady Masham did likewise assure me, that she had frequently informed the queen of my request, which her majesty thought very reasonable, and did appear, upon all occasions,

as desirous of preserving reputation with posterity as might justly become a great prince to be. But that incurable disease, either of negligence or procrastination, which influenced every action both of the queen and the earl of Oxford, did, in some sort, infect every one who had credit or business in the court; for, after soliciting near four years to obtain a point of so great importance to the queen and her servants, whence I could propose nothing but trouble, malice, and envy to myself, it was perpetually put off.

The scheme I offered was, to write her majesty's reign; and that this work might not look officious or affected, I was ready to accept the historiographer's place, although of inconsiderable value, and of which I might be sure to be deprived upon the queen's death. This negligence in the queen, the earl of Oxford, and my lady Masham, is the cause that I can give but an imperfect account of the first springs of that great change at court after the trial of doctor Sacheverel; my memory not serving me to retain all the facts related to me; but what I remember I shall here set down.

There was not perhaps in all England a person who understood more artificially to disguise her passions than the late queen. Upon her first coming to the throne the duchess of Marlborough had lost all favour with her, as her majesty has often acknowledged to those who have told it me. That lady had long preserved an ascendant over her mistress while she was princess; which her majesty, when she came to the crown, had neither patience to bear nor spirit to subdue. This princess was so exact an observer of forms, that she seemed to have made it her study, and would often descend so low as to observe, in her domestics of either sex who came into her presence, whether a ruffle, a periwig, or the lining of a coat, were unsuitable at certain times. The duchess, on the other side, who had been used to great familiarities, could not take it into her head that any change of station should put her upon changing her behaviour; the continuance of which was the more offensive to her majesty, whose other servants, of the greatest quality, did then treat her with the utmost respect.

The earl of Godolphin held in favour about three years longer, and then declined, although he kept his office till the general change. I have heard several reasons given for her majesty's early disgust against that lord. The duchess, who had long been his friend, often prevailed on him to solicit the queen upon things very unacceptable to her; which her majesty liked the worse, as knowing whence they originally came: and his lordship, although he endeavoured to be as respectful as his nature would permit him, was, upon all occasions, much too arbitrary and obtruding.

To the duke of Marlborough she was wholly indifferent (as her nature in general prompted her to be), until his restless impatient behaviour had turned her against him.

The queen had not a stock of amity to serve above one object at a time; and, further than a bare good or ill opinion, which she soon contracted and changed, and very often upon light grounds, she could hardly be said either to love or to hate anybody. She grew so jealous upon the change of her servants that often, out of fear of being imposed upon, by an over-caution she would impose upon herself: she took a delight in refusing those who were thought to have greatest power with her, even in the most reasonable things, and such as were necessary for her service; nor would let them be done till she fell into the humour of it herself.

Upon the grounds I have already related, her majesty had gradually conceived a most rooted aversion from the duke and duchess of Marlborough and the earl of Godolphin; which spread in time through all their allies and relations, particularly to the earl of Hertford, whose ungovernable temper had made him foul in his personal respects to her majesty. This I take to have been the principal ground of the queen's resolutions to make a change of some officers both in her family and kingdom; and that these resolutions did not proceed from any real apprehension she had of danger to the church or monarchy; for, although she had been strictly educated in the former, and very much approved its doctrine and discipline, yet she was not so ready to foresee any attempts against it by the party then presiding. But the fears that most influenced her were such as concerned her own power and prerogative, which those nearest about her were making daily encroachments upon, by their undutiful behaviour and unreasonable demands. The department of the duchess of Marlborough, while the prince lay expiring, was of such a nature that the queen, then in the height of grief, was not able to bear it; but with marks of displeasure in her countenance, she ordered the duchess to withdraw and send Mrs. Masham to her.

I forgot to relate an affair that happened, as I remember, about a twelvemonth before prince George's death. This prince had long conceived an incurable aversion from that party, and was resolved to use his utmost credit with the queen his wife to get rid of them. There fell out an incident which seemed to favour this attempt; for the queen, resolving to bestow a regiment upon Mr. Hill, brother to Mrs. Masham, signified her pleasure to the duke of Marlborough; who, in a manner not very dutiful, refused his consent, and retired in anger to the country. After some heats, the regiment was given to a third person. But the queen resented this matter so highly, which she thought had been promoted by the earl of Godolphin, that she resolved immediately to remove the latter. I was told, and it was then generally reported, that Mr. St. John carried a letter from her majesty to the duke of Marlborough, signifying her resolution to take the staff from the earl of Godolphin, and that she expected his grace's compliance; to which the duke returned a very humble answer. I cannot engage for this passage, it having never come into my head to ask Mr. St. John about it; but the account Mr. Harley and he gave me was, that the duke of Marlborough and the earl of Godolphin had concerted with them upon a moderating scheme, wherein some of both parties should be employed, but with a more favourable aspect toward the church: that a meeting was appointed for completing this work: that in the mean time the duke and duchess of Marlborough and the earl of Godolphin were secretly using their utmost efforts with the queen to turn Mr. Harley (who was then secretary of state) and all his friends out of their employments: that the queen, on the other side, who had a great opinion of Mr. Harley's integrity and abilities, would not consent, and was determined to remove the earl of Godolphin. This was not above a month before the season of the year when the duke of Marlborough was to embark for Flanders; and the very night in which Mr. Harley and his friends had appointed to meet his grace and the earl of Godolphin, George Churchill, the duke's brother, who was in good credit with the prince, told his highness, "That the duke was firmly determined to lay down his command if the earl of Godolphin went out, or Mr. Harley and his friends were suffered to continue in." The prince, thus intimidated by

Churchill, reported the matter to the queen; and, the time and service pressing, her majesty was unwillingly forced to yield. The two great lords failed the appointment; and the next morning the duke, at his levee, said aloud, in a careless manner, to those who stood round him, "That Mr. Harley was turned out."

Upon the prince's death, November 1708, the two great lords so often mentioned, who had been for some years united with the low church party, and had long engaged to take them into power, were now in a capacity to make good their promises, which his highness had ever most strenuously opposed. The lord Somers was made president of the council, the earl of Wharton lieutenant of Ireland, and some others of the same stamp were put into considerable posts.

It should seem to me that the duke and earl were not very willingly drawn to impart so much power to those of that party, who expected these removals for some years before, and were always put off upon pretence of the prince's unwillingness to have them employed. And I remember, some months before his highness's death, my lord Somers, who is a person of reserve enough, complained to me with great freedom of the ingratitude of the duke and earl, who, after the service he and his friends had done them in making the Union, would hardly treat them with common civility. Neither shall I ever forget that he readily owned to me that the Union was of no other service to the nation than by giving a remedy to that evil which my lord Godolphin had brought upon us by persuading the queen to pass the *Scottish act of security*. But to return from this digression.

Upon the admission of these men into employments, the court soon ran into extremity of low church measures; and although, in the house of commons, Mr. Harley, sir Simon Harcourt, Mr. St. John, and some others, made great and bold stands in defence of the constitution, yet they were always borne down by a majority.

It was, I think, during this period of time that the duke of Marlborough, whether by a motive of ambition, or a love of money, or by the rash counsels of his wife the duchess, made that bold attempt of desiring the queen to give him a commission to be general for life. Her majesty's answer was, "That she would take time to consider it;" and, in the mean while, the duke advised with the lord Cowper, then chancellor, about the form in which the commission should be drawn. The chancellor, very much to his honour, endeavoured to dissuade the duke from engaging in so dangerous an affair, and protested "he would never put the great seal to such a commission." But the queen was highly alarmed at this extraordinary proceeding in the duke; and talked to a person whom she had taken into confidence, as if she apprehended an attempt upon the crown. The duke of Argyle, and one or two more lords, were (as I have been told) in a very private manner brought to the queen. This duke was under great obligations to the duke of Marlborough, who had placed him in a high station in the army, preferred many of his friends, and procured him the garter. But his unquiet and ambitious spirit, never easy while there was any one above him, made him, upon some trifling resentments, conceive an inveterate hatred against his general. When he was consulted what course should be taken upon the duke of Marlborough's request to be general for life, and whether any danger might be apprehended from the refusal, I was told he suddenly answered, "That her majesty need not be in pain, for he would undertake, whenever she commanded,

to seize the duke at the head of his troops, and bring him away either dead or alive."

About this time happened the famous trial of Dr. Sacheverell, which arose from a foolish passionate pique of the earl of Godolphin, whom this divine was supposed, in a sermon, to have reflected on under the name of Volpone, as my lord Somers, a few months after, confessed to me; and, at the same time, that he had earnestly, and in vain, endeavoured to dissuade the earl from that attempt. However, the impeachment went on, in the form and manner which everybody knows; and, therefore, there need not be anything said of it here.

Mr. Harley, who came up to town during the time of the impeachment, was, by the intervention of Mrs. Masham, privately brought to the queen; and in some meetings easily convinced her majesty of the dispositions of her people, as they appeared in the course of that trial, in favour of the church, and against the measures of those in her service. It was not without a good deal of difficulty that Mr. Harley was able to procure this private access to the queen; the duchess of Marlborough, by her emissaries, watching all the avenues to the back-stairs, and upon all occasions discovering their jealousy of him; whereof he told me a passage, no otherwise worth relating than as it gives an idea of an insolent, jealous minister, who would wholly engross the power and favour of his sovereign. Mr. Harley, upon his removal from the secretary's office, by the intrigues of the duke of Marlborough and the earl of Godolphin, as I have above related, going out of town, was met by the latter of these two lords near Kensington gate. The earl, in a high fit of jealousy, goes immediately to the queen, reproaches her for privately seeing Mr. Harley, and was hardly so civil as to be convinced by her majesty's frequent protestations to the contrary.

These suspicions, I say, made it hard for her majesty and Mr. Harley to have private interviews: neither had he made use of the opportunities he met with to open himself so much to her as she seemed to expect, and desired; although Mrs. Masham, in right of her station in the bed-chamber, had taken all proper occasions of pursuing what Mr. Harley had begun. In this critical juncture, the queen, hemmed in, and as it were imprisoned, by the duchess of Marlborough and her creatures, was at a loss how to proceed. One evening a letter was brought to Mr. Harley, all dirty, and by the hand of a very ordinary messenger. He read the superscription, and saw it was the queen's writing. He sent for the messenger, who said, "He knew not whence the letter came, but that it was delivered him by an under-gardener." I forget whether of Hampton Court or Kensington. The letter mentioned the difficulties her majesty was under; blaming him for "not speaking with more freedom and more particularly, and desiring his assistance." With this encouragement he went more frequently, although still as private as possible, to the back-stairs; and from that time began to have entire credit with the queen. He then told her of the dangers to her crown, as well as to the church and monarchy itself, from the counsels and actions of some of her servants: "That she ought gradually to lessen the exorbitant power of the duke and duchess of Marlborough and the earl of Godolphin, by taking the disposition of employments into her own hands; that it did not become her to be a slave to a party, but to reward those who may deserve by their duty and loyalty, whether they were such as were called of the high church or low church." In short, whatever views he had then in his own breast,

or how far soever he intended to proceed, the turn of his whole discourse was intended, in appearance, only to put the queen upon what they called a moderating scheme; which, however, made so strong an impression upon her, that when this minister, led by the necessity of affairs, the general disposition of the people, and probably by his own inclinations, put her majesty upon going greater lengths than she had first intended, it put him upon innumerable difficulties, and some insuperable; as we shall see in the progress of this change.

Her majesty, pursuant to Mr. Harley's advice, resolved to dispose of the first great employment that fell, according to her own pleasure, without consulting any of her ministers. To put this in execution, an opportunity soon happened, by the death of the earl of Essex, whereby the lieutenancy of the Tower became vacant. It was agreed between the queen and Mr. Harley that the earl Rivers should go immediately to the duke of Marlborough and desire his grace's good offices with the queen to procure him that post. The earl went accordingly; was received with abundance of professions of kindness by the duke, who said, "The lieutenancy of the Tower was not worth his lordship's acceptance;" and desired him to think of something else. The earl still insisted, and the duke still continued to put him off; at length, lord Rivers desired his grace's consent to let him go himself and beg this favour of the queen; and hoped he might tell her majesty "his grace had no objection to him." All this the duke readily agreed to, as a matter of no consequence. The earl went to the queen, who immediately gave orders for his commission. He had not long left the queen's presence, when the duke of Marlborough, suspecting nothing that would happen, went to the queen, and told her, "The lieutenancy of the Tower falling void by the death of the earl of Essex, he hoped her majesty would bestow it upon the duke of Northumberland, and give the Oxford regiment, then commanded by that duke, to the earl of Hertford." The queen said "He was come too late; that she had already granted the lieutenancy to earl Rivers, who had told her that he (the duke) had no objection to him." The duke, much surprised at this new manner of treatment, and making complaints in her majesty's presence, was, however, forced to submit.

The queen went on by slow degrees. Not to mention some changes of lesser moment, the duke of Kent was forced to compound for his chamberlain's staff, which was given to the duke of Shrewsbury, while the earl of Godolphin was out of town, I think at Newmarket. His lordship, on the first news, came immediately up to court; but the thing was done, and he made as good a countenance to the duke of Shrewsbury as he was capable of. The circumstances of the earl of Sunderland's removal, and the reasons alleged, are known enough. His ungovernable temper had overruled him to fail in his respects to her majesty's person.

Meantime both parties stood at gaze, not knowing to what these steps would lead, or where they would end. The earl of Wharton, then in Ireland, being deceived by various intelligence from hence, endeavoured to hide his uneasiness as well as he could. Some of his sanguine correspondents had sent him word that the queen began to stop her hand, and the church party to despond. At the same time the duke of Shrewsbury happened to send him a letter filled with great expressions of civility. The earl was so weak, upon reading it, as to cry out, before two or three standers-by, "Damn him, he is making fair weather with me; but, by G—d, I will have his head." But these short hopes were soon blasted,

by taking the treasurer's staff from the earl of Godolphin; which was done in a manner not very gracious, her majesty sending him a letter, by a very ordinary messenger, commanding him to break it. The treasury was immediately put into commission, with earl Poulett at the head; but Mr. Harley, who was one of the number, and at the same time made chancellor of the exchequer, was already supposed to preside behind the curtain.

Upon the fall of that great minister and favourite, that whole party became dispirited, and seemed to expect the worst that could follow. The earl of Wharton immediately desired and obtained leave to come for England; leaving that kingdom, where he had behaved himself with the utmost profligateness, injustice, arbitrary proceedings, and corruption, with the hatred and detestation of all good men, even of his own party.

And here, because my coming into the knowledge of the new ministry began about this time, I must digress a little, to relate some circumstances previous to it.

Although I had been for many years before no stranger at court, and had made the nature of government a great part of my study, yet I had dealt very little with politics, either in writing or acting, until about a year before the late king William's death; when, returning with the earl of Berkeley from Ireland, and falling upon the subject of the five great lords who were then impeached, for high crimes and misdemeanors, by the house of commons, I happened to say, "That the same manner of proceeding, at least appeared to me from the news we received of it in Ireland, had ruined the liberties of Athens and Rome; and that it might be easy to prove it from history." Soon after I went to London; and, in a few weeks, drew up a discourse, under the title of "The Contents and Dissensions of the Nobles and Commons in Athens and Rome, with the Consequences they had upon both those States." This discourse I sent very privately to the press, with the strictest injunctions to conceal the author, and returned immediately to my residence in Ireland. The book was greedily bought and read; and charged some time upon my lord Somers, and some time upon the bishop of Salisbury; the latter of whom told me afterward, "That he was forced to disown it in a very public manner, for fear of an impeachment, wherewith he was threatened."

Returning next year for England, and hearing of the great approbation this piece had received (which was the first I ever printed), I must confess, the vanity of a young man prevailed with me to let myself be known for the author: upon which my lords Somers and Halifax, as well as the bishop above mentioned, desired my acquaintance, with great marks of esteem and professions of kindness—not to mention the earl of Sunderland, who had been my old acquaintance. They lamented that they were not able to serve me since the death of the king; and were very liberal in promising me the greatest preferments I could hope for, if ever it came in their power. I soon grew domestic with lord Halifax, and was as often with lord Somers as the formality of his nature (the only unconvertible fault he had) made it agreeable to me.

It was then I began to trouble myself with the differences between the principles of Whig and Tory; having formerly employed myself in other, and I think much better speculations. I talked often upon this subject with lord Somers; told him, "That, having been long conversant with the Greek and Roman authors, and therefore a lover of liberty, I found myself much inclined to be what they call a Whig

In politics; and that, besides, I thought it impossible upon any other principle to defend or submit to the Revolution; but as to religion, I confessed myself to be a high churchman, and that I did not conceive how any one who wore the habit of a clergyman could be otherwise: that I had observed very well with what insolence and haughtiness some lords of the high-church party treated not only their own chaplains, but all other clergymen whatsoever, and thought this was sufficiently recompensed by their professions of zeal to the church: that I had likewise observed how the Whig lords took a direct contrary measure, treated the persons of particular clergymen with great courtesy, but showed much ill will and contempt for the order in general: that I knew it was necessary for their party to make their bottom as wide as they could, by taking all denominations of protestants to be members of their body: that I would not enter into the mutual reproaches made by the violent men on either side; but that the connivance or encouragement given by the Whigs to those writers of pamphlets, who reflected upon the whole body of the clergy without any exception would unite the church, as one man, to oppose them: and that I doubted his lordship's friends did not consider the consequence of this."

My lord Somers in appearance entered very warmly into the same opinion, and said very much of the endeavours he had often used to redress that evil I complained of. This his lordship, as well as my lord Halifax (to whom I have talked in the same manner), can very well remember: and I have indeed been told by an honourable gentleman of the same party "That both their lordships, about the time of lord Godolphin's removal, did, upon occasion, call to mind what I had said to them five years before."

In my journeys to England I continued upon the same foot of acquaintance with the two lords last mentioned until the time of prince George's death; when the queen, who, as is before related, had for some years favoured that party, now made lord Somers president of the council, and the earl of Wharton lieutenant of Ireland. Being then in London, I received letters from some bishops of Ireland to solicit the earl of Wharton about the remittal of the first-fruits and tenths to the clergy there, which the queen had long promised, and wherein I had been employed before, with some hopes of success from the earl of Godolphin. It was the first time I ever was in company with the earl of Wharton: he received me with sufficient civility, and answered the request I made in behalf of the clergy from very poor and lame excuses, which amounted to a refusal. I complained of this usage to lord Somers, who would needs bring us together to his house, and presented me to him; where he received me as drily as before.

It was everybody's opinion that the earl of Wharton would endeavour, when he went to Ireland, to take off the test, as a step to have it taken off here; upon which, I drew up and printed a pamphlet, by way of a letter from a member of parliament here, showing the danger to the church by such an intent. Although I took all care to be private, yet the lieutenant's chaplain, and some others, guessed me to be the author, and told his excellency their suspicions; whereupon I saw him no more until I went to Ireland. At my taking leave of lord Somers, he desired I would carry a letter from him to the earl of Wharton, which I absolutely refused; yet he ordered it to be left at my lodgings. I stayed some months in Leicestershire, went to Ireland, and immediately upon my landing retired to my country parish without seeing the lieutenant or any other person, re-

solving to send him lord Somers's letter by the post. But, being called up to town by the incessant intreaties of my friends, I went and delivered my letter, and immediately withdrew. During the greatest part of his government I lived in the country, saw the lieutenant very seldom when I came to town, nor ever entered into the least degree of confidence with him, or his friends, except his secretary, Mr. Addison, who had been my old and intimate acquaintance. Upon the news of great changes here, he affected very much to careen me; which I understood well enough to have been an old practice with him, in order to render men odious to the church party.

I mention these insignificant particulars, as it will be easily judged, for some reasons that are purely personal to myself; it having been objected by several of those poor pamphleteers, who have blotted so much paper to show their malice against me, that I was a favourer of the low party; whereas it has been manifest to all men that, during the highest dominion of that faction, I had published several tracts in opposition to the measures then taken; for instance, "A Project for the Reformation of Manners, in a Letter to the Countess of Berkeley;" "The Sentiments of a Church-of-England Man;" "An Argument against abolishing Christianity;" and lastly, "A Letter to a Member of Parliament against taking off the Test in Ireland," which I have already mentioned to have been published at the time the earl of Wharton was setting out to his government of that kingdom. But those who are loud and violent in coffeehouses, although generally they do a cause more hurt than good, yet will seldom allow any other merit; and it is not to such as these that I attempt to vindicate myself.

About the end of August, 1710, I went for England, at the desire and by the appointment of the archbishops and bishops of that kingdom, under whose hands I had a commission to solicit, in conjunction with two bishops who were then in London, the first-fruits and tenths to the clergy, which had been many years solicited in vain. Upon my arrival in town I found the two bishops were gone into the country, whereupon I got myself introduced to Mr. Harley, who was then chancellor of the exchequer, and acted as first minister. He received me with great kindness; told me "that he and his friends had long expected my arrival;" and, upon showing my commission, immediately undertook to perform it, which he accordingly did in less than three weeks, having settled it at five meetings with the queen, according to the scheme I offered him, and got me the queen's promise for a further and more important favour to the clergy of Ireland, which the bishops there, deceived by misinformation not worth mentioning in this paper, prevented me from bringing to a good issue.

When the affair of the first-fruits was fully despatched, I returned my humble thanks to Mr. Harley, in the name of the clergy of Ireland, and in my own, and offered to take my leave, as intending immediately to return to that kingdom. Mr. Harley told me "He and his friends knew very well what useful things I had written against the principles of the late discarded faction, and that my personal esteem for several among them would not make me a favourer of their cause: that there was now entirely a new scene: that the queen was resolved to employ none but those who were friends to the constitution of church and state: that their great difficulty lay in the want of some good pen, to keep up the spirit raised in the people, to assert the principles and justify the proceedings of the new ministers." Upon that subject he fell into some

personal civilities, which will not become me to repeat. He added, "That this province was in the hands of several persons, among whom some were too busy, and others too idle, to pursue it;" and concluded, "That it should be his particular care to establish me here in England, and represent me to the queen as a person they could not be without."

I promised to do my endeavours in that way for some few months. To which he replied, "He expected no more, and that he had other and greater occasions for me."

Upon the rise of this ministry, the principal persons in power thought it necessary that some weekly paper should be published, with just reflections upon former proceedings, and defending the present measures of her majesty. This was begun about the time of the lord Godolphin's removal, under the name of *The Examiner*. About a dozen of these papers, written with much spirit and sharpness, some by Mr. secretary St. John, since lord Bolingbroke; others by Dr. Atterbury, since bishop of Rochester; and others again by Mr. Prior, Dr. Freind, &c., were published with great applause. But these gentlemen being grown weary of the work, or otherwise employed, the determination was that I should continue it, which I did accordingly about eight months. But my style being soon discovered, and having contracted a great number of enemies, I let it fall into other hands, who held it up in some manner until her majesty's death.

It was Mr. Harley's custom every Saturday that four or five of his most intimate friends among those he had taken in upon the great change made at court should dine at his house, and after about two months' acquaintance I had the honour always to be one of the number. This company, at first, consisted only of the lord-keeper Harcourt, the earl Rivers, the earl of Peterborough, Mr. secretary St. John, and myself; and here, after dinner, they used to discourse and settle matters of great importance. Several other lords were afterward, by degrees, admitted; as the dukes of Ormond, Shrewsbury, and Argyle; the earls of Anglesey, Dartmouth, and Poulett; the lord Berkeley, &c. These meetings were always continued, except when the queen was at Windsor; but, as they grew more numerous, became of less consequence, and ended only in drinking and general conversation, of which I may perhaps have occasion to speak hereafter.

My early appearance at these meetings, which many thought to be of greater consequence than really they were, could not be concealed, although I used all my endeavours to that purpose. This gave the occasion to some great men, who thought me already in the secret, to complain to me of the suspicions entertained by many of our friends in relation to Mr. Harley, even before he was lord-treasurer; so early were sown those seeds of discontent which afterwards grew up so high! The cause of complaint was, that so great a number of the adverse party continued in employment, and some, particularly the duke of Somerset and earl Cholmondeley, in great stations at court.—They could not believe Mr. Harley was in earnest; but that he designed to constitute a motley comprehensive administration, which, they said, the kingdom would never endure. I was once invited to a meeting of some lords and gentlemen, where these grievances were at large related to me, with an earnest desire that I would represent them in the most respectful manner to Mr. Harley, upon a supposition that I was in high credit with him. I excused myself from such an office, upon the newness of my acquaintance with Mr. Harley. However, I represented the matter fairly

to him, against which he argued a good deal from the general reasons of politicians, the necessity of keeping men in hopes, the danger of disobliging those who must remain unprovided for, and the like usual topics among statesmen. But there was a secret in this matter which neither I, nor indeed any of his most intimate friends, were then apprised of; neither did he, at that time, enter with me further than to assure me very solemnly "that no person should have the smallest employment, either civil or military, whose principles were not firm for the church and monarchy."

However, these over-moderate proceedings in the court gave rise to a party in the house of commons, which appeared under the name of the *October Club*; a fantastic appellation, found out to distinguish a number of country gentlemen and their adherents, who professed, in the greatest degree, what was called the high church principle. They grew in number to almost a third part of the house, held their meetings at certain times and places, and there concerted what measures they were to take in parliament. They professed their jealousy of the court and ministry; declared, upon all occasions, their desire of a more general change, as well as of a strict inquiry into former mismanagement, and seemed to expect that those in power should openly avow the old principles in church and state. I was then of opinion, and still continue so, that if this body of men could have remained some time united, they would have put the crown under a necessity of acting in a more steady and strenuous manner. But Mr. Harley, who best knew the disposition of the queen, was forced to break their measures, which he did by that very obvious contrivance of dividing them among themselves and rendering them jealous of each other. The ministers gave everywhere out that the *October Club* were their friends, and acted by their directions; to confirm which, Mr. secretary St. John, and Mr. Bromley, afterwards chancellor of the exchequer, publicly dined with them at one of their meetings. Thus were eluded all the consequences of that assembly, although a remnant of them, who conceived themselves betrayed by the rest, did afterward meet under the denomination of the *March Club*, but without any effect.

The parliament which then rose had been chosen without any endeavours from the court to secure elections; neither, as I remember, were any of the lieutenanties changed throughout the kingdom, for the trial of Dr. Sacheverell had raised or discovered such a spirit in all parts, that the ministers could very safely leave the electors to themselves, and thereby gain a reputation of acting by a free parliament. Yet this proceeding was, by some refinements of both parties, numbered among the strains of Mr. Harley's politics, who was said to avoid an over-great majority, which is apt to be unruly, and not enough under the management of a ministry. But, from the small experience I have of courts, I have ever found refinements to be the worst sort of all conjectures; and, from this one occasion, I take leave to observe, that of some hundreds of facts, for the real truth of which I can account, I never yet knew any refiner to be once in the right. I have already told that the true reason why the court did not interpose in the matter of election was, because they thought themselves sure of a majority, and therefore could acquire reputation at a cheap rate. Besides, it afterwards appeared, upon some exigencies which the court had much at heart, that they were more than once likely to fail for want of numbers. Mr. Harley, in order to give credit to his administration, resolved upon two very important points: first, to

secure the unprovided debts of the nation; and secondly, to put an end to the war. Of the methods he took to compass both those ends I have treated at large in another work.* I shall only observe that, while he was preparing to open to the house of commons his scheme for securing the public debts, he was stabbed by the marquis de Guiscard, while he was sitting in the council chamber at the Cockpit, with a committee of nine or ten lords of the cabinet, met on purpose to examine the marquis, upon a discovery of a treasonable correspondence he held with France.

This fact was so uncommon in the manner and circumstances of it, that, although it be pretty well known at the time I am now writing, by a printed account, toward which I furnished the author with some materials, yet I thought it would not be proper wholly to omit it here. The assassin was seized, by Mr. Harley's order, upon the 8th of March, 1710-11; and, brought before the committee of lords, was examined about his corresponding with France. Upon his denial, Mr. Harley produced a letter, which he could not deny to be his own hand. The marquis, prepared for mischief, had conveyed a penknife into his pocket while the messenger kept him attending in one of the offices below. Upon the surprise of his letter appearing against him, he came suddenly behind Mr. Harley, and, reaching his arm round, stabbed that minister into the middle of the breast, about a quarter of an inch above the *cartilago ensiformis*; the penknife, striking upon the bone, and otherwise obstructed by a thick embroidered waistcoat, broke short at the handle, which Guiscard still grasped, and redoubled his blow. The confusion upon this accident is easier conceived than described. The result was, that the marquis, whether by the wounds given him by some of the lords, or the bruises he received from the messengers while they were seizing him, or the neglect of his surgeon, or that, being unwilling to live, he industriously concealed one of his wounds, died in a few days after. But Mr. Harley, after a long illness and frequent ill symptoms, had the good fortune to recover.

Guiscard was the younger brother of the count of that name, a very honourable and worthy person, formerly governor of Namur. But this marquis was a reproach to his family, prostitute in his morals,

* History of the Four Last Years, &c.

impious in religion, and a traitor to his prince; as to the rest, of a very poor understanding, and the most tedious trifling talker I ever conversed with. He was grown needy by squandering upon his vices, was become contemptible both here and in Holland, his regiment taken from him, and his pension retrenched; the despair of which first put him upon his French correspondence; and the discovery of that drove him into madness. I had known him some years; and, meeting him upon the Mall a few hours before his examination, I observed to a friend then with me, "That I wondered to see Guiscard pass so often by without taking notice of me." But although, in the latter part of his life, his countenance grew cloudy enough, yet I confess I never suspected him to be a man of resolution or courage sufficient to bear him out in so desperate an attempt.

I have some very good reasons to know that the first misunderstanding between Mr. Harley and Mr. St. John, which afterward had such unhappy consequences upon the public affairs, took its rise during the time that the former lay ill of his wounds, and his recovery doubtful. Mr. St. John affected to say in several companies, "That Guiscard intended this blow against him;" which, if it were true, the consequence must be, that Mr. St. John had all the merit, while Mr. Harley remained with nothing but the danger and the pain. But I am apt to think Mr. St. John was either mistaken or misinformed. However, the matter was thus represented in the weekly paper called *The Examiner*; which Mr. St. John perused before it was printed, but made no alteration in that passage.

This management was looked upon, at least, as a piece of youthful indiscretion in Mr. St. John; and, perhaps, was represented in a worse view to Mr. Harley. Neither am I altogether sure that Mr. St. John did not entertain some prospect of succeeding as first minister, in case of Mr. Harley's death; which, during his illness,* was frequently apprehended. And I remember very well, that, upon visiting Mr. Harley as soon as he was in a condition to be seen, I found several of his nearest relations talk very freely of some proceedings of Mr. St. John; enough to make me apprehend that their friendship would not be of any long continuance.

Mr. Harley, soon after his recovery, was made an earl, and lord-treasurer; and the lord-keeper a baron.

A DISCOURSE OF THE CONTESTS AND DISSENSIONS

BETWEEN THE

NOBLES AND THE COMMONS IN ATHENS AND ROME.

WITH THE CONSEQUENCES THEY HAD UPON BOTH THOSE STATES.

— Si tibi vera videntur,
Dede manus. et si falsum est, accipere contra.—LUCAN.

This whole treatise is full of historical knowledge and excellent reflections. It is not mixed with any improper sallies of wit, or any light aim at humour; and is plain of style and learning is equal, if not superior, to any of Swift's political works.—*Osney.*

This following discourse is a kind of remonstrance in behalf of king William and his friends, against the proceedings of the house of commons; and was published during the recess of parliament in the summer of 1701, with a view to engage them in milder measures, when they should meet again.

At this time Lewis XIV. was making large strides toward universal monarchy; plots were carrying on at St. Germain; the Dutch had acknowledged the duke of Anjou king of Spain; and king William was made extremely uneasy by the violence with which many of his ministers and chief favourites were pursued by the commons. The king, to appease their resent-

ment, had made several changes in his ministry, and removed some of his most faithful servants from places of the highest trust and dignity; this expedient, however, had proved ineffectual, and the commons persisted in their opposition. They began by impeaching William Beutlinck, earl of Portland, groom of the stole; and proceeded to the impeachment of John Somers, baron Somers of Evesham, first lord-keeper, afterwards lord-chancellor; Edward Russell, earl of Orford, lord-treasurer of the navy, and one of the lords commissioners of the Admiralty; and Charles Montague, earl of Halifax, one of the commissioners of the treasury and afterward chancellor of the exchequer. His general purpose is to damp the warmth of the commons, by showing that the measures they pursued had a direct tendency to bring on the tyranny which they professed to oppose; and the particular cases of the impeached lords are parallelled in Athenian characters.

CHAPTER I.

It is agreed that in all government there is an absolute unlimited power which naturally and originally seems to be placed in the whole body, wherever the executive part of it lies. This holds in the body natural; for wherever we place the beginning of motion, whether from the head, or the heart, or the animal spirits in general, the body moves and acts by a consent of all its parts. This unlimited power, placed fundamentally in the body of a people, is what the best legislators of all ages have endeavoured, in their several schemes or institutions of government, to deposit in such hands as would preserve the people from rapine and oppression within, as well as violence from without. Most of them seem to agree in this, that it was a trust too great to be committed to any one man or assembly, and, therefore, they left the right still in the whole body; but the administration or executive part, in the hands of the one, the few, or the many; into which three powers all independent bodies of men seem naturally to divide; for, by all I have read of those innumerable and petty commonwealths in Italy, Greece, and Sicily, as well as the great ones of Carthage and Rome, it seems to me that a free people met together, whether by compact or family government, as soon as they fall into any acts of civil society, do of themselves divide into three powers. The first is that of some one eminent spirit, who, having signalled his valour and fortune in defence of his country, or by the practice of popular arts at home, comes to have great influence on the people, to grow their leader in warlike expeditions, and to preside, after a sort, in their civil assemblies; and this is grounded upon the principles of nature and common reason, which, in all difficulties or dangers, where prudence or courage is required, rather incite us to fly for counsel or assistance to a single person than a multitude. The second natural division of power is, of such men who have acquired large possessions, and consequently dependencies, or descend from ancestors who have left them great inheritances, together with an hereditary authority. These, easily uniting in thoughts and opinions, and acting in concert, begin to enter upon measures for securing their properties, which are best upheld by preparing against invasions from abroad, and maintaining peace at home; this commences a great council, or senate of nobles, for the weighty affairs of the nation. The last division is, of the mass or body of the people, whose part of power is great and indisputable, whenever they can unite, either collectively or by deputation, to exert it. Now the three forms of government, so generally known in the schools, differ only by the civil administration being placed in the hands of one, or sometimes two (as in Sparta), who were called kings; or in a senate, who were called the nobles; or in the people collective or representative, who may be called the commons. Each of these had frequently the executive power in Greece, and sometimes in Rome; but the power in the last resort was always meant by legislators to be held in balance among all three. And it will be an eternal rule in politics among every free people, that there is a balance of power to be carefully held by every state within itself, as well as among several states with each other.

The true meaning of a balance of power, either without or within a state, is best conceived by considering what the nature of a balance is. It supposes three things: first, the part which is held, together with the hand that holds it; and then the two scales with whatever is weighed therein. Now,

consider several states in a neighbourhood; in order to preserve peace between these states, it is necessary they should be formed into a balance, whereof one or more are to be directors, who are to divide the rest into equal scales, and, upon occasion, remove from one into the other, or else fall with their own weight into the lightest; so in a state within itself, the balance must be held by a third hand, who is to deal the remaining power with the utmost exactness into the several scales. Now, it is not necessary that the power should be equally divided between these three; for the balance may be held by the weakest, who, by his address and conduct, removing from either scale, and adding of his own, may keep the scales duly poised. Such was that of the two kings of Sparta, the consular power in Rome, that of the kings of Media before the reign of Cyrus, as represented by Xenophon; and that of the several limited states in the Gothic institution.

When the balance is broken, whether by the negligence, folly, or weakness of the hand that held it, or by mighty weights fallen into either scale, the power will never continue long in equal division between the two remaining parties, but, till the balance is fixed anew, will run entirely into one. This gives the truest account of what is understood in the most ancient and approved Greek authors by the word Tyranny; which is not meant for the seizing of the uncontrolled or absolute power into the hands of a single person (as many superficial men have grossly mistaken), but for the breaking of the balance by whatever hand, and leaving the power wholly in one scale: for, tyranny and usurpation in a state are by no means confined to any number, as might easily appear from examples enough; and, because the point is material, I shall cite a few to prove it.

The Romans [Dionys. Hal. lib. 10], having sent to Athens and the Greek cities of Italy for the copies of the best laws, chose ten legislators to put them into form, and during the exercise of their office suspended the consular power, leaving the administration of affairs in their hands. These very men, though chosen for such a work as the digesting a body of laws for the government of a free state, did immediately usurp arbitrary power, ran into all the forms of it, had their guards and spies after the practice of the tyrants of those ages, affected kingly state, destroyed the nobles, and oppressed the people; one of them proceeding so far as to endeavour to force a lady of great virtue: the very crime which gave occasion to the expulsion of the regal power but sixty years before, as this attempt did to that of the Decemviri.

The Ephori in Sparta were at first only certain persons deputed by the kings to judge in civil matters, while they were employed in the wars. These men, at several times, usurped the absolute authority, and were as cruel tyrants as any in their age.

Soon after the unfortunate expedition into Sicily [Thucyd. lib. 8] the Athenians chose four hundred men for administration of affairs, who became a body of tyrants, and were called, in the language of those ages, an oligarchy, or tyranny of the few; under which hateful denomination they were soon after deposed in great rage by the people.

When Athens was subdued by Lyfander [Xenoph. de Rebus Græc. l. 2] he appointed thirty men for the administration of that city, who immediately fell into the ranket tyranny; but this was not all; for, conceiving their power not founded on a basis large enough, they admitted three thousand into a share of the government; and, thus fortified, became the cruellest tyranny upon record. They mur-

dered in cold blood great numbers of the best men, without any provocation, from the mere lust of cruelty, like Nero or Caligula. This was such a number of tyrants together as amounted to near a third part of the whole city; for Xenophon tells us [Memorab. lib. 3] that the city contained about ten thousand houses; and allowing one man to every house who could have any share in the government (the rest consisting of women, children, and servants), and making other obvious abatement, these tyrants, if they had been careful to adhere together, might have been a majority even of the people collective.

In the time of the second Punic war [Polyb. Frag. lib. 6] the balance of power in Carthage was got on the side of the people; and this to a degree, that some authors reckon the government to have been then among them a *dominatio plebis*, or tyranny of the commons; which it seems they were at all times apt to fall into, and was at last among the causes that ruined their state: and the frequent murders of their generals, which Diodorus [lib. 20] tells us was grown to an established custom among them, may be another instance that tyranny is not confined to numbers.

I shall mention but one example more among a great number that might be produced; it is related by the author last cited [Polyb. Frag. lib. 15]. The orators of the people at Argos (whether you will style them, in modern phrase, great speakers of the house, or only, in general, representatives of the people collective) stirred up the commons against the nobles, of whom 1600 were murdered at once; and at last, the orators themselves, because they left off their accusations, or, to speak intelligibly, because they withdrew their impeachments, having, it seems, raised a spirit they were not able to lay. And this last circumstance, as cases have lately stood, may perhaps be worth nothing.

From what has been already advanced several conclusions may be drawn:—

First, that a mixed government, partaking of the known forms received in the schools, is by no means of Gothic invention, but has place in nature and reason, seems very well to agree with the sentiments of most legislators, and to have been followed in most states, whether they have appeared under the name of monarchies, aristocracies, or democracies; for, not to mention the several republics of this composition in Gaul and Germany, described by Cæsar and Tacitus, Polybius tells us the best government is that which consists of three forms, *regiæ, optimatûm, et populi imperio* [Frag. lib. 6], which may be fairly translated, the king, lords, and commons. Such was that of Sparta, in its primitive institution by Lycurgus, who, observing the corruptions and deprivations to which every of these was subject, compounded his scheme out of all, so that it was made up of *reges, seniores, et populus*. Such also was the state of Rome under its consuls; and the author tells us that the Romans fell upon this model purely by chance (which I take to have been nature and common reason), but the Spartans by thought and design. And such at Carthage was the *summa respublica* [ibid.], or power in the last resort; for they had their kings, called *suffetes*, and a senate, which had the power of nobles, and the people had a share established too.

Secondly, it will follow that those reasoners who employ so much of their zeal, their wit, and their leisure, for the upholding the balance of power in Christendom, at the same time that by their practices they are endeavouring to destroy it at home, are not such mighty patriots, or so much in the true

interest of their country, as they would affect to be thought; but seem to be employed like a man who pulls down with his right hand what he has been building with his left.

Thirdly, this makes appear the error of those who think it an uncontrollable maxim that power is always safer lodged in many hands than in one: for, if these many hands be made up only from one of the three divisions before mentioned, it is plain from those examples already produced, and easy to be paralleled in other ages and countries, that they are capable of enslaving the nation, and of acting all manner of tyranny and oppression, as it is possible for a single person to be, though we should suppose their number not only to be of four or five hundred, but above three thousand.

Again, it is manifest, from what has been said, that, in order to preserve the balance in a mixed state, the limits of power deposited with each party ought to be ascertained and generally known. The defect of this is the cause that introduces those struggles in a state about prerogative and liberty; about encroachments of the few upon the rights of the many, and of the many upon the privileges of the few, which ever did, and ever will, conclude in a tyranny; first, either of the few or the many; but at last, infallibly of a single person: for, whichever of the three divisions in a state is upon the scramble for more power than its own (as one or other of them generally is), unless due care be taken by the other two, upon every new question that arises, they will be sure to decide in favour of themselves, talk much of inherent right; they will nourish up a dormant power, and reserve privileges *in petto*, to exert upon occasions, to serve expedients, and to urge upon necessities; they will make large demands and scanty concessions, ever coming off considerable gainers: thus at length the balance is broke and tyranny let in; from which door of the three it matters not.

To pretend to a declarative right, upon any occasion whatsoever, in little less than to make use of the whole power: that is, to declare an opinion to be law which has always been contested, or perhaps never started at all before such an incident brought it on the stage. Not to consent to the enacting of such a law, which has no view beside the general good, unless another law shall at the same time pass with no other view but that of advancing the power of one party alone; what is this but to claim a positive voice as well as a negative? To pretend that great changes and alienations of property have created new and great dependencies, and, consequently, new additions of power, as some reasoners have done, is a most dangerous tenet. If dominion must follow property, let it follow in the same pace; for change in property through the bulk of a nation makes slow marches, and its due power always attends it. To conclude that whatever attempt is begun by an assembly ought to be pursued to the end, without regard to the greatest incidents that may happen to alter the case; to count it mean and below the dignity of a house to quit a prosecution; to resolve upon a conclusion before it is possible to be apprised of the premises; to act thus, I say, is to affect not only absolute power, but infallibility too. Yet such unaccountable proceedings as these have popular assemblies engaged in, for want of fixing the due limits of power and privilege.

Great changes may indeed be made in a government, yet the firm continue and the balance be held; but large intervals of time must pass between every such innovation, enough to melt down and make it

of a piece with the constitution. Such, we are told, were the proceedings of Solon, when he modelled anew the Athenian commonwealth; and what convulsions in our own, as well as other states, have been bred by a neglect of this rule, is fresh and notorious enough: it is too soon, in all conscience, to repeat this error again.

Having shown that there is a natural balance of power in all free states, and how it has been divided, sometimes by the people themselves, as in Rome; at others by the institutions of the legislators, as in the several states of Greece and Sicily; the next thing is, to examine what methods have been taken to break or overthrow this balance, which every one of the three parties has continually endeavoured, as opportunities have served; as might appear from the stories of most ages and countries: for absolute power in a particular state is of the same nature with universal monarchy in several states adjoining to each other. So endless and exorbitant are the desires of men, whether considered in their persons or their states, that they will grasp at all, and can form no scheme of perfect happiness with less. Even since men have been united into governments, the hopes and endeavours after universal monarchy have been bandied among them, from the reign of Ninus to this of the Most Christian King; in which pursuits, commonwealths have had their share as well as monarchs: so the Athenians, the Spartans, the Thebans, and the Achæans, did several times aim at the universal monarchy of Greece; so the commonwealths of Carthage and Rome affected the universal monarchy of the then known world. In like manner has absolute power been pursued by the several parties of each particular state; wherein single persons have met with most success, though the endeavours of the few and the many have been frequent enough; yet, being neither so uniform in their designs nor so direct in their views, they neither could manage nor maintain the power they had got, but were ever deceived by the popularity and ambition of some single person. So that it will be always a wrong step in policy for the nobles and commons to carry their endeavours after power so far as to overthrow the balance; and it would be enough to damp their warmth in such pursuits, if they could once reflect that in such a course they will be sure to run upon the very rock that they meant to avoid; which, I suppose, they would have us think in the tyranny of a single person.

Many examples might be produced of the endeavours of each of these three rivals after absolute power; but I shall suit my discourse to the time I am writing in, and relate only such dissensions in Greece and Rome, between the nobles and commons, with the consequences of them, wherein the latter were the aggressors.

I shall begin with Greece, where my observation shall be confined to Athens, though several instances might be brought from other states thereof.

CHAPTER II.

Of the dissensions in Athens between the few and the many.

THESEUS is the first who is recorded, with any appearance of truth, to have brought the Grecians from a barbarous manner of life, among scattered villages, into cities; and to have established the popular state in Athens, assigning to himself the guardianship of the laws and chief command in war. He was forced, after some time, to leave the Athenians to their own measures, upon account of their seditious temper, which ever continued with them

till the final dissolution of their government by the Romans. It seems the country about Attica was the most barren of any in Greece, through which means it happened that the natives were never expelled by the fury of invaders (who thought it not worth a conquest), but continued always aborigines; and therefore retained, through all revolutions, a tincture of that turbulent spirit wherewith their government began. This institution of Theseus appears to have been rather a sort of mixed monarchy than a popular state; and, for aught we know, might continue so during the series of kings till the death of Codrus. From this last prince Solon was said to be descended; who, finding the people engaged in two violent factions of the poor and the rich, and in great confusion thereupon, refusing the monarchy which was offered him, chose rather to cast the government after another model, wherein he made provisions for settling the balance of power, choosing a senate of four hundred, and disposing the magistracies and offices according to men's estates; leaving to the multitude their votes in electing, and the power of judging certain processes by appeal. This council of four hundred was chosen, one hundred out of each tribe, and seems to have been a body representative of the people; though the people collective reserved a share of power to themselves. It is a point of history perplexed enough: but this much is certain, that the balance of power was provided for; else Pisistratus, called by authors the tyrant of Athens, could never have governed so peaceably as he did without changing any of Solon's laws [Herodot. lib. i.]. These several powers, together with that of the archon or chief magistrate, made up the form of government in Athens, at what time it began to appear upon the scene of action and story.

The first great man bred up under this institution was Miltiades, who lived about ninety years after Solon, and is reckoned to have been the first great captain, not only of Athens, but of all Greece. From the time of Miltiades to that of Phocion, who is looked upon as the last famous general of Athens, are about 130 years; after which, they were subdued and insulted by Alexander's captains, and continued under several revolutions a small truckling state, of no name or reputation, till they fell with the rest of Greece under the power of the Romans.

During this period from Miltiades to Phocion, I shall trace the conduct of the Athenians with relation to their dissensions between the people and some of their generals; who, at that time, by their power and credit in the army, in a warlike commonwealth, and often supported by each other, were, with the magistrates and other civil officers, a sort of counterpoise to the power of the people; who, since the death of Solon, had already made great encroachments. What these dissensions were, how founded, and what the consequences of them, I shall briefly and impartially relate.

I must here premise that the nobles in Athens were not at this time a corporate assembly, that I can gather; therefore the resentments of the commons were usually turned against particular persons, and by way of articles of impeachment. Whereas the commons in Rome and some other states, as will appear in a proper place, though they followed this method upon occasion, yet generally pursued the enlargement of their power by more set quarrels of one entire assembly against another. However, the custom of particular impeachments being not limited to former ages, any more than that of general struggles and dissensions between fixed assemblies of nobles and commons, and the ruin of Greece having

been owing to the former, as that of Rome was to the latter, I shall treat on both expressly; that those states who are concerned in either (if, at least, there be any such now in the world) may, by observing the means and issues of former dissensions, learn whether the causes are alike in theirs; and if they find them to be so, may consider whether they ought not justly to apprehend the same effects.

To speak of every particular person impeached by the commons of Athens, within the compass designed, would introduce the history of almost every great man they had among them. I shall therefore take notice only of six, who, living at that period of time when Athens was at the height of its glory, as indeed it could not be otherwise while such hands were at the helm, though impeached for high crimes and misdemeanours, such as bribery, arbitrary proceedings, misapplying or embezzling public funds, ill conduct at sea, and the like, were honoured and lauded by their country as the preservers of it, and have had the veneration of all ages since paid justly to their memories.

Miltiades [lord Orford] was one of the Athenian generals against the Persian power, and the famous victory at Marathon was chiefly owing to his valour and conduct. Being sent some time after to reduce the island of Paros, he mistook a great fire at a distance for the fleet, and, being no way a match for them, set sail for Athens; at his arrival he was impeached by the commons for treachery, though not able to appear by reason of his wounds, fined 30,000 crowns, and died in prison. Though the consequences of this proceeding upon the affairs of Athens were no other than the untimely loss of so great and good a man, yet I could not forbear relating it.

Their next great man was Aristides [lord Somers]. Beside the mighty service he had done his country in the wars, he was a person of the strictest justice, and best acquainted with the laws as well as forms of their government, so that he was in a manner chancellor of Athens. This man, upon a slight and false accusation of favouring arbitrary power, was banished by ostracism; which, rendered into modern English, would signify that they voted he should be removed from their presence and council for ever. But, however, they had the wit to recall him, and to that action owed the preservation of their state by his future services. For it must be still confessed in behalf of the Athenian people that they never conceived themselves perfectly infallible, nor arrived to the heights of modern assemblies, to make obstinacy confirm what sudden heat and temerity began. They thought it not below the dignity of an assembly to endeavour at correcting an ill step; at least to repent, though it often fell out too late.

Themistocles* was at first a commoner himself: it was he that raised the Athenians to their greatness at sea, which he thought to be the true and constant interest of that commonwealth; and the famous naval victory over the Persians at Salamis was owing to his conduct. It seems the people observed somewhat of haughtiness in his temper and behaviour, and therefore banished him for five years; but finding some slight matter of accusation against him, they sent to seize his person, and he hardly escaped to the Persian court; from whence, if the love of his country had not surmounted its base ingratitude to him, he had many invitations to return at the head of the Persian fleet, and take a terrible revenge; but he rather chose a voluntary death.

The people of Athens impeached Pericles† for

* Admiral Russell, created earl of Orford.

† Under Pericles and Alcibiades, Swift points out circumstances parallel to the case of Halifax.

misapplying the public revenues to his own private use. He had been a person of great deservings from the republic, was an admirable speaker, and very popular. His accounts were confused, and he could not then give them up; therefore, merely to divert that difficulty, and the consequences of it, he was forced to engage his country in the Peloponnesian war, the longest that ever was known in Greece, and which ended in the utter ruin of Athens.

The same people, having resolved to subdue Sicily, sent a mighty fleet under the command of Nicias, Lamachus, and Alcibiades; the two former, persons of age and experience; the last, a young man of noble birth, excellent education, and plentiful fortune. A little before the fleet set sail, it seems, one night, the stone images of Mercury, placed in several parts of the city, were all pared in the face; this action the Athenians interpreted for a design of destroying the popular state; and Alcibiades, having been formerly noted for the like frolics and excursions, was immediately accused of this. He, whether conscious of his Innocence, or assured of the secrecy, offered to come to his trial before he went to his command: this the Athenians refused; but as soon as he was got to Sicily they sent for him back, designing to take the advantage and prosecute him in the absence of his friends, and of the army, where he was very powerful. It seems he understood the resentment of a popular assembly too well to trust them; and therefore, instead of returning, escaped to Sparta; where, his desires of revenge prevailing over his love for his country, he became his greatest enemy. Meanwhile the Athenians before Sicily, by the death of one commander, and the superstitious weakness, and perfect ill-conduct of the other, were utterly destroyed, the whole fleet taken, and a miserable slaughter made of the army, whereof hardly one ever returned. Some time after this, Alcibiades was recalled upon his own conditions by the necessities of the people, and made chief commander at sea and land; but his lieutenant engaging against his positive orders, and being beaten by Lysander, Alcibiades was again disgraced and banished. However, the Athenians having lost all strength and heart since their misfortune at Sicily, and now deprived of the only person that was able to recover their losses, repent of their rashness, and endeavour in vain for his restoration; the Persian lieutenant, to whose protection he fled, making him a sacrifice to the resentments of Lysander, the general of the Lacedæmonians, who now reduces all the dominions of the Athenians, takes the city, razes their walls, ruins their works, and changes the form of their government, which, though again restored for some time by Thrasybulus (as their walls were rebuilt by Conon), yet here we must date the fall of the Athenian greatness; the dominion and chief power in Greece from that period to the time of Alexander the Great, which was about fifty years, being divided between the Spartans and Thebans. Though Philip, Alexander's father (the Most Christian King of that age), had indeed some time before begun to break in upon the republic of Greece by conquest or bribery; particularly dealing large money among some popular orators, by which he brought many of them, as the term of art was then, to Philippiæ.

In the time of Alexander and his captains, the Athenians were offered an opportunity of recovering their liberty and being restored to their former state; but the wise turn they thought to give the matter was by an impeachment and sacrifice of the author to hinder the success. For, after the destruction of Thebes by Alexander, this prince, designing the conquest of Athens, was prevented by Phocion [earl of

Portland], the Athenian general, then ambassador from that state; who, by his great wisdom and skill at negotiations, diverted Alexander from his design, and restored the Athenians to his favour. The very same success he had with Antipater after Alexander's death, at which time the government was new regulated by Solon's laws: but Polyperebon, in hatred to Phocion, having, by order of the young king, whose governor he was, restored those whom Phocion had banished, the plot succeeded. Phocion was accused by popular orators, and put to death.

Thus was the most powerful commonwealth of all Greece, after great degeneracies from the institution of Solon, utterly destroyed by that rash, jealous, and inconstant humour of the people, which was never satisfied to see a general either victorious or unfortunate: such ill judges, as well as rewarders, have popular assemblies been, of those who best deserved from them.

Now, the circumstance which makes these examples of more importance is, that this very power of the people in Athens, claimed so confidently for an inherent right, and insisted on as the undoubted privilege of an Athenian born, was the rankest encroachment imaginable, and the grossest degeneracy from the form that Solon left them. In short, their government was grown into a *dominatio plebeia*, or tyranny of the people, who by degrees had broke and overthrown the balance which that legislator had very well fixed and provided for.—This appears not only from what has been already said of that lawgiver, but more manifestly from a passage in Diodorus [lib. 18], who tells us that Antipater, one of Alexander's captains, abrogated the popular government in Athens, and restored the power of suffrages and magistracy to such only as were worth two thousand drachmas; by which means, says he, that republic came to be again administered by the laws of Solon. By this quotation it is manifest that great author looked upon Solon's institution and a popular government to be two different things. And as for this restoration by Antipater, it had neither consequence nor continuance worth observing.

I might easily produce many more examples, but these are sufficient; and it may be worth the reader's time to reflect a little on the merits of the cause, as well as of the men who had been thus dealt with by their country. I shall direct him no further than by repeating that Aristides [Somers] was the most renowned by the people themselves for his exact justice and knowledge in the law; that Themistocles [Orford] was a most fortunate admiral, and had got a mighty victory over the great king of Persia's fleet; that Pericles [Halifax] was an able minister of state, an excellent orator, and a man of letters; and lastly, that Phocion [Portland], beside the success of his arms, was also renowned for his negotiations abroad; having in an embassy brought the greatest monarch of the world at that time to the terms of an honourable peace, by which his country was preserved.

I shall conclude my remarks upon Athens with the character given us of that people by Polybius. About this time, says he, the Athenians were governed by two men, quite sunk in their affairs, had little or no commerce with the rest of Greece, and were become great reverencers of crowned heads.

For, from the time of Alexander's captains till Greece was subdued by the Romans, to the latter part of which this description of Polybius falls in, Athens never produced one famous man either for counsels or arms, or hardly for learning. And, indeed, it was a dark insipid period through all Greece; for, except the Achaean league under Aratus and Philopemen, and the endeavours of Agis and Cleo-

mones to restore the state of Sparta, so frequently harassed by tyrannies occasioned by the popular practices of the ephori, there was very little worth recording. All which consequences may perhaps be justly imputed to this degeneracy of Athens.

CHAPTER III.

Of the dissensions between the patricians and plebeians in Rome, with the consequences they had upon that state.

HAVING in the foregoing chapter confined myself to the proceedings of the commons only, by the method of impeachments against particular persons, with the fatal effects they had upon the state of Athens, I shall now treat of the dissensions at Rome, between the people and the collective body of the patricians or nobles. It is a large subject, but I shall draw it into as narrow a compass as I can.

As Greece, from the most ancient accounts we have of it, was divided into several kingdoms, so was most part of Italy [Dionys. Halicar.] into several petty commonwealths. And as those kings in Greece are said to have been deposed by their people upon the score of their arbitrary proceedings, so, on the contrary, the commonwealths of Italy were all swallowed up and concluded in the tyranny of the Roman emperors. However, the differences between those Grecian monarchies and Italian republics were not very great; for, by the account Homer gives us of those Grecian princes who came to the siege of Troy, as well as by several passages in the Odyssey, it is manifest that the power of these princes in their several states was much of a size with that of the kings in Sparta, the archon at Athens, the suffetes at Carthage, and the consuls in Rome: so that a limited and divided power seems to have been the most ancient and inherent principle of both those people in matters of government. And such did that of Rome continue from the time of Romulus, though with some interruptions, to Julius Cæsar, when it ended in the tyranny of a single person. During which period (not many years longer than from the Norman conquest to our age) the commons were growing by degrees into power and property, gaining ground upon the patricians, as it were, inch by inch, till at last they quite overturned the balance, leaving all doors open to the practices of popular and ambitious men, who destroyed the wisest republic, and enslaved the noblest people that ever entered upon the stage of the world. By what steps and degrees this was brought to pass shall be the subject of my present inquiry.

While Rome was governed by kings, the monarchy was altogether elective. Romulus himself, when he had built the city, was declared king by the universal consent of the people, and by augury, which was there understood for divine appointment. Among other divisions he made of the people, one was into patricians and plebeians: the former were like the barons of England some time after the conquest; and the latter are also described to be almost exactly what our commons were then. For they were dependants upon the patricians, whom they chose for their patrons and protectors, to answer for their appearance and defend them in any process; they also supplied their patrons with money in exchange for their protection. This custom of patronage, it seems, was very ancient, and long practised among the Greeks.

Out of these patricians Romulus chose a hundred to be a senate, or grand council, for advice and assistance to him in the administration. The senate therefore originally consisted all of nobles, and were

of themselves a standing council, the people being only convoked upon such occasions as by this institution of Romulus fell into their cognizance: those were, to constitute magistrates, to give their votes for making laws, and to advise upon entering on a war. But the two former of these popular privileges were to be confirmed by authority of the senate; and the last was only permitted at the king's pleasure. This was the utmost extent of power pretended to by the commons in the time of Romulus, all the rest being divided between the king and the senate; the whole agreeing very nearly with the constitution of England for some centuries after the conquest.

After a year's interregnum from the death of Romulus, the senate of their own authority chose a successor, and a stranger, merely upon the fame of his virtue, without asking the consent of the commons; which custom they likewise observed in the two following kings. But in the election of Tarquinius Priscus, the fifth king, we first hear mentioned that it was done *populi impetrata venia*; which indeed was but very reasonable for a free people to expect; though I cannot remember, in my little reading, by what incidents they were brought to advance so great a step. However it were, this prince, in gratitude to the people, by whose consent he was chosen, elected a hundred senators out of the commons, whose number, with former additions, was now amounted to three hundred.

The people, having once discovered their own strength, did soon take occasion to exert it, and that by very great degrees. For at this king's death, who was murdered by the sons of a former, being at a loss for a successor, Servius Tullius, a stranger, and of mean extraction, was chosen protector of the kingdom by the people, without the consent of the senate; at which the nobles being displeased, he wholly applied himself to gratify the commons, and was by them declared and confirmed no longer protector, but king.

This prince first introduced the custom of giving freedom to servants, so as to become citizens of equal privileges with the rest, which very much contributed to increase the power of the people.

Thus in a very few years the commons proceeded so far as to wrest even the power of choosing a king entirely out of the hands of the nobles; which was so great a leap, and caused such a convulsion and struggle in the state, that the constitution could not bear it; but civil dissensions arose, which immediately were followed by the tyranny of a single person, as this was by the utter subversion of the regal government, and by a settlement upon a new foundation. For the nobles, spited at this indignity done them by the commons, firmly united in a body, deposed this prince by plain force, and chose Tarquin the Proud; who, running into all the forms and methods of tyranny, after a cruel reign was expelled by a universal concurrence of nobles and people, whom the miseries of his reign had reconciled.

When the consular government began, the balance of power between the nobles and plebeians was fixed anew; the two first consuls were nominated by the nobles and confirmed by the commons; and a law was enacted, That no person should bear any magistracy in Rome, *injuncto populi*, that is, without the consent of the commons.

In such turbulent times as these, many of the poorer citizens had contracted numerous debts, either to the richer sort among themselves, or to senators and other nobles; and the case of debtors in Rome for the first four centuries, was, after the set

time for payment, that they had no choice but either to pay or be the creditor's slave. In this structure, the commons leave the city in mutiny and discontent, and will not return but upon condition to be acquitted of all their debts; and moreover, that certain magistrates be chosen yearly, whose business it shall be to defend the commons from injuries. These are called tribunes of the people; their persons are held sacred and inviolable, and the people bind themselves by oath never to abrogate the office. By these tribunes, in process of time, the people were gradually imposed on to serve the turns and occasions of revengeful or ambitious men, and to commit such exorbitancies as could not end but in the dissolution of the government.

These tribunes, a year or two after their institution, kindled great dissensions between the nobles and the commons on the account of Curiolani, a nobleman whom the latter had impeached, and the consequences of whose impeachment (if I had not confined myself to Grecian examples for that part of my subject) had like to have been so fatal to their state. And from this time the tribunes began a custom of accusing to the people whatever nobles they pleased, several of whom were banished or put to death in every age.

At this time the Romans were very much engaged in wars with their neighbouring states; but upon the least intervals of peace the quarrels between the nobles and the plebeians would revive; and one of the most frequent subjects of their differences was the conquered lands, which the commons would fain have divided among the public; but the senate could not be brought to give their consent. For, several of the wisest among the nobles began to apprehend the growing power of the people; and, therefore, knowing what an accession thereof would accrue to them by such an addition of property, used all means to prevent it: for this the Appian family was most noted, and thereupon most hated by the commons. One of them, having made a speech against this division of lands, was impeached by the people of high treason, and a day appointed for his trial; but disdaining to make his defence, he chose rather the usual Roman remedy of killing himself: after whose death the commons prevailed, and the lands were divided among them.

This point was no sooner gained but new dissensions began; for the plebeians would fain have a law enacted to lay all men's rights and privileges upon the same level; and to enlarge the power of every magistrate within his own jurisdiction, as much as that of the consuls. The tribunes also obtained to have their numbers doubled, which before was five; and the author tells us that their insolence and power increased with their number, and the seditions were also doubled with it. [Dionys. Halicarn.]

By the beginning of the fourth century from the building of Rome, the tribunes proceeded so far in the name of the commons as to accuse and fine the consuls themselves, who represented the kingly power. And the senate, observing how in all contentions they were forced to yield to the tribunes and people, thought it their wisest course to give way also to time; therefore a decree was made to send ambassadors to Athens and to the other Grecian commonwealths planted in that part of Italy called Græcia Major, to make a collection of the best laws; out of which, and some of their own, a new complete body of law was formed, afterward known by the name of the laws of the twelve tables.

To digest these laws into writing, ten men were chosen, and the administration of all affairs left in

their hands; what use they made of it has been already shown. It was certainly a great revolution, produced entirely by the many unjust encroachments of the people, and might have wholly changed the fate of Rome, if the folly and vice of those who were chiefly concerned could have suffered it to take root.

A few years after, the commons made further advances on the power of the nobles; demanding, among the rest, that the consulship, which hitherto had only been disposed to the former, should now lie in common to the pretensions of any Roman whatsoever. This, though it failed at present, yet afterward obtained, and was a mighty step to the ruin of the commonwealth.

What I have hitherto said of Rome has been chiefly collected out of that exact and diligent writer Dionysius Halicarnassensis, whose history, through the injury of time, reaches no farther than to the beginning of the fourth century after the building of Rome. The rest I shall supply from other authors, though I do not think it necessary to deduce this matter any further so very particularly as I have hitherto done.

Tu point at what time the balance of power was most equally held between the lords and commons in Rome would perhaps admit a controversy. Polybius tell us [Fragm. lib. 6.] that in the second Punic war the Carthaginians were declining, because the balance was got too much upon the side of the people; whereas the Romans were in their greatest vigour by the power remaining in the senate: yet this was between two and three hundred years after the period Dionysius ends with, in which time the commons had made several farther acquisitions. This however must be granted, that (till about the middle of the fourth century) when the senate appeared resolute at any time upon exerting their authority, and adhered closely together, they did often carry their point. Besides, it is observed by the best authors [Dionys. Hal., Plutarch, &c.] that in all the quarrels and tumults at Rome, from the expulsion of the kings, though the people frequently proceeded to rude contumelious language, and sometimes so far as to pull and hale one another about the forum, yet no blood was ever drawn in any popular commotions till the time of the Gracchi: however, I am of opinion that the balance had begun many years before to lean to the popular side. But this default was corrected, partly by the principle just mentioned, of never drawing blood in a tumult; partly by the warlike genius of the people, which, in those ages, was almost perpetually employed; and partly by their great commanders, who, by the credit they had in their armies, fell into the scales as a further counterpoise to the growing power of the people. Besides, Polybius, who lived in the time of Scipio Africanus the younger, had the same apprehensions of the continual encroachments made by the commons, and being a person of as great abilities and as much sagacity as any of his age, from observing the corruptions which, he says, had already entered into the Roman constitution, did very nearly foretell what would be the issue of them. His words are very remarkable, and with little addition may be rendered to this purpose: "That those abuses and corruptions which in time destroy a government are sown along with the very seeds of it, and both grow up together; and that, as rust eats away iron, and worms devour wood, and both are a sort of plagues born and bred along with the substance they destroy, so, with every form and scheme of government that man can invent, some vice or corruption creeps in with the very institution which grows up along with and at last destroys it." [Lib. 5.] The same author, in another

place, ventures so far as to guess at the particular fate which would attend the Roman government. He says its ruin would arise from the popular tumults, which would introduce a *dominatio plebis*, or tyranny of the people, wherein it is certain he had reason, and therefore might have adventured to pursue his conjectures so far as to the consequences of a popular tyranny, which, as perpetual experience teaches, never fails to be followed by the arbitrary government of a single person. [Fragm. lib. 6.]

About the middle of the fourth century from the building of Rome, it was declared lawful for nobles and plebeians to intermarry, which custom, among many other states, has proved the most effectual means to ruin the former, and raise the latter.

And now the greatest employments in the state were, one after another, by laws forcibly enacted by the commons, made free to the people; the consulship itself, the office of censor, that of the questors or commissioners of the treasury, the office of prætor or chief-justice, the priesthood, and even that of dictator; the senate, after long opposition, yielding, merely for present quiet, to the continual urging clamours of the commons, and of the tribunes their advocates. A law was likewise enacted that the *plebiscita*, or a vote of the house of commons, should be of universal obligation; nay, in time the method of enacting laws was wholly inverted, for, whereas the senate used of old to confirm the *plebiscita*, the people did at last, as they pleased, confirm or disannul the *senatus consulta*. [Dionys. lib. 2.]

Appius Claudius brought in a custom of admitting to the senate the sons of freedmen, or of such who had once been slaves, by which, and succeeding alterations of the like nature, that great council degenerated into a most corrupt and factious body of men, divided against itself, and its authority because despised.

The century and half following, to the end of the third Punic war by the destruction of Carthage, was a very busy period at Rome, the intervals between every war being so short that the tribunes and people had hardly leisure or breath to engage in domestic dissensions: however, the little time they could spare was generally employed the same way. Su, Terentius Leo, a tribune, is recorded to have basely prostituted the privileges of a Roman citizen in perfect spite to the nobles. So, the great African Scipio and his brother, after all their mighty services, were impeached by an ungrateful commons.

However, the warlike genius of the people and continual employment they had for it served to divert this humour from running into a head, till the age of the Gracchi.

These persons, entering the scene in the time of a full peace, fell violently upon advancing the power of the people, by reducing into practice all those encroachments which they had been so many years gaining. There were at that time certain conquered lands to be divided, besides a great private estate left by a king; these the tribunes, by procurement of the elder Gracchus, declared by their legislative authority were not to be disposed of by the nobles, but by the commons only. The younger brother pursued the same design; and, besides, obtained a law, that all Italians should vote at elections as well as the citizens of Rome: in short, the whole endeavours of them both perpetually turned upon retrenching the nobles' authority in all things, but especially in the matter of judicature. And though they both lost their lives in those pursuits, yet they traced out such ways as were afterward followed by Marius, Sylla, Pompey, and Caesar, to the ruin of the Roman freedom and greatness.

For in the time of Marius, Saturninus, a tribune, procured a law, that the senate should be bound by oath to agree to whatever the people would enact; and Marius himself, while he was in that office of tribune, is recorded to have with great industry used all endeavours for depressing the nobles and raising the people, particularly for cramming the former in their power of judicature, which was their most ancient inherent right.

Sylla, by the same measure, became absolute tyrant of Rome; he added three hundred commons to the senate, which perplexed the power of the whole order, and rendered it ineffectual; then, ringing off the mask, he abolished the office of tribune, as being only a scaffold to tyranny, whereof he had no further use.

As to Pompey and Cæsar, Plutarch tells us that their union for pulling down the nobles (by their credit with the people) was the cause of the civil war, which ended in the tyranny of the latter, both of them in their consulships having used all endeavours and occasions for sinking the authority of the patricians, and giving way to all encroachments of the people, wherein they expected best to find their own account.

From this deduction of popular encroachments in Rome, the reader will easily judge how much the balance was fallen upon that side. Indeed, by this time the very foundation was removed, and it was a moral impossibility that the republic could subsist any longer, for the commons having usurped the offices of state, and trampled on the senate, there was no government left but a *dominatio plebis*. Let us therefore examine how they proceeded in this conjuncture.

I think it is a universal truth, that the people are much more dexterous at pulling down and setting up than at preserving what is fixed; and they are not fonder of seizing more than their own, than they are of delivering it up again to the worst bidder, with their own into the bargain. For, although in their corrupt notions of divine worship they are apt to multiply their gods, yet their earthly devotion is seldom paid to above one idol at a time of their own creation, where our they pull with less murmuring, and much more skill, than when they share the lading, or even hold the helm.

The several provinces of the Roman empire were now governed by the great men of their state; those upon the frontiers, with powerful armies, either for conquest or defence. These governors, upon any designs of revenge or ambition, were sure to meet with a divided power at home, and therefore bent all their thoughts and applications to close in with the people, who were now by many degrees the stronger party. Two of the greatest spirits that Rome ever produced happened to live at the same time, and to be engaged in the same pursuit, and this at a conjuncture the most dangerous for such a contest; these were Pompey and Cæsar, two stars of such a magnitude that their conjunction was as likely to be fatal as their opposition.

The tribunes and people, having now subdued all competitors, began the last game of a prevalent populace, which is that of choosing themselves a master; while the nobles foresaw, and used all endeavours left them to prevent it. The people at first made Pompey their admiral, with full power over all the Mediterranean, soon after captain-general of all the Roman forces, and governor of Asia. Pompey, on the other side, restored the office of tribune, which Sylla had put down, and in his consulship procured a law for examining into the miscarriages of men in office or command for twenty years past. Many

other examples of Pompey's popularity are left us on record, who was a perfect favourite of the people, and designed to be more, but his pretensions grew stale for want of a timely opportunity of introducing them upon the stage. For Cæsar, with his legions in Gaul, was a perpetual check upon his designs; and in the arts of pleasing the people did soon after get many lengths beyond him. For he tells us himself that the senate, by a bold effort, having made some severe decrees against his proceedings, and against the tribunes, these all left the city and went over to his party, and consequently along with them the affections and interests of the people, which is further manifest from the accounts he gives us of the citizens in several towns mutinying against their commanders, and delivering both to his devotion. Besides, Cæsar's public and avowed pretensions for beginning the civil war were, to restore the tribunes and the people, oppressed (as he pretended) by the nobles.

This forced Pompey, against his inclinations, upon the necessity of changing sides, for fear of being forsaken by both; and of closing in with the senate and chief magistrates, by whom he was chosen general against Cæsar.

Thus at length the senate (at least the primitive part of them, the nobles) under Pompey, and the commons under Cæsar, came to a final decision of the long quarrels between them. For, I think, the ambition of private men did by no means begin or occasion this war; though civil dissensions never fail of introducing and spiriting the ambition of private men; who thus become indeed the great instruments for deciding such quarrels, and at last are sure to seize on the prize. But no man that sees a flock of vultures hovering over two armies ready to engage can justly charge the blood drawn in the battle to them, though the carcasses fall to their share. For, while the balance of power is equally held, the ambition of private men, whether orators or great commanders, gives neither danger nor fear, nor can possibly enslave their country; but that once broken, the divided parties are forced to unite each to its head, under whose conduct or fortune one side is at first victorious, and at last both are slaves. And to put it past dispute that this entire subversion of the Roman liberty and constitution was altogether owing to those measures which had broke the balance between the patricians and plebeians, whereof the ambition of particular men was but an effect and consequence, we need only consider that, when the uncorrupted part of the senate had, by the death of Cæsar, made one great effort to restore the former state and liberty, the success did not answer their hopes; but that whole assembly was so sunk in its authority, that those patriots were forced to fly and give way to the madness of the people, who, by their own dispositions, stirred up with the harangues of their orators, were now wholly bent upon single and despotic slavery. Else, how could such a profligate as Antony, or a boy of eighteen, like Octavius, ever dare to dream of giving the law to such an empire and people? wherein the latter succeeded, and entailed the vilest tyranny that heaven, in its anger, ever inflicted on a corrupt and poisoned people. And this, with so little appearance at Cæsar's death, that when Cicero wrote to Brutus how he had prevailed by his credit with Octavius to promise him (Brutus) pardon and security for his person, that great Roman received the notice with the utmost indignity, and returned Cicero an answer, yet upon record, full of the highest resentment and contempt for such an offer, and from such a hand.

Here ended all show or shadow of liberty in Rome. Here was the repository of all the wise

ambitions and struggles for power between the nobles and commons, lapped up safely in the bosom of a Nero and a Caligula, a Tiberius and a Domitian.

Let us now see, from this deduction of particular impeachments and general dissensions in Greece and Rome, what conclusions may naturally be formed for instruction of any other state that may happily upon many points labour under the like circumstances.

CHAPTER IV.

UPON the subject of impeachments we may observe that the custom of accusing the nobles to the people, either by themselves or their orators (now styled an impeachment in the name of the commons), has been very ancient both in Greece and Rome, as well as Carthage, and therefore may seem to be the inherent right of a free people; nay, perhaps it is really so; but then it is to be considered, first, that this custom was peculiar to republics, or such states where the administration lay principally in the hands of the commons, and ever waged more or less according to their encroachments upon absolute power; having been always looked upon by the wisest men and best authors of those times as an effect of licentiousness, and not of liberty; a distinction which no multitude, either represented or collective, has been at any time very nice in observing. However, perhaps this custom in a popular state, of impeaching particular men, may seem to be nothing else but the people's choosing upon occasion to exercise their own jurisdiction in person; as if a king of England should sit as chief justice in his court of king's bench: which, they say, in former times he sometimes did. But in Sparta, which was called a kingly government, though the people were perfectly free, yet, because the administration was in the two kings and the ephori, with the assistance of the senate, we read of no impeachments by the people; nor was the process against great men either upon account of ambition or ill conduct, though it reached sometimes to kings themselves, ever formed that way, as I can recollect, but only passed through those hands where the administration lay. So likewise, during the regal government in Rome, though it was instituted a mixed monarchy, and the people made great advances in power, yet I do not remember to have read of one impeachment from the commons against a patrician, until the consular state began and the people had made great encroachments upon the administration.

Another thing to be considered is, that, allowing this right of impeachment to be as inherent as they please, yet, if the commons have been perpetually mistaken in the merits of the causes and the persons, as well as in the consequences of such impeachments upon the peace of the state, we cannot conclude less than that the commons in Greece and Rome (whatever they may be in other states) were by no means qualified, either as prosecutors or judges in such matters; and, therefore, that it would have been prudent to have reserved these privileges dormant, never to be produced but upon very great and urgent occasions, where the state is in apparent danger, the universal body of the people in clamours against the administration, and no other remedy in view. But for a few popular orators or tribunes, upon the score of personal piques; or to employ the pride they conceive in seeing themselves at the head of a party; or as a method for advancement; or moved by certain powerful arguments that could make Demosthenes Philippiæ: for such men, I say, when the state would of itself gladly be quiet, and has, besides affairs of the last importance upon the

avril, to impeach Miltiades, after a great naval victory, for not pursuing the Persian fleet; to impeach Aristides, the person most revered among them in the knowledge and practice of their laws, for a blind suspicion of his acting in an arbitrary way, that is, as they expound it, not in concert with the people; to impeach Pericles, after all his services, for a few inconsiderable accounts; or to impeach Phocion, who had been guilty of no other crime but negotiating a treaty for the peace and security of his country; what could the continuance of such proceedings end in but the utter discouragement of all virtuous actions and persons, and consequently in the ruin of a state? Therefore the historians of those ages seldom fail to set this matter in all its lights, leaving us in the highest and most honourable ideas of those persons who suffered by the persecution of the people, together with the fatal consequences they lead, and how the persecutors seldom failed to repent when it was too late.

These impeachments perpetually falling upon many of the best men both in Greece and Rome are a cloud of witnesses and examples enough to discourage men of virtue and abilities from engaging in the service of the public; and help, on the other side, to introduce the ambitious, the covetous, the superficial, and the ill designing; who are as apt to be bold, and forward, and meddling, as the former are to be cautious, and modest, and reserved. This was so well known in Greece, that an eagerness after employments in the state was looked upon by wise men as the worst title a man could set up, and made Plato say, "That if all men were as good as they ought to be, the quarrel in a commonwealth would be, not, as it is now, who should be ministers of state, but who should not be so." And Socrates is introduced by Xenophon [Lib. Memorab.] severely chiding a friend of his for not entering into the public service when he was every way qualified for it: such a backwardness there was at that time among good men to engage with a usurping people and a set of pragmatical ambitious orators. And Diodorus tells us, that when the pestilism was erected at Syracuse, in imitation of the ostracism at Athens, it was so notoriously levelled against all who had either birth or merit to recommend them, that whoever possessed either withdrew for fear, and would have no concern in public affairs. So that the people themselves were forced to abrogate it, for fear of bringing all things into confusion. (Lib. 2.)

There is one thing more to be observed, wherein all the popular impeachments in Greece and Rome seem to have agreed; and that was a notion they had of being concerned in point of honour to condemn whatever person they impeached, however frivolous the articles were upon which they began, or however weak the surmises whereon they were to proceed in their proofs. For, to conceive that the body of the people could be mistaken was an indignity not to be imagined, till the consequences had convinced them when it was past remedy. And I look upon this as a fate to which all popular accusations are subject; though I should think that the saying, *Vox populi vox Dei*, ought to be understood of the universal bent and current of a people, not of the bare majority of a few representatives, which is often procured by little arts and great industry and application; wherein those who engage in the pursuits of malice and revenge are much more sedulous than such as would prevent them.

From what has been deduced of the dissensions in Rome between the two bodies of patricians and plebeians several reflections may be made.

First, That when the balance of power is duly fixed in a state nothing is more dangerous or unwise than to give way to the first steps of popular encroachments, which is usually done either in hopes of procuring ease and quiet from some vexatious clamour, or else made merchandise, and merely bought and sold. This is breaking into a constitution to serve a present expedient, or supply a present exigency; the remedy of an empire to stifle the present pain, but with certain prospect of sudden and terrible returns. When a child grows easy and content by being humoured, and when a lover becomes satisfied by small compliances without further pursuits, then expect to find popular assemblies content with small concessions. If there could one single example be brought from the whole compass of history of any one popular assembly, who, after beginning to contend for power, ever sat down quietly with a certain share; or if one instance could be produced of a popular assembly that ever knew, or proposed, or declared what share of power was their due; then might there be some hopes that it were a matter to be adjusted by reasonings, by conferences, or debates: but since all that is manifestly otherwise, I see no other course to be taken in a settled state than a steady constant resolution in those to whom the rest of the balance is intrusted never to give way so far to popular clamours as to make the least breach in the constitution, through which a million of abuses and encroachments will certainly in time force their way.

Again, from this deduction it will not be difficult to gather and assign certain marks of popular encroachments; by observing which, those who hold the balance in a state may judge of the degrees, and, by early remedies and application, put a stop to the fatal consequences that would otherwise ensue. What those marks are has been at large deduced, and need not be here repeated.

Another consequence is this, that (with all respect for popular assemblies be it spoken) it is hard to recollect one folly, infirmity, or vice, to which a single man is subjected, and from which a body of commons, either collective or represented, can be wholly exempt. For, beside that they are composed of men with all their infirmities about them, they have also the ill fortune to be generally led and influenced by the very worst among themselves. I mean popular orators, tribunes, or, as they are now styled, great speakers, leading men, and the like. Where it comes to pass, that in their results we have sometimes found the same spirit of cruelty and revenge, of malice and pride, the same blindness and obstinacy and unsteadiness, the same ungovernable rage and anger, the same injustice, sophistry, and fraud, that ever lodged in the breast of any individual.

Again, in all free states the evil to be avoided is tyranny, that is to say, the *summa imperii*, or unlimited power solely in the hands of the one, the few, or the many. Now, we have shown that, although most revolutions of government in Greece and Rome began with the tyranny of the people, yet they generally concluded in that of a single person; so that a usurping populace is its own dupe, a mere underworker, and a purchaser in trust for some single tyrant, whose state and power they advance to their own ruin with as blind an instinct as those worms that die with weaving magnificent habits for beings of a superior nature to their own.

CHAPTER V.

SOME reflections upon the late public proceedings among us, and that variety of factions into which we are still so intricately engaged, gave occasion to this

discourse. I am not conscious that I have forced one example, or put it into any other light than it appeared to me long before I had thought of producing it.

I cannot conclude without adding some particular remarks upon the present posture of affairs and dispositions in this kingdom.

The fate of empire is grown a commonplace: that all forms of government, having been instituted by men, must be mortal like their authors, and have their periods of duration limited, as well as those of private persons. This is a truth of vulgar knowledge and observation: but there are few who turn their thoughts to examine how those diseases in a state are bred that hasten its end; which would, however, be a very useful inquiry. For, though we cannot prolong the period of a commonwealth beyond the decree of Heaven, or the date of its nature, any more than human life beyond the strength of the seminal virtue, yet we may manage a sickly constitution, and preserve a strong one; we may watch and prevent accidents; we may turn off a great blow from without, and purge away an ill humour that is lurking within; and by these, and other such methods, render a state long-lived though not immortal. Yet some physicians have thought that, if it were practicable to keep the several humours of the body in an exact equal balance of each with its opposite, it might be immortal, and so perhaps would a political body if the balance of power could be always held exactly even. But, I doubt, this is as impossible in practice as the other.

It has an appearance of fatality, and that the period of a state approaches, when a concurrence of many circumstances, both within and without, unto toward its ruin; while the whole body of the people are other stupidly negligent, or else giving in with all their might to those very practices that are working their destruction. To see whole bodies of men breaking a constitution by the very same errors that so many have been broke before; to observe opposite parties, who can agree in nothing else, yet firmly united in such measures as must certainly ruin their country; in short, to be encompassed with the greatest dangers from without, to be torn by many virulent factions within; thou to be secure and senseless under all this, and to make it the very least of our concern; these, and some others that might be named, appear to me to be the most likely symptoms in a state of a sickness unto death.

Quod prociat a nobis fœctat f rump gubernans;

Et ratio potius, quam res persuadet ipsa—LOCKET.

There are some conjunctures wherein the death or dissolution of government is more lamentable in its consequences than it were in others. And, I think, a state can never arrive to its period in a more deplorable crisis than at a time when some prince in the neighbourhood, of vast power and ambition, lies hovering like a vulture to devour, or at least dismember, its dying carcass; by which means it becomes only a province or acquisition to some mighty monarchy, without hopes of a resurrection.

I know very well there is a set of sanguine tempers who deride and ridicule, in the number of fopperies, all such apprehensions as these. They have it ready in their mouths that the people of England are of a genius and temper never to admit slavery among them; and they are furnished with a great many commonplaces upon that subject. But it seems to me that such discourses do reason upon short views and a very moderate compass of thought. For I think it a great error to count upon the genius of a nation as a standing argument in all ages, since there is hardly a spot of ground in Eu-

rope where the inhabitants have not frequently and entirely changed their temper and genius. Neither can I see any reason why the genius of a nation should be more fixed in the point of government than in their morals, their learning, their religion, their common humour and conversation, their diet and their complexion; which do all notoriously vary almost in every age, and may every one of them have great effects upon men's notions of government.

Since the Norman conquest the balance of power in England has often varied, and sometimes been wholly overturned; the part which the commons had in it (that most disputed point) in its original progress and extent was, by their own confessions, but a very inconsiderable share. Generally speaking, they have been gaining ever since, though with frequent interruptions and slow progress. The abolishing of villanage, together with the custom introduced (or permitted) among the nobles, of selling their lands, in the reign of Henry the Seventh, was a mighty addition to the power of the commons: yet I think a much greater happened in the time of his successor, at the dissolution of the abbeyes; for this turned the clergy wholly out of the scale, who had so long filled it; and placed the commons in their stead, who, in a few years, became possessed of vast quantities of those and other lands, by grant or purchase. About the middle of queen Elizabeth's reign, I take the power between the nobles and the commons to have been in more equal balance than it was ever before or since. But then, or soon after, arose a faction in England, which, under the name of Puritan, began to grow popular, by moulding up their new schemes of religion with republican principles in government; and gaining upon the prerogative as well as the nobles, under several denominations, for the space of about sixty years, did at last overthrow the constitution and, according to the usual course of such revolutions, did introduce a tyranny, first of the people, and then of a single person.

In a short time after the old government was revived. But the progress of affairs for almost thirty years, under the reigns of two weak princes [Charles II. and James II.] is a subject of a different nature; when the balance was in danger to be overturned by the hands that held it, which was at last very seasonably prevented by the late revolution. However, as it is the talent of human nature to run from one extreme to another, so in a very few years we have made mighty leaps from prerogative heights into the depth of popularity, and I doubt to the very last degree that our constitution will bear. It were to be wished that the most august assembly of the commons would please to form a pandect of their own power and privileges, to be confirmed by the entire legislative authority, and that in as solemn a manner (if they please) as the *magna charta*. But to fix one foot of their compass wherever they think fit, and extend the other to such terrible lengths, without describing any circumference at all, is to leave us and ourselves in a very uncertain state, and in a sort of rotation that the author of the *Oceanus* never dreamed on. I believe the most hardy tribunes will not venture to affirm at present that any just fears of encroachment are given us from the regal power, or the few; and is it then impossible to err on the other side? How far must we proceed, or where shall we stop? The raging of the sea, and the madness of the people, are put together in holy writ, and it is God alone who can say to either, "Hitherto shalt thou pass, and no farther."

* Mr. James Harrington, who published a scheme of government entitled "The Commonwealth of Oceana."

The balance of power in a limited state is of such absolute necessity, that Cromwell himself, before he had perfectly confirmed his tyranny, having some occasions for the appearance of a parliament, was forced to create and erect an entire new house of lords (such as it was) for a counterpoise to the commons. And, indeed, considering the villeness of the clay, I have sometimes wondered that no tribune of that age durst ever venture to ask the potter, "What dost thou make?" But it was then about the last act of a popular usurpation; and fate, or Cromwell, had already prepared them for that of a single person.

I have been often amazed at the rude, passionate, and mistaken results which have, at certain times, fallen from great assemblies, both ancient and modern, and of other countries as well as our own.—This gave me the opinion I mentioned a while ago, that public conventions are liable to all the infirmities, follies, and vices of private men. To which if there be any exception, it must be of such assemblies who act by universal concert, upon public principles, and for public ends; such as proceed upon debates without unbecoming warmth or influence from particular leaders and inflammers; such, whose members, instead of canvassing to procure majorities for their private opinions, are ready to comply with general sober results, though contrary to their own sentiments. Whatever assemblies act by these and other methods of the like nature must be allowed to be exempt from several imperfections to which particular men are subjected. But I think the source of most mistakes and miscarriages in matters debated by public assemblies arises from the influence of private persons upon great numbers, styled, in common phrase, leading men and parties. And, therefore, when we sometimes meet a few words put together, which is called the vote or resolution of an assembly, and which we cannot possibly reconcile to prudence or public good, it is most charitable to conjecture that such a vote has been conceived, and born, and bred in a private brain; afterward raised and supported by an obsequious party; and then with usual methods confirmed by an artificial majority. For, let us suppose five hundred men, mixed in point of sense and honesty, as usually assemblies are; and let us suppose these men proposing, debating, resolving, voting, according to the mere natural motions of their own little or much reason and understanding; I do allow that abundance of indigested and abortive, many pernicious and foolish overtures, would arise and float a few minutes; but then they would die and disappear. Because this must be said in behalf of humankind, that common sense and plain reason, while men are disengaged from acquired opinions, will ever have some general influence upon their minds; whereas the species of folly and vice are infinite, and so different in every individual that they could never procure a majority if other corruptions did not enter to pervert men's understandings and misguide their wills.

To describe how parties are bred in an assembly would be a work too difficult at present, and perhaps not altogether safe. *Periculosum plenum apus alce*. Whether those who are leaders usually arrive at that station more by a sort of instinct or secret composition of their nature or influence of the stars than by the possession of any great abilities, may be a point of much dispute; but when the leader is once fixed there will never fail to be followers. And man is so apt to imitate, so much of the nature of sheep (*imitatores, sœcum pecus*), that whoever is so bold to give the first great leap over the heads of those about him, though he be the worst of the flock, shall be quickly followed by the rest.

Besides, when parties are once formed, the strugglers look so ridiculous, and become so insignificant, that they have no other way but to run into the herd, which at least will hide and protect them; and where to be much considered, requires only to be very violent.

But there is one circumstance with relation to parties which I take to be, of all others, most pernicious in a state; and I would be glad any partisan would help me to a tolerable reason, that, because Clodius and Curio happen to agree with me in a few singular notions, I must therefore blindly follow them in all; or, to state it at best, that, because Bibulus, the party-man, is persuaded that Clodius and Curio do really propose the good of their country as their chief end, therefore Bibulus shall be wholly guided and governed by them in the means and measures toward it. Is it enough for Bibulus and the rest of the herd to say, without further examining, I am of the side with Clodius, or I vote with Curio? Are these proper methods to form and make up what they think fit to call the united wisdom of the nation? Is it not possible that upon some occasion Clodius may be bold and insolent, borne away by his passion, malicious and revengeful? That Curio may be corrupt, and expose to sale his tongue or his pen? I conceive it far below the dignity both of human nature and human reason to be engaged in any party, the most plausible soever, upon such servile conditions.

This influence of one upon many, which seems to be as great in a people represented as it was of old in the commons collective, together with the consequences it has had upon the legislature, has given me frequent occasion to reflect upon what Diodorus tells us of one Charondas, a lawgiver to the Sybarites, an ancient people of Italy, who was so averse from all innovation, especially when it was to proceed from particular persons (and I suppose that he might put it out of the power of men fond of their own notions to disturb the constitution at their pleasures, by advancing private schemes), that he provided a statute, that whoever proposed any alteration to be made should step out and do it with a rope about his neck; if the matter proposed were generally approved, then it should pass into a law; if it went into the negative, the proposer to be immediately hanged. Great ministers may talk of what projects they please, but I am deceived if a more effectual one could ever be found for taking off (as the present phrase is) those hot, unquiet spirits who disturb assemblies and obstruct public affairs, by gratifying their pride, their malice, their ambition, or their avarice.

Those who in a late reign began the distinction between the personal and politic capacity seem to have had reason, if they judged of princes by themselves; for, I think, there is hardly to be found through all nature a greater difference between two things than there is between a representing commoner in the function of his public calling, and the same person when he acts in the common offices of life. Here he allows himself to be upon a level with the rest of mortals; here he follows his own reason and his own way; and rather affects a singularity in his actions and thoughts than servility to copy either from the wisest of his neighbours. In short, here his folly and his wisdom, his reason and his passions, are all of his own growth, not the echo or infusion of other men. But when he is got near the walls of his assembly he assumes and affects an entire set of very different airs, he conceives himself a being of a superior nature to those without, and acting in a sphere where the vulgar

methods for the conduct of human life can be of no use. He is listed in a party where he neither knows the temper, nor designs, nor perhaps the person, of his leader; but whose opinions he follows and maintains with a zeal and faith as violent as a young scholar does those of a philosopher whose sect he is taught to profess. He has neither opinions, nor thoughts, nor actions, nor talk, that he can call his own, but all conveyed to him by his leader, as wind is through an organ. The nourishment he receives has been not only chewed but digested before it comes into his mouth. Thus instructed, he follows the party, right or wrong, through all his sentiments, and acquires a courage and stiffness of opinion not at all congenial with him.

This encourages me to hope that, during the present lucid interval, the members retired to their homes may suspend a while their acquired complexions, and, taught by the calmness of the scene and the season, reassume the native sedateness of their temper. If this should be so, it would be wise in them, as individual and private mortals, to look back a little upon the storms they have raised, as well as those they have escaped; to reflect, that they have been authors of a new and wonderful thing in England, which is, for a house of commons to lose the universal favour of the numbers they represent; to observe how those whom they thought fit to persecute for righteousness sake have been openly caressed by the people; and to remember how themselves sat in fear of their persons from popular rage. Now, if they would know the secret of all this unprecedented proceeding in their masters, they must not impute it to their freedom in debate, or declaring their opinions, but to that unparliamentary abuse of setting individuals upon their shoulders who were hated by God and man. For it seems the mass of the people, in such conjunctures as this, have opened their eyes, and will not endure to be governed by Clodius and Curio at the head of their myrmidons, though these be ever so numerous, and composed of their own representatives.

This aversion of the people against the late proceedings of the commons is an accident that, if it last a while, might be improved to good uses for setting the balance of power a little more upon an equality than their late measures seem to promise or admit. This accident may be imputed to two causes: the first is a universal fear and apprehension of the greatness and power of France, whereof the people in general seem to be very much and justly possessed, and therefore cannot but resent to see it, in so critical a juncture, wholly laid aside by their ministers, the commons. The other cause is a great love and sense of gratitude in the people toward their present king, grounded upon a long opinion and experience of his merit, as well as concessions to all their reasonable desires; so that it is for some time they have begun to say and to fetch instances where he has in many things been hardly used. How long these humours may last (for passions are momentary, and especially those of a multitude), or what consequences they may produce, a little time will discover. But whenever it comes to pass that a popular assembly, free from such obstructions, and already possessed of more power than an equal balance will allow, shall continue to think they have not enough, but by cramping the hand that holds the balance, and by impeachments or dissensions with the nobles, endeavour still for more, I cannot possibly see, in the common course of things, how the same causes can produce different effects and consequences among us from what they did in Greece and Rome.

There is one thing I must needs add, though I reckon it will appear to many as a very unreasonable paradox. When the act passed some years ago against bribing of elections, I remember to have said upon occasion, to some persons of both houses, that we should be very much deceived in the consequences of that act: and upon some discourse of the conveniences of it, and the contrary (which will admit reasoning enough), they seemed to be of the same opinion. It has appeared since that our conjectures were right: for I think the late parliament was the first fruits of that act; the proceedings whereof, as well as of the present, have been such as to make many persons wish that things were upon the old foot in that matter. Whether it be that so great a reformation was too many degrees beyond so corrupt an age as this, or that, according to the present turn and disposition of men in our nation, it were a less abuse to bribe elections than leave them to the discretion of the choosers. This at least was Cato's opinion when things in Rome were at a crisis much resembling ours; who is recorded to have gone about with great industry, dealing money among the people to favour Pompey (as I remember) upon a certain election in opposition to Cæsar; and he excused himself in it upon the necessities of the occasion and the corruptions of the people: an action that might well have excused Cicero's censure of him, that he reasoned and acted *tantum in Republic Platonia, non in fœce Romuli*. However it be, it is certain that the talents which qualify a man for the service of his country in parliament are very different from those which give him a dexterity at

making his court to the people, and do not often meet in the same subject. Then for the moral part, the difference is inconsiderable; and whoever practises upon the weakness and vanity of the people is guilty of an immoral action as much as if he did it upon their avarice. Besides, the two trees may be judged by their fruits. The former produces a set of popular men, fond of their own merits and abilities, their opinions and their eloquence, whereas the bribing of elections, though a great and shameful evil, seems to be at present but an ill means of keeping things upon the old foot, by leaving the defence of our properties chiefly in the hands of those who will be the greatest sufferers whenever they are endangered. It is easy to observe in the late and present parliament that several boroughs and some counties have been represented by persons who little thought to have ever had such hopes before; and how far this may proceed when such a way is laid open for the exercise and encouragement of popular arts one may best judge from the consequences that the same causes produced both in Athens and Rome. For, let speculative men reason or rather refine as they please, it ever will be true among us, that as long as men engage in the public service upon private ends, and whilst all pretences to a sincere Roman love of our country are looked upon as an affectation, a foppery, or a disguise (which has been a good while our case, and is likely to continue so), it will be safer to trust our property and constitution in the hands of such who have paid for their election than of those who have obtained them by servile flatteries of the people.

THE EXAMINER.

PREFACE.

On the 3rd of August, 1710, appeared the first number of "The Examiner," the ablest vindication of the measures of the queen and her new ministry. "About a dozen of these papers," Dr Swift tells us, "written with much spirit and sharpness, some by secretary St. John, upon lord Bolingbroke; others by Dr. Atterbury, since bishop of Rochester; and others again by Mr. Prior, Dr. Friend, &c., were published with great applause. But these gentlemen being grown weary of the work, or otherwise employed, the determination was that I should continue it; which I did accordingly eight months. But, my style being soon discovered, and having contrived a great number of enemies, I let it fall into other hands, who held it up in some manner until her majesty's death."

The original in authors are supposed to have employed Dr. King as the publisher, or a sensible author, before they prevailed on their great champion to undertake that task. Mr. Oldmixon thought that Mr. Prior had a principal hand in the early numbers; and it is well known that he wrote No. 6, professedly against Dr. Garth. Nos. 8 and 9 were written either by Dr. Friend or Mr. St. John, or by both in conjunction. Dr. King was the author of No. 11 and of No. 12. Who was the author of No. 13 does not appear; but it is remarkable that when the *Examiners* were first collected by Mr. Barrow into a volume, No. 13 was omitted; the original 14 being then marked 13; and so on to 35 inclusive, which is marked 44; and this misarrangement was of course continued by Dr. Harknessworth and Mr. Sheridan; a circumstance the more worthy of notice, as the paper omitted is a curious instance of passive obedience, not inferior perhaps in point of sophistry to any in the whole collection.

After the 15th number the undertaking was carried on wholly by Dr. Swift, who commenced a regular writer of politics with No. 14, Nov. 3, 1710. "Get the *Examiners*," he says to Mrs. Johnson, "and read them. The last nine or ten are full of the reasons of the late change and of the names of the last ministry; and the great men assure me they are all true. They are written by their encouragement and direction."—It appears, however, by a subsequent letter, Feb. 8, that "Mr. Prior was like to be faulted in the street for being supposed to be author of it; but one of the late papers," Swift adds, "cleared him. Nobody knows who it is, but those few in the secret; I suppose the ministry and the printer."

A contemporary writer, May 3, 1711, says, "The *Examiner* is

a paper which all men who speak without prejudice allow to be well written. Though his subject will admit of no great variety, he is continually varying it in so many different lights, and endeavouring to illuminate the same thing by so many beautiful changes of expression, that men who are concerned in no party may read him with pleasure. His way of assuming the question in debate is extremely artful; and his Letter to Cæsar is, I think, a masterpiece. As these papers are supposed to have been written by several hands, the critics will tell you that they discover a difference in their styles and beauties; and pretend to observe that the first *Examiners* abound chiefly in wit, the last in humour. Soon after their first appearance, came out a paper from the other side, called the "Why *Examiner*," written with so much fire, and in so excellent a style, as put the Tories in no small pain for their favourite hero; every one said, "Buckershaft must be the author;" and people were the more confirmed in this opinion upon its being so soon laid down, which seemed to show that it was only written to bind the *Examiners* to their good behaviour, and was never designed to be a weekly paper. The *Examiners* therefore have no one to contend with at present but their friend the Medley; the author of a high paper, though he seems to be a man of good sense, and expresses it luckily enough now and then, as I think, for the most part, perfectly a stranger to fine writing. I presume I need not tell you that the *Examiner* carries much the more sail, as it is supposed to be written by the direction, and under the eye, of some great persons who sit at the helm of affairs, and are consequently looked on as a sort of public notice which way they are steering us. The reputed author is Dr. Swift, with the assistance sometimes of Dr. Atterbury and Mr. Prior."

Having completed the design which first engaged him in the undertaking with No. 43, June 7, 1711, Dr. Swift threw away his pen; and in the last paragraph of that number, and on the same day wrote thus to Mrs. Johnson: "As for the *Examiner*, I have heard a whisper, that after that of this day, which tells what this parliament have done, you will hardly find them so good. I prophesy they will be true for the future. Me thinks, in this day's *Examiner* the author speaks doubtfully, as if he would write no more. Observe whether the change be discovered in Dublin, only for your own curiosity, that's all."

From this time Swift had no farther concern with the paper.

"Present State of Wit," supposed to be written by Mr. Gay,

and as, except by assisting in the single number of the succeeding week.

The Examiner indeed still continued to be published; but it sunk immediately into rudeness and ill manners, being written by some under-pa-ment in the city, whose servility was encouraged (as it did himself) not scruple to own) by the military themselves, who employed this paper to return the Great-street invectives thrown out by the authors of the Medley, the Englishman, and some other detraction papers of the same stamp.

It is now no longer a secret that No. 46 was written by Mrs. Manley, with the assistance of Dr. Swift, and that the next six numbers were also by the same hand. On the 22nd June (the day after No. 47 was published) Swift says, "Yesterday was a sad Examiner; and last week's was very indifferent; though some scraps of the old spirit, as if he had given hints;" and on the 14th of July, "I do not like anything in the Examiner after the 40th, except the first part of the 46th."—Mrs. Manley's last paper was No. 52, July 26; and in a letter dated Nov. 3, 1711, Swift says, "The first thirteen Examiners were written by several hands, some good, some bad; the next three and thirty were all by one hand; that makes forty-six; then the author, whoever he was, laid it down, on purpose to confound guessers; and the last six were written by a woman. The printer is going to print them in a small volume. It seems the author also proud to have them printed in subscription, though his friends offered, they say, to make it worth 500*l.* to him."

On the 6th of December following the work was resumed by Oldsworth, who completed four volumes more, and published nineteen numbers more of the sixth volume, when the queen's death put an end to the work.* During this long period the only articles that are known to be by Dr. Swift are, a hint which he gave about the prerogative of the parliament, and to praise the queen for her tenderness to the Dutch, in giving them still time to submit, which he notices to Mrs. Johnson, Jan. 15, 1712 13; and says, "I suited the occasions at present." The vindication of his friend Mr. Lewis in No. 31 of the third volume, Feb. 2, 1712 13, which is printed as though it were the fourth volume of the present edition, is undoubtedly Swift's; which he more than once acknowledges in his Journal to Stella, Jan. 27, Jan. 31, and Feb. 1.

The public at large, however, still considered the paper to be under the management of Swift, who tells Mrs. Johnson, March 23, 1712 13, "The Examiner has cleared me to day of being author of his paper, and done it with great civility to me. I hope it will stop people's mouths; if not, they must go on and be hanged; I care not."—The letter alluded to in the following passage in the 35th number of vol. iii, to which Mr. Oldsworth, speaking of some of his opponents, says, "I shall at once use them of a great deal of pulp, as well as importance, by putting a final stop to some of their daily ruminations, and for ever shutting up one of their most liberal sources of scandal. They have been a long time laying a load upon a gentleman of the first character for leaning, good sense, wit, and more virtues than even they can set off and illustrate by all the opposition and extremes of vice which are the compounds of their party. He is indeed fully accomplished to be mortally hated by them; and they needed not to charge him with writing the Examiner, as if that were a sufficient revenge, in which they show as little judgment as truth. I here pronounce him clear of that imputation, as if, out of pure regard to justice, strip myself of all the honour that lucky truth did this paper; reserving to myself the entertaining reflection that I was once taken for a man who

has a thousand other recommendations, besides the notice of the worst men, to make him loved and esteemed by the best. This is the second time I have humoured that party by publicly declaring who is not the author of the Examiner. I will hold them no more light, because they do not love it. I could only wish that their invidiousness against that gentleman had been considerable enough to call forth his public resentment; and I stand amazed at their folly in provoking so much rage to their party. Their intellectuals must be as stupid as their consciences, not to dread the terrors of his pen, though they met him with all that was due to his person which they ever expressed against his order."

May 12, 1715, after several sportings between the Examiner and the Guardian, Steele thus indirectly states in the Guardian, No. 52, that the Examiner was written either by Dr. Swift or Mrs. Manley: "I have been told by familiar friends that they saw me such a time talking to the Examiner; others, who have rallied me upon the sins of my youth, tell me it is creditably reported that I have formerly lain with the Examiner. I have carried my point, and rescued innocence from calumny; and it is nothing to me whether the Examiner writes against me in the character of an *adversary friend* or an *unrepentant mistress*."—This paragraph raised the indignation of Swift; and his complaint of it to their common friend Mr. Addison, "Is he ignorant?" Swift says, "of no temper and of my style? Had he never heard that the author of the Examiner (to whom I am altogether a stranger) did a month or two ago indicate me from having any concern with it? Should not Mr. Steele have first expostulated with me as a friend?—In a letter which this produced from Steele he being still insinuated that Swift was an accomplice of the Examiner, he thus indignantly repels the charge: "I appeal to your most partial friends, whether you might not rather have asked or written to me, or desired to have been informed by a third hand, whether I were any way concerned in writing the Examiner. And if I had shuffed, or answered indirectly, or affirmed it, or said I would not give you satisfaction, you might then have asked your friend, who is ignorant of me, and of justice. I have several times assured Mr. Addison, and fifty others, that I had not the least hand in writing any of those papers; and that I had never exchanged one syllable with the supposed author in my life, that I can remember, nor even seen him above twice, and that in mixed company, or in a place where he came to pay his attendance."

Of Swift's Examiners, Dr. Johnson observes that "his argument he may be allowed to have the advantage for, where a de system of conduct and the whole of a public character is laid open to inquiry, the accuser, having the choice of facts, must be very successful if he does not prevail."—Lord Orford, who commends the Examiner for the "luculent style, clear diction, and great knowledge of the true interest of England," observes that "his author was elated with the appearance of enjoying ministerial confidence;" that "he was employed, not trusted." Remarks, &c., Letter ii. The earl of Chesterfield also asserts that "the die of the day was cast, and delivered out to him, to write Examiners and other political papers upon." It may be proper, however, to take notice, that neither of these noble peers appear to have seen Swift's "Preface" to his "History of the First Years of the Queen," and, with all due deference to these great authorities, the present Editor cannot but be of opinion that Swift's manly fortitude and very accurate discernment of the human heart would have prevented his being a couple to the intrigues of a statesman, however dignified. He himself assures us "that he was of a temper to think no man great enough to set his work; that "he studiously refused to be chaplain to the lord-treasurer, because he thought it would ill become him to be in a state of dependence." Indeed his whole conduct in that busy period (in which "it was his lot to have been daily conversant with the persons then in power; never absent at times of business or conversation, until a few weeks before his master's death; and a witness of every step they made to the course of their administration") demonstrates the imperishable situation he then so wisely filled. And when at last the time arrived it which he was to be rewarded for his services, in how different a light does he appear from that of a hiring writer? He frankly told the treasurer "he could not with any reputation stay longer here, unless he had something to pourtray immediately to him." Whilst his noble patron was undetermined whether he should be promoted to St. Patrick's or to a stall at Windsor, he openly assured lord Hollingham "he would not stay for their disputes." And we had he exerted his interest so effectually with the duke of Ormond as to overcome a prejudice that nobleman had conceived against Dr. Sterne,

"In the latter part of Swift's life affliction throws a sacredness around him that no discernment and discrimination at defiance. My eye tries in vain to get a glimpse of his features; it can see nothing distinctly for tears. But in his last condition, his virulent treatment of Steele, and his very many unaccountable instances of insolence and caprice, seem to have been indications or ebullitions of that insanity which afterwards overpowered him." Dr. Calder, in the Notes on the Teller, 1798 vol. v. p. 241.

* "I have instructed an under-pa-ment to write so that it is taken for mine." Journal to Stella, Oct. 10, 1711. This was probably the under-pa-ment noticed Nov. 26, 1711, whom he elsewhere calls "a scrupulous instrument of mischief to me."

† On Mr. William Oldsworth little is now remembered but the titles of some of his literary productions. He was editor of the *Muse's Mercury*, 1707; and published, 1. "A Dialogue between Timothy and Philanthus in which the Principles and Projects of a late whimsical Book, entitled *The Rights of the Christian Church*, &c. are fairly stated, and answered in their kind, &c. By a Layman, 1709, 1710, 3 vols. 8vo. 2. "A Vindication of the Bishop of Exeter (Dr. Blackall) against Mr. Hoadly." 3. A volume called "State Tracts" &c. 4. Another called "State and Miscellaneous Poems, by the Author of the Examiner, 1715." 5vo. 5. His translated the "Odes, Epodes, and Carmen Seculare of Horace." 6. The "Life of Edmund Smith," prefixed to his works written "with all the impartiality of Friendship;" said by Dr. Boston to show "what see it ought one man of parts can say of another;" and which Dr. Johnson has honoured by incorporating it into his biographical piece on Smith.—That Oldsworth had an attachment to the celebrated royal family is admitted; which gave occasion to a report in the Weekly Parker, Jan. 17, 1713-16, that he was killed with his sword in his hand in the engagement at Preston, in company with several others who had the same fate; having resolved not to survive the loss of the battle." But this report was groundless; as he lived till Sept. 18, 1724.

† No. 19 was published July 26, 1714; and on the 24th of October came out the first number of "The Centinel, being a Sequel to the Examiner;" published also by Molyneux.

whose promotion to the see of Down made the vacancy at St. Patrick's. "The duke, with great kindness, said he would consent; but could do it for no man else but me." Swift acknowledges "this affair was carried with great difficulty;" but adds, "they say hence it is much to my reputation that I have made a bishop in spite of the world, and to get the best demerit in Ireland."

No. 14.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1710.

— longa est injuria, longa
Ambigua; sed summa aequar fastidia rerum.

The tale is intricate, perplex'd, and long;
Hear then, in short, the story of her wrong.

It is a practice I have generally followed to converse in equal freedom with the deserving men of both parties; and it was never without some contempt that I have observed persons wholly out of employment affect to do otherwise. I doubted whether any man could owe so much to the side he was of, although he were retained by it; but without some great point of interest, either in possession or prospect, I thought it was the mark of a low and narrow spirit.

It is hard that for some weeks past I have been forced, in my own defence, to follow a proceeding that I have so much condemned in others. But several of my acquaintance among the declining party are grown so insufferably peevish and splenetic, profess such violent apprehensions for the public, and represent the state of things in such formidable ideas, that I find myself disposed to share in their afflictions, although I know them to be groundless and imaginary, or, which is worse, purely affected. To offer them comfort one by one would be not only an endless, but a disobliging task. Some of them, I am convinced, would be less melancholy if there were more occasion. I shall, therefore, instead of hearkening to further complaints, employ some part of this paper for the future in letting such men see that their natural or acquired fears are ill founded, and their artificial ones as ill intended; that all our present inconveniences are the consequence of the very counsels they so much admire, which would still have increased if those had continued; and that neither our constitution in church or state could probably have been long preserved without such methods as have been already taken.

The late revolutions at court have given room to some specious objections, which I have heard repeated by well-meaning men, just as they had taken them up on the credit of others who have worse designs. They wonder the queen would choose to change her ministry at this juncture, and thereby give uneasiness to a general who hath been so long successful abroad, and might think himself injured, if the entire ministry were not of his own nomination; that there were few complaints of any consequence against the late men in power, and none at all in parliament, which, on the contrary, passed votes in favour of the chief minister; that if her majesty had a mind to introduce the other party, it would have been more reasonable after a peace, which now we have made desperate, by splitting the French, who rejoice in these changes, and by the fall of our credit, which unqualifies us for carrying on the war; that the parliament, so untimely dissolved, had been diligent in their supplies and dutiful in their behaviour; that one consequence of these changes appears already in the fall of the stocks; that we may soon expect more and worse; and lastly, that all this naturally tends to break the settlement of the crown, and call over the pretender.

These and the like notions are plentifully scattered abroad by the malice of a ruined party, to render the queen and her administration odious, and to inflame

the nation. And these are what upon occasion I shall endeavour to overthrow by discovering the falsehood and absurdity of them.

It is a great unhappiness when, in a government constituted like ours, it should be so brought about that the continuance of a war must be for the interest of vast numbers (civil as well as military), who otherwise would have been as unknown as their original. I think our present condition of affairs is admirably described by two verses in Lucan:

Hinc usura vorax, avidumque in tempore famus,
Hinc concussa fides, et multis utilis bellum:

which, without any great force upon the words, may be thus translated:

Hence are derived those exorbitant interests and annuities; hence those large discounts for advance and prompt payment; hence public credit is shaken; and hence great numbers find their profit in prolonging the war.

It is odd that among a free trading people, as we call ourselves, there should so many be found to close in with those counsels, who have been ever averse from all overtures towards a peace: but yet there is no great mystery in the matter. Let any man observe the equipages in this town, he shall find the greater number of those who make a figure to be a species of men quite different from any that were ever known before the Revolution; consisting either of generals and colonels, or of those whose whole fortunes lie in funds and stocks; so that power, which, according to the old maxim, was used to follow land, is now gone over to money; and the country gentleman is in the condition of a young heir, out of whose estate a scrivener receives half the rents for interest, and has a mortgage on the whole; and is therefore always ready to feed his vices and extravagances while there is anything left. So that, if the war continues some years longer, a landed man will be little better than a farmer of a rack-rent to the army and to the public funds.

It may perhaps be worth inquiring from what beginnings, and by what steps, we have been brought into this desperate condition: and in search of this we must run up as high as the Revolution.

Most of the nobility and gentry, who invited over the prince of Orange, or attended him in his expedition, were true lovers of their country and its constitution in church and state; and were brought to yield to those breaches in the succession of the crown out of a regard to the necessity of the kingdom and the safety of the people, which did and could only make them lawful; but without intention of drawing such a practice into precedent, or making it a standing measure by which to proceed in all times to come: and therefore we find their counsels ever tended to keep things as much as possible in the old course. But soon after, an under set of men, who had nothing to lose, and had neither borne the burden nor heat of the day, found means to whisper in the king's ear that the principles of loyalty in the church of England were wholly inconsistent with the Revolution. Hence began the early practice of caressing the dissenters, reviling the universities as maintainers of arbitrary power, and reproaching the clergy with the doctrines of divine right, passive obedience, and non-resistance. At the same time, in order to fasten wealthy people to the new government, they proposed those pernicious expedients of borrowing money by vast premiums, and at extortionate interest: a practice as old as Eumenes, one of Alexander's captains, who, settling up for himself after the death of his master, persuaded his principal officers to lend him great sums, after which they were forced to follow him for their own security.

This introduced a number of new deatrous men into business and credit. It was argued that the war could not last above two or three campaigns, and that it was easier for the subjects to raise a fund for paying interest than to tax them annually to the full expense of the war. Several persons who had small or, encumbered estates sold them, and turned their money into those funds, to great advantage: merchants, as well as other moneyed men, finding trade was dangerous, pursued the same method. But the war continuing, and growing more expensive, taxes were increased, and funds multiplied every year, till they have arrived at the monstrous height we now behold them; and that which was at first a corruption is at last grown necessary, and what every good subject must now fall in with, although he may be allowed to wish it might soon have an end; because it is with a kingdom as with a private fortune, where every new incumbrance adds a double weight. By this means the wealth of a nation, that used to be reckoned by the value of land, is now computed by the rise and fall of stocks: and although the foundation of credit be still the same, and upon a bottom that can never be shaken, and although all interest be duly paid by the public, yet, through the contrivance and cunning of stock-jobbers, there has been brought in such a complication of knavery and cozenage, such a mystery of iniquity, and such an unintelligible jargon of terms to involve it in, as were never known in any other age or country in the world. I have heard it affirmed, by persons skilled in these calculations, that, if the funds appropriated to the payment of interest and annuities were added to the yearly taxes, and the four-shilling aid strictly exacted in all counties of the kingdom, it would very near, if not fully, supply the occasions of the war, at least such a part as, in the opinion of very able persons, had been at that time prudent not to exceed. For I make it a question whether any wise prince or state, in the continuance of a war which was not purely defensive, or immediately at his own door, did ever propose that his expense should perpetually exceed what he was able to impose annually upon his subjects. Neither, if the war last many years longer, do I see how the next generation will be able to begin another; which, in the course of human affairs, and according to the various interests and ambition of princes, may be as necessary for them as it has been for us. And if our fathers had left us deeply involved, as we are likely to leave our children, I appeal to any man what sort of figure we should have been able to make these twenty years past. Besides, neither our enemies nor allies are upon the same foot with us in this particular. France and Holland, our nearest neighbours, and the farthest engaged, will much sooner recover themselves after a war: the first, by the absolute power of the prince, who, being master of the lives and fortunes of his subjects, will quickly find expedients to pay his debts; and so will the other, by their prudent administration, the greatness of their trade, their wonderful parsimony, the willingness of their people to undergo all kind of taxes, and their justice in applying as well as collecting them. But above all we are to consider that France and Holland fight on the continent, either upon or near their own territories, and the greatest part of the money circulates among themselves, whereas ours crosses the sea, either to Flanders, Spain, or Portugal; and every penny of it, whether in specie or returns, is so much lost to the nation for ever.

Upon these considerations alone, it was the most prudent course imaginable in the queen to lay hold

of the disposition of the people for changing the parliament and ministry at this juncture, and extricating herself as soon as possible out of the pupillage of those who found their accounts only in perpetuating the war. Neither have we the least reason to doubt but the ensuing parliament will assist her majesty with the utmost vigour, until her enemies again be brought to sue for peace, and again offer such terms as will make it both honourable and lasting; only with this difference, that the ministry perhaps will not again refuse them.

Audiet, agnas, vltio parentum
Rara, Juvenas.

Hun. book i. Ode 2.

No. 15,

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1710.

E quibus hi vacua implent sermonibus aures,
Hi narras seruat aim: mensuraque flet
Crescit, et auditis aliqnd novus adjicit auctor,
Elic Crudelis, illic imemoris Error,
Vansque Letitia est, constanterque Timores,
Siculisque recens, dubioque auctor Suscit.

With idle tales this fills our empty ears;
The next reports what from the first he hears
The rolling field no grow in strength and size,
Each author adding to the former lies.
Here vain credulity, with new desires,
Leads us astray, and groundless joy inspires;
The dubious whispers tumult fresh design'd,
And chilling fears astound the anxious mind.

I AM prevailed on, through the importunity of friends, to interrupt the scheme I had begun in my last paper, by an "essay upon the Art of Political Lying." We are told the devil is the father of lies, and was a liar from the beginning; so that, beyond contradiction, the invention is old: and, which is more, his first Essay of it was purely political, employed in undermining the authority of his prince, and seducing a third part of the subjects from their obedience; for which he was driven down from heaven, where (as Milton expresses it) he had been viceroy of a great western province; and forced to exercise his talent in inferior regions among other fallen spirits, poor or deluded men, whom he still daily tempts to his own sin, and will ever do so, till he be chained in the bottomless pit.

But although the devil be the father of lies, he seems, like the great inventors, to have lost much of his reputation by the continual improvements that have been made upon him.

Who first reduced lying into an art, and adapted it to politics, is not so clear from history, although I have made some diligent inquiries. I shall therefore consider it only according to the modern system, as it has been cultivated these twenty years past in the southern part of our own island.

The poets tell us that, after the giants were overthrown by the gods, the Earth in revenge produced her last offspring, which was Fame. And the fable is thus interpreted; that when tumults and seditions are quieted, rumours and false reports are plentifully spread through a nation. So that, by this account, lying is the last relief of a routed, earth-born, rebellious party in a state. But here the moderns have made great additions, applying their art to the gaining of power and preserving it, as well as revenging themselves after they have lost it; as the same instruments are made use of by animals to feed themselves when they are hungry, and to bite those that tread upon them.

But the same genealogy cannot always be admitted for political lying; I shall therefore desire to refuse upon it, by adding some circumstances of its birth and parents. A political lie is sometimes born out of a discarded statesman's head, and thence de-

livered to be nursed and doled by the rabble. Sometimes it is produced a monster, and licked into shape: at other times it comes into the world completely formed, and is spoiled in the licking. It is often born an infant in the regular way, and requires time to mature it; and often it sees the light in its full growth, but dwindles away by degrees. Sometimes it is of noble birth, and sometimes the spawn of a stock-jobber. Here it screams aloud at the opening of the womb, and there it is delivered with a whisper. I know a lie that now disturbs half the kingdom with its noise, which, although too proud and great at present to own its parents, I can remember its whisperhood. To conclude the utility of this monster; when it comes into the world without a sting it is still-born; and whenever it loses its sting it dies.

No wonder if an infant so miraculous in its birth should be destined for great adventures; and accordingly we see it has been the guardian spirit of a prevailing party for almost twenty years. It can conquer kingdoms without fighting, and sometimes with the loss of a battle. It gives and resumes employments; can sink a mountain to a mole-hill, and raise a mole-hill to a mountain: has presided for many years at committees of elections; can wash a black-moor white; make a saint of an atheist, and a patriot of a profligate; can furnish foreign ministers with intelligence, and raise or let fall the credit of the nation. This goddess flies with a huge looking-glass in her hands, to dazzle the crowd, and make them see, according as she turns it, their rule in their interest, and their interest in their ruin. In this glass you will behold your best friends, clad in coats powdered with *fleurs de lis* and triple crowns; their girdles hung round with chains, and beads, and wooden shoes; and your worst enemies adorned with the ensigns of liberty, property, indulgence, moderation, and a cornucopia in their hands. Her large wings, like those of a flying-fish, are of no use but while they are moist; she therefore dips them in mud, and, soaring aloft, scatters it in the eyes of the multitude, flying with great swiftness; but at every turn is forced to stoop in dirty ways for new supplies.

I have been sometimes thinking, if a man had the art of the second sight for seeing lies, as they have in Scotland for seeing spirits, how admirably he might entertain himself in this town, by observing the different shapes, sizes, and colours of those swarms of lies which buzz about the heads of some people, like flies about a horse's ears in summer; or those legions hovering every afternoon in Exchange-alley, enough to darken the air; or over a club of discontented grumblers, and thence sent down in cargoes to be scattered at elections.

There is one essential point wherein a political liar differs from others of the faculty, that he ought to have but a short memory, which is necessary, according to the various occasions he meets with every hour of differing from himself, and swearing to both sides of a contradiction, as he finds the persons disposed with whom he has to deal. In describing the virtues and vices of mankind, it is convenient, upon every article, to have some eminent person in our eye, from whom we copy our description. I have strictly observed this rule, and my imagination this minute represents before me a certain great man (earl of Wharton) famous for his talent, to the constant practice of which he owes his "warty years" reputation of the most skillful head in England for the management of nice affairs. The superiority of his genius consists in nothing else but an inexhaustible fund of political lies, which he plentifully distributes every minute he speaks, and by an unparalleled generosity forgets, and consequently contradicts, the next half-hour. He never yet considered whether any proposition were true or false, but whether it were convenient for the present minute or company to affirm or deny it; so that, if you think fit to refine upon him, by interpreting everything he says, as we do dreams, by the contrary, you are still to seek, and will find yourself equally deceived whether you believe or not: the only remedy is to suppose that you have heard some inarticulate sounds, without any meaning at all; and besides, that will take off the horror you might be apt to conceive at the oaths wherewith he perpetually tags both ends of every proposition; although, at the same time, I think he cannot with any justice be taxed with perjury when he invokes God and Christ, because he has often fairly given public notice to the world that he believes in neither.

Some people may think that such an accomplishment as this can be of no great use to the owner, or his party, after it has been often practiced and is become notorious; but they are widely mistaken. Few lies carry the inventor's mark, and the most prostitute enemy to truth may spread a thousand without being known for the author; besides, as the vilest writer has his readers, so the greatest liar has his believers: and it often happens that, if a lie be believed only for an hour, it has done its work, and there is no further occasion for it. Falsehood flies, and truth comes limping after it, so that when men come to be undeceived it is too late; the jest is over, and the tale has had its effect: like a man who has thought of a good repartee when the discourse is changed or the company parted; or like a physician who has found out an infallible medicine after the patient is dead.

Considering that natural disposition in many men to lie, and in multitudes to believe, I have been perplexed what to do with that maxim so frequent in everybody's mouth, that truth will at last prevail. Here has this island of ours, for the greatest part of twenty years, lain under the influence of such counsels and persons, whose principle and interest it was to corrupt our manners, blind our understanding, drain our wealth, and in time destroy our constitution both in church and state, and we at last were brought to the very brink of ruin; yet, by the means of perpetual misrepresentations, have never been able to distinguish between our enemies and friends. We have seen a great part of the nation's money got into the hands of those who, by their birth, education, and merit, could pretend no higher than to wear our liveries; while others, who, by their credit, quality, and fortune, were only able to give reputation and success to the Revolution, were not only laid aside as dangerous and useless, but loaded with the scandal of Jacobites, men of arbitrary principles, and pensioners to France; while truth, who is said to lie in a well, seemed now to be buried there under a heap of stones. But I remember it was a usual complaint among the Whigs, that the bulk of the landed men was not in their interests, which some of the wisest looked on as an ill omen; and we saw it with the utmost difficulty that they could preserve a majority, while the court and ministry were on their side, till they had learned those admirable expedients for deciding elections and influencing distant boroughs by powerful motives from the city. But all this was mere force and constraint, however upheld by most dexterous artifice and management, until the people began to apprehend their properties, their religion, and the monarchy itself in danger; when we saw them greedily "aving hold on the first

accasion to interpose. But of this mighty change in the dispositions of the people I shall discourse more at large in some following paper; wherein I shall endeavour to undeceive or discover those deluded or deluding persons who hope or pretend it is only a short madness in the vulgar, from which they may soon recover; whereas, I believe it will appear to be very different in its causes, its symptoms, and its consequences; and prove a great example to illustrate the maxim I lately mentioned, that truth (however sometimes late) will at last prevail.

No. 10.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1710.

— medicos at limite curas,
Icare, nil. moneo: ne al dominus ibis,
Unda gravel penas; et cecider, igit. adurit.

— My boy, take care
To wing thy course along the middle air;
If low, the surges wet thy flagging plumage;
If high, the sun thine melting wax consumes.

It must be avowed that for some years past there have been few things more wanted in England than such a paper as this ought to be: and such I will endeavour to make it as long as it shall be found of any use, without entering into the violences of either party. Considering the many grievous misrepresentations of persons and things, it is highly requisite at this juncture that the people throughout the kingdom should, if possible, be set right in their opinions by some impartial hand, which has never been yet attempted; those who have hitherto undertaken it being, upon every account, the least qualified of all human kind for such work.

We live here under a limited monarchy, and under the doctrine and discipline of an excellent church. We are unhappily divided into two parties, both which pretend a mighty zeal for our religion and government, only they disagree about the means. The evils we must fence against are, on one side, fanaticism and infidelity in religion, and anarchy, under the name of a commonwealth, in government; on the other side, popery, slavery, and the pretender from France. Now, to inform and direct us in our sentiments upon these weighty points, here are, on one side, two stupid illiterate scribblers, both of them fanatics by profession, I mean the Review and Observer; on the other side, we have an open Nonjuror, whose character and person, as well as learning and good sense, discovered upon other subjects, do indeed deserve respect and esteem; but his Rehearsal and the rest of his political papers are yet more pernicious than those of the former two. If the generality of the people know not how to talk or think until they have read their lesson in the papers of the week, what a misfortune is it that their duty should be conveyed to them through such vehicles as those! For, let some gentlemen think what they please, I cannot but suspect that the two worthies I first mentioned have, in a degree, done mischief among us; the mock authoritative manner of the one, and the insipid mirth of the other, however insupportable to reasonable ears, being of a level with great numbers among the lowest part of mankind. Neither was the author of the Rehearsal, while he continued that paper, less infectious to many persons of better figure, who, perhaps, were as well qualified, and much less prejudiced, to judge for themselves.

It was this reason that moved me to take the matter out of those rough as well as those dirty hands; to let the remote and uninstructed part of the nation see that they have been misled on both sides by mad ridiculous extremes, at a wide dis-

tance on each side of the truth; while the right path is so broad and plain as to be easily kept if they were once put into it.

Further: I had lately entered on a resolution to take little notice of other papers, unless it were such where the malice and falsehood had so great a mixture of wit and spirit as would make them dangerous; which, in the present circle of scribblers, from twopence to a halfpenny, I could easily foresee would not very frequently occur. But here again I am forced to dispense with my resolution, although it be only to tell my reader what measures I am likely to take on such occasions for the future. I was told that the paper called The Observer was twice filled last week with remarks upon a late Examiner. These I read with the first opportunity, and, to speak in the news-writers' phrase, they gave me occasion for many speculations. I observed with singular pleasure the nature of those things which the owners of them usually call answers, and with what deaterity this matchless author had fallen into the whole art and craft of them. To transcribe here and there three or four detached lines of least weight in a discourse, and by a foolish comment mistake every syllable of the meaning, is what I have known many, of a superior class to this formidable adversary, entitle an Answer. This is what he has exactly done, in about thrice as many words as my whole discourse; which is so mighty an advantage over me, that I shall by no means engage in so unequal a combat; but, as far as I can judge of my own temper, entirely dismiss him for the future; heartily wishing he had a match exactly of his own size to meddle with, who should only have the odds of truth and honesty, which, as I take it, would be an effectual way to silence him for ever. Upon this occasion I cannot forbear a short story of a fanatic farmer, who lived in my neighbourhood, and was so great a disputant in religion that the servants in all the families therabouts reported how he had confuted the bishop and all his clergy. I had then a footman who was fond of reading the Bible; and I borrowed a comment for him, which he studied so close that in a month or two I thought him a match for the farmer. They disputed at several houses, with a ring of servants and other people always about them; where Ned explained his texts so full and clear to the capacity of his audience, and showed the insignificance of his adversary's cant to the meanest understanding, that he got the whole country on his side, and the farmer was cured of his itch of disputation for ever after.

The worst of it is, that this sort of outrageous party-writers I have spoken of above are like a couple of makebates, who luffame small quarrels by a thousand stories, and, by keeping friends at a distance, hinder them from coming to a good understanding, as they certainly would if they were suffered to meet and debate between themselves; for let any one examine a reasonable honest man, of either side, upon those opinions in religion and government which both parties daily buffet each other about, he shall hardly find one material point in difference between them. I would be glad to ask a question about two great men of the late ministry, how they came to be Whigs? and by what figure of speech half a dozen others, lately put into great employments, can be called Tories? I doubt whoever would suit the definition to the persons, must make it directly contrary to what we understood it at the time of the Revolution.

In order to remove these misapprehensions among us, I believe it will be necessary, upon occasion, to detect the malice and falsehood of some popular

maxims, which those idiots scatter from the press twice a-week, and draw a hundred absurd consequences from them.

For example, I have heard it often objected, as a great piece of insolence in the clergy and others, to say or hint that the church was in danger, when it was voted otherwise in parliament some years ago; and the queen herself, in her last speech, did openly condemn all such insinuations. Notwithstanding which, I did then and do still believe the church has, since that vote, been in very imminent danger; and I think I might then have said so without the least offence to her majesty or either of the two houses. The queen's words, as near as I can remember, mentioned the church being in danger from her administration; and whoever says or thinks that deserves, in my opinion, to be hanged for a traitor; but that the church and state may be both in danger, under the best princes that ever reigned, and without the least guilt of theirs, is such a truth as a man must be a great stranger to history and common sense to doubt. The wisest prince on earth may be forced by the necessity of his affairs and the present power of an unruly faction, or deceived by the craft of ill-designing men. One or two ministers, most in his confidence, may at first have good intentions, but grow corrupted by time, by avarice, by love, by ambition, and have fairer terms offered them to gratify their passions or interests from one set of men than another, until they are too far involved for a retreat, and so be forced to take seven spirits more wicked than themselves. This is a very possible case; and will not the last state of such men be worse than the first! that is to say, will not the public, which was safe at first, grow in danger by such proceedings as these! And shall a faithful subject, who foresees and trembles at the consequences, be called disaffected because he delivers his opinion, although the prince declares, as he justly may, that the danger is not owing to his administration! or shall the prince himself be blamed when, in such a juncture, he puts his affairs into other hands, with the universal applause of his people! As to the vote against those who should affirm the church was in danger, I think it likewise referred to danger from or under the queen's administration; for I neither have it by me, nor can suddenly have recourse to it; but, if it were otherwise, I know not how it can refer to any dangers but what were past, or at that time present; or how it could affect the future, unless the senators were all inspired, or at least that majority which voted it: neither do I see it is any crime, further than ill manners, to differ in opinion from a majority of either or both houses; and that ill manners, I must confess, I have been often guilty of for some years past, although I hope I never shall again.

Another topic of great use to these weekly inflammers is, the young pretender in France, to whom their whole party is in a high measure indebted for all their greatness; and whenever it lies in their power they may perhaps return their acknowledgments, as, out of their zeal for frequent revolutions, they were ready to do to his supposed father, which is a piece of secret history that I hope will one day see the light; and I am sure it shall if ever I am master of it, without regarding whose ears may single. But at present the word *pretender* is a term of art in their profession. A secretary of state cannot desire leave to resign, but the pretender is at bottom; the queen cannot dissolve a parliament, but it is a plot to dethrone herself and bring in the pretender; half-a-score stock-jobbers are playing the knave in Exchange-alley, and there goes the

pretender with a sponge. One would be apt to think they bawl out the pretender so often to take off the terror, or tell so many lies about him to slacken our caution, that when he is really coming, by their connivance, we may not believe them, as the boy served the shepherds about the coming of the wolf; or perhaps they scare us with the pretender because they think he may be like some diseases that come with a fright. Do they not believe that the queen's present ministry love her majesty at least as well as some loved the church! And why is it not as great a mark of disaffection now to say the queen is in danger, as it was some months ago to affirm the same of the church! Suppose it be a false opinion that the queen's right is hereditary and indefeasible; yet how is it possible that those who hold and believe such a doctrine can be in the pretender's interest! His title is weakened by every argument that strengthens hers: it is as plain as the words of an act of parliament can make it that her present majesty is heir to the survivor of the late king and queen, her sister: is not that an hereditary right! What need we explain it any further! I have known an article of faith expounded in much looser and more general terms, and that by an author whose opinions are very much followed by a certain party. Suppose we go further, and examine the word *indefeasible*, with which some writers of late have made themselves so merry; I confess it is hard to conceive how any law which the supreme power makes may not by the same power be repealed; so that I shall not determine whether the queen's right be indefeasible or not. But this I will maintain, that whoever affirms it is so is not guilty of a crime; for in that settlement of the crown after the Revolution, where her present majesty is named in remainder, there are (as near as I can remember) these remarkable words, "to which we bind ourselves and our posterity for ever." Lawyers may explain this, or call them words of form, as they please; and reasoners may argue that such an obligation is against the nature of government; but a plain reader, who takes the words in their natural meaning, may be excused in thinking a right so confirmed is indefeasible; and if there be an absurdity in such an opinion, he is not to answer for it.

P.S. When this paper was going to the press, the printer brought me two more Observations, wholly taken up in my Examiner upon lying, which I was at the pains to read; and they are just such an answer as the two others I have mentioned. This is all I have to say on that matter.

No. 17.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1710.

Qui sunt boni cives? Qui belli, qui domi de patriâ bene mererent, nisi qui patriæ beneficiis meminissent?

Who is the good and laudable citizen? Who in peace, or who in war, has merited the favour of his country? Who but that person who with gratitude remembers and acknowledges the favours and rewards he has already received?

I WILL employ this present paper upon a subject which of late has very much affected me, which I have considered with a good deal of application, and made several inquiries about among those persons who I thought were best able to inform me; and, if I deliver my sentiments with some freedom, I hope it will be forgiven, while I accompany it with that tenderness which so nice a point requires.

I said in a former paper (No. 14) that one specious objection to the late removals at court was, the fear of giving uneasiness to a general who has been

long successful abroad; and accordingly the common clamour of tongues and pens for some months past has run against the baseness, the inconstancy, and ingratitude of the whole kingdom to the duke of Marlborough, in return of the most eminent services that ever were performed by a subject to his country; not to be equaled in history; and then, to be sure, some bitter stroke of detraction against Alexander and Cæsar, who never did us the least injury. Besides, the people who read Plutarch come upon us with parallels drawn from the Greeks and Romans, who ungratefully dealt with I know not how many of their most deserving generals; while the profounder politicians have seen pamphlets where Tæstus and Machiavel have been quoted to show the danger of too resplendent a merit. If a stranger should hear these serious outcries of ingratitude against our general without knowing the particulars, he would be apt to inquire where was his tomb, or whether he was allowed christian burial? not doubting but we had put him to some ignominious death. Or has he been tried for his life, and very narrowly escaped? has he been accused of high crimes and misdemeanors? has the prince seized on his estate and left him to starve? has he been hooted at as he passed the streets by an ungrateful rabble? have neither honours, offices, nor grants, been conferred on him or his family? have not he and they been barbarously stripped of them all? have not he and his forces been ill paid abroad? and does not the prince, by a scanty limited commission, hinder him from pursuing his own methods in the conduct of the war? has he no power at all of disposing of commissions as he pleases? is he not severely used by the ministry or parliament, who yearly call him to a strict account? has the senate ever thanked him for good success, and have they not always publicly censured him for the least miscarriage?—Will the accusers of the nation join issue upon any of these particulars, or tell us in what point our damnable sin of ingratitude lies?—Why, it is plain and clear; for while he is commanding abroad, the queen dissolves her parliament and changes her ministry at home; in which universal calamity, no less than two persons united by marriage to the general [Sunderland and Godolphin] have lost their places. . . . Whence came this wonderful sympathy between the civil and military powers? Will the troops in Flanders refuse to fight unless they can have their own lord-keeper, their own lord-president of the council, their own parliament? In a kingdom where the people are free, how came they to be so fond of having their counsels under the influence of their army, or those that lead it? who, in all well-instituted states, had no commerce with the civil power, farther than to receive their orders, and obey them without reserve.

When a general is not so popular, either in his army or at home, as one might expect from a long course of success, it may perhaps be ascribed to his wisdom, or perhaps to his complexion. The possession of some one quality, or defect in some other, will extremely damp the people's favour, as well as the love of the soldiers. Besides, this is not an age to produce favourites of the people, while we live under a queen who engrosses all our love and all our veneration; and where the only way for a great general or minister to acquire any degree of subordinate affection from the public must be, by all marks of the most entire submission and respect to her sacred person and commands; otherwise, no pretence of great services, either in the field or the cabinet, will be able to screen them from universal hatred.

But the late ministry was closely joined to the general by friendship, interest, alliance, inclination, and opinion; which cannot be affirmed of the present: and the ingratitude of the nation lies in the people's joining, as one man, to wish that such a ministry should be changed. Is it not, at the same time, notorious to the whole kingdom, that nothing but a tender regard to the general was able to preserve that ministry so long, until neither God nor man could suffer their continuance? Yet, in the highest ferment of things, we heard few or no reflections upon this great commander; but all seemed unanimous in wishing he might still be at the head of the confederate forces; only at the same time, in case he were resolved to resign, they chose rather to turn their thoughts somewhere else than throw up all in despair. And this I cannot but add, in defence of the people, with regard to the person we are speaking of, that in the high station he has been for many years past, his real defects (as nothing human is without them) have, in a detracting age, been very sparingly mentioned either in libels or conversation, and all successes very freely and universally applauded.

There is an active and a passive ingratitude: applying both to this occasion, we may say, the first is, when a prince or people returns good services with cruelty or ill usage; the other is, when good services are not at all or very meanly rewarded. We have already spoken of the former; let us therefore, in the second place, examine how the services of our general have been rewarded, and whether, upon that article, either prince or people have been guilty of ingratitude.

Those are the most valuable rewards which are given to us from the certain knowledge of the donor that they fit our temper best: I shall therefore say nothing of the title of duke, or the garter, which the queen bestowed upon the general in the beginning of her reign; but I shall come to more substantial instances, and mention nothing which has not been given in the face of the world. The lands of Woodstock may, I believe, be reckoned worth 40,000*l.*; on the building of Bienheim castle 200,000*l.* have been already expended, although it be not yet near finished; the grant of 5000*l.* per annum on the post-office is richly worth 100,000*l.*; his principality in Germany may be computed at 30,000*l.*; pictures, jewels, and other gifts from foreign princes, 60,000*l.*; the grant at the Pall-mall, the rangerhip, &c., for want of more certain knowledge, may be called 10,000*l.*; his own and his duchess's employments at five years' value, reckoning only the known and avowed salaries, are very low rated at 100,000*l.* Here is a good deal above half a million of money; and, I dare say, those who are loudest with the clamour of ingratitude will readily own that all this is but a trifle in comparison of what is untold.

The reason of my stating this account is only to convince the world that we are not quite so ungrateful either as the Greeks or the Romans; and in order to adjust the matter with all fairness, I shall confine myself to the latter, who were much more generous of the two. A victorious general of Rome, in the height of that empire, having entirely subdued his enemies, was rewarded with the larger triumph, and perhaps a statue in the Forum, a bull for a sacrifice, an embroidered garment to appear in, a crown of laurel, a monumental trophy with inscriptions; sometimes five hundred or a thousand copper coins were struck on occasion of the victory, which, doing honour to the general, we will place to his account; and lastly, sometimes, although not very frequently, a triumphal arch. These are all the

rewards that I can call to mind which a victorious general received after his return from the most glorious expedition; having conquered some great kingdom; brought the king himself, his family, and nobles, to adorn the triumph, in chains; and made the kingdom either a Roman province, or, at best, a poor depending state, in humble alliance to that empire. Now, of all these rewards, I find but two which were of real profit to the general; the laurel crown, made and sent him at the charge of the public, and the embroidered garment; but I cannot find whether this last was paid for by the senate or the general: however, we will take the more favourable opinion; and in all the rest admit the whole expense, as if it were ready money in the general's pocket. Now, according to these computations on both sides, we will draw up two fair accounts; the one of Roman gratitude, and the other of British ingratitude, and set them together in balance.

A BILL OF ROMAN GRATITUDE.

Imprints	£.	s.	d.
For frankincense, and earthen pots to burn it in	4	10	0
A bull for sacrifice	8	0	0
An embroidered garment	50	0	0
A crown of laurel	0	0	2
A statue	100	0	0
A trophy	80	0	0
A thousand copper medals, value half-pence a-piece	2	1	8
A triumphal arch	500	0	0
A triumphal car, valued as a modern coach	100	0	0
Casual charges at the triumph	150	0	0
	£994	11	10

A BILL OF BRITISH INGRATITUDE.

Imprints—	£.
Woodstock	40,000
Hlenheim	200,000
Post-office grant	100,000
Mildenheim	30,000
Pictures, jewels, &c.	60,000
Pail-mail grant, &c.	10,000
Employments	100,000
	£540,000

This is an account of the visible profits on both sides; and if the Roman general had any private perquisites, they may be easily discounted, and by more probable computations; and differ yet more upon the balance if we consider that all the gold and silver for safeguards and contributions, also all valuable prizes taken in the war, were openly exposed in the triumph, and then lodged in the Capitol for the public service.

So that, upon the whole, we are not yet quite so bad at worst as the Romans were at best. And I doubt, those who raise the bideous cry of ingratitude may be mightily mistaken in the consequence they propose from such complaints. I remember a saying of Seneca, *Multos ingratos invenimus, plures facimus*; we find many ungrateful persons in the world, but we make more by setting too high a rate upon our pretensions, and undervaluing the rewards we receive. When unreasonable bills are brought in they ought to be taxed or cut off in the middle. Where there have been long accounts between two persons, I have known one of them perpetually making large demands, and pressing for payment, who, when the accounts were cast up on both sides, was found to be debtor for some hundreds. I am

thinking, if a proclamation were issued out for every man to send in his bill of merits, and the lowest price he set them at, what a pretty sum it would amount to, and how many such islands as this must be sold to pay them. I form my judgment from the practice of those who sometimes happen to pay themselves, and, I dare affirm, would not be so unjust as to take a farthing more than they think is due to their deserts. I will instance only in one article. A lady [supposed to be queen Anne] of my acquaintance appropriated twenty-six pounds a-year out of her allowance, for certain uses, which her woman received, and was to pay to the lady, or her order, as it was called for. But, after eight years, it appeared, upon the strictest calculation, that the woman had paid but four pounds a-year, and sunk two-and-twenty for her own pocket. It is but supposing, instead of twenty-six pounds, twenty-six thousand; and by that you may judge what the pretensions of modern merit are, where it happens to be its own paymaster.

No. 18.

THE BISHOP, NOVEMBER 30, 1710.

Quas res lucraris in flagulis, varilla in rapinis, superbia in contumelia, effere potuisti; nec omnes scire, hoc uno pretio per trancum, petuisti se alioant.

These things were the effect of his scandalous and unbounded luxury, his insatiable avarice, his contemptuous insolence. These were the sufferings of that unhappy nation, for three years, under his oppressive government.

WHEN I first undertook this paper I was resolved to concern myself only with things, and not with persons. Whether I have kept or broken this resolution I cannot recollect; and I will not be to the pains to examine, but leave the matter to those little antagonists who may want a topic for criticism. Thus much I have discovered, that it is in writing as in building, where, after all our schemes and calculations, we are mightily deceived in our accounts, and often forced to make use of any materials we can find that the work may be kept a-going. Besides, to speak my opinion, the things I have occasion to mention are so closely linked to persons, that nothing but time (the father of oblivion) can separate them. Let me put a parallel case:—Suppose I should complain that last week my coach was within an inch of overturning in a smooth even way, and drawn by very gentle horses; to be sure, all my friends would immediately lay the fault upon John [duke of Marlborough], because they knew he then presided in my coach-box. Again, suppose I should discover some unreasonableness to find myself, I knew not how, over head and ears in debt, although I were sure my tenants paid their rents very well, and that I never spent half my income; they would certainly advise me to turn off Mr. Oldfox [lord Godolphin, lord-treasurer], my receiver, and take another. If, as a justice of peace, I should tell a friend that my warrants and mittimus were never drawn up as I would have them; that I had the misfortune to send an honest man to goal and dismiss a knave; he would bid me no longer trust Charles and Harry, my two clerks, whom he knew to be ignorant, wilful, assuming, and ill-inclined fellows. If I should add that my tenants made me very uneasy with their squabbles and broils among themselves, he would counsel me to cashier Will Bigamy [William earl Cowper], the seneschal of my manor. And lastly, if my neighbour and I happened to have a misunderstanding about the delivery of a message, what could I do less than strip and discard the blun-

* Earl of Sunderland, and Henry Fox &c. esq. secretaries of state.

derling or malicious rascal who carried it! (Horatio Walpole.)

It is the same thing in the conduct of public affairs, where they have been managed with rashness or wilfulness, corruption, ignorance, or injustice. Barely to relate the facts, at least while they are fresh in memory, will as much reflect upon the persons concerned, as if we had told their names at length.

I have therefore since thought of another expedient, frequently practised with great safety and success by satirical writers, which is, that of looking into history for some character bearing a resemblance to the person we would describe, and with the absolute power of altering, adding, or suppressing what circumstances we please, I conceive we must have very bad luck, or very little skill, to fail. However, some days ago in a coffee-house, looking into one of the politic weekly papers, I found the writer had fallen into this schema, and I happened to light on that part where he was describing a person who, from small beginnings, grew (as I remember) to be constable of France, and had a very haughty imperious wife. I took the author as a friend to our faction, for so, with great propriety of speech, they call the queen and ministry, almost the whole clergy, and nine parts in ten of the kingdom; and I said to a gentleman near me, that although I knew well enough what persons the author meant, yet there were several particulars in the husband's character which I could not reconcile; for that of the lady, it was just and adequate enough. But it seems I mistook the whole matter, and applied all I had read to a couple of persons who were not at that time in the writer's thoughts.

Now, to avoid such a misfortune as this, I have been for some time consulting Livy and Tacitus, to find out a character of a *princeps senatus*, a *prætor urbanus*, a *questor ærarius*, a *Cæsar* ab *epistolâ*, and a *proconsul*: but among the worst of them, I cannot discover one from whom to draw a parallel without doing injury to a Roman memory, so that I am compelled to have recourse to Tully. But this author relating facts only as an orator, I thought it would be best to observe his method, and make an extract from six harangues of his against Verres, only still preserving the form of an oration. I remember a younger brother of mine, who deceased about two months ago, presented the world with a speech of Alcibiades against an Athenian brewer. Now I am told for certain, that in those days there was no sle in Athens, therefore that speech, or at least a great part of it, must needs be spurious. The difference between my brother and me is this; he makes Alcibiades say a great deal more than he really did, and I make Cicero say a great deal less. This Verres* had been the Roman governor of Sicily for three years, and, on his return from his government, the Sicilians entreated Cicero to impeach him in the senate, which he accordingly did in several orations, whence I have faithfully translated and abstracted that which follows:

"MY LORDS,—A pernicious opinion has for some time prevailed, not only at Rome but among our neighboring nations, that a man who has money enough, although he be ever so guilty, cannot be condemned in this place. But however industriously this opinion be spread to cast an odium on the senate, we have brought before your lordships Caius Verres, a person for his life and actions already condemned by all men. But, as he hopes and gives out by the influence of his wealth to be here absolved in condemning this man, you have an opportunity of belying that general scandal, of redeeming the

credit lost by former judgments, and recovering the love of the Roman people as well as of our neighbours. I have brought here a man before you, my lords, who is a robber of the public treasure, an overturner of law and justice, and the disgrace, as well as destruction of the Sicilian province; of whom, if you shall determine with equity and due severity, your authority will remain entire, and upon such an establishment as it ought to be; but if his great riches will be able to force their way through that religious reverence and truth, which become so awful an assembly, I shall, however, obtain this much, that the defect will be laid where it ought; and that it shall not be objected that the criminal was not produced, or that there wanted an orator to accuse him. This man, my lords, has publicly said, that those ought to be afraid of accusations who have only robbed enough for their own support and maintenance; but that he has plundered sufficient to bribe numbers; and that nothing is so high or so holy which money cannot corrupt. Take that support from him, and he can have no other left; for what eloquence will be able to defend a man whose life has been tainted with so many scandalous vices, and who has been so long condemned by the universal opinion of the world! To pass over the foul stains and ignominy of his youth, his corrupt management in all employments he has borne, his treachery and irreligion, his injustice and oppression: he has left of late such monuments of his villainies in Sicily, made such havoc and confusion there during his government, that the province cannot by any means be restored to its former state, and hardly recover itself at all, under many years, and by a long succession of good governors. While this man governed in that island, the Sicilians had neither the benefit of our laws, nor their own, nor even of common right. In Sicily, no man now possesses more than what the governor's lust and avarice have overlooked, or what he was forced to neglect, out of mere weariness and satiety of oppression. Everything, where he presided, was determined by his arbitrary will; and the best subjects be treated as enemies. To recount his abominable debaucheries would offend any modest ear, since so many could not preserve their daughters and wives from his lust. I believe there is no man, who ever heard his name, that cannot relate his enormities. We bring before you in judgment, my lords, a public robber, an adulterer, a defiler of ALTARS, an enemy of religion, and of all that is sacred. In Sicily he sold all employments of judicature, magistracy, and trust, places in the council, and the priesthood itself, to the highest bidder; and has plundered that island of forty millions of sesterces. And here I cannot but observe to your lordships, in what manner Verres passed the day; the morning was spent in taking bribes and selling employments—the rest of it in drunkenness and lust. His discourse at table was scandalously unbecoming the dignity of his station; noise, brutality, and obscenity. One particular I cannot omit; that in the high character of governor of Sicily (Ireland), upon a solemn day, a day set apart for public prayer for the safety of the commonwealth, he stole at evening in a chair to a married woman of infamous character, against all decency and prudence, as well as against all laws, both human and divine. Didst thou think, O Verres! the government of Sicily was given thee with so large a commission, only, by the power of that, to break all the bars of law, modesty, and duty; to suppose all men's fortunes thine, and leave no house free from thy rapine and lust?" &c.

* A true story of lord Wharton.

* Earl of Whart.—clerical of Ireland.

This extract, to deal ingenuously, has cost me more pains than I think it is worth, having only served to convince me, that modern corruptions are not to be paralleled by ancient examples, without having recourse to poetry or fable. For instance, I never read in story of a law enacted to take away the force of all laws whatsoever; by which a man may safely commit upon the last of June, what he would infallibly be hanged for, if he committed it on the first of July; by which the greatest criminals may escape, provided they continue long enough in power to antiquate their crimes, and by stifling them a while, can deceive the legislature into an amnesty, of which the enactors do not at that time foresee the consequence. A cautious merchant will be apt to suspect, when he finds a man who has the repute of a cunning dealer, and with whom he has old accounts, urging for a general release. When I reflect on this proceeding, I am not surprised that those who contrived a parliamentary sponge for their crimes are now afraid of a new revolution sponge for their money: and if it were possible to contrive a sponge that could only affect those who had need of the other, perhaps it would not be ill employed

No. 19.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1710.

*Quippe ubi fas verum atque iustas; tot bella per orbem;
Tam nullo scelus facies ———*

Where sacred order, fraud and force confound;
Where impious wars and tumults rage around.

I AM often violently tempted to let the world freely know who the author of this paper is; to tell them my name and titles of length; which would prevent abundance of inconsistent criticisms I daily hear upon it. Those who are enemies to the notorious and opinions I would advance are sometimes apt to quarrel with the Examiner, as defective in point of wit, and sometimes of truth. At other times they are so generous and candid to allow it is written by a club, and that very great lauds have fingers in 't. As for those who only appear its adversaries in print, they give me but very little pain. The paper I bold lies at my mercy, and I can govern it as I please; therefore, when I begin to find the wit too bright, the learning too deep, and the satire too keen for me to deal with (a very frequent case, no doubt, where a man is constantly attacked by such shrewd adversaries), I peaceably fold it up, or fling it aside, and read no more. It would be happy for me to have the same power over people's tongues, and not be forced to hear my own work railed and commended fifty times a day; affecting all the while a countenance wholly unconcerned, and joining, out of policy or good manners, with the judgment of both parties: this, I confess, is too great a hardship for so bashful and unexperienced a writer.

But, alas! I lie under another discouragement of much more weight. I was very unfortunate in the choice of my party, when I set up to be a writer. Where is the merit, or what opportunity to discover our wit, our courage, or our learning, in drawing our pens for the defence of a cause which the queen and both houses of parliament, and nine parts in ten of the kingdom, have so unanimously embraced? I am cruelly afraid we pollicite authors must begin to lessen our expenses, and lie for the future at the mercy of our printers. All hopes are now gone of writing ourselves into places or pensions. A certain starveling author, who worked under the late administration, told me with a heavy heart about a month ago that he, and some others of his brethren, had secretly offered their service, dog-cheap, to the pre-

sent ministry, but were all refused; and are now maintained by contribution like Jacobites or fanatics. I have been of late employed, out of perfect consideration, in doing them good offices: for, whereas some were of opinion that these hungry zealots should not be suffered any longer, in their malapert way, to snarl at the present course of public proceedings; and whereas others proposed that they should be limited to a certain number, and permitted to write for their masters in the same manner as counsel are assigned for other criminals, that is, to say all they can in defence of their client, but not reflect upon the court; I humbly gave my advice, that they should be suffered to write on as they used to do, which I did purely out of regard to their persons, for I hoped it would keep them out of harm's way, and prevent them from falling into evil courses; which, though of little consequence to the public, would certainly be fatal to themselves. If I have room at the bottom of this paper, I will transcribe a petition to the present ministry, sent me by one of these authors, in behalf of himself and fourscore others of his brethren.

For my own part, notwithstanding the little encouragement to be hoped for at this time from the men in power, I shall continue my paper, till either the world or myself grow weary of it: the latter is easily determined; and, for the former, I shall not leave it to the partiality of either party, but to the infallible judgment of my printer. One principal end I designed by it was to undeceive those well-meaning people who have been drawn unawares into a wrong sense of things, either by the common prejudices of education and company, the great personal qualities of some party leaders, or the foul misrepresentations that were constantly made of all who durst differ from them in the smallest article. I have known such men struck with the thoughts of some late changes, which as they pretend to think, were made, without any reason visible to the world. In answer to this, it is not sufficient to allege, what nobody doubts, that a good and wise prince may be allowed to change his ministers, without giving a reason to his subjects; because it is probable, that he will not make such a change without very important reasons; and a good subject ought to suppose, that, in such a case, there are such reasons, although he be not apprised of them; or otherwise he must inwardly tax his prince of capriciousness, inconstancy, or ill design. Such reasons, indeed, may not be obvious to persons prejudiced, or at a great distance, or short thinkers; and, therefore, if there be no secrets of state nor any ill consequences to be apprehended from their publication, it is no commendable work in any private hand, to lay them open for the satisfaction of all men. And if what I have already said, or shall hereafter say, of this kind, be thought to reflect upon persons, although none have been named, I know not how it can possibly be avoided. The queen in her speech mentions, with great concern, that "the navy and other offices are burdened with heavy debts; and desires that the like may be prevented for the time to come." And if it be now possible to prevent the continuance of an evil that has been so long growing upon us, and is arrived to such a height, surely those corruptions and mismanagements must have been great which first introduced them, before our taxes were eaten up by annuities.

If I were able to rip up and discover, in all their colours, only about eight or nine thousand of the most scandalous abuses that have been committed in all parts of public management for twenty years past, by a certain set of men and their instruments,

I should reckon it some service to my country and posterity. But, to say the truth, I should be glad the authors' names were conveyed to future times, along with their actions. For although the present age may understand well enough the little hints we give, the parallels we draw, and the characters we describe, yet all this will be lost to the next. However, if these papers, reduced into a more durable form, should happen to live till our grandchildren be men, I hope they may have curiosity enough to consult annals, and compare dates, in order to find out what names were then intrusted with the conduct of affairs, in the consequences whereof themselves will so deeply share; like a heavy debt in a private family, which often lies an incumbrance upon an estate for three generations.

But, leaving the care of informing posterity to better pens, I shall, with due regard to truth, discretion, and the safety of my person from the men of the new-fangled moderation, continue to take all proper opportunities of letting the misled part of the people see how grossly they have been abused, and in what particulars. I shall also endeavour to convince them that the present course we are in is the most probable means, with the blessing of God, to extricate ourselves out of all our difficulties.

Among those who are pleased to write or talk against this paper, I have observed a strange manner of reasoning, which I should be glad to hear them explain themselves upon. They make no ceremony of exclaiming upon all occasions against a change of ministry, in so critical and dangerous a conjuncture. What shall we, who heartily approve and join in those proceedings, say in defence of them? We own the juncture of affairs to be as they describe; we are pushed for an answer; and are forced at last freely to confess that the corruptions and abuses in every branch of the administration were so numerous and intolerable, that all things must have ended in ruin without some speedy reformation. This I have already asserted in a former paper; and the replies I have read or heard have been in plain terms to affirm the direct contrary; and not only to defend and celebrate the late persons and proceedings, but to threaten me with law and vengeance for casting reflections on so many great and honourable men, whose birth, virtue, and abilities, whose morals and religion, whose love of their country, and its constitution in church and state, were so universally allowed; and all this set off with odious comparisons, reflecting on the present choice; is not this, in plain and direct terms, to tell all the world that the queen has, in a most dangerous crisis, turned out a whole set of the best ministers that ever served a prince, without any manner of reason but her royal pleasure, and brought in others, of a character directly contrary? And how so vile an opinion as this can consist with the least pretence to loyalty or good manners, let the world determine.

I confess myself so little a refiner in politics as not to be able to discover what other motive, besides obedience to the queen, a sense of public danger, and a true love of their country, joined with invincible courage, could spirit up those great men, who have now, under her majesty's authority, undertaken the direction of affairs. What can they expect but the utmost efforts of malice, from a set of enraged domestic adversaries, perpetually watching over their conduct, crowing all their designs, and using every art to foment divisions among them, in order to join with the weakest, upon any rupture? The difficulties they must encounter are nine times more and greater than ever; and the prospects of the interest, after the reappings and gleanings of so many

years, nine times less. Every misfortune at home or abroad, although the necessary consequence of former counsels, will be imputed to them; and all the good success given to the merit of former schemes. A sharper has held your cards all the evening, played booty, and lost your money; and when things are almost desperate you employ an honest gentleman to retrieve your losses.

I would ask, whether the queen's speech does not contain her intentions, in every particular relating to the public, that a good subject, a Briton, and a Protestant, can possibly have at heart? "To carry on the war in all its parts, particularly in Spain, with the utmost vigour, in order to procure a safe and honourable peace for us and our allies; to find some ways of paying the debts of the navy; to support and encourage the church of England; to preserve the British constitution according to the Union; to maintain the indulgence by law allowed to scrupulous consciences; and to employ none but such as are for the protestant succession in the house of Hanover." It is known enough, that speeches on these occasions are ever digested by the advice of those who are in the chief confidence; and, consequently, that these are the sentiments of her majesty's ministers, as well as her own; and we see the two houses have unanimously agreed with her in every article. When the least counterpoises (counterpoises) are made to any of these resolutions, it will then be time enough for our male-contents to hawl out popery, persecution, arbitrary power, and the pretender. In the mean while, it is a little hard to think that this island can hold but six men, of honesty and ability enough to serve their prince and country; or that our safety should depend upon their credit any more than it would upon the breath in their nostrils. Why should not a revolution in the ministry be sometimes necessary, as well as a revolution in the crown? It is to be presumed the former is at least as lawful in itself, and perhaps the experiment not quite so dangerous. The revolution of the sun about the earth was formerly thought a necessary expedient to solve appearances, although it left many difficulties unanswered; until philosophers contrived a better, which is that of the earth's revolution about the sun. This is found, upon experience, to save much time and labour, to correct many irregular motions, and is better suited to the respect due from a planet to a fixed star.

No. 20.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1710.

Sunt quibus in se ira videtur nimis acer, et ultra
Legem tendere opus: sine nervis altera quicquid
Compositi pars esse putat ———

There are to whom too poignant I appear,

Beyond the laws of satire too severe.

My lines are weak, unnumber'd others say,

A man may spin a thousand such a-day.

When the printer came last week for his copy, he brought along with him a bundle of those papers, which, in the phrase of Whig coffeehouses, have swung off the Examiner, most of which I had never seen or heard of before. I remember some time ago, in one of the Tailors, to have read a letter wherein several reasons are assigned for the present corruption and degeneracy of our taste; but I think the writer has omitted the principal one, which I take to be the prejudice of parties. Neither can I excuse either side of this infirmity: I have heard the arrantest drivellers, *pro* and *con*, commended for their shrewdness, even by men of tolerable judgment; and the best performances exploded as nonsense and stupidity. This, indeed, may partly be

imputed to policy and prudence; but it is chiefly owing to that blindness which prejudice and passion cast over the understanding. I mention this because I think it properly within my province in quality of Examiner. And having granted more than is usual for an enemy to do, I must now take leave to say, that so weak a cause, and so ruined a faction, were never provided with pens more resembling their condition or less suited to their occasions.

*Non tali auxiliis, nec deinceps scribitis latius,
Tempus eget —*

This is the more to be wondered at, when we consider they have the full liberty of the press; that they have no other way left to recover themselves; and that they want not men of excellent parts to set their arguments in the best light they will bear. Now, if two men would argue on both sides with fairness, good sense, and good manners, it would be no ill entertainment to the town, and perhaps be the most effectual means to reconcile us. But I am apt to think, that men of great genius are hardly brought to prostitute their pens in a very odious cause; which, besides, is more properly undertaken by noise and impudence, by gross railing and scurrility, by calumny and lying, and by little trifling evils and carpings in the wrong place, which those whiffers use for arguments and answers.

I was well enough pleased with the story of one of these answerers, who, in a paper last week, found many faults with a late calculation of mine. Being, it seems, more deeply learned than his fellows, he was resolved to begin his answer with a Latin verse, as well as other folks. His business was to look out for something against the Examiner, that would pretend to tax accounts; and, turning over Virgil, he had the luck to find these words,

— fugiant examinis taxos;

so down they went, and out they would have come, if one of his unlucky prompters had not hindered it.

I here declare, once for all, that if these people will not be quiet, I shall take the bread out of their mouths, and answer the Examiner myself, which I protest I have never yet done, although I have been often charged with it; neither bare those answers been written or published with my privacy, as malicious people are pleased to give out; nor do I believe the common Whiggish report, that the authors are hired by the ministry, to give my paper a value.

But the friends of this paper have given me more uneasiness with their impatience than its enemies by their answers. I heard myself censured last week, by some of the former, for promising to discover the corruptions of the late administration, but never performing anything. The latter, on the other side, are thundering out their anathemas against me, for discovering so many. I am at a loss how to decide between these contraries, and shall therefore proceed after my own way, as I have hitherto done; my design being of more importance than that of writing only to gratify the spleen of one side, or provoke that of the other, although it may occasionally have both effects.

I shall therefore go on to relate some facts, that, in my humble opinion, were no hindrance to the change of the ministry.

The first I shall mention was that of introducing certain new phrases into the court style, which had been very seldom, or never, made use of in former times. They usually ran in the following terms: "Madam, I cannot serve you while such a one is in employment. I desire, humbly, to resign my commission, if Mr — continues secretary of state. I cannot answer that the city will lend money, unless my lord — be president of the council. I

must beg leave to surrender, except — has his staff. I must not accept the seals, unless — comes into the other office." This has been the language of late years from subjects to their prince. Thus they stood upon terms, and must have their conditions to ruin the nation. Nay, this dutiful manner of capitulating had spread so far, that every understrapper began at length to perk up and assume; he expected a regiment; or his son must be a major; or his brother a collector; else he threatened to vote according to his conscience.

Another of their glorious attempts was the clause intended in the bill for the encouragement of learning, by taking off the obligation upon fellows of colleges, in both universities, to enter upon holy orders; the design of which, as I have heard the undertakers often confess, was to remove the care of educating youths out of the hands of the clergy, who are apt to infuse into their pupils too great a regard for the church and the monarchy. But there was a farther secret in this clause, which may best be discovered by the first projectors, or at least the gabblers of it; and these are known to be Collins and Tindall, in conjunction with a most pious lawyer, their disciple.

What shall we say to their prodigious skill in arithmetic, discovered so constantly in their decision of elections; where they were able to make out by the rule of false that three were more than three, and twenty, and fifteen than fifty! Nay, it was a maxim, which I never heard any of them dispute, that in determining elections they were not to consider where the right lay, but which of the candidates was likelier to be true to the cause. This they used to illustrate by a very apt and decent similitude, of gaming with a sharper;—if you cannot cheat as well as he, you are certainly undone.

Another cast of their politics was, that of endeavouring to impeach an innocent lady [Mrs. afterwards lady Masham], for no reason imaginable but her faithful and diligent service to the queen, and the favour her majesty bore to her upon that account, when others had acted contrary in so shameful a manner. What else was the crime! Had she treated her royal mistress with insolence or neglect! Had she enriched herself by a long practice of bribery, and obtained exorbitant grants! Had she engrossed her majesty's favours, without admitting any access but through her means! Had she heaped employments upon herself, her family, and dependants! Had she an imperious haughty behaviour! Or, after all, was it a perfect blunder, and mistake of one person for another! I have heard of a man, who lay all night on a rough pavement, and in the morning, wondering what it could possibly be that made him rest so ill, happening to see a feather under him, imputed the uneasiness of his lodging to that. I remember likewise the story of a giant in Rabelais, who used to feed upon windmills; but was unfortunately choked with a small lump of fresh butter, before a warm oven.

And here I cannot but observe how very refined some people are in their generosity and gratitude. There is a certain great person [lord Nottingham] (I shall not say of what sex), who for many years past was the constant mark and butt against which our present malecontents used to discharge their resentment; upon whom they bestowed all the terms of scurrility, that malice, envy, and indignation, could invent; whom they publicly accused of every vice that can possess a human heart; pride, covetousness, ingratitude, oppression, treachery, dissimulation, violence, and fury, all in the highest extremes; but of late they have changed their language on a

sudden; that person is now the most faithful and just that ever served a prince; that person, originally differing from them in principles as far as east from west, but united in practice, and falling together, they are now reconciled, and find twenty resemblances between each other, which they could never discover before. *Tanti est, ut placeam tibi perire!*

But to return:—how could it be longer suffered in a free nation, that all avenues to preferment should be shut up, except a very few; when one or two stood constant sentry, who docketed all favours they handed down, or spread a huge invisible net between the prince and subject, and through which nothing of value could pass! And here I cannot but admire at one consequence from this management, which is of an extraordinary nature. Generally speaking, princes, who have ill ministers, are apt to suffer in their reputation, as well as in the love of the people; but it was not so with the queen. When the sun is overcast by those clouds he exults from the earth, we still acknowledge his light and influence, and at last find he can dispel and drive them down to the horizon. The wisest prince, by the necessity of affairs, the misrepresentations of designing men, or the innocent mistakes even of a good predecessor, may find himself encompassed by a crew of courtiers, whom time, opportunity, and success, have miserably corrupted; and if he can save himself and his people from ruin, under the worst administration, what may not his subjects hope for, when, with their universal applause, he changes hands, and makes use of the best!

Another great objection with me against the late party was the cruel tyranny they put upon conscience, by a barbarous inquisition, refusing to admit the least toleration or indulgence. They imposed a hundred tests, but could never be prevailed on to dispense with or take off the smallest, or even to admit of occasional conformity, but went on dully (as their apostle Tindal expresses it) narrowing their terms of communion, pronouncing nine parts in ten of the kingdom heretics, and shutting them out of the pale of their church. These very men, who talk so much of a comprehension in religion among us, how came they to allow so little of it in politics, which is their sole religion? You shall hear them pretending to bewail the animosities kept up between the church of England and dissenters, where the differences in opinion are so few and inconsiderable; yet these very sons of moderation were pleased to excommunicate every man who disagreed with them in the smallest article of their political creed, or who refused to receive any new article, how difficult soever to digest, which the leaders imposed at pleasure to serve their own interest.

I will quit this subject for the present, when I have told one story: "There was a great king in Scythia, whose dominions were bounded on the north by the poor mountainous territories of a petty lord, who paid homage as the king's vassal. The Scythian prime minister, being largely bribed, indirectly obtained his master's consent to suffer this lord to build forts, and provide himself with arms, under pretence of preventing the incursions of the Tartars. This little depending sovereign, finding he was now in a condition to be troublesome, began to insist upon terms, and threatened upon every occasion to unite with the Tartars; upon which the prime minister, who began to be in pain about his head, proposed a match betwixt his master and the only daughter of this tributary lord, which he had the good luck to bring to pass; and from that time valued himself as author of a most glorious union, which indeed was

grown of absolute necessity by his corruption." This passage, cited literally from an old history of Sarmatia, I thought fit to set down, on purpose to perplex little smattering remarkers, and put them upon the hunt for an application.

No. 21

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1710.

— pugnares acient aspiciute minores.

Arms to the gown the victory must yield.

I AM very much at a loss how to proceed upon the subject intended in this paper, which a new incident has led me to engage in. The subject I mean is that of soldiers and the army; but being a matter wholly out of my trade, I shall handle it in as cautious a manner as I am able.

It is certain that the art of war has suffered great changes almost in every age and country of the world; however, there are some maxims relating to it that will be eternal truths, and which every reasonable man must allow.

In the early times of Greece and Rome the armies of those states were composed of their citizens, who took no pay, because the quarrel was their own; and therefore the war was usually decided in one campaign; or if it lasted longer, yet in winter the soldiers returned to their several callings, and were not distinguished from the rest of the people. The Gothic governments in Europe, although they were of military institution, yet observed almost the same method. I shall instance only here in England; those who held lauds in *capite* of the king were obliged to attend him in his wars with a certain number of men, who all held lands from them at easy rents on that condition. These fought without pay; and when the service was over, returned again to their farms. It is recorded of William Rufus, that being absent in Normandy, and engaged in a war with his brother, he ordered twenty thousand men to be raised, and sent over hence to supply his army, but having struck up a peace before they were embarked, he gave them leave to disband, upon condition they would pay him ten shillings a man, which amounted to a mighty sum in those days.

Consider a kingdom as a great family, whereof the prince is the father, and it will appear plainly, that mercenary troops are only servants armed, either to awe the children at home, or else to defend from invaders the family who are otherwise employed, and choose to contribute out of their stock for paying their defenders, rather than leave their affairs to be neglected in their absence. The art of making soldiery a trade, and keeping armies in pay, seems in Europe to have had two originals; the first was usurpation, when popular men destroyed the liberties of their country and seized the power into their own hands, which they were forced to maintain by hiring guards to bridle the people. Such were anciently the tyrants in most of the small states of Greece; and such were those in several parts of Italy about three or four centuries ago, as Machiavel informs us. The other original of mercenary armies seems to have risen from larger kingdoms or commonwealths, which had subdued provinces at a distance, and were forced to maintain troops upon them, to prevent insurrections from the natives. Of this sort were Macedon, Carthage, and Rome of old; Venice and Holland at this day, as well as most kingdoms in Europe. So that mercenary forces in a free state, whether monarchy or commonwealth, seem only necessary, either for preserving their conquests (which in such governments it is not prudent to extend too far), or else for maintaining war at a distance.

In this last, which at present is our most important case, there are certain maxims that all wise governments have observed.

The first I shall mention is, that no private man should have a commission to be general for life, let his merit and services be ever so great; or if a prince be unadvisedly brought to offer such a commission in one hand, let him (to save time and blood) deliver up his crown with the other. The Romans, in the height and perfection of their government, usually sent out one of the new consuls to be general against their most formidable enemy, and recalled the old one, who often returned before the next election, and, according as he had merit, was sent to command in some other part, which perhaps was continued to him for a second, and sometimes a third year. But if Paulus Æmilinus, or Scipio himself, had presumed to move the senate to continue their commission for life, they would certainly have failed a sacrifice to the jealousy of the people. Cæsar, indeed (between whom and a certain general, some of late, with much discretion, have made a parallel) had his command in Gaul continued to him for five years, and was afterwards made perpetual Dictator, that is to say, general for life, which gave him the power and the will of utterly destroying the Roman liberty. But in his time the Romans were very much degenerated, and great corruptions had crept into their morals and discipline. However, we see there still were some remains of a noble spirit among them; for when Cæsar sent to be chosen consul, notwithstanding his absence, they decreed he should come in person, give up his command, and *petere more majorem*.

It is not impossible, but a general may desire such a commission out of inadvertency, at the instigation of his friends, or perhaps of his enemies, or merely for the benefit and honour of it, without intending any such dreadful consequences; and in that case, a wise prince, or state, may barely refuse it, without showing any marks of their displeasure. But the request, in its own nature, is highly criminal, and ought to be entered so upon record, to terrify others in time to come from venturing to make it.

Another maxim to be observed by a free state engaged in war is, to keep the military power in absolute subjection to the civil, nor ever suffer the former to influence or interfere with the latter. A general and his army are servants hired by the civil power to act, as they are directed thence, and with a commission large or limited as the administration shall think fit; for which they are largely paid in profit and honour. The whole system by which armies are governed is quite alien from the peaceful institutions of states at home; and if the rewards be so inviting as to tempt a senator to take a post in the army, while he is there on his duty, he ought to consider himself in no other capacity. I know not any sort of men so apt as soldiers are to reprimand those who presume to interfere in what relates to their trade.

When they hear any of us in a coffeehouse wondering that such a victory was not pursued; complaining that such a town cost more men and money than it was worth to take it; or, that such an opportunity was lost in fighting the enemy; they presently reprove us, and often with justice enough, for meddling with matters out of our sphere; and clearly convince us of our mistakes, by terms of art that none of us understand. Nor do we escape so; for they reflect with the utmost contempt on our ignorance, that we, who sit at home in ease and security, never stirring from our firesides, should pretend from books and general reason to argue upon military affairs; which, after all, if we may judge from the share of intellec-

tuals in some, who are said to excel that way, is not so very profound or difficult a science. But, if there be any weight in what they offer, as perhaps there may be a great deal, surely these gentlemen have a much weaker pretence to concern themselves in matters of the cabinet, which are always either far above, or much beside their capacities. Soldiers may as well pretend to prescribe rules for trade, to determine points in philosophy, to be moderators in an assembly of divines or direct in a court of justice, as to misplace their talent in examining affairs of state, especially in what relates to the choice of ministers, who are never so likely to be ill chosen as when approved by them. It would be endless to show how pernicious all steps of this nature have been in many parts and ages of the world. I shall only produce two at present; one in Rome, the other in England. The first is of Cæsar: when he came to the city with his soldiers to settle the ministry, there was an end of their liberty for ever. The second was, in the great rebellion against king Charles the First: the king and both houses were agreed upon the terms of a peace; but the officers of the army (as Ludlow relates it) set a guard upon the house of commons, took a list of the members, and kept all by force out of the house, except those who were for bringing the king to a trial. Some years after, when they erected a military government, and ruled the island by major-generals, we received most admirable instances of their skill in politics. To say the truth, such formidable sticklers can have but two reasons for desiring to interfere in the administration; the first is, that of Cæsar and Cromwell, of which God forbid I should accuse or suspect anybody, since the second is pernicious enough, and that is, to preserve those in power, who are for perpetuating a war, rather than see others advanced, who, they are sure, will use all proper means to promote a safe and honourable peace.

Thirdly, since it is observed of armies, that, in the present age, they are brought to some degree of humanity, and more regular demeanour to each other and to the world than in former times, it is certainly a good maxim to endeavour to preserve this temper among them; without which they would soon degenerate into savages. To this end, it would be prudent, among other things, to forbid that detestable custom of drinking to the damnation or confusion of any person whatsoever.

Such desperate acts, and the opinions infused along with them into heads already inflamed by youth and wine, are enough to scatter madness and sedition through a whole camp. So seldom upon their knees to pray, and so often to curse! this is not properly atheism, but a sort of anti-religion prescribed by the devil, and which an atheist of common sense would scorn as an absurdity. I have heard it mentioned as a common practice in autumn, somewhere or other, to drink damnation and confusion (and this with circumstances very aggravating and horrid) to the new ministry, and to those who had any hand in turning out the old; that is to say, to those persons whom her majesty has thought fit to employ in her greatest affairs, with something more than a glance against the queen herself. And if it be true that these orgies were attended with certain doubtful words of standing by their general, who, without question, abhorred them, let any man consider the consequence of such dispositions, if they should happen to spread. I could only wish, for the honour of the army, as well as of the queen and ministry, that a remedy had been applied to the disease, in the piece and time where it grew. If men of such principles were able to propagate them in a camp,

and were sure of a general for life, who had any tincture of ambition, we might soon bid farewell to ministers and parliaments, whether now or old.

I am only sorry such an accident has happened toward the close of a war, when it is chiefly the interest of those gentlemen, who have posts in the army, to behave themselves in such a manner as might encourage the legislature to make some provision for them, when there will be no farther need of their services. They are to consider themselves as persons, by their education, unqualified for many other stations of life. Their fortunes will not suffer them to remain to a party after its fall, nor have they weight or abilities to help toward its resurrection. Their future dependence is wholly upon the prince and parliament, to which they will never make their way by solemn execrations of the ministry; a ministry of the queen's own election, and fully answering the wishes of her people. This unhappy step in some of their brethren may pass for an uncontrollable argument, that politics are not their business or their element. The fortune of war has raised several persons up to swelling titles, and great commands over numbers of men, which they are too apt to transfer along with them into civil life, and appear in all companies, as if they were at the head of their regiments, with a sort of deportment that ought to have been dropt behind in that short passage to Hurwich. It puts me in mind of a dialogue in Lucian, where Charon, waiting one of their predecessors over Styx, ordered him to strip off his armour and fine clothes, yet still thought him too heavy: "But," said he, "put off likewise that pride and presumption, those big-swalling words, and that vain glory;" because they were of no use on the other side of the water. Thus, if all that array of military grandeur were confined to the proper scene, it would be much more for the interest of the owners, and less offensive to their fellow-subjects.

No. 22.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1710.

Nam et majorem instituta tueri, sacris ceremonisque retinenda, sapienter est.

—Rituerique semper
Stat (mirum!) mox—

A wise man will protect and defend the rights of the church; which, in spite of the malice of its enemies, although tottering, and on the brink of destruction, stands secure, to the admiration of all men.

Whoever is a true lover of our constitution must needs be pleased to see what successful endeavours are daily made to restore it, in every branch, to its ancient form, from the languishing condition it has long lain in, and with such deadly symptoms.

I have already handled some abuses during the late management, and shall, in convenient time, go on with the rest. Hitherto I have confined myself to those of the state; but, with the good leave of some who think it a matter of small moment, I shall now take liberty to say something of the church.

For several years past there has not, I think, in Europe, been any society of men upon so unhappy a foot as the clergy of England, nor more hardly treated by those very persons from whom they deserved much better quarter, and in whose power they chiefly had put it to use them so ill. I would not willingly misrepresent facts; but I think it generally allowed by enemies and friends, that the bold and brave defences made before the Revolution against those many invasions of our rights, proceeded principally from the clergy, who are likewise known to have rejected all advances made them, to close with the measures at that time courting

while the dissenters, to gratify their ambition and revenge, fell into the basest compliances with the court, approved of all proceedings by their numerous and fulsome addresses, and took employments and commissions, by virtue of the dispensing power, against the direct laws of the land. All this is so true, that if ever the pretender comes in, they will, next to those of his own religion, have the fairest claim and pretensions to his favour, from their merit and eminent services to his supposed father; who, without such encouragement, would probably never have been misled to go the lengths he did. It should likewise be remembered, to the everlasting honour of the London divines, that, in those dangerous times, they writ and published the best collection of arguments against popery that ever appeared in the world. At the Revolution, the body of the clergy joined heartily in the common cause, except a few, whose sufferings, perhaps, have atoned for their mistakes, like men who are content to go about for avoiding a gulf or a precipice, but come into the old straight road again as soon as they can. But another temper had now begun to prevail; for, as in the reign of king Charles the First, several well-meaning people were ready to join in reforming some abuses, while others, who had deeper designs, were still calling out for a thorough reformation, which ended at last in the ruin of the kingdom; so, after the late king's coming to the throne, there was a restless cry from men of the same principles for a thorough revolution, which, as some were carrying it on, must have ended in the destruction of the monarchy and church.

What a violent humour has run ever since against the clergy, and from what corner spread and fomented, is, I believe, manifest to all men. It looked like a set quarrel against christianity; and if we call to mind several of the leaders, it must, in a great measure, have been actually so. Nothing was more common, in writing and conversation, than to hear that reverend body charged in gross with what was utterly inconsistent, despised for their poverty, hated for their riches; reproached with avarice and taxed with luxury; accused for promoting arbitrary power, and for resisting the prerogative; censured for their pride, and scorned for their meanness of spirit. The representatives of the lower clergy were called at for disputing the power of the bishops, by the known abhorers of episcopacy, and abused for doing nothing in the convocations, by those very men who helped to bind up their hands. The vice, the folly, the ignorance of every single man, were laid upon the character; their jurisdiction, censures, and discipline, trampled under foot; yet mighty complaints against their excessive power; the men of wit employed to turn the priesthood itself into ridicule; in short, groaning everywhere under the weight of poverty, oppression, contempt, and obloquy. A fair return for the time and money spent in their education to fit them for the service of the altar and a fair encouragement for worthy men to come into the church! However, it may be some comfort to the persons of that holy function, that their divine Founder, as well as his barbing, met with the like reception:—"John came neither eating nor drinking, and they say he hath a devil; the Son of Man came eating and drinking, and they say, behold a glutton and a wine-bibber," &c.

In this deplorable state of the clergy nothing but the hand of Providence, working by its glorious instrument the queen, could have been able to turn the people's hearts so surprisingly in their favour. This princess, destined for the safety of Europe, and a blessing to her subjects, began her reign with

a noble benefaction to the church; and it was hoped the nation would have followed such an example, which nothing could have prevented but the false politics of a set of men who form their maxims upoo those of every tottering commonwealth, which is always struggling for life, subsisting by expedients, and often at the mercy of any powerful neighbour. These men take it into their imagination that trade can never flourish unless the country becomes a common receptacle for all nations, religions, and languages; a system only proper for small popular states, but altogether unworthy and below the dignity of an imperial crown; which, with us, is best upheld by a monarchy in possession of its just prerogative, a senate of nobles and of commons, and a clergy established in its due rights, with a suitable maintenance by law. But these men come, with the spirit of shopkeepers, to frame rules for the administration of kingdoms; or, as if they thought the whole art of government consisted in the importation of nutmegs and the curing of herrings. Such an island as ours can afford enough to support the majesty of a crown, the honour of a nobility, and the dignity of a magistracy; we can encourage arts and sciences, maintain our bishops and clergy, and suffer our gentry to live in a decent hospitable manner; yet still there will remain hands sufficient for trade and manufactures, which do always indeed deserve the best encouragement, but not to a degree of secluding every living soul into the warehouse or the workshop.

This pedantry of republican politics has done infinite mischief among us. To this we owe those noble schemes of treating Christianity as a system of speculative opinions which no man should be bound to believe; of making the being and the worship of God a creature of the state; in consequence of these, that the teachers of religion ought to hold their maintenance at pleasure, or live by the alms and charitable collection of the people, and be equally encouraged of all opinions; that they should be prescribed what to teach by those who are to learn from them; and, upon default, have a staff and a pair of shoes, left at their door,* with many other projects of equal piety, wisdom and good nature.

But God be thanked, they and their schemes are vanished, and their places shall know them no more. When I think of that inundation of atheism, infidelity, profaneness, and licentiousness, which was likely to overwhelm us, from what months and hearts it first proceeded, and how the people joined with the queen's endeavours to divert this flood, I cannot but reflect on that remarkable passage in the Revelation, where "the serpent with seven heads" cast out of his mouth water after the woman, like a flood, that he might cause her to be carried away of the flood: but the earth helped the woman, and the earth opened her mouth, and swallowed up the flood which the dragon had cast out of his mouth." For the queen having changed her ministry suitably to her own wisdom and the wishes of her subjects, and having called a free parliament, and at the same time summoned the convocation by her royal writ, as in all times had been accustomed; and, soon after their meeting, sent a most gracious letter to the archbishop of Canterbury, to be communicated to the bishops and clergy of his province, taking notice of "the loose and profane principles which had been openly scattered and propagated among her subjects; that the consultations of the clergy were

particularly requisite to repress and prevent such daring attempts, for which her subjects from all parts of the kingdom have shown their just abhorrence; she hopes the endeavours of the clergy in this respect will not be unsuccessful; and, for her part, is ready to give them all fit encouragement to proceed in the despatch of such business as properly belongs to them, and to grant them powers requisite to carry on so good a work;" in conclusion, "earnestly recommending to them to avoid disputes; and determining to do all that in her lies to compose and extinguish them."

It is to be hoped, that this last part of her majesty's letter will be the first she will please to execute; for it seems, this very letter created the first dispute, the fact whereof is thus related:—The upper house, having formed an address to the queen before they received her majesty's letter, sent both address and letter together to the lower house, with a message, excusing their not mentioning the letter in the address; because this was formed before the other was received. The lower house returned them, with a desire that an address might be formed with a due regard and acknowledgments for the letter. After some difficulties, the same address was sent down again, with a clause inserted, making some short mention of the said letter. This the lower house did not think sufficient, and sent it back again with the same request; whereupon the archbishop, after a short consultation with some of his brethren, immediately adjourned the convocation for a month; and no address at all was sent to the queen.

I understand not ecclesiastical affairs well enough to comment upon this matter; but it seems to me, that all methods of doing service to the church and kingdom, by means of a convocation, may be at any time eluded, if there be no remedy against such an incident. And, if this proceeding be agreeable to the institution, spiritual assemblies must needs be strangely contrived, very different from any lay senate yet known in the world. Surely, from the nature of such a synod, it must be a very unhappy circumstance, when the majority of the bishops draws one way, and that of the lower clergy another. The latter, I think, are not at this time suspected, for any principle bordering upon those professed by enemies to episcopacy; and if they happen to differ from the greater part of the present set of bishops, I doubt it will call some things to mind, that may turn the scale of general favour on the inferior clergy's side; who, with a profound duty to her majesty, are perfectly pleased with the present turn of affairs. Besides, serious people will be apt to inquire into the dates of some promotions; to call to mind what designs were then upon the anvil, and thence make malicious deductions. Perhaps they will observe the manner of voting on the bishops' bench, and compare it with what shall pass in the upper house of convocation. There is however one comfort, that, under the present dispositions of the kingdom, a dislike to the proceedings of any of their lordships, even to the number of a majority, will be purely personal, and not turned to the disadvantage of the order. And for my part, as I am a true lover of the church, I would rather find the inclinations of the people favourable to episcopacy in general, than see a majority of prelates cried up by those who are known enemies to the character. Nor, indeed, has anything given me more offence for several years past, than to observe how some of that bench have been caressed by certain persons, and others of them openly celebrated by the infamous pens of atheists, republicans, and fanatics.

Time and mortality can only remedy these incon-

* To give intimation, like the Dutch, that it was time to withdraw themselves from the state.

† The chiefs of the opposition, called a Hierarchy.

veniences in the church, which are not to be cured, like those in the state, by a change of ministry. If we may guess the temper of a convocation from the choice of a prolocutor, as it is usual to do that of a house of commons by the speaker, we may expect great things from that reverend body, who have done themselves much reputation, by pitching upon a gentleman of so much piety, wit, and learning, for that office, and one who is so thoroughly versed in those parts of knowledge which are proper for it. [Atterbury]. I am sorry that the three Latin speeches, delivered upon presenting the prolocutor, were not made public; they might, perhaps, have given us some light into the disposition of each house; and besides one of them is said to be so peculiar in the style and matter, as might have made up in entertainment what it wanted in instruction.

No. 23.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1711.

Nulle sunt occultiores insidie, quam eae, quae latent in similibus officiis, aut in aliquo necessitudinis nomine.

It is extremely difficult to explore those designs which are conceived under the veil of duty, and lie hid under the pretence of friendship.

THE following answer is written in the true style, and with the usual candour of such pieces; which I have limited to the best of my skill, and doubt not but the reader will be extremely satisfied with it.

The Examiner cross-examined; or, A full Answer to the last Examiner.

If I durst be so bold with this author, I would gladly ask him a familiar question:—Pray, sir, who made you an examiner? He talks in one of his insipid papers of eight or nine thousand corruptions, while we were at the head of affairs: yet in all this time he has hardly produced fifty:

Parturient montes, &c.—Hos.

But I shall confine myself at present to his last paper. He tells us, the queen began her reign with a noble benefaction to the church. Here's priestcraft with a witness! This is the constant language of your highfliers, to call those who are bired to teach the religion of the magistrate by the name of the church. But this is not all; for, in the very next line, he says, it was hoped the nation would have followed this example. You see the faction begins already to speak out; this is an open demand for the abbey lands. This furious zealot would have us priest-riden again, like our popish ancestors; but it is to be hoped the government will take timely care to suppress such audacious attempts; else we have spent so much blood and treasure to very little purpose, in maintaining religion and the Revolution. But what can we expect from a man who at one blow endeavours to ruin our trade? A country, says he, may flourish (these are his own words) without being the common receptacle for all nations, religions, and languages. What! we must immediately banish or murder the Palatines; forbid all foreign merchants not only the Exchange but the kingdom; persecute the dissenters with fire and fagot; and make it high treason to speak any other tongue but English. In another place, he talks of a serpent with seven heads, which is a manifest corruption of the text; for the words, *serpentes hebes*, are not mentioned in that verse. However, we know what serpent he would mean; a serpent with fourteen legs, or indeed no serpent at all, but seven great men, who were the best ministers, the truest protestants, and the most disinterested patriots that ever served a prince. But nothing is so

inconsistent as this writer. I know not whether to call him a Whig or a Tory, a protestant or a papist; he finds fault with convocations; says they are assemblies strangely contrived, and yet lays the fault upon us, that we bound their bands: I wish we could have bound their tongues too. But, as fast as their bands were bound, they could make a shift to hold their pens, and have their share in the guilt of ruining the hopefulest party and ministry that ever prescribed to a crown. This captious gentleman is angry to see a majority of prelates cried up by those who are enemies to the character; now I always thought, that the concessions of enemies were more to a man's advantage than the praise of his friends. Time and mortality, he says, can only remedy these inconveniences in the church; that is in other words, when certain bishops are dead, we shall have others of our own stamp. Not so fast; you are not yet so sure of your game. We have already got one comfortable loss in Spain, although by a general of our own; for joy of which our junto had a merry meeting at the house of their great proselyte, on the very day we received the happy news. One or two more such blows would perhaps set us right again, and then we can employ mortality as well as others. He concludes with wishing, that three letters, spoken when the prolocutor was presented, were made public. I suppose he would be content with one, and that is more than we shall humour him to grant. However, I hope he will allow it possible to have grace, without either eloquence or Latin, which is all I shall say to this malicious innuendo.

Having thus, I hope, given a full and satisfactory answer to the Examiner's last paper, I shall now go on to a more important affair, which is to prove, by several undeniable instances, that the late ministry and their abettors were true friends to the church. It is yet, I confess, a secret to the clergy wherein this friendship did consist. For information, therefore, of that reverend body, that they may never forget their benefactors, as well as of all others who may be equally ignorant, I have determined to display our merits to the world upon that weighty article. And I could wish, that what I am to say were to be written in brass, for an eternal memorial; the rather, because for the future the church may endeavour to stand unsupported by those patrons, who expired in doing it their last good office, and will never rise to preserve it any more.

Let us, therefore, produce the pious endeavours of these church defenders, who were its patrons, by their power and authority, as well as ornaments of it, by their exemplary lives.

First, St. Paul tells us, there must be heresies in the church, that the truth may be manifest; and therefore, by due course of reasoning, the more heresies there are, the more manifest will the truth be made. This being maturely considered by these lovers of the church, they endeavoured to propagate as many heresies as they could that the light of truth might shine the clearer.

Secondly, to show their zeal for the church's defence, they took the care of it entirely out of the hands of God Almighty (because that was a foreign jurisdiction), and made it their own creature, depending altogether upon them; and issued out their orders to Tindal, and others, to give public notice of it.

Thirdly, because charity is the most celebrated of all christian virtues, therefore they extended theirs beyond all bounds; and instead of shutting the church against dissenters, were ready to open it to all romers, and break down its walls, rather than that any should want room to enter. The strength of a

state we know consists in the number of people, how different soever in their callings; and why should not the strength of a church consist in the same, how different soever in their creeds? For that reason, they charitably attempted to abolish the test which tied up so many hands from getting employments, in order to protect the church.

I know very well that this attempt is objected to as a crime by several malignant Tories; and denied as a slander by many unthinking people among ourselves. The latter are apt, in their defence, to ask such questions as these: Was your test repealed? had we not a majority? might we not have done it, if we pleased? To which the others answer, You did what you could: you prepared the way, but you found a fatal impediment from that quarter whence the sanction of the law must come; and therefore, to save your credit, you condemned a paper to be burnt, which yourselves had brought in. But, alas! the miscarriage of that noble project for the safety of the church had another original; the knowledge whereof depends upon a piece of secret history, which I shall now lay open.

These church-protectors had directed a presbyterian preacher to draw up a bill for repealing the test. It was accordingly done with great art; and in the preamble, several expressions of civility to the established church; and when it came to the qualifications of all those who were to enter on any office, the compiler had taken special care to make them large enough for all christians whatsoever, by transcribing the very words (only formed into an oath) which quakers are obliged to profess by a former act of parliament, as I shall here set them down: "I, A. B., profess faith in God the Father, and in Jesus Christ his eternal Son, the true God; and in the Holy Spirit, one God, blessed for evermore; and do acknowledge the holy scriptures of the Old and New Testament to be given by divine inspiration." This bill was carried to the chief leaders, for their approbation, with these terrible words turned into an oath: what should they do? Those few among them, who fancied they believed in God, were sure they did not believe in Christ, or the Holy Spirit, or one syllable of the Bible; and they were as sure that everybody knew their opinion in those matters, which, indeed, they had been always too sincere to disguise; how, therefore, could they take such an oath as that, without ruining their reputation with Tindal, Toland, Coward, Collins, Clendon, and all the tribe of free-thinkers, and so give a scandal to weak unbelievers? Upon this nice point of honour and conscience, the matter was hushed, the project for repealing the test let fall, and the sacrament left as the smaller evil of the two.

Fourthly, These pillars of the church, because the harvest was great, and the labourers few, and because they would ease the bishops from the grievous trouble of laying on hands, were willing to allow that power to all men whatsoever, to prevent that terrible consequence of unchurching those, who thought a hand from under a cloak as effectual as from lawn sleeves. And, indeed, what could more contribute to the advancement of true religion, than a bill of general naturalization for priesthood?

Fifthly, In order to fix religion in the minds of men, because truth never appears so fair as when confronted with falsehood, they directed books to be published, that denied the being of a God, the divinity of the Second and Third Person, the truth of all revelation, and the immortality of the soul. To this we owe that great sense of religion, that respect and kindness of the clergy, and that true love of virtue, so manifest of late years among the youth of our

nation. Nor could anything be more discreet, than to leave the merits of each cause to such wise, impartial judges; who might otherwise fall under the slavery of believing, by education and prejudice.

Sixthly, Because nothing so much distracts the thoughts as too great a variety of subjects, therefore they had kindly prepared a bill to prescribe the clergy what subjects they should preach upon, and in what manner, that they might be at no loss; and this, no doubt, was a proper work for such hands, so thoroughly versed in the theory and practice of all Christian duties.

Seventhly, To save trouble and expense to the clergy, they contrived that convocations should meet as seldom as possible; and when they were suffered to assemble, would never allow them to meddle with any business; because, they said, the office of a clergyman was enough to take up the whole man. For the same reason, they were very desirous to excuse the bishops from sitting in parliament, that they might be at more leisure to stay at home, and look after the inferior clergy.

I shall mention at present but one more instance of their pious zeal for the church. They had somewhere heard the maxim, that *Sanguis martyrum est semen ecclesie*; therefore, in order to sow this seed, they began with impeaching a clergyman; and that it might be a true martyrdom in every circumstance, they proceeded as much as possible against common law; which the long-robe part of the managers knew was in a hundred instances directly contrary to all their positions, and were sufficiently warned of it beforehand; but their love of the church prevailed. Neither was this impeachment an affair taken up on a sudden; for a certain great person, (whose character has been lately published by some stupid and lying writer,) who very much distinguished himself by his zeal in forwarding this impeachment, had several years ago endeavoured to persuade the late king to give way to just such another attempt. He told his majesty, there was a certain clergyman, who preached very dangerous sermons, and that the only way to put a stop to such insolence was to impeach him in parliament. The king inquired the character of the man: "O, sir," said my lord, "the most violent, hot, positive fellow in England; so extremely wilful, that, I believe, he would be heartily glad to be a martyr." The king answered, "Is it so? then I am resolved to disappoint him;" and would never hear more of the matter, by which that hopeful project unslippery miscarried.

I have hitherto confined myself to those endeavours for the good of the church, which were common to all the leaders and principal men of our party; but, if my paper were not drawing toward an end, I could produce several instances of particular persons, who, by their exemplary lives and actions, have confirmed the character so justly due to the whole body. I shall at present mention only two, and illustrate the merits of each by a matter of fact.

That worthy patriot and true lover of the church, whom a late Examiner is supposed to reflect on under the name of Verres, felt a pious impulse to be a benefactor to the cathedral of Gloucester; but how to do it in the most decent, generous manner, was the question. At last he thought of an expedient: one morning, or night, he stole into the church, mounted upon the altar, and there did that, which, in clearly phrase, is called disburdening of nature. He was discovered, prosecuted, and condemned to pay a thousand pounds; which sum was all em-

* Lord Wharton had been guilty of what is here stated.

played to support the church, as, no doubt, the benefactor meant it.

There is another person, whom the same writer is thought to point at, under the name of Will Bigamy. This gentleman, knowing that marriage fees were a considerable perquisite to the clergy, found out a way of improving them cent. per cent. for the good of the church. His invention was to marry a second wife, while the first was alive, convincing her of the lawfulness by such arguments, as he did not doubt would make others follow the same example. These he had drawn up in writing, with an intention to publish for the general good: and it is hoped he may now have leisure to finish them.

No. 24.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1711.

Reilem its enscipatur, at nihil aliud ad pax quæsit videatur.
War should be undertaken only with a view to procure a solid and lasting peace.

I AM satisfied, that no reasonable man of either party can justly be offended at anything I said in one of my papers relating to the army. From the maxims I there laid down, perhaps many persons may conclude, that I had a mind the world should think there had been occasion given by some late shames among men of that calling; and they conclude right: for my intention is, that my hints may be understood, and my quotations and allegories applied; and I am in some pain to think, that in the *Oracles* on one side, and the western coasts of Ireland on the other, the Examiner may want a key in several parts, which I wish I could furnish them with. As to the French king, I am under no concern at all; I hear he has left off reading my papers, and by what he has found in them, dislikes our proceedings more than ever; and intends either to make great additions to his armies, or propose new terms for a peace. So false is that which is commonly reported, of his mighty satisfaction in our change of ministry. And I think it clear, that his late letter of thanks to the Tories of Great Britain must either have been extorted from him against his judgment, or was a cast of his politics to set the people against the present ministry, wherein it has wonderfully succeeded.

But, though I have never heard, or never regarded any objections made against that paper which mentions the army, yet I intended this as a sort of apology for it. And first I declare (because we live in a mistaking world) that at hinting at some proceedings, wherein a few persons are said to be concerned, I did not intend to charge them upon the body of the army. I have too much detested that barbarous injustice among the writers of a late party to be ever guilty of it myself; I mean, the accusing of societies for the crimes of a few. On the other side, I must take leave to believe that armies are no more exempt from corruptions than other numbers of men. The maxims proposed were occasionally introduced by the report of certain facts, which I am bound to believe are true, because I am sure, considering what has passed, it would be a crime to think otherwise. All posts in the army, all employments at court, and many others, are, or ought to be, given and resumed at the mere pleasure of the prince; yet when I see a great officer broke, a change made in the court or the ministry, and this under the most just and gracious princes that ever reigned, I must naturally conclude, it is done upon prudent considerations, and for some great demerit in the sufferers. But then, is not the punishment sufficient? Is it generous or charitable

to trample on the unfortunate, and expose their faults to the world in the strongest colours? And would it not suit better with magnanimity, as well as common good nature, to leave them at quiet to their own thoughts and repentance? Yes, without question; provided it could be so contrived, that their very names, as well as actions, might be forgotten for ever: such an act of oblivion would be for the honour of the nation, and heget a better opinion of us with posterity; and then I might have spared the world and myself the trouble of examining. But at present there is a cruel dilemma in the case; the friends and abettors of the late ministry are every day publishing their praises to the world, and casting reflections upon the present persons in power. This is so barefaced an aspersion upon the queen, that I know not how any good subject can with patience endure it, although he were ever so indifferent with regard to the opinions in dispute. Shall they, who have lost all power and love of the people, be allowed to scatter their poison? and shall not those, who are at least of the strongest side, be suffered to bring an antidote? And how can we undeceive the deluded remainder, but by letting them see that these discarded statesmen were justly laid aside; and producing as many instances to prove it as we can, not from any personal hatred to them, but in justification to the best of queens. The many scurrilities I have heard and read against this poor paper of mine are in such a strain, that, considering the present state of affairs, they look like a jeet. They usually run after the following manner: "What! Shall this insolent writer presume to censure the late ministry, the ablest, the most faithful, and truest lovers of their country and its constitution, that ever served a prince? Shall he reflect on the best house of commons that ever sat within those walls? Has not the queen changed both, for a ministry and parliament of Jacobites and high-fliers, who are selling us to France, and bringing over the pretender?" This is the very sum and force of all their reasonings, and this is their method of complaining against the Examiner. In them, it is humble and loyal to reflect upon the queen, and the ministry and parliament she has chosen with the universal applause of her people; in us, it is insolent to defend her majesty and her choice, or to answer their objections, by showing the reasons why those changes were necessary.

The same style has been used in the late case concerning some gentlemen in the army. Such a clamour was raised by a set of men, who had the boldness to tax the administration with cruelty and injustice, that I thought it necessary to interfere a little, by showing the ill consequences that might arise from some proceedings, although without application to particular persons. And what do they offer in answer? Nothing but a few poor common-places against calumny and informers, which might have been full as just and seasonable in a plot against the sacred person of the queen.

But by the way, why are these idle people so indiscreet to name those two words, which afford occasion of laying open to the world such an infamous scene of subornation and perjury, as well as calumny and informing, as I believe is without example; when a whole cabal attempted an action, wherein a condemned criminal [Greg] refused to join with them for the reward of his life? Not that I disapprove their sagacity who could foretell so long before by what hand they should one day fall, and therefore thought any means justifiable by which they might prevent it.

But, waving this at present, it must be owned in

justice to the army, that those violences did not proceed so far among them as some have believed; nor ought the madness of a few to be laid at their doors. For the rest, I am so far from denying the due praises to those brave troops who did their part in procuring so many victories for the allies, that I could wish every officer and private soldier had their full share of honour, in proportion to their deserts; being thus far of the Athenians' mind, who when it was proposed that the statue of Miltiades should be set up alone in some public place of the city, said, they would agree to it, whenever he conquered alone, but not before. Neither do I at all blame the officers of the army for preferring in their hearts the late ministry before the present, or, if wishing alone could be of any use for wishing their continuance, because then they might be secure of the war's continuance too; whereas, since affairs have been put into other hands, they may perhaps lie under some apprehensions of a peace, which no army, especially in the course of success, was ever inclined to, and which all wise states have in such a juncture chiefly endeavoured. This is a point, wherein the civil and military politics have always disagreed, and for that reason I affirmed it necessary, in all free governments, that the latter should be absolutely in subjection to the former, otherwise one of these two inconveniences must arise, either to be perpetually in war, or to turn the civil institution into a military.

I am ready to allow all that has been said of the valour and experience of our troops, who have fully contributed their part to the great successes abroad; nor is it their fault that those important victories had no better consequences at home, though it may be their advantage. War is their trade and business; to improve and cultivate the advantages of success is an affair of the cabinet; and the neglect of this, whether proceeding from weakness or corruption, according to the usual uncertainty of wars, may be of the most fatal consequence to a nation. For, pray let me represent our condition in such a light, as I believe both parties will allow, though perhaps not the consequences I shall deduce from it. We have been for above nine years blessed with a queen, who, beside all virtues that can enter into the composition of a private person, possesses every regal quality that can contribute to make a people happy; of great wisdom, yet ready to receive the advice of her counsellors; of much discernment in choosing proper instruments, when she follows her own judgment; and only capable of being deceived by that excess of goodness which makes her judge of others by herself; frugal in her management, in order to contribute to the public, which in proportion she does, and that voluntarily, beyond any of her subjects; but from her own nature generous and charitable to all who want or deserve; and in order to exercise those virtues, denying herself all entertainments of expense which many others enjoy. Then, if we look abroad, at least in Flanders, our arms have been crowned with perpetual success in battles and sieges, not to mention several fortunate actions in Spain. These facts being thus stated, which none can deny, it is natural to ask, how we have improved such advantages, and to what account they have turned? I shall use no discouraging terms. When a patient grows daily worse by the tampering of mountebanks, there is nothing left but to call in the best physicians, before the case grows desperate. But I would ask whether France, or any other kingdom, would have made so little use of such prodigious opportunities if the fruits whereof could never have fallen to the ground without the extremest

degree of folly and corruption; and where those have lain, let the world judge. Instead of aiming at peace, while we had the advantage of the war, which has been the perpetual maxim of all wise states, it has been reckoned factious and malignant even to express our wishes for it; and such a condition imposed, as was never offered to any prince who had an inch of ground to dispute; *que enim est conditio pacis, in qua ei, cum quo pacem facias, nihil concedi potest?*

It is not obvious to conceive what could move men, who sat at home, and were called to consult upon the good of the kingdom, to be so utterly averse from putting an end to a long, expensive war, which the victorious, as well as conquered side, were heartily weary of. Few, or none of them, were men of the sword; they had no share in the honour; they had made large fortunes, and were at the head of all affairs. But they well knew by what tenure they held their power; that the queen saw through their designs; that they had entirely lost the hearts of the clergy; that the landed men were against them; that they were detested by the body of the people; and that nothing held them up but their credit with the bank, and other stocks, which would be neither formidable nor necessary when the war was at an end. For these reasons, they resolved to disappoint all overtures of a peace, until they and their party should be so deeply rooted, as to make it impossible to shake them. To this end they began to precipitate matters so fast, as in a little time must have ruined the constitution, if the crown had not interposed, and rather ventured the accidental effects of their malice than such dreadful consequences of their power. And, indeed, if the former danger had been greater than some hoped or feared, I see no difficulty in the choice, which was the same with his, who said he would rather be devoured by wolves than by rats. I therefore still insist, that we cannot wonder at, or find fault with the army for concurring with the ministry, which was for prolonging the war. The inclination is natural in them all; pardonable in those who have not yet made their fortunes; and as lawful in the rest as love of power or love of money can make it. But, as natural, as pardonable, and as lawful as this inclination is, when it is not under check of the civil power, or when a corrupt ministry joins in giving it too great a scope, the consequence can be nothing less than infallible ruin and slavery to the state.

After I had finished this paper the printer sent me two small pamphlets, called "The Management of the War;" written with some plausibility, much artifice, and abundance of misrepresentations, as well as direct falsehoods in point of fact. These I have thought worth examining, which I shall accordingly do, when I find an opportunity.

No. 23.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1711.

Parva momenta in spem metumque impellunt animos.
The merest trifles influence the human mind, and impel it to hope or fear.

HOPES are natural to most men, especially to sanguine complexions, and among the various changes that happen in the course of public affairs, they are seldom without some grounds. Even in desperate cases, where it is impossible they should have any foundation, they are often affected to keep a countenance, and make an enemy think we have some resource which they know nothing of. This appears to have been for several months past the condition of those people, whom I am forced for want of other

phrases to call the ruined party. They have taken up since their fall some real, and some pretended hopes. When the earl of Sunderland was discarded, they hoped her majesty would proceed no further in the change of her ministry, and had the insolence to misrepresent her words to foreign states. They hoped nobody durst advise the dissolution of the parliament. When this was done, and further alterations made in court, they hoped, and endeavoured to ruin the credit of the nation. They likewise hoped that we should have some terrible loss abroad, which would force us to unravel all, and begin again upon their bottom. But, of all their hopes, whether real or assumed, there is none more extraordinary than that in which they now would seem to place their whole confidence: that this great turn of affairs was only occasioned by a short madness of the people, from which they will recover in a little time, when their eyes are open, and they grow cool and sober enough to consider the truth of things, and how much they have been deceived. It is not improbable, that some few of the deepest sighted among these reasoners are well enough convinced how vain all such hopes must be; but for the rest, the wisest of them seem to have been very ill judges of the people's dispositions, the want of which knowledge was a principal occasion to hasten their ruin; for surely, had they suspected which way the popular current inclined, they never would have run against it by that impeachment. I therefore conclude, they generally are so blind as to imagine some comfort from this fantastical opinion, that the people of England are at present distracted, but will shortly come to their senses again.

For the service therefore of our adversaries and friends I shall briefly examine this point, by showing what are the causes and symptoms of a people's madness, and how it differs from their natural bent and inclination.

It is Machiavel's observation, that the people when left to their own judgment do seldom mistake their true interests; and indeed they naturally love the constitution they are born under; never desiring to change, but under great oppressions. However, they are to be deceived by several means. It has often happened in Greece, and sometimes in Rome, that those very men who have contributed to shake off a former tyranny, have, instead of restoring the old constitution, deluded the people into a worse and more ignominious slavery. Besides, all great changes have the same effects upon commonwealths that thunder has upon liquors, making the dregs fly up to the top; the lowest plebeians rise to the head of affairs, and these preserve themselves, by representing the nobles, and other friends to the old government, as enemies to the public. The encouraging of new mysteries and new deities, with the pretences of further purity in religion, has likewise been a frequent topic to mislead the people. And, not to mention more, the promoting false reports of dangers from abroad has often served to prevent them from fencing against real dangers at home. By these and the like arts, in conjunction with a great depravity of manners, and a weak or corrupt administration, the madness of the people has risen to such a height as to break in pieces the whole frame of the best instituted governments. But, however, such great frenzies being artificially raised are a perfect force and constraint upon human nature; and, under a wise steady prince, will certainly decline of themselves, settling like the sea after a storm; and then the true bent and genius of the people will appear. Ancient and modern story are full of instances to illustrate what I say.

In our own island we had a great example of a long madness in the people, kept up by a thousand artifices, like intoxicating medicines, until the constitution was destroyed; yet the malignity being spent, and the humour exhausted that served to foment it, before the usurpers could fix upon a new scheme, the people suddenly recovered and peaceably restored the old constitution.

From what I have offered, it will be easy to decide whether this late change in the disposition of the people was a new madness, or a recovery from an old one. Neither do I see how it can be proved that such a change had, in any circumstance, the least symptom of madness, whether my description of it be right or not. It is agreed that the truest way of judging the disposition of the people, in the choice of their representatives, is by computing the county elections; and in these it is manifest, that five in six are entirely for the present measures; although the court was so far from interposing its credit, that there was no change in the admiralty, not above one or two in the lieutenantancy, nor any other methods used to influence elections. The free, unextorted addresses, sent some time before from every part of the kingdom, plainly showed what sort of bent the people had taken, and from what motives. The election of members for this great city, carried contrary to all conjecture against the united interest of those two great bodies, the Bank and East India Company, was another convincing argument. Besides, the Whigs themselves have always confessed that the bulk of landed men in England was generally of Tories. So that this change must be allowed to be according to the natural genius and disposition of the people; whether it were just and reasonable in itself or not.

Notwithstanding all which, you shall frequently hear the partisans of the late men in power gravely and decisively pronounce, that the present ministry cannot possibly stand. Now they who affirm this, if they believe themselves, must ground their opinion upon the iniquity of the last being so far established and deeply rooted, that no endeavours of honest men will be able to restore things to their former state; or else these reasoners have been so misled by twenty years' mismanagement that they have forgot our constitution, and talk as if our monarchy and revolution began together. But the body of the people is wiser; and, by the choice they have made, show they do understand our constitution, and would bring it back to the old form; which, if the new ministers take care to maintain, they will and ought to stand; otherwise, they may fall like their predecessors. But I think we may easily foresee what a parliament, freely chosen, without threatening or corruption, is likely to do, when no man should be in any danger to lose his place by the freedom of his voice.

But, who are the advancers of this opinion that the present ministry cannot hold? It must be either such as are afraid to be called to an account in case it should hold, or those who keep offices from which others better qualified were removed, and may reasonably apprehend to be turned out for worthier men to come into their places; since perhaps it will be necessary to make some changes that the public business of the nation may go on; or lastly, stock-jobbers, who industriously spread such reports, that actions [stocks] may fall, and their friends buy to advantage.

Yet these hopes, thus freely expressed, as they are more sincere, so they are more supportable than when they appear under the disguise and pretence

of fears. Some of these gentlemen are employed to shake their heads in proper companies; to doubt where all this will end; to be in mighty pain for the nation; to show how impossible it is that the public credit can be supported; to pray that all may do well, in whatever hands; but very much to doubt that the pretender is at the bottom. I know not anything so nearly resembling this behaviour as what I have often seen among the friends of a sick man whose interest it is that he should die. The physicians protest they see no danger, the symptoms are good, the medicines answer expectation; yet still they are not to be comforted; they whisper he is a gone man, it is not possible he should hold out; he has perfect death in his face; they never liked his doctor. At last the patient recovers, and their joy is as false as their grief.

I believe there is no man so sanguine who did not apprehend some ill consequences from the late change, though not in any proportion to the good ones; but it is manifest the former have proved much fewer and lighter than were expected, either at home or abroad, by the fears of our friends or the hopes of our enemies. Those remedies that stir the humours in a diseased body are at first more painful than the malady itself, yet certain death is the consequence of deferring them too long. Actions have fallen, and the loans are said to come in slowly. But, beside that something of this must have been, whether there had been any change or not; beside, that the surprise of every change, for the better as well as the worse, is apt to affect credit for a while; there is a further reason, which is plain and scandalous. When the late party was at the helm, those who were called the Tories never put their resentments in balance with the safety of the nation, but cheerfully contributed to the common cause: now the scene is changed, the fallen party seems to act from very different motives; they have given the word about, they will keep their money and be passive, and in this point stand upon the same foot with papists and nonjurors. What would have become of the public if the present great majority had acted thus during the late administration, before the others were masters of that wealth they have squeezed out of the landed men, and with the strength of which they would now hold the kingdom at defiance!

Thus much I have thought fit to say, without pointing reflections upon any particular person, which I have hitherto but sparingly done, and that only toward those whose characters are too profligate for the managing of them to be of any consequence. Beside, as it is a talent I am not naturally fond of, so, in the subjects I treat, it is generally needless. If I display the effects of avarice and ambition, of bribery and corruption, of gross immorality and irreligion; those who are the least conversant in things will easily know where to apply them. Not that I lay any weight upon the objections of such who charge me with this proceeding: it is notorious enough that the writers of the other side were the first aggressors. Not to mention their scurrilous libels, many years ago, directly levelled at particular persons, how many papers do now come out every week full of rude invectives against the present ministry, with the first and last letters of their names, to prevent mistakes! It is good sometimes to let these people see that we neither want spirit nor materials to retaliate: and therefore in this point alone I shall follow their example whenever I find myself sufficiently provoked; only with one addition, that whatever charges I bring, either general or particular, shall be religiously true, founded either upon avowed facts which none can

deny, or such as I can prove from my own knowledge.

Being resolved publicly to confess any mistakes I have been guilty of, I do hereby humbly desire the reader's pardon for one of mighty importance about a fact in one of my papers said to be done in the cathedral of Gloucester. A whole Hydra of errors in two words! For, as I am since informed, it was neither in the cathedral, nor city, nor county of Gloucester, but some other church of that diocese. If I had ever met any other objection of equal weight, although from the meanest hands, I should certainly have answered it.

No. 26.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1711.

Διαλέξονται οὗτοι ἄνθρωποι, ἐν αἷσι σὺν καὶ ἰσὶ τοῖς δυνάμεισι καὶ κατὰ τὴν ἰσχυρὴν ἀντιπαύσεσθαι.

Seminae quædam voce colloquenti sunt, quorum semina erat de dominatione sibi confusanda, ac inimici delentis, conjuration.

They meet, they whisper together, and their whole design is to establish themselves in their illegitimate power upon the ruins of their enemies.

Nor many days ago I observed a knot of discontented gentlemen cursing the Tories to hell for their uncharitableness in affirming that if the late ministry had continued to this time, we should have had neither church nor monarchy left. They are usually so candid as to call that the opinion of the party which they hear in a coffeehouse, or over a bottle, from some warm young people, whom it is odds but they have provoked to say more than they believed, by some positions as absurd and ridiculous of their own. And so it proved in this very instance; for, asking one of these gentlemen what it was that provoked those he had been disputing with to advance such a paradox, he assured me, in a very calm manner, it was nothing in the world but that himself, and some others of the company, had made it appear that the design of the present parliament and ministry was to bring in popery, arbitrary power, and the pretender; which I take to be an opinion fifty times more improbable, as well as more uncharitable, than what is charged upon the Whigs; because I defy our adversaries to produce one single reason for suspecting such designs in the persons now at the helm; whereas I can, upon demand, produce twenty to show that some late men had strong views toward a commonwealth, and the alteration of the church.

It is natural, indeed, when a storm is over, that has only untiled our houses, and blown down some of our chimneys, to consider what further mischiefs might have ensued if it had lasted longer. However, in the present case, I am not of the opinion above mentioned. I believe the church and state might have lasted somewhat longer, although the late enemies to both had done their worst. I can hardly conceive how things would have been so soon ripe for a new revolution. I am convinced that if they had offered to make such large and sudden strides, it must have come to blows; and according to the computation, we have now reason to think a right one, I can partly guess what would have been the issue. Besides, we are sure the queen would have interposed before they came to extremities; and as little as they regarded the regal authority, would have been a check in their career.

But instead of this question, what would have been the consequence if the late ministry had continued! I will propose another, which will be more useful for us to consider; and that is, what may we reasonably expect they will do if ever they come into power again! This we know is the design and

endeavour of all those scribblers which daily fly about in their favour; of all the false, insolent, and scandalous libels against the present administration, and of all those engines set at work to sink the actions and blow up the public credit. As for those who show their inclinations by writing, there is one consideration which I wonder does not sometimes affect them; for how can they forbear having a good opinion of the gentleness and innocence of those who permit them to employ their pens as they do? It puts me in mind of an insolent pragmatical orator somewhere in Greece, who, railing with great freedom at the chief men in the state, was answered by one who had been very instrumental in recovering the liberty of the city, that he thanked the gods they had now arrived to the condition he always wished them in, when every man in that city might securely say what he pleased. I wish these gentlemen would, however, compare the liberty they take with what their masters used to give; how many messengers and warrants would have gone out against any who durst have opened their lips, or drawn their pens against the persons and proceedings of their justices and censors! How would their weekly writers have been calling out for prosecution and punishment! We remember when a poor nickname,* borrowed from an old play of Ben Jonson, and mentioned in a sermon without any particular application, was made use of as a motive to spur on an impeachment. But after all it must be confessed they had reasons to be thus severe, which their successors have not; their faults would never endure the light; and to have exposed them sooner would have raised the kingdom against the actors before the proper time.

But to come to the subject I have now undertaken, which is, to examine what the consequences would be upon supposition that the Whigs were now restored to their power. I already imagine the present free parliament dissolved, and another of a different epithet met, by the force of money and management. I read immediately a dozen or two of stinging votes against the proceedings of the late ministry. The bill now to be repealed would then be re-enacted, and the birthright of an Englishman reduced again to the value of twelvepence. But, to give the reader a strong imagination of such a scene, let me represent the designs of some men, lately endeavoured and projected, in the form of a paper of votes.

"Ordered, That a bill be brought in for repealing the sacramental test.

"A petition of Tindal, Collins, Clendon, Coward, and Toland, in behalf of themselves and many hundreds of their disciples, some of whom are members of this honourable house, desiring that leave may be given to bring in a bill for qualifying atheists, deists, and Socinians, to serve their country in any employment, ecclesiastical, civil, or military.

"Ordered, That leave be given to bring in a bill according to the prayer of the said petition; and that Mr. Lechmere^c do prepare and bring in the same.

"Ordered, That a bill be brought in for removing the education of youth out of the hands of the clergy.

"Another to forbid the clergy preaching certain duties in religion; especially obedience to princes.

"Another to take away the jurisdiction of bishops.

"Another for constituting a general for life; with

* In Dr. Sacheverell's sermon Godolphin bears the nickname of Volpone.

^b A bill for a general naturalisation.

^c One of the managers against Dr. Sacheverell, who summed up the evidence.

instructions to the committee that care may be taken to make the war last as long as the life of the said general.

"A bill of attainder against Charles duke of Shrewsbury,^a John duke of Buckingham, Laurence earl of Rochester, sir Simon Harcourt, knight, Robert Harley and William Shippen, esqrs., Abigail Masham, spinster, and others, for high treason against the junto.

"Resolved, That Sarah duchess of Marlborough has been a most dutiful, just, and grateful servant to her majesty.

"Resolved, That to advise the dissolution of a Whig parliament or the removal of a Whig ministry, was in order to bring in popery and the pretender; and that the said advice was high treason.

"Resolved, That by the original compact the government of this realm is by a junto, and a king, or queen; but the administration solely in the junto.

"Ordered, That a bill be brought in for further limiting the prerogative.

"Ordered, That it be a standing order of this house that the merit of elections be not determined by the number of voices, or right of electors, but by weight; and that one Whig shall weigh down ten Tories.

"A motion being made, and the question being put, that when a Whig is detected of manifest bribery, and his competitor, being a Tory, has ten to one a majority, there shall be a new election; it passed in the negative.

"Resolved, That for a king or queen of this realm to read or examine a paper brought them to be signed by a junto minister is arbitrary and illegal, and a violation of the liberties of the people."

These, and the like reformations, would, in all probability, be the first fruits of the Whigs' resurrection; and what structures such able artists might in a short time build upon such foundations, I leave others to conjecture. All hopes of a peace cut off; the nation industriously involved in further debts, to a degree that none would dare undertake the management of affairs but those whose interest lay in ruining the constitution; I do not see how the wisest prince, under such necessities, could be able to extricate himself. Then as to the church: the bishops would by degrees be dismissed, first from the parliament, next from their revenues, and at last from their office; and the clergy, instead of their idle claim of independency on the state, would be forced to depend for their daily bread on every individual. But what system of future government was designed, whether it were already digested, or would have been left for time and incidents to mature, I shall not now examine. Only upon this occasion I cannot help reflecting on a fact which it is probable the reader knows as well as myself. There was a picture drawn some time ago representing five persons, as large as life, sitting in council together, like a pentarchy; a void space was left for the sixth, which was to have been the queen, to whom they intended that honour; but her majesty having since fallen under their displeasure, they have made a shift to crowd in two better friends in her place, which makes it a complete heptarchy. This piece is now in the country, reserved until better times, and hangs in the hall among the pictures of Cromwell, Bradshaw, Ireton, and some other predecessors.

I must now desire leave to say something to a gentleman who has been pleased to publish a discourse against a paper of mine, relating to the con-

^a Altered afterwards to James duke of Ormond.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1711.

Ex aulem est gloria, laus recte factorum, magnitudoque in reipublicam meritorum: que cum optimis, ejusque, laus, etiam multitudinali, testimonio comprobatur.

That is great honour and true praise for glorious actions to a meritorious state, when they gain the commendation and esteem of the great, and, at the same time, the love and approbation of the common people.

I AM thinking what a mighty advantage it is to be entertained as a writer to a ruined cause. I remember a fanatic preacher, who was inclined to come into the church and take orders: but, upon mature thoughts, was diverted from that design, when he considered, that the collections of the godly were a much heartier and readier penny than he could get by wrangling for tithes. He certainly had reason; and the two cases are parallel. If you write in defence of a fallen party you are maintained by contribution, as a necessary person: you have little more to do than to carp and cavil at those who hold the pen on the other side; you are sure to be celebrated and caressed by all your party, to a man: you may affirm and deny what you please without truth or probability, since it is but loss of time to contradict you. Besides, commiseration is often on your side; and you have a pretence to be thought bouct and disinterested for adhering to friends in distress: after which, if your friends ever happen to turn up again, you have a strong fund of merit toward making your fortune. Then, you never fail to be well furnished with materials, every one bringing in his quota, and falsehood being naturally more plentiful than truth: not to mention the wonderful delight of libelling men in power and hugging yourself in a corner with mighty satisfaction for what you have done.

It is quite otherwise with us, who engage as volunteers in the service of a flourishing ministry, in full credit with the queen, and beloved by the people; because they have no sinister ends or dangerous designs, but pursue with steadiness and resolution the true interest of both. Upon which account they little want or desire our assistance; and we may write till the world is weary of reading, without having our pretences allowed, either to a place or a pension: besides, we are refused the common benefit of the party, to have our works cried up of course; the readers of our own side being as ungentle and hard to please as if we writ against them; and our papers never make their way in the world, but barely in proportion to their merit. The design of their labours who write on the conquered side is likewise of greater importance than ours: they are like cordials for dying men, which must be repeated; whereas ours are, in the Scripture phrase, but meat for babes: at least, all I can pretend is, to undeceive the ignorant and those at a distance; but their task is to keep up the sinking spirits of a whole party.

After such reflections I cannot be angry with those gentlemen for perpetually writing against me; it furnishes them largely with topics, and is, besides, their proper business; neither is it affectation or altogether scorn, that I do not reply. But as things are we both act suitably to our several provinces; mine is, by laying open some corruptions in the late management, to set those that are ignorant right in their opinions of persons and things: it is theirs to cover with fig-leaves all the faults of their friends, as well as they can. When I have produced my facts, and offered my arguments, I have nothing further to advance; it is their office to deny and disprove and then let the world decide. If I were as

vocation. He promises to set me right without any undue reflections, or indecent language. I suppose he means, in comparison with others who pretend to answer the Examiner. So far he is right; but if he thinks he has behaved himself as becomes a candid antagonist, I believe he is mistaken. He says, in his title-page, my representations are unfair and my reflections unjust; and his conclusion is yet more severe; where he doubts I and my friends are enraged against the Dutch, because they preserved us from popery and arbitrary power at the Revolution; and, since that time, from being overrun by the exorbitant power of France, and becoming a prey to the pretender. Because this author seems in general to write with an honest meaning, I would seriously put to him the question, Whether he thinks I and my friends are for popery, arbitrary power, France, and the pretender? I omit other instances of smaller moment, which, however, do not suit, in my opinion, with due reflection or decent language. The fact relating to the convocation came from a good hand; and I do not find this author differs from me in any material circumstance about it. My reflections were no more than what might be obvious to any other gentleman who had heard of their late proceedings. If the notion be right which this author gives us of a lower house of convocation, it is a very melancholy one; and to me seems utterly inconsistent with that of a body of men, whom he owes to have a negative; and, therefore, since a great majority of the clergy differs from him in several points he advances I shall rather choose to be of their opinion than his. I fancy when the whole synod met in one house, as this writer affirms, they were upon a better foot with their bishops; and, therefore, whether this treatment, so extremely *de haut en bas*, since their exclusion, be suitable to primitive custom or primitive humility toward brethren, is not my business to inquire. One may allow the divine or apostolic right of episcopacy, and its great superiority over presbyters, and yet dispute the methods of exercising the latter, which, being of human institution, are subject to encroachments and usurpations. I know every clergyman in a diocese has a great deal of dependence upon his bishop, and owes him canonical obedience: but I was apt to think, that when the whole representative of the clergy met in a synod, they were considered in another light; at least since they are allowed to have a negative. If I am mistaken, I desire to be excused, as talking out of my trade; only there is one thing wherein I entirely differ from this author: since, in the disputes about privileges, one side must recede; where so very few privileges remain, it is a hundred to one odds, that the encroachments are not on the inferior clergy's side; and no man can blame them for insisting on the small number that is left. There is one fact wherein I must take occasion to set this author right: that the person [earl of Oxford, lord-treasurer] who first moved the queen to remit the first-fruits and tenths to the clergy, was an eminent instrument in the late turn of affairs; and, I am told, has lately prevailed to have the same favour granted for the clergy of Ireland.*

But I must beg leave to inform this author, that my paper is not intended for the management of controversy; which would be of very little import to most readers, and only mispend time that I would gladly employ to better purposes. For where it is a man's business to entertain a whole roomful, it is unmanly to apply himself to a particular person, and turn his hack upon the rest of the company.

* This was done by the solicitation of Swift.

they, my chief endeavour should certainly be to halter down the Examiner; therefore I cannot but approve their design. Besides, they have another reason for barking incessantly at this paper: they have in their prius openly taxed a most ingenious person as author of it; one who is in great and very deserved reputation with the world, both on account of his poetical works and his talents for public business. They were wise enough to consider what a sanction it would give their performances to fall under the animadversion of such a pen; and therefore used all the forms of provocation commonly practised by little obscure pedants, who are fond of distinguishing themselves by the fame of an adversary. So nice a taste have these judicious critics in pretending to discover an author by his style and manner of thinking! not to mention the justice and candour of exhausting all the stale topics of scurrility in reviling a paper, and then flinging, at a venture, the whole load upon one who is entirely innocent; and whose greatest fault, perhaps, is too much gentleness toward a party from whose leaders he has received quite contrary treatment.

The concern I have for the ease and reputation of so deserving a gentleman has at length forced me, much against my interest and inclination, to let these angry people know who is not the author of the Examiner. For I observed the opinion began to spread, and I chose rather to sacrifice the honour I received by it than let injudicious people entitle him to a performance that, perhaps, he might have reason to be ashamed of; still faithfully promising never to disturb those worthy advocates, but suffer them in quiet to roar on at the Examiner, if they or their party find any ease in it, as physicians say there^a is to people in torment, such as men in the gout, or women in labour.

However, I must acknowledge myself indebted to them for one hint, which I shall now pursue, although in a different manner. Since the fall of the late ministry, I have seen many papers filled with their encomiums, I conceive, in imitation of those who write the lives of famous men, where, after their deaths, immediately follow their characters. When I saw the poor virtues thus dealt at random, I thought the disposers had flung their names, like valentines, into a hat, to be drawn as fortune pleased by the Juno and their friends. There Cræsus drew liberty and gratitude; Fulvia, humility and gentleness; Clodius, piety and justice; Gracchus, loyalty to his prince; Cinna, love of his country and constitution; and so of the rest. Or, to quit this allegory, I have often seen, of late, the whole set of discarded statesmen celebrated by their judicious hirelings for those very qualities which their admirers owned they chiefly wanted. Did these heroes put off and lock up their virtues when they came into employment; and have they now resumed them since their dismissals? If they were them, I am sure it was under their greatness, and without ever once convincing the world of their visibility or influence.

But why should not the present ministry find a pen to praise them, as well as the last? This is what I shall now undertake; and it may be more impartial in me, from whom they have deserved so little. I have without being called served them half a year in quality of champion; and, by help of the queen, and a majority of nine in ten of the kingdom, have been able to protect them against a routed cabal of hated politicians, with a dozen of scribblers at their head; yet so far have they been from rewarding me suitably to my deserts, that to this day they never so much as sent to the printer to inquire

who I was, although I have known a time and ministry where a person of half my merit and consideration would have had fifty promises, and in the mean time a pension settled on him, whereof the first quarter should be honestly paid. Therefore, my resentments shall so far prevail, that in praising those who are now at the head of affairs, I shall, at the same time, take notice of their defects.

Was any man more eminent in his profession than the present lord-keeper,^b or more distinguished by his eloquence and great abilities in the house of commons? and will not his enemies allow him to be fully equal to the great station he now adorns? But then it must be granted that he is wholly ignorant in the speculative as well as practical part of polygamy; he knows not how to metamorphose a sober man into a luanic; he is no freethinker in religion, nor has courage to be patron of an atheistical book, while he is guardian of the queen's conscience. Although, after all, to speak my private opinion, I cannot think these such mighty objections to his character as some would pretend.

The person who now presides at the council^c is descended from a great and honourable father, not from the dregs of the people; he was at the head of the treasury for some years, and rather chose to enrich his prince than himself. In the height of favour and credit, he sacrificed the greatest employment in the kingdom to his conscience and honour; he has been always firm in his loyalty and religion, zealous for supporting the prerogative of the crown and preserving the liberties of the people. But then his best friends must own that he is neither Deist nor Socinian; he has never conversed with Toland to open and enlarge his thoughts, and dispel the prejudices of education; nor was he ever able to arrive at that perfection of gallantry, to ruin and imprison the husband, in order to keep the wife without disturbance.

The present lord-steward^d has been always distinguished for his wit and knowledge, is of consummate wisdom and experience in affairs, has continued constant to the true interest of the nation, which he espoused from the beginning, and is every way qualified to support the dignity of his office; but in point of oratory must give place to his predecessor.

The duke of Shrewsbury^e was highly instrumental in bringing about the Revolution, in which service he freely exposed his life and fortune. He has ever been the favourite of the nation, being possessed of all the amiable qualities that can accomplish a great man; but in the agreeableness and fragrantcy of his person, and the profoundness of his politics, must be allowed to fall very short of —.

Mr. Harley^f had the honour of being chosen speaker successively to three parliaments. He was the first, of late years, who ventured to restore the forgotten custom of treating his prince with duty and respect; easy and disengaged in private conversation, with such a weight of affairs upon his shoulders; of great learning, and as great a favourer and protector of it; intrepid by nature as well as by the consciousness of his own integrity; and a despiser of money, pursuing the true interest of his prince and country against all obstacles; sagacious to view into the remotest consequences of things,

^a Sir Isaac (afterwards lord) Harecourt.

^b Laurence Hyde, late earl of Rochester.

^c John Sheffield, duke of Buckingham and Normanby, in the room of the duke of Devonshire.

^d Lord-chamberlain, in the room of Henry de Grey, earl, marquess, and duke of Kent.

^e Chancellor of the exchequer, upon the removal of lord Godolphin.

by which all difficulties fly before him; a firm friend, and a placable enemy, sacrificing his justest resentments not only to public good, but to common intercession and acknowledgment. Yet, with all these virtues, it must be granted there is some mixture of human infirmity. His greatest admirers must confess his skill at cards and dice to be very low and superficial; in horse-racing he is utterly ignorant; then, to save a few millions to the public, he never regards how many worthy citizens he hinders from making up their plumb. And surely there is one thing never to be forgiven him, that he delights to have his table filled with black coats, whom he uses as if they were gentlemen.

My lord Dartmouth* is a man of letters, full of good sense, good nature, and honour; of strict virtue and regularity in his life; but labouring under one great defect, that he treats his clerks with more civility and good manners than others in his station have done the queen.

Omitting some others, I shall close this character of the present ministry with that of Mr. St. John,^b who, from his youth, applying those admirable talents of nature and improvements of art to public business, grew eminent in court and parliament at an age when the generality of mankind is employed in trifles and folly. It is to be lamented that he has not yet procured himself a busy, important countenance, nor learned that profound part of wisdom, to be diffident of access. Besides, he has clearly mistaken the true use of books, which he has thumbed and spoiled with reading, when he ought to have multiplied them on his shelves: not like a great man of my acquaintance, who knew a book by the back better than a friend by the face, although he had never conversed with the former, and often with the latter.

No. 28.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1711.

Caput est in oculis procuratorum negotii et minoris publici, et avaritie pellitur etiam minus suspicio.

In every employment in every public office, it is of the utmost importance to keep free from even the least suspicion of avarice.

THERE is no vice which mankind carries to such wild extremes as that of avarice. Those two which seem to rival it in this point are lust and ambition; but the former is checked by difficulties and diseases, destroys itself by its own pursuits, and usually declines with old age; and the latter, requiring courage, conduct, and fortune in a high degree, and meeting with a thousand dangers and oppositions, succeeds too seldom in an age to fall under common observation. Or, avarice is perhaps the same passion with ambition, only placed in more ignoble and dastardly minds, by which the object is changed from power to money. Or it may be that one man pursues power in order to wealth, and another wealth in order to power, which last is the safer way, although longer about; and suiting with every period, as well as condition of life, is more generally followed.

However it be, the extremes of this passion are certainly more frequent than of any other; and often to a degree so absurd and ridiculous, that if it were not for their frequency, they could hardly obtain belief. The stage, which carries other follies and vices beyond nature and probability, falls very short in the representations of avarice; nor are there any extravagancies of this kind described by ancient or

* He succeeded the earl of Sunderland as secretary of state.

^b Secretary of state, in the room of Mr. Henry Boyle.

modern comedies, which are not outdone by a hundred instances commonly told among ourselves.

I am ready to conclude hence, that a vice which keeps so firm a hold upon human nature, and governs it with so unlimited a tyranny, since it cannot wholly be eradicated, ought at least to be confined to particular objects; to thrift and penury, to private fraud and extortion, and never suffered to prey upon the public; and should certainly be rejected as the most unqualifying circumstance for any employment where bribery and corruption can possibly enter.

If the mischiefs of this vice in a public station were confined to enriching only those particular persons employed, the evil would be more supportable; but it is usually quite otherwise. When a steward defrauds his lord, he must connive at the rest of the servants while they are following the same practice in their several spheres; so that in some families you may observe a subordination of knaves, in a link downward to the very helper in the stables, all cheating by concert, and with impunity. And even if this were all, perhaps the master could bear it without being undone; but it so happens that, for every shilling the servant gets by iniquity, the master loses twenty; the perquisites of servants being but small compositions for suffering shopkeepers to bring in what kills they please. It is exactly the same thing in a state: an avaricious man in office is in confederacy with the whole clan of his district or dependence; which in modern terms of art is called to live and let live; and yet their gains are the smallest part of the public's loss. Give a guinea to a knavish land-waiter, and he shall connive at the merchant for cheating the queen of a hundred. A brewer gives a bribe to have the privilege of selling drink to the navy; but the fraud is a hundred times greater than the bribe, and the public is at the whole loss.

Moralists make two kinds of avarice; that of *Catiline*, *alieni appetens*, *sui profusus*; and the other more generally understood by that name, which is the endless desire of hoarding. But I take the former to be more dangerous in a state, because it mingles with ambition, which I think the latter cannot; for, although the same breast may be capable of admitting both, it is not able to cultivate them; and where the love of heaping wealth prevails, there is not, in my opinion, much to be apprehended from ambition. The disgrace of that sordid vice is sooner apt to spread than any other; and is always attended with the hatred and scorn of the people: so that whenever those two passions happen to meet in the same subject, it is not unlikely that Providence has placed avarice to be a check upon ambition; and I have reason to think some great ministers of state have been of my opinion.

The divine authority of holy writ, the precepts of philosophers, the lashes and ridicule of satirical poets, have been all employed in exploding this insatiable thirst of money; and all equally controlled by the daily practice of mankind. Nothing new remains to be said upon the occasion; and if there did, I must remember my character, that I am an Examiner only, and not a Reformer.

However, in those cases where the frailties of particular men do nearly affect the public welfare, such as a prime minister of state, or a great general of an army, methinks there should be some expedient contrived to let them know impartially what is the world's opinion in the point. Encompassed with a crowd of depending flatterers, they are many degrees blinder to their own faults than the common infirmities of human nature can plead in their ex-

ease. Advice dares not to be offered, or is wholly lost, or returned with hatred: and whatever appears in public against their prevailing vice goes for nothing: being either not applied, or passing only for libel and slander, proceeding from the malice and envy of party.

I have sometimes thought that if I had lived at Rome in the time of the first triumvirate, I should have been tempted to write a letter, as from an unknown hand, to those three great men who had then usurped the sovereign power; wherein I would freely and sincerely tell each of them that fault which I conceived was most odious, and of worst consequence to the commonwealth. That to Crassus should have been sent to him after his conquests in Mesopotamia, and in the following terms:

"To Marcus Crassus, health.

"If you apply, as you ought, what I now write, you will be more obliged to me than to all the world, hardly excepting your parents or your country. I intend to tell you, without disguise or prejudice, the opinion which the world has entertained of you; and to let you see I write this without any sort of ill will, you shall first hear the sentiments they have to your advantage. No man disputes the gratefulness of your person; you are allowed to have a good and clear understanding, cultivated by the knowledge of men and manners, although not by literature; you are no ill orator in the senate; you are said to excel in the art of bridling and subduing your anger, and stifling or concealing your resentments; you have been a most successful general, of long experience, great conduct, and much personal courage; you have gained many important victories for the commonwealth, and forced the strongest towns in Mesopotamia to surrender, for which frequent supplications have been decreed by the senate. Yet with all these qualities, and this merit, give me leave to say, you are neither beloved by the patricians nor plebeians at home, nor by the officers or private soldiers of your own army abroad. And do you know, Crassus, that this is owing to a fault of which you may cure yourself by one minute's reflection? What shall I say? You are the richest person in the commonwealth; you have no male child; your daughters are all married to wealthy patricians; you are far in the decline of life, and yet you are deeply stained with that odious and ignoble vice of covetousness. It is affirmed that you descend even to the meanest and most scandalous degrees of it; and while you possess so many millions, while you are daily acquiring so many more, you are solicitous how to save a single sesterce; of which a hundred ignominious instances are produced, and in all men's mouths. I will only mention that passage of the banks, which, after abundance of persuasion, you would hardly suffer to be cut from your legs, when they were so wet and cold, that to have kept them on would have endangered your life.

"Instead of using the common arguments to disuade you from this weakness, I will endeavour to convince you that you are really guilty of it, and leave the cure to your own good sense. For perhaps you are not yet persuaded that this is your crime; you have probably never yet been reproached for it to your face; and what you are now told comes from one unknown, and it may be from an enemy. You will allow yourself indeed to be prudent in the management of your fortune; you are not a prodigal, like Clodius, or Catiline; but surely that deserves not the name of avarice. I will inform you how to be convinced. Disguise your person, go among the common people in Rome, introduce discourses about yourself, inquire your own character;

do the same in your camp; walk about in the evening, listen at every tent; and if you do not hear every mouth censuring, lamenting, cursing this vice in you, and even you for this vice, conclude yourself innocent. If you be not yet persuaded, send for Atticus, Servius Sulpicius, Cato, or Erastus; they are all your friends: conjure them to tell you lugubrously which is your great fault, and which they would chiefly wish you to correct; if they do not agree in their verdict, in the name of all the gods you are acquitted.

"When your adversaries reflect how far you are gone in this vice, they are tempted to talk as if you owed your successes not to your courage or conduct but to those veteran troops you command, who are able to conquer under any general, with so many brave and experienced officers to lead them. Besides, we know the consequences your avarice has often occasioned. The soldier has been starving for bread, surrounded with plenty, and in an enemy's country; but all under safeguards and contributions, which, if you had sometimes pleased to have exchanged for provisions, might, at the expense of a few talents in a campaign, have so endeared you to the army, that they would have desired you to lead them to the utmost limits of Asia. But you rather choose to confine your conquests within the fruitful country of Mesopotamia, where plenty of money might be raised. How far that fatal greediness of gold may have influenced you in breaking off the treaty with the old Parthian king Orodes, you best can tell; your enemies charge you with it; your friends offer nothing material in your defence; and all agree there is nothing so pernicious which the extremes of avarice may not be able to inspire.

"The moment you quit this vice you will be a truly great man; and still there will imperfections enough remain to convince us you are not a god. Farewell."

Perhaps a letter of this nature, sent to so reasonable a man as Crassus, might have put him upon examining into himself, and correcting that little sordid appetite, so utterly inconsistent with all pretences to heroism. A youth in the heat of blood may plead, with some show of reason, that he is not able to subdue his lusts. An ambitious man may use the same arguments for his love of power; or perhaps other arguments to justify it. But excess of avarice has neither of these pleas to offer; it is not to be justified, and cannot pretend temptation for excuse. Whence can the temptation come? Reason disclaims it altogether, and it cannot be said to lodge in the blood or the animal spirits. So that I conclude no man of true valour and true understanding, upon whom this vice has stolen unawares, when he is convinced he is guilty will suffer it to remain in his breast an hour.

No. 29.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1711.

Insultus ut in risu Cotytia?

*Shall you Cotytia's feasts deride,
Yet safely triumph in your pride?*

[In answer to the Letter to the Examiner.]

London, Feb. 15, 1711.

SIR—Although I have wanted leisure to acknowledge the honour of a letter you were pleased to write to me about six months ago, yet I have been very careful in obeying some of your commands, and am going on as fast as I can with the rest. I wish you had thought fit to have conveyed them to me by a more private hand than that of the printing-

house; for, although I was pleased with a pattern of style and spirit which I proposed to imitate, yet I was sorry the world should be a witness how far I fell short in both.

I am afraid you did not consider what an abundance of work you have cut out for me; neither am I at all comforted by the promise you are so kind to make, that when I have performed my task, "D—n shall blush in his grave among the dead, Walpole among the living, and even Volpone shall feel some remorse." How the gentleman in his grave may have kept his countenance I cannot inform you, having no acquaintance at all with the sexton; but for the other two, I take leave to assure you there have not yet appeared the least signs of blushing or remorse in either, although some very good opportunities have offered, if they had thought fit to accept them; so that, with your permission, I would rather engage to continue this work until they be in their graves too; which I am sure will happen much sooner than the other.

You desire I would collect some of those indignities offered last year to her majesty. I am ready to oblige you; and have got a pretty tolerable collection by me, which I am in doubt whether to publish by itself in a large volume in folio, or scatter them here and there occasionally in my papers; although, indeed, I am sometimes thinking to stifle them altogether; because such a history will be apt to give foreigners a monstrous opinion of our country. But since it is your absolute opinion that the world should be informed, I will, with the first occasion, pick out a few choice instances, and let them take their chance in the ensuing papers. I have likewise in my cabinet certain quires of paper filled with facts of corruption, mismanagement, cowardice, treachery, avarice, ambition, and the like; with an alphabetical table to save trouble. And perhaps you will not wonder at the care I take to be so well provided, when you consider the vast expense I am at. I feed weekly two or three wit-starved writers, who have no visible support; besides several others who live upon my office. In short, I am like a nurse who suckles twins at one time, and has besides one or two whelps constantly to draw her breasts.

I must needs confess (and it is with grief I speak it) that I have been the innocent cause of a great circulation of dulness; at the same time, I have often wondered how it has come to pass that these industrious people, after poring so constantly upon the Examiner, a paper writ with plain sense and in a tolerable style, have made so little improvement. I am sure it would have fallen out quite otherwise with me; for, by what I have seen of their performances (and I am credibly informed they are all of a piece), if I had perused them until now I should have been fit for little but to make an advocate in the same cause.

You, sir, perhaps will wonder, as most others do, what end these angry folks propose in writing perpetually against the Examiner: it is not to beget a better opinion of the late ministry, or with any hope to convince the world that I am in the wrong in any one fact I relate; they know all that to be lost labour, and yet their design is important enough: they would fain provoke me, by all sorts of methods within the length of their capacity, to answer their papers; which would render mine wholly useless to the public; for, if it once came to rejoinder and reply, we should be all upon a level; and then their work would be done.

There is one gentleman,* indeed, who has written

* Dr. Hare, afterwards bishop of Chichester, chaplain to the duke of Marlborough.

three small pamphlets upon the management of the war, and the treaty of peace. These I had intended to have bestowed a paper in examining; and could easily have made it appear that whatever he says of truth relates not at all to the evils we complain of, or controis one syllable of what I have ever advanced. Nobody that I know of did ever dispute the duke of Marlborough's courage, conduct, or success; they have been always unquestionable, and will continue to be so, in spite of the malice of his enemies, or, which is yet more, the weakness of his advocates. The nation only wishes to see him taken out of ill hands, and put into better. But what is all this to the conduct of the late ministry, the shameful mismanagements in Spain, or the wrong steps in the treaty of peace; the secret of which will not bear the light, and is consequently by this author very poorly defended! These, and many other things, I would have shown; but, upon second thoughts, determined to have it done in a discourse by itself, rather than take up room here, and break into the design of this paper, whence I have resolved to banish controversy as much as possible. But the postscript to his third pamphlet was enough to disgust me from having any dealings at all with such a writer; unless that part was left to some footman he has picked up among the boys who follow the camp, whose character it would suit much better than that of the supposed author: at least, the foul language, the idle, impotent menaces, and the gross perverting of an innocent expression in the fourth Examiner, joined to that respect I shall ever have for the function of a divine, would incline me to believe so. But, when he turns off his footman and disclaims that postscript, I will tear it out and see how far the rest deserves to be considered.

But, sir, I labour under a much greater difficulty, upon which I should be glad to hear your advice. I am worried on one side by the Whigs for being too severe, and by the Tories on the other for being too gentle. I have formerly hinted a complaint of this, but having lately received two peculiar letters, among many others, I thought nothing could better represent my condition, or the opinion which the warm men of both sides have of my conduct, than to send you a transcript of each. The former is exactly in these words:—

"To the Examiner.

"MR. EXAMINER,—By your continual reflecting upon the conduct of the late ministry, and by your encomiums on the present, it is as clear as the sun at noon-day that you are a Jesuit, or nonjuror, employed by the friends of the pretender to endeavour to introduce popery, and slavery, and arbitrary power, and to infringe the sacred act for toleration of dissenters. Now, sir, since the most ingenious authors, who write weekly against you, are not able to teach you better manners, I would have you to know that those great and excellent men, as low as you think them at present, do not want friends that will take the first proper occasion to cut your throat, as all such enemies to moderation ought to be served. It is well you have cleared another person from being author of your cursed libels; although, d—n me, perhaps after all that may be a bamboozle too. However, I hope we shall soon ferret you out. Therefore I advise you as a friend to let fall your pen, and retire by times; for our patience is now at an end. It is enough to lose our power and employments without setting the whole nation against us. Consider, three years is the life of a party; d—n me, every dog has his day, and it will be our turn next; therefore take warning, and learn to

sleep in a whole skin; or, whenever we are uppermost, by G—d you shall find no mercy."

The other letter was in the following terms:

"To the Examiner.

"Sir, I am a country member, and constantly send a dozen of your papers down to my electors. I have read them all, but, I confess, not with the satisfaction I expected. It is plain you know a great deal more than you write; why will you not let us have it all out? We are told that the queen has been a long time treated with insolence by those she has most obliged. Pray, sir, let us have a few good stories upon that head. We have been cheated of several millions; why will you not set a mark on the knaves who are guilty, and show us what ways they took to rob the public at such a rate? Inform us how we came to be disappointed of peace about two years ago. In short, turn the whole mystery of iniquity inside out, that everybody may have a view of it. But, above all, explain to us what was the bottom of that same impeachment; I am sure I never liked it; for at that very time a dissenting preacher in our neighbourhood came often to see our parson; it could be for no good, for he would walk about the barns and the stables, and desired to look into the church, as who should say, These will shortly be mine: and we all believed he was then contriving some alterations, against he got into possession. And I shall never forget that a Whig justice offered me then very high for his bishop's lease. I must be so bold to tell you, sir, that you are too favourable; I am sure there was no living in quiet for us, while they were in the saddle. I was turned out of the commission, and called a Jacobite, although it cost me a thousand pounds in joining with the prince of Orange at the Revolution. The discoveries I would have you make are of some facts for which they ought to be hanged; not that I value their heads, but I would see them exposed, which may be done upon the owner's shoulders as well as upon a pole," &c.

These, sir, are the sentiments of a whole party on one side, and of considerable numbers on the other: however, taking the medium between these extremes, I think to go on as I have hitherto done, although I am sensible my paper would be more popular if I did not lean too much on the favourable side. For nothing delights the people more than to see their oppressors humbled, and all their actions painted with proper colours, set out in open view; *exactus tyrannus dentium humeris bibit aure vulgus*.

But as for the Whigs, I am in some doubt whether this might concern they show for the honour of the late ministry may not be affected; at least whether their masters will thank them for their zeal in such a cause. It is, I think, a known story of a gentleman, who fought another for calling him a son of a whore, that the lady desired her son to make no more quarrels upon that subject, because it was true. For pray, sir, does it not look like a jest, that such a pernicious crew, after draining our wealth, and discovering the most destructive designs against our church and state, instead of thanking fortune that they are got off safe in their persons and plunder, should hire these bullies of the pen to defend their reputations? I remember I thought it the hardest case in the world, when a poor acquaintance of mine, having fallen in among sharpers, where he lost all his money, and then, complaining he was cheated, got a good beating into the bargain, for offering to affront gentlemen. I believe the only reason why these purloiners of the public cause such a clatter to be made about their reputations is, to prevent inquisi-

tions that might tend toward making them refund; like those women they call shoplifters, who, when they are challenged for their thefts, appear to be mighty angry and affronted, for fear of being searched.

I will dismiss you, sir, when I have taken notice of one particular. Perhaps you may have observed in the tolerated factious papers of the week, that the earl of Rochester is frequently reflected on for having been ecclesiastical commissioner and lord-treasurer in the reign of the late king James. The fact is true; and it will not be denied, to his immortal honour, that, because he could not comply with the measures then taking, he resigned both those employments; of which the latter was immediately supplied by a commission composed of two popish lords, and the present earl of Godolphin.

No. 30.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1711.

Leus sumus in fortune bonis, non exultasse ac in potestate, non fuisse locum in pecunia, non se pretulisse alia prospera abundantiam fortune.

In the goods of fortune it is the highest commendation to say that he was not elated in power, insolent in riches, or contemptuous amid the overflowing of fortune.

I AM conscious to myself that I write this paper with no other intention but of doing good. I never received injury from the late ministry, nor advantage from the present, further than in common with every good subject. There were among the former one or two who must be allowed to have possessed very valuable qualities; but proceeding by a system of politics which our constitution could not suffer, and discovering a contempt of all religion, especially of that which has been so happily established among us ever since the Reformation, they seem to have been justly suspected of no very good inclinations to either.

It is possible that a man may speculatively prefer the constitution of another country, or a Utopia of his own, before that of the nation where he is born and lives; yet, from considering the dangers of innovation, the corruptions of mankind, and the frequent impossibility of reducing ideas to practice, he may join heartily in preserving the present order of things and be a true friend to the government already settled. So in religion, a man may perhaps have little or none of it at heart; yet if he conceals his opinions, if he endeavours to make no proselytes, advances no impious tenets in writing or discourse; if according to the common atheistical notion he believes religion to be only a contrivance of politicians for keeping the vulgar in awe, and that the present model is better adjusted than any other to so useful an end; although the condition of such a man as to his own future state be very deplorable, yet Providence, which often works good out of evil, can make even such a man an instrument for contributing toward the preservation of the church.

On the other side, I take a state to be truly in danger, both as to its religion and government, when a set of ambitious politicians, bred up in hatred to the constitution and a contempt for all religion, are forced upon exerting these qualities, in order to keep or increase their power, by widening their bottom and taking in (like Mahomet) some principles from every party that is in any way discontented at the present faith and settlement; which was manifestly our case. Upon this occasion I remember to have asked some considerable Whigs whether it did not bring a disreputation upon their body to have the whole herd of presbyterians, independents, atheists, anabaptists, deists, quakers, and

scorians, openly and universally listed under their banners? They answered that all this was absolutely necessary in order to make a balance against the Tories; and all little enough; for indeed it was as much as they could possibly do, although assisted with the absolute power of disposing of every employment, while the bulk of the English gentry kept firm to their old principles in church and state.

But notwithstanding what I have hitherto said, I am informed several among the Whigs continue still so refractory, that they will hardly allow the heads of their party to have entertained any designs of ruining the constitution; or that they would have endeavoured it if they had continued in power. I beg their pardon if I have discovered a secret; but who could imagine they ever intended it should be one, after those overt acts with which they thought fit to conclude their force? But perhaps they now find it convenient to deny vigorously; that the question may remain, why was the old ministry changed, which they urge on without ceasing, as if no occasion in the least had been given, but that all were owing to the insinuations of crafty men practising upon the weakness of an easy prince: I shall therefore offer, among an hundred, one reason for this change, which I think would justify any monarch who ever reigned for the like proceeding.

It is notorious enough how highly princes have been blamed in the histories of all countries, particularly of our own, upon the account of their minions; who have been ever justly odious to the people for their insolence and avarice, and engrossing the favours of their masters. Whoever has been the least conversant in the English story cannot but have heard of Gaveston, the Spencers, and the earl of Oxford; who by the excess and abuse of their power cost the princes they served, or rather governed, their crowns and lives. However, in the case of minions it must at least be acknowledged that the prince is pleased and happy, although his subjects be aggrieved; and he has the plea of friendship to excuse him, which is a disposition of generous minds. Besides, a wise minion, although he be haughty to others, is humble and insinuating to his master, and cultivates his favour by obedience and respect. But our misfortune has been a great deal worse; we have suffered for some years under the oppression, the avarice, and insolence of those for whom the queen had neither esteem nor friendship; who rather seemed to snatch their own dues than receive the favour of their sovereign; and were so far from returning respect, that they forgot common good manners. They imposed on their prince by urging the necessity of affairs of their own creating: they first raised difficulties, and then offered them as arguments to keep themselves in power. They united themselves, against nature and principle, to a party they had always abhorred, and which was now content to come in upon any terms, leaving them and their creatures in full possession of the court: then they urged the formidable strength of that party, and the dangers which must follow by dissolving it. So that it seems almost a miracle how a princess thus besieged on all sides could alone have courage and prudence enough to extricate herself.

And, indeed, there is a point of history relating to this matter which well deserves to be considered. When her majesty came to the crown she took into favour and employment several persons who were esteemed the best friends of the old constitution; among whom none were reckoned further gone in the high church principles (as they are usually called) than two or three who had at that time most credit, and ever since, until within these few months, pos-

sessed all power at court. So that the first umbrage given to the Whigs, and the pretences for clamouring against France and the pretender, were derived from them. And I believe nothing appeared then more unlikely than that such different opinions should ever incorporate; that party having, upon former occasions, treated those very persons with enmity enough. But some lords then about court, and in the queen's good graces, not able to endure those growing impositions upon the prince and people, presumed to interpose, and were, consequently, soon removed and disgraced. However, when a most exorbitant grant was proposed, antecedent to any visible merit, it miscarried in parliament for want of being seconded by those who had most credit in the house; and who, having always opposed the like excesses in a former reign, thought it their duty to do so still, to show to the world that the dislike was not against persons, but things. But this was to cross the oligarchy in the tenderest point; a point which outweighed all considerations of duty and gratitude to their prince or regard to the constitution; and therefore, after having in several private meetings concerted measures with their old enemies, and granted as well as received conditions, they began to change their style and their countenance, and to put it as a maxim in the mouths of their emissaries, that England must be saved by Whigs. This unnatural league was afterward cultivated by another incident, I mean the act of security, and the consequences of it, which everybody knows; when (to use the words of my correspondent^a) the sovereign authority was parcelled out among the faction, and made the purchase of indemnity for an offending minister. Thus the union of the two kingdoms improved that between the ministry and the junto, which was afterward cemented by their mutual danger in that storm they so narrowly escaped about three years ago, but, however, was not quite perfected till prince George's^b death; and then they went lovingly on together, both satisfied with their several shares, and at full liberty to gratify their predominant inclinations; the first, their avarice and ambition; the other, their models of innovation in church and state.

Therefore, whoever thinks fit to revive that baffled question, why was the late ministry changed? may receive the following answer, that it was become necessary by the insolence and avarice of some about the queen, who, in order to perpetuate their tyranny, had made a monstrous alliance with those who profess principles destructive to our religion and government. If this will not suffice, let him make an abstract of all the abuses I have mentioned in my former papers, and view them together; after which, if he still remain unsatisfied, let him suspend his opinion a few weeks longer. Although, after all, I think the question as trifling as that of the papists, when they ask us, where was our religion before Luther? And, indeed, the ministry was changed for the same reason that religion was reformed; because a thousand corruptions had crept into the discipline and doctrine of the state by the pride, the avarice, the fraud, and the ambition of those who administered to us in secular affairs.

I heard myself censured the other day in a coffee-house for seeming to glance in the letter to Crassus against a great man who is still in employment and likely to continue so. What if I had really intended that such an application should be given it? I cannot perceive how I could be justly blamed for so gentle a reproof. If I saw a handsome young

^a Letter to the Examiner.

^b Prince George of Denmark favoured the Tories.

fellow going to a hall at court with a great smut upon his face, could he take it ill in me to point out the place, and desire him, with abundance of good words, to pull out his handkerchief and wipe it off, or bring him to a glass, where he might plainly see it with his own eyes? Does any man think I shall suffer my pen to inveigh against vices, only because they are charged upon persons who are no longer in power? Everybody knows that certain vices are more or less pernicious according to the stations of those who possess them. For example, lewdness and intemperance are not of so bad consequences in a town-rake as in a divine; cowardice in a lawyer is more supportable than in an officer of the army. If I should find fault with an admiral because he wanted politeness, or an alderman for not understanding Greek, that indeed would be to go out of the way for occasion of quarrelling. But excessive avarice in a general is, I think, the greatest defect he can be liable to next to the want of courage and conduct, and may be attended with the most ruinous consequences, as it was in Crassus, who to that vice alone owed the destruction of himself and his army. It is the same thing in praising men's excellencies which are more or less valuable, as the person you commend has occasion to employ them. A man may perhaps mean honestly; yet, if he be not able to spell, he shall never have my vote to be a secretary. Another may have wit and learning, in a post where honesty with plain common sense are of much more use. You may praise a soldier for his skill at chess, because it is said to be a military game, and the emblem of drawing up an army; but this to a treasurer would be no more a compliment than if you called him a gamester or a jockey.

P.S. I have received a letter relating to Mr. Greenshields; the person that sent it may know that I will say something to it in the next paper.

No. 31.

THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1711.

Quæ enim domus tam stabilis, quæ tam firma civitas est, quæ non odiis atque dissidiis funditus possit everi?

What family so established, what society so firmly united, that it cannot be broken and dissolved by intestine quarrels and divisions?

If we examine what societies of men are in closest union among themselves, we shall find them either to be those who are engaged in some evil design, or who labour under one common misfortune. Thus the troops of banditti in several countries abroad, the knots of highwaymen in our own nation, the several tribes of sharpers, thieves, and pickpockets, with many others, are so firmly knit together, that nothing is more difficult than to break or dissolve their several gangs; so likewise those who are fellow-sufferers under any misfortune, whether it be in reality or opinion, are usually contracted into a very strict union; as we may observe in the psalms throughout the kingdom, under those real difficulties which are justly put on them; and in the several schisms of presbyterians and other sects under that grievous persecution of the modern kind called want of power. And the reason why such confederacies are kept so sacred and inviolable is very plain; because in each of those cases I have mentioned the whole body is moved by one spirit in pursuit of one general end, and the interest of individuals is not crossed by each other, or by the whole.

Now both these motives are joined to unite the high-flying Whigs at present: they have been always

engaged in an evil design, and of late they are faster riveted by that terrible calamity, the loss of power. So that, whatever designs a mischievous crew of dark confederates may possibly entertain, who will stop at no means to compass them, may be justly apprehended from these.

On the other side, those who wish well to the public, and would gladly contribute to its service, are apt to differ in their opinions about the methods of promoting it; and when their party flourishes are sometimes envious at those in power; ready to over-value their own merit, and be impatient until it be rewarded by the measure they have prescribed for themselves. There is a further topic of contention, which a ruling party is apt to fall into in relation to retrospections and inquiry into past miscarriages; wherein some are thought too warm and zealous, others too cool and remiss; while, in the mean time, these divisions are industriously fomented by the discarded faction, which, although it be an old practice, has been much improved in the schools of the Jesuits, who, when they despaired of perverting this nation to popery by arguments or plots against the state, sent their emissaries to subdivide us into schisms. And this expedient is now, with great propriety, taken up by our men of incensed moderation, because they suppose themselves able to attack the strongest of our subdivisions, and to subdue us one after another. Nothing better resembles this proceeding than that famous combat between the Horatii and Curiatii, where, two of the former being killed, the third, who remained entire and untouched, was able to kill his three wounded adversaries, after he had divided them by a stratagem. I well know with how tender a hand all this should be touched; yet, at the same time, I think it my duty to warn the friends as well as expose the enemies of the public weal, and to begin preaching up union upon the first suspicion that any steps are made to disturb it.

But the two chief subjects of discontent, which, upon most great changes in the management of public affairs, are apt to breed differences among those who are in possession, are what I have just now mentioned; a desire of punishing the corruption of former managers, and rewarding merit among those who have been any way instrumental or consenting to the change. The first of these is a point so nice that I shall purposely wave it; but the latter I take to fall properly within my district. By merit I here understand that value which every man puts upon his own deservings from the public. And I believe there could not be a more difficult employment found out than that of paymaster-general to this sort of merit; or a more noisy crowded place than a court of judicature erected to settle and adjust every man's claim upon that article. I imagine, if this had fallen into the fancy of the ancient poets, they would have dressed it up after their manner into an agreeable fiction, and given us a genealogy and description of merit, perhaps not very different from that which follows.

A poetical Genealogy and Description of MERIT.

"THAT true Merit was the son of Virtue and Honour; but that there was likewise a spurious child, who usurped the name, and whose parents were Vanity and Impudence. That at a distance there was a great resemblance between them, and they were often mistaken for each other. That the bastard issue had a loud shrill voice, which was perpetually employed in cravings and complaints; while the other never spoke louder than a whisper, and was often so bashful that he could not speak at all. That

in all great assemblies the false Merit would step before the true, and stand just in his way; was constantly at court, or great men's levees, or whispering in some minister's ear. That the more you fed him the more hungry and importunate he grew. That he often passed for the true son of Virtue and Honour, and the genuine for an impostor. That he was born distorted and a dwarf, but by force of art appeared of handsome shape, and taller than the usual size; and that those but those who were wise and good, as well as vigilant, could discover his littleness or deformity. That the true Merit had been often forced to the indignity of applying to the false for his credit with those in power, and to keep himself from starving. That false Merit filled the antechambers with a crew of his dependants and creatures, such as projectors, schematists, occasional converts to a party, prostitute flatterers, starving writers, buffoons, shallow politicians, empty orators, and the like; who all owed him for their patron, and be grew discontented if they were not immediately fed."

This metaphorical description of false Merit is, I doubt, calculated for most countries in Christendom; as to our own, I believe it may be said, with a sufficient reserve of charity, that we are fully able to reward every man among us according to his real deservings; and I think I may add, without suspicion of flattery, that never any prince had a ministry with a better judgment to distinguish between false and real merit than that which is now at the helm; or whose inclination, as well as interest, was greater to encourage the latter. And it ought to be observed, that those great and excellent persons we see at the head of affairs are of the queen's own personal, voluntary choice; not forced upon her by any insolent overgrown favourite, or by the pretended necessity of complying with an unwholesome faction.

Yet these are the persons whom those scandals to the press, in their daily pamphlets and papers, openly revile at so ignominious a rate as I believe was never tolerated before under any government. For surely no lawful power derived from a prince should be so far affronted as to leave those who are in authority exposed to every scurrilous libeller: because in this point I make a mighty difference between those who are in and those who are out of power; not upon any regard to their persons, but the stations they are placed in by the sovereign. And if my distinction be right I think I might appeal to any man whether, if a stranger were to read the invectives which are daily published against the present ministry, and the outrageous fury of the authors against me for censuring the last, he would not conclude the Whigs to be at this time in full possession of power and favour, and the Tories entirely at their mercy. But all this now ceases to be a wonder, since the queen herself is no longer spared; witness the libel published some days ago, under the title of "A Letter to Sir Jacob Banks," where the reflections upon her sacred majesty are much more plain and direct than ever the Examiner thought fit to publish against the most obnoxious persons in a ministry discarded for endeavouring the ruin of their prince and country. Cæsar, indeed, threatened to hang the pirates for presuming to disturb him, while he was their prisoner aboard their ship: but it was Cæsar who did so, and he did it to a crew of public robbers; and it became the greatness of his spirit, for he lived to execute what he had threatened. Had they been in his power and sent such a message, it could be imputed to nothing but the extremes of impudence, folly, or madness.

I had a letter last week relating to Mr. Green-

shields, an episcopal clergyman of Scotland; and the writer seems to be a gentleman of that part of Britain. I remember formerly to have read a printed account of Mr. Greenshields' case, who has been prosecuted and silenced, for no other reason beside reading divine service after the manner of the church of England to his own congregation, who desired it; though, as the gentleman who writes to me says, there is no law in Scotland against those meetings; and he adds that the sentence pronounced against Mr. Greenshields will soon be affirmed, if some care be not taken to prevent it. I am altogether uninformed in the particulars of this case, and, besides, to treat it justly would not come within the compass of my paper; therefore I could wish the gentleman would undertake it in a discourse by itself; and I should be glad he would inform the public in one fact, whether episcopal assemblies are freely allowed in Scotland! It is notorious that abundance of their clergy fled from thence some years ago into England and Ireland, as from a persecution; but it was alleged by their enemies that they refused to take the oaths to the government, which, however, none of them scrupled when they came among us. It is somewhat extraordinary to see our Whigs and fanatics keep such a stir about the sacred act of toleration, while their brethren will not allow a countenance in so near a neighbourhood; especially if what the gentleman insists on in his letter be true, that nine parts in ten of the nobility and gentry, and two in three of the commons, are episcopal; of which, one argument he offers is, the present choice of their representatives in both houses, though opposed to the utmost by the preachings, threatenings, and anathemas of the kirk. Such usage to a majority may, as he thinks, be of dangerous consequence; and I entirely agree with him. If these be the principles of the high kirk, God preserve at least the southern parts from their tyranny!

No. 32.

THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1711.

Garrit smiles
Ex re fabellas.

Never fails

To cheer our converse with his pithy tales.

I HAD last week sent me, by an unknown hand, a passage out of Plato, with some hints how to apply it. That author puts a fable into the mouth of Aristophanes, with an account of the original of love; that mankind was at first created with four arms and legs, and all other parts double to what they are now; till Jupiter, as a punishment for his sins, cleft him in two with a thunderbolt; since which time we are always looking out for our other half; and this is the cause of love. But Jupiter threatened, that if they did not mend their manners he would give them t'other half, and leave them to hop about in the shape of figures in *basso rilievo*. The effect of this last threatening, my correspondent imagines, is now come to pass; and that, as the first splitting was the original of love, by inclining us to search for our other half; so the second was the cause of hatred, by prompting us to fly from our other side, and, dividing the same body into two, gave each slice the name of a party.

I approve the fable and application, with this refinement upon it: for parties do not only split a nation but every individual among them, leaving each but half their strength and wit, and honesty, and good nature; but one eye and ear for their sight and hearing, and equally lopping the rest of the senses. Where parties are pretty equal in a

state no man can perceive one bad quality in his own, or good one in his adversaries. Besides, party being a dry, disagreeable subject, it renders conversation insipid or sour, and confines invention. I speak not here of the leaders, but the insignificant crowd of followers in a party, who have been the instruments of mixing it in every condition and circumstance of life. As the zealots among the Jews bound the law about their forehead, and wrists, and hems of their garments, so the women among us have got the distinguishing marks of party in their muffs, their fans, and their furbelows. The Whig ladies put on their patches in a different manner from the Tories. They have made schisms in the playhouse, and each have their particular sides at the opera; and when a man changes his party he must infallibly count upon the loss of his mistress. I asked a gentleman the other day how he liked such a lady; but he would not give me his opinion till I had answered him whether she were a Whig or a Tory. Mr. Prior, since he is known to visit the present ministry, and lay some time under a suspicion of writing the Examiner, is no longer a man of wit; his very poems have contracted a stupidity many years after they were printed.

Having lately ventured upon a metaphorical genealogy of Merit, I thought it would be proper to add another of Party, or rather of Faction (to avoid mistake), not telling the reader whether it be my own or a quotation, till I know how it is approved. But whether I read or dreamt it, the fable is as follows:—

"Liberty, the daughter of Oppression, after having brought forth several fair children, as Riches, Arts, Learning, Trade, and many others, was at last delivered of her youngest daughter, called Faction; whom Juno, doing the office of the midwife, distorted in her birth, out of envy to the mother, whence it derived its peevishness and sickly constitution. However, as it is often the nature of parents to grow most fond of their youngest and disagreeablest children, so it happened with Liberty; who doted on this daughter to such a degree that by her good will she would never suffer the girl to be out of her sight. As Miss Faction grew up she became so terragant and froward, that there was no enduring her any longer in heaven. Jupiter gave her warning to be gone; and her mother, rather than forsake her, took the whole family down to earth. She landed first in Greece; was expelled by degrees through all the cities by her daughter's ill conduct; fled afterward to Italy, and, being banished thence, took shelter among the Goths, with whom she passed into most parts of Europe; but, being driven out everywhere, she began to lose esteem, and her daughter's faults were imputed to herself; so that, at this time, she has hardly a place in the world to retire to. One would wonder what strange qualities this daughter must possess sufficient to blast the influence of so divine a mother and the rest of her children. She always affected to keep mean and scandalous company; valuing nobody but just as they agreed with her in every capricious opinion she thought fit to take up; and rigorously exacting compliance, though she changed her sentiments ever so often. Her great employment was, to breed discord among friends and relations, and make up monstrous alliances between those whose dispositions least resembled each other. Whoever offered to contradict her, though in the most insignificant trifle, she would be sure to distinguish by some ignominious appellation, and allow them to have neither honour, wit, beauty, learning, honesty, or common sense. She intruded into all companies

at the most unsensational times; mixed at balls, assemblies, and other parties of pleasure; haunted every coffeehouse and bookseller's shop; and by her perpetual talking filled all places with disturbance and confusion; she buzzed about the merchant in the Exchange, the divine in his pulpit, and the shopkeeper behind his counter. Above all, she frequented public assemblies, where she sat in the shape of an obscene, ominous bird, ready to prompt her friends as they spoke."

If I understand this fable of Faction right, it ought to be applied to those who set themselves up against the true interest and constitution of their country, which I wish the undertakers for the late ministry would please to take notice of, or tell us by what figure of speech they pretend to call so great and unforced a majority, with the queen at their head, by the name of the Faction, which is not unlike the phrase of the Nonjurors, who, dignifying one or two deprived bishops, and half a score clergymen of the same stamp, with the title of the Church of England, exclude all the rest as schismatics; or like the presbyterians, laying the same accusation, with equal justice, against the established religion.

And here it may be worth inquiring what are the true characteristics of a faction, or how it is to be distinguished from that great body of the people who are friends to the constitution? The heads of a faction are usually a set of upstarts, or men ruined in their fortunes, whom some great change in a government did at first, out of their obscurity, produce upon the stage. They associate themselves with those who dislike the old establishment, religious and civil. They are full of new schemes in politics and divinity; they have an incurable hatred against the old nobility, and strengthen their party by dependants raised from the lowest of the people. They have several ways of working themselves into power; but they are sure to be called when a corrupt administration wants to be supported against those who are endeavouring at a reformation; and they firmly observe that celebrated maxim of preserving power by the same arts by which it is attained. They act with the spirit of those who believe their time is but short; and their first care is to heap up immense riches at the public expense, in which they have two ends beside that common one of insatiable avarice, which are, to make themselves necessary, and to keep the commonwealth in dependence.—Thus they hope to compass their design, which is, instead of fitting their principles to the constitution, to alter and adjust the constitution to their own pernicious principles.

It is easy determining by this test to which side the name of faction most properly belongs. But, however, I will give them any system of law or regal government, from William the Conqueror to this present time, to try whether they can tally it with their late models; excepting only that of Cromwell, whom, perhaps, they will reckon for a monarch.

If the present ministry, and so great a majority in the parliament and kingdom, be only a faction, it must appear by some actions which answer the idea we usually conceive from that word. Have they abused the prerogatives of the prince, or invaded the rights and liberties of the subject? Have they offered at any dangerous innovations in church or state? Have they broached any doctrines of heresy, rebellion, or tyranny? Have any of them treated their sovereign with insolence, engrossed and sold all her favours, or deceived her by base, gross misrepresentations of her most faithful servants? These are the arts of a faction, and whoever has practised them, they and their followers must take up with the name.

It is usually reckoned a Whig principle to appeal to the people; but that is only when they have been so wise as to poison their understandings beforehand. Will they now stand to this appeal, and be determined by their *vox populi* to which side their title of faction belongs? And that the people are now left to the natural freedom of their understanding and choice I believe their adversaries will hardly deny. They will now refuse this appeal, and it is reasonable they should; and I will further add, that, if our people resembled the old Grecians, there might be danger in such a trial. A pragmatical orator told a great man at Athens, that whenever the people were in their rage they would certainly tear him to pieces: Yes, says the other, and they will do the same to you whenever they are in their wits. But, God be thanked, our populace is more merciful in their nature, and at present under better direction; and the orators among us have attempted to confound both prerogative and law in their sovereign's presence, and before the highest court of judicature, without any hazard to their persons.

No. 33.

THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1711.

Non est in meliora, cum sane partem corporis scilicet um adhibitor, alique interire: carnificia est ista, et crudelitas. Hi mordentur reipublica, qui escantur potatem aliquam, tanquam strumam civitatis.

To apply the knife to a sound and healthy part of the body is barbarity and cruelty, not real surgery. These are the true physicians and surgeons of a state who cut off the pests of society, like warts from the human body.

I AM diverted from the general subject of my discourses, to reflect upon an event of a very extraordinary and surprising nature. A great minister, in high confidence with the queen, under whose management the weight of affairs at present is in a great measure supposed to lie, sitting in council, in a royal palace, with a dozen of the chief officers of the state, is stabbed at the very board in the execution of his office by the hand of a French papist, then under examination for high treason; the assassin redoubles his blow to make sure work, and, concluding the chancellor^a was despatched, goes on with the same rage to murder a principal secretary of state^b; and that whole noble assembly are forced to rise and draw their swords in their own defence, as if a wild beast had been let loose among them.

This fact has some circumstances of aggravation not to be paralleled by any of the like kind we meet with in history. Caesar's murder, being performed in the senate, comes nearest to the case; but that was an affair concerted by great numbers of the chief senators, who were likewise the actors in it, and not the work of a vile single ruffian. Harry the Third of France was stabbed by an enthusiastic friar, whom he suffered to approach his person while those who attended him stood at some distance. His successor met the same fate in a coach, where neither he nor his nobles, in such a confinement, were able to defend themselves. In our own country we have, I think, but one instance of this sort which has made any noise; I mean that of Felton about fourscore years ago, but he took the opportunity to stab the duke of Buckingham in passing through a dark lobby from one room to another. The blow was neither seen nor heard, and the murderer might have escaped if his own concern and horror, as it is usual in such cases, had not betrayed him. Be-

sides, that act of Felton will admit of some extenuation, from the motives he is said to have had; but this attempt of Guiscard seems to have outdone them all in every heightening circumstance, except the difference of persons between a king and a great minister; for I give no allowance at all to the difference of success (which, however, is yet uncertain and depending), nor think it the least alleviation to the crime, whatever it may be to the punishment.

I am sensible it is ill arguing from particulars to generals, and that we ought not to charge upon a nation the crimes of a few desperate villains it is so unfortunate to produce; yet at the same time it must be avowed that the French have, for these last centuries, been somewhat too liberal of their daggers upon the persons of their greatest men, such as the admiral de Coligny, the dukes of Guise, father and son, and the two kings I last mentioned. I have sometimes wondered how a people whose genius seems wholly turned to singing and dancing and prating, to vanity and impertinence; who lay so much weight upon modes and gestures; whose essentialities are generally so very superficial; who are usually so serious upon trifles, and so trifling upon what is serious, have been capable of committing such solid villainies, more suitable to the gravity of a Spaniard, or the silence and thoughtfulness of an Italian: unless it be, that in a nation naturally so full of themselves, and of so restless imaginations, when any of them happen to be of a morose and gloomy constitution, that bundle of confused thoughts, for want of evaporating, usually terminates in rage or despair. D'Avila observes that Jacques Clement^c was a sort of buffoon, whom the rest of the friars used to make sport with; but at last, giving his folly a serious turn, it ended in enthusiasm, and qualified him for that desperate act of murdering his king.

But in the marquis de Guiscard there seems to have been a complication of ingredients for such an attempt. He had committed several enormities in France, was extremely prodigal and vicious, of a dark melancholy complexion and cloudy countenance, such as in vulgar physiognomy is called an ill look. For the rest, his talents were very mean, having a sort of inferior cunning, but very small abilities; so that a great man of the late ministry, by whom he was invited over, and with much discretion raised at first step from a profligate papist priest to a lieutenant-general and colonel of a regiment of horse, was at last forced to drop him for shame.

Had such an accident happened under that ministry, and to so considerable a member of it, they would have immediately charged it upon the whole body of those they are pleased to call the faction. This would have been styled a high-church principle; the clergy would have been accused as promoters and abettors of the fact; committees would have been sent to promise the criminal his life provided they might have liberty to direct and dictate his confession; and a black list would have been printed of all those who had been ever seen in the murderer's company. But the present men in power hate and despise all such detestable arts, which they might now turn upon their adversaries with much more plausibility than ever these did their bouourable negotiations with Greg.^d

And here it may be worth observing how many-

^a The monk who assassinated Henry III. of France.

^b William Greg, an under clerk to Mr. secretary Harley, was detected in a correspondence with Monsieur Chamillart, one of the French king's ministers, to whom he transmitted the proceedings of both houses of parliament with respect to the augmentation of the British forces and other papers of great importance.

^c Mr. Harley, then chancellor of the exchequer, afterward earl of Oxford.

^d Mr. Henry St. John, afterward lord Bolingbroke.

mous a concurrence there is between some persons once in great power and a French papist; both agreeing in the great end of taking away Mr. Harley's life, though differing in their methods; the first proceeding by subornation, the other by violence; wherein Guiscard seems to have the advantage, as aiming no further than his life, while the others designed to destroy at once both that and his reputation. The malice of both against this gentleman seems to have risen from the same cause—his discovering designs against the government. It was Mr. Harley who detected the treasonable correspondence of Greg, and secured him hetimes, when a certain great man who shall be nameless had, out of the depth of his politics, sent him a caution to make his escape, which would certainly have fixed the appearance of guilt upon Mr. Harley; but when that was prevented, they would have cutticed the condemned criminal with promise of a pardon, to write and sign an accusation against the secretary; but, to use Greg's own expression, his death was nothing near so ignominious as would have been such a life that must be saved by prostituting his conscience. The same gentleman now lies stabbed by his other enemy, a popish spy, whose treason he has discovered. God preserve the rest of her majesty's ministers from such protestants, and from such papists!

I shall take occasion to hint at some particularities in this surprising fact for the sake of those at a distance, or who may not be thoroughly informed. The murderer confessed in Newgate that his chief design was against Mr. secretary St. John, who happened to change seats with Mr. Harley for mere convenience of examining the criminal; and being asked what provoked him to stab the chancellor, he said that, not being able to come at the secretary as he intended, it was some satisfaction to murder the person whom he thought Mr. St. John loved best.

And here, if Mr. Harley has still any enemies left, whom his blood spilt in the public service cannot reconcile, I hope they will at least admire his magnanimity, which is a quality esteemed even in an enemy; and I think there are few greater instances of it to be found in story. After the wound was given he was observed neither to change his countenance nor discover any concern or disorder in his speech. He rose up and walked about the room while he was able with the greatest tranquillity during the height of the confusion. When the surgeon came, he took him aside and desired he would inform him freely whether the wound were mortal, because in that case he said he had some affairs to settle relating to his family. The blade of the penknife, broken by the violence of the blow against the rib, within a quarter of an inch of the handle, was dropped out (I know not whether from the wound or his clothes) as the surgeon was going to dress him; he ordered it to be taken up, and wiping it himself gave it to somebody to keep, saying he thought it now properly belonged to him. He showed no sort of resentment, nor spoke one violent word against Guiscard, but appeared all the while the least concerned of any in the company; a state of mind which in such an exigency nothing but innocence can give, and is truly worthy of a christian philosopher.

If there be really so great a difference in principle between the high-flying Whigs and the friends of France, I cannot but repeat the question, how came they to join in the destruction of the same man? Can his death be possibly for the interest of both? Or have they both the same quarrel against him, that he is perpetually discovering and preventing the treacherous designs of our enemies? However it be, this great minister may now say, with St. Paul, that

he has been in perils by his own countrymen, and in perils by strangers.

In the midst of so melancholy a subject, I cannot but congratulate with our own country that such a savage monster as the marquis de Guiscard is none of her production; a wretch perhaps more detestable in his own nature than even this barbarous act has been yet able to represent him to the world. For there are good reasons to believe, from several circumstances, that he had intentions of a deeper die than those he happened to execute: I mean such as every good subject must tremble to think on. He has of late been frequently seen going up the back stairs at court, and walking alone in an outer room adjoining to her majesty's bedchamber. He has often and earnestly pressed for some time to have access to the queen, even since his correspondence with France. And he has now given such a proof of his disposition as leaves it easy to guess what was before in his thoughts, and what he was capable of attempting.

It is humbly to be hoped that the legislature will interpose on so extraordinary an occasion as this, and direct a punishment some way proportionable to so execrable a crime.

*Et quisquecumq; innoxius violavit vulnere corpus,
Morte laet mentis*

No. 34.

THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1711.

De libertate retinenda, qua certe utilit est daleis, tibi assentior.
I agree with you in respect to your sentiments for preserving our liberty, than which nothing can be more pleasing to a human mind.

THE apologies of the ancient fathers are reckoned to have been the most useful parts of their writings, and to have done greatest service to the christian religion; because they removed those misrepresentations which had done it most injury. The methods these writers took were openly and freely to discover every point of their faith, to detect the falsehood of their accusers, and to charge nothing upon their adversaries but what they were sure to make good. This example has been ill followed of later times: the papists, since the Reformation, using all arts to palliate the absurdities of their tenets, and loading the reformers with a thousand calumnies; the consequence of which has been only a more various, wide, and inveterate separation. It is the same thing in civil schisms: a Whig forms an image of a Tory just after the thing he most abhors, and that image serves to represent the whole body.

I am not sensible of any material difference there is between those who call themselves the old Whigs and a great majority of the present Tories; at least by all I could ever find from examining several persons of each denomination. But it must be confessed that the present body of Whigs, as they now constitute that party, is a very odd mixture of mankind, being forced to enlarge their bottom by taking in every heterodox professor, either in religion or government, whose opinions they were obliged to encourage for fear of lessening their number; while the bulk of the landed men and people were entirely of the old sentiments. However, they still pretended a due regard to the monarchy and the church, even at the time when they were making the largest steps toward the ruin of both; but, not being able to wipe off the many accusations laid to their charge, they endeavoured, by throwing scandal, to make the Tories appear blacker than themselves; and so the people might join with them, as the smaller evil of the two.

But among all the reproaches which the Whigs

have flung upon their adversaries, there is none has done them more service than that of passive obedience, as they represent it with the consequences of non-resistance, arbitrary power, indefensible right, tyranny, popery, and what not. There is no accusation which has passed with more plausibility than this, or any that is supported with less justice. In order, therefore, to undeceive those who have been misled by false representations, I thought it would be no improper undertaking to set this matter in a fair light, which I think has not yet been done. A Whig asks whether you hold passive obedience? you affirm it: he then immediately cries out, "You are a Jacobite, a friend of France and the pretender!" because he makes you answerable for the definition he has formed of that term, however different it be from what you understand. I will, therefore, give two descriptions of passive obedience; the first, as it is falsely charged by the Whigs; the other, as it is really professed by the Tories; at least by nineteen in twenty of all I ever conversed with.

Passive obedience, as charged by the Whigs.

THE doctrine of passive obedience is, to believe that a king, even in a limited monarchy, holding his power only from God, is only answerable to him; that such a king is above all law; that the cruellest tyrant must be submitted to in all things; and if his commands be ever so unlawful, you must neither fly nor resist, nor use any other weapons than prayers and tears. Although he should force your wife and daughter, murder your children before your face, or cut off five hundred heads in a morning for his diversion, you are still to wish him a long, prosperous reign, and to be patient under all his cruelties, with the same resignation as under a plague or a famine; because to resist him would be to resist God, in the person of his vicergerent. If a king of England should go through the streets of London in order to murder every man he met, passive obedience commands them to submit. All laws made to limit him signify nothing, although passed by his own consent, if he thinks fit to break them. God will, indeed, call him to a severe account; but the whole people, united to a man, cannot presume to hold his hands, or offer him the least active disobedience: the people were certainly created for him, and not he for the people. His next heir, although worse than what I have described, although a fool or a madman, has a divine indefeasible right to succeed him, which no law can disannul; nay, although he should kill his father upon the throne, he is immediately king to all intents and purposes; the possession of the crown wiping off all stains. But whosoever sits on the throne without this title, though ever so peaceably, and by consent of former kings and parliaments, is a usurper while there is anywhere in the world another person who has a nearer hereditary right; and the whole kingdom lies under mortal sin till that heir be restored, because he has a divine title which no human law can defeat.

This and a great deal more has, in a thousand papers and pamphlets, been laid to that doctrine of passive obedience which the Whigs are pleased to charge upon us. This is what they are perpetually instilling into the people as the undoubted principle by which the present ministry and a great majority in parliament do at this time proceed. This is what they accuse the clergy of delivering from the pulpits, and of preaching up as a doctrine absolutely necessary to salvation. And whoever affirms in general that passive obedience is due to the supreme power, he is presently loaded by our candid adversaries

with such consequences as these. Let us therefore see what this doctrine is when stripped of such misrepresentations, by describing it as really taught and practised by the Tories; and then it will appear what grounds our adversaries have to accuse us upon this article.

Passive obedience, as professed and practised by the Tories.

THEY think that in every government, whether monarchy or republic, there is placed a supreme, absolute, unlimited power, to which passive obedience is due. That wherever is intrusted the power of making laws, that power is without all bounds, can repeal or enact at pleasure whatever laws it thinks fit, and justly demand universal obedience and non-resistance. That among us, as everybody knows, this power is lodged in the king or queen, together with the lords and commons of the kingdom; and, therefore, all decrees whatsoever made by that power are to be actively or passively obeyed. That the administration, or executive part of this power, is, in England, solely intrusted with the prince; who in administering those laws ought to be no more resisted than the legislative power itself. But they do not conceive the same absolute passive obedience to be due to a limited prince's commands, when they are directly contrary to the laws he has consented to and sworn to maintain. The crown may be sued as well as a private person; and if an arbitrary king of England should send his officers to seize his lands or goods against law, I can lawfully resist them. The ministers by whom he acts are liable to prosecution and impeachment, although his own person be sacred. But, if he interpose royal authority to support their insolence, I see no remedy until it grows a general grievance, or until the body of the people have reason to apprehend it will be so; after which it becomes a case of necessity; and then, I suppose, a free people may assert their own rights, yet without any violation to the person or lawful power of the prince. But, although the Tories allow all this, and did justify it by the share they had in the Revolution, yet they see no reason for entering upon so ungrateful a subject, or raising controversies upon it, as if we were in daily apprehensions of tyranny, under the reign of so excellent a princess, and while we have so many laws of late years made to limit the prerogative; when, according to the judgment of those who know our constitution best, things rather seem to lean to the other extreme, which is equally to be avoided. As to the succession, the Tories think an hereditary right to be the best in its own nature, and most agreeable to our old constitution; yet, at the same time, they allow it to be defensible by act of parliament; and so is Magna Charta too, if the legislature think fit: which is a truth so manifest, that no man who understands the nature of government can be in doubt concerning it.

These I take to be the sentiments of a great majority among the Tories with respect to passive obedience: and if the Whigs insist, from the writings or common talk of warm and ignorant men, to form a judgment of the whole body, according to the first account I have here given, I will engage to produce as many of their side who are utterly against passive obedience even to the legislature; who will assert the last resort of power to be in the people, against those whom they have chosen and trusted as their representatives, with the prince at the head; and who will put wild improbable cases to show the reasonableness and necessity of resisting the legislative power in such imaginary junctures: than

which, however, nothing can be more idle; for I dare undertake in any system of government, either speculative or practice, that was ever yet in the world, from Plato's Republic to Harrington's Oceana, to put such difficulties as cannot be answered.

All the other calumnies raised by the Whigs may be as easily wiped off; and I have the charity to wish they could as fully answer the just censurations we have against them. Dodwell, Ilickes, and Lesley, are gravely quoted to prove that the Tories design to bring in the pretender; and if I should quote them to prove that the same thing is intended by the Whigs, it would be fall as reasonable; since I am sure they have at least as much to do with Nonjurors as we. But our objections against the Whigs are built upon their constant practice for many years, whereof I have produced a hundred instances, against any single one of which no answer has yet been attempted, although I have been curious enough to look into all the papers I could meet with that are written against the Examiner; such a task as, I hope, no man thinks I would undergo for any other end but that of finding an opportunity to own and rectify my mistakes: as I would be ready to do upon the call of the meanest adversary. Upon which occasion I shall take leave to add a few words.

I flattered myself last Thursday, from the nature of my subject, and the inoffensive manner I handled it, that I should have one week's respite from those merciless pens whose severity will some time break my heart: but I am deceived, and find them more violent than ever. They charge me with two lies and a blunder. The first lie is a truth, that Guiscard was invited over; but it is of no consequence. I do not tax it as a fault; such sort of men have often been serviceable: I only blamed the indiscretion of raising a profligate abbot, at the first step, to a lieutenant-general and colonel of a regiment of horse, without staying some reasonable time, as is usual in such cases, until he had given some proofs of his fidelity as well as of that interest and credit he pretended to have in his country. But that is said to be another lie; for he was a papist, and could not have a regiment; however, this other lie is a truth too; for a regiment he had, and paid by us to his agent, Monsieur le Bas, for his use. The third is a blunder; that I say Guiscard's design was against Mr. secretary St. John, and yet my reasonings upon it are as if it were personally against Mr. Harley. But I say no such thing, and my reasonings are just. I relate only what Guiscard said in Newgate, because it was a particularity the reader might be curious to know, and accordingly it lies in a paragraph by itself, after my reflections; but I never meant to be answerable for what Guiscard said, or thought it of weight enough for me to draw conclusions thence, when I had the address of both bounties to direct me better: where it is expressly said that Mr. Harley's fidelity to her majesty, and zeal for her service, have drawn upon him the hatred of all the abettors of popery and faction. This is what I believe, and what I shall stick to.

But, alas! these are not the passages which have raised so much fury against me. One or two mistakes in facts of no importance, or a single blunder, would not have provoked them; they are not so tender of my reputation as a writer. All their outrage is occasioned by those passages in that paper which they do not in the least pretend to answer, and with the utmost reluctance are forced to mention. They take abundance of pains to clear Guiscard from a design against Mr. Harley's life: but

offer not one argument to clear their other friends, who, in the business of Greg, were equally guilty of the same design against the same person; whose tongues were very swords, and whose penknives were axes.

No. 35,

THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1711.

— Sent hic clam sua premia laudi:
Sunt lachrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.

See

The palm that virtue yields! in scenes like these
We trace humanity, and men with man
Related by the kindred sense of woe.

I BEGIN to be heartily weary of my employment as Examiner; which I wish the ministry would consider with half so much concern as I do, and assign me some other, with less pains and a larger pension. There may soon be a vacancy either on the bench, in the revenue, or the army, and I am equally qualified for each; but this trade of examining, I apprehend, may at one time or other go near to sour my temper. I did lately propose that some of those ingenious pens which are engaged on the other side might be employed to succeed me; and I undertook to bring them over for t'other crown; but it was answered, that those gentlemen do much better service in the stations where they are. It was added that abundance of abuses yet remained to be laid open to the world, which I had often promised to do, but was too much diverted by other subjects that came into my head. On the other side, the advices of some friends, and the threats of many enemies, have put me upon considering what would have become of me if times should alter; this I have done very maturely, and the result is, that I am in no manner of pain. I grant that what I have said upon occasion, concerning the late men in power, may be called satire by some unthinking people, as long as that faction is down; but if ever they come into play again I must give them warning beforehand that I shall expect to be a favourite, and that those pretended advocates of theirs will be pilloried for libellers. For I appeal to any man whether I ever charged that party, or its leaders, with one single action or design which (if we may judge by their former practices) they will not openly profess, be proud of, and score up for merit when they come again to the head of affairs. I said they were insolent to the queen; will they not value themselves upon that as an argument to prove them hold assertors of the people's liberty? I affirmed they were against a peace; will they be angry with me for setting forth the refinements of their politics, in pursuing the only method left to preserve them in power? I said they had involved the nation in debts, and engrossed much of its money; they go beyond me, and boast they have got it all, and the credit too. I have urged the probability of their intending great alterations in religion and government; if they destroy both at their next coming, will they not reckon my foretelling it rather as a panegyric than an affront? I said they had formerly a design against Mr. Harley's life; if they were now in power would they not immediately cut off his head, and thank me for justifying the sincerity of their intentions? In short, there is nothing I ever said of those worthy patriots which may not be as well excused; therefore, as soon as they resume their places I positively design to put in my claim; and, I think, may do it with a much better grace than many of that party who now make their court to the present ministry. I know two or three great men, at whose levees you may daily observe a score

of the most forward faces, which everybody is ashamed of, except those who wear them. But I conceive my pretensions will be upon a very different foot. Let me offer a parallel case:—Suppose king Charles the First had entirely subdued the rebels at Naseby, and reduced the kingdom to his obedience; whoever had gone about to reason from the former conduct of those saints, that if the victory had fallen on their side they would have murdered their prince, destroyed monarchy and the church, and made the king's party compound for their estates as delinquents, would have been called a false uncharitable libeller by those very persons who afterward gloried in all this, and called it the work of the Lord when they happened to succeed. I remember there was a person fined and imprisoned for *scandalum magnatum*, because he said the duke of York was a papist; but when that prince came to be king, and made open profession of his religion, he had the justice immediately to release his prisoner, who, in his opinion, had put a compliment upon him, and not a reproach; and therefore colonel Titus,* who had warmly asserted the same thing in parliament, was made a privy-counsellor.

By this rule, if that which for some politic reasons is now called scandal upon the late ministry, proves one day to be only an abstract of such a character as they will assume and be proud of, I think I may fairly offer my pretensions, and hope for their favour; and I am the more confirmed in this notion by what I have observed in those papers that come out weekly against the Examiner. The authors are perpetually telling me of my ingratitude to my masters; that I blunder and betray the cause, and write with more bitterness against those who hire me than against the Whigs. Now I took all this at first only for so many strains of wit, and pretty paradoxes, to divert the reader; but, upon further thinking, I find they are serious. I imagined I had complimented the present ministry for their dutiful behaviour to the queen, for their love of the old constitution in church and state, for their generosity and justice, and for their desire of a speedy honourable peace; but it seems I am mistaken, and they reckon all this for satire, because it is directly contrary to the practice of all those whom they set up to defend, and utterly against all their notions of a good ministry. Therefore I cannot but think they have reason on their side; for, suppose I should write the character of an honest, a religious, and a learned man, and send the first to Newgate, the second to the Grecian coffeehouse, and the last to White's, would they not all pass for satires, and justly enough, among the companies to whom they were sent?

Having therefore employed several papers in such sort of panegyric, and but very few on what they understand to be satires, I shall henceforth upon occasion be more liberal of the latter; of which they are likely to have a taste in the remainder of this present paper.

Among all the advantages which the kingdom has received by the late change of ministry, the greatest must be allowed to be the calling of the present parliament upon the dissolution of the last. It is acknowledged that this excellent assembly has entirely recovered the honour of parliaments, which had been unhappily prostituted for some years past by the factious proceedings of an unnatural majority, in concert with a most corrupt administration. It is plain, by the present choice of members, that the electors of England, when left to themselves, do rightly understand their true interest. The moderate

Whigs begin to be convinced that we have been all this while in the wrong hands, and that things are now as they should be. And as the present house of commons is the best representative of the nation that has ever been summoned in our memories, so they have taken care in their first session, by that noble bill of qualification, that future parliaments should be composed of landed men; and our properties lie no more at the mercy of those who have none themselves, or at least only what is transient or imaginary. If there be any gratitude in posterity, the memory of this assembly will be always celebrated; if otherwise, at least we, who share in the blessings they derive to us, ought with grateful hearts to acknowledge them.

I design in some following papers to draw up a list (for I can do no more) of the great things this parliament has already performed; the many abuses they have detected; their justice in deciding elections without regard to party; their cheerfulness and address in raising supplies for the war, and at the same time providing for the nation's debts; their duty to the queen, and their kindness to the church.

In the mean time I cannot forbear mentioning two particulars which, in my opinion, do discover in some measure the temper of the present parliament, and bear analogy to those passages related by Plutarch in the lives of certain great men, which, as himself observes, although they be not of actions which make any great noise or figure in history, yet give more light into the characters of persons than we could receive from an account of their most renowned achievements.

Something like this may be observed from two late instances of decency and good nature in that illustrious assembly I am speaking of. The first was when, after that inhuman attempt upon Mr. Harley, they were pleased to vote an address to the queen, wherein they express their utmost detestation of the fact, their high esteem and great concern for that able minister, and justly impute his misfortunes to that real for her majesty's service which had drawn upon him the hatred of all the abettors of popery and faction. I dare affirm that so distinguishing a mark of honour and good will from such a parliament was more acceptable to a person of Mr. Harley's generous nature than the most bountiful grant that was ever yet made to a subject; as her majesty's answer, filled with gracious expressions in his favour, adds more to his real glory than any titles she could bestow. The prince and representatives of the whole kingdom join in their concern for so important a life; these are the true rewards of virtue; and this is the commerce between noble spirits, in a coin which the giver knows where to bestow, and the receiver how to value, although neither avarice nor ambition would be able to comprehend its worth.

The other instance I intend to produce, of decency and good nature in the present house of commons, relates to their most worthy speaker; * who, having unfortunately lost his eldest son, the assembly, moved with a generous pity for so sensible an affliction, adjourned themselves for a week, that so good a servant for the public might have some interval to wipe away a father's tears. And, indeed, that gentleman has too just an occasion for his grief, by the death of a son who had already acquired so great a reputation for every amiable quality, and who might have lived to be so great an honour and an ornament to his ancient family.

Before I conclude, I must desire one favour of the

* Author of the tract against Oliver Cromwell, "Killing no Murder."

• William Bromley, esq., elected speaker Nov. 22, 1710; and sworn of the privy council June 23, 1711.

reader; that, when he thinks it worth his while to peruse any paper written against the Examiner, he will not form his judgment by any mangled quotation out of it which he finds in such papers, but be so just as to read the paragraph referred to, which I am confident will be found a sufficient answer to all that ever those papers can object; at least I have seen above fifty of them, and never yet observed one single quotation transcribed with common candour.

No. 36.

THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1711.

Nullo suo peccato impediuntur, quo minus siterius peccata demonstrare possint.

No fault or crime in themselves hinders them from searching into and pointing out the faults of others.

I HAVE been considering the old constitution of this kingdom; comparing it with the monarchies and republics whereof we meet so many accounts in ancient story, and with those at present in most parts of Europe. I have considered our religion, established here by the legislature soon after the Reformation. I have likewise examined the genius and disposition of the people under that reasonable freedom they possess. Then I have turned my reflections upon those two great divisions of Whig and Tory (which some way or other take in the whole kingdom), with the principles they both profess, as well as those wherewith they reproach one another. From all this I endeavour to determine from which side her present majesty may reasonably hope for most security to her person and government, and to which she ought in prudence to trust the administration of her affairs. If these two rivals were really no more than parties according to the common acceptance of the word, I should agree with those politicians who think a prince descends from his dignity by putting himself at the head of either, and that his wisest course is to keep them in a balance, raising or depressing either as it best suits with his designs. But when the visible interest of his crown and kingdom lies on one side, and when the other is but a faction, raised and strengthened by incidents and intrigues, and by deceiving the people with false representations of things, he ought in prudence to take the first opportunity of opening his subjects' eyes, and declaring himself in favour of those who are for preserving the civil and religious rights of the nation, wherewith his own are so interwoven.

This was certainly our case: for I do not take the heads, advocates, and followers of the Whigs, to make up, strictly speaking, a national party; being patched up of heterogeneous, inconsistent parts, whom nothing served to unite but the common interest of sharing in the spoil and plunder of the people; the present dread of their adversaries, by whom they apprehended to be called to an account; and that general conspiracy of endeavouring to overturn the church and state, which, however, if they could have compassed, they would certainly have fallen out among themselves, and broke in pieces, as their predecessors did after they destroyed the monarchy and religion. For how could a Whig, who is against all discipline, agree with a presbyterian, who carries it higher than the papists themselves? How could a Socinian adjust his models to either? Or how could any of these cement with a deist, or freethinker, when they came to consult upon points of faith? Neither would they have agreed better in their systems of government, where some would have been for a king under the limitations of a duke of Venice; others for a Dutch re-

public; a third party for an aristocracy; and most of all for some new fabric of their own contriving.

But, however, let us consider them as a party, and under those general tenets wherein they agreed and which they publicly owned, without charging them with any that they pretend to deny. Then, let us examine those principles of the Tories which their adversaries allow them to profess, and do not pretend to tax them with any actions contrary to those professions: after which, let the reader judge which of these two parties a prince has most to fear; and whether her majesty did not consider the case, the safety, and dignity of her person, the security of her crown, and the transmission of monarchy to her protestant successors, when she put her affairs into the present hands.

Suppose the matter were now entire, the queen to make her choice, and for that end should order the principles on both sides to be fairly laid before her. First, I conceive the Whigs would grant that they have naturally no very great veneration for crowned heads; that they allow the person of the prince may, upon many occasions, be resisted by arms; and they do not condemn the war raised against king Charles the First, or own it to be a rebellion, although they would be thought to blame his murder. They do not think the prerogative to be yet sufficiently limited, and have therefore taken care (as a particular mark of their veneration for the illustrious house of Hanover) to clip it still closer against the next reign; which consequently they would be glad to see done in the present; not to mention that the majority of them, if it were put to the vote, would allow that they prefer a commonwealth before a monarchy. As to religion, their universal undisputed maxim is, that it ought to make no distinction at all among protestants; and in the word protestant they include everybody who is not a papist, and who will by an oath give security to the government. Union in discipline and doctrine, the offensive sin of schism, the notion of a church and a hierarchy, they laugh at, as soppory, cant, and priestcraft. They see no necessity at all that there should be a national faith; and what we usually call by that name they only style "the religion of the magistrate." Since the disunion and we agree in the main, why should the difference of a few speculative points or modes of dress incapacitate them from serving their prince and country in a juncture when we ought to have all hands up against the common enemy? And why should they be forced to take the sacrament from our clergy's hands, and in our posture; or, indeed, why compelled to receive it at all, when they take an employment which has nothing to do with religion?

These are the notions which most of that party avow, and which they do not endeavour to disguise or set off with false colours, or complain of being misrepresented about. I have here placed them on purpose in the same light which themselves do in the very apologies they make for what we accuse them of; and how inviting even these doctrines are for such a monarch to close with, as our law, both statute and common, understands a king of England to be, let others decide. But then, if to these we should add other opinions, which most of their own writers justify, and which their universal practice has given a sanction to, they are no more than what a prince might reasonably expect as the natural consequence of those avowed principles. For when such persons are at the head of affairs, the low opinion they have of princes will certainly lead them to violate that respect they ought to bear; and at the same time their own want of duty to their sovereign

is largely made up by exacting greater submissions to themselves from their fellow-subjects; it being undisputedly true that the same principle of pride and ambition makes a man treat his equals with insolence in the same proportion as he affronts his superiors; as both prince and people have sufficiently felt from the late ministry.

Then, from their confessed notions of religion, as above related, I see no reason to wonder why they countenanced not only all sorts of dissenters, but the several gradations of freethinkers among us, all which are openly enrolled in their party; nor why they were so averse from the present established form of worship, which, by prescribing obedience to princes from the topic of conscience, would be sure to thwart all their schemes of innovation.

One thing I might add, as another acknowledged maxim in that party, and in my opinion as dangerous to the constitution as any I have mentioned; I mean that of preferring on all occasions the moneyed interest before the landed; which they were so far from denying, that they would gravely debate the reasonableness and justice of it; and, at the rate they went on, might in a little time have found a majority of representatives fitly qualified to lay those heavy burdens on the rest of the nation which themselves would not touch with one of their fingers.

However, to deal impartially, there are some motives which might compel a prince, under the necessity of affairs, to deliver himself over to that party. They were said to possess the great bulk of cash, and consequently of credit in the nation; and the heads of them had the reputation of presiding over those societies who have the great direction of both; so that all applications for loans to the public service, upon any emergency, must be made through them; and it might prove highly dangerous to disoblige them, because, in that case, it was not to be doubted that they would be obstinate and malicious, ready to obstruct all affairs, not only by shutting their own purses, but by endeavouring to sink credit, although with some present imaginary loss to themselves, only to show it was a creature of their own.

From this summary of Whig principles and dispositions we find what a prince may reasonably fear and hope from that party. Let us now very briefly consider the doctrines of the Tories, which their adversaries will not dispute. As they prefer a well-regulated monarchy before all other forms of government, so they think it next to impossible to alter that institution here without involving our whole island in blood and desolation. They believe that the prerogative of a sovereign ought at least to be held as sacred and inviolable as the rights of his people; if only for this reason, because, without a due share of power, he will not be able to protect them. They think that by many known laws of this realm, both statute and common, neither the person nor lawful authority of the prince ought, upon any pretence whatsoever, to be resisted or disobeyed. Their sentiments in relation to the church are known enough, and will not be controverted, being just the reverse to what I have delivered as the doctrine and practice of the Whigs upon that article.

But here I must likewise deal impartially too, and add one principle as a characteristic of the Tories which has much discouraged some princes from making use of them in affairs. Give the Whigs but power enough to insult their sovereign, engross his favours to themselves, and to oppress and plunder their fellow-subjects; they presently grow into good humour and good language toward the crown; profess they will stand by it with their lives and fortunes;

and, whatever rudenesses they may be guilty of in private, yet they assure the world that there never was so gracious a monarch. But to the shame of the Tories it must be confessed that nothing of all this has been ever observed in them; in or out of favour, you see no alteration further than a little cheerfulness or cloud in their countenances; the highest employments can add nothing to their loyalty; but their behaviour to their prince, as well as their expressions of love and duty, are in all conditions exactly the same.

Having thus impartially stated the avowed principle of Whig and Tory, let the reader determine as he pleases to which of these two a wise prince may, with most safety to himself and the public, trust his person and his affairs: and whether it were rashness or prudence in her majesty to make those changes in the ministry which have been so highly extolled by some and condemned by others.

No. 37.

THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1711.

Tres species tam dissimiles, tria talia testa,
Una dies dedit exitio ———

Such different forms of various threats combin'd,
One day destroy'd, in common ruin join'd.

I WRITE this paper for the sake of the dissenters, whom I take to be the most spreading branch of the Whig party that professes christianity, and the only one that seems to be zealous for any particular system of it; the bulk of those we call the Low Church being generally indifferent and undetermined in that point, and the other subdivisions having not yet taken either the Old or the New Testament into their scheme. By the dissenters therefore it will easily be understood that I mean the presbyterians, as they include the sects of anabaptists, independents, and others, which have been melted down into them since the Restoration. This sect, in order to make itself national, having gone so far as to raise a rebellion, murder their king, destroy monarchy and the church, was afterward broken in pieces by its own divisions, which made way for the king's return from his exile. However, the zealous among them did still entertain hopes of recovering the dominion of grace; whereof I have read a remarkable passage in a book published about the year 1661, and written by one of their own side. As one of the regicides was going to his execution, a friend asked him whether he thought the cause would revive? He answered, The cause is in the bosom of Christ; and as sure as Christ rose from the dead, so sure will the cause revive also. And therefore the Nonconformists were strictly watched, and restrained by penal laws, during the reign of king Charles the Second; the court and kingdom looking on them as a faction, ready to join in any design against the government in church or state. And surely this was reasonable enough, while so many continued alive who had voted, and fought, and preached against both, and gave no proof that they had changed their principles. The Nonconformists were then exactly upon the same foot with our Nonjurors now, whom we double-tax, forbid their convecticles, and keep under hatches, without thinking ourselves possessed with a persecuting spirit, because we know they want nothing but the power to ruin us. This, in my opinion, should altogether silence the dissenters' complaints of persecution under king Charles the Second, or make them show us wherein they differed at that time from what our Jacobites are now.

Their Inclinations to the church were soon discovered when king James the Second succeeded to

the crown; with whom they unanimously joined in its ruin, to revenge themselves for that restraint they had most justly suffered in the foregoing reign; not from the persecuting temper of the clergy, as their clamours would suggest, but the prudence and caution of the legislature. The same indulgence against law was made use of by them and the papists; and they amicably employed their power, as in defence of one common interest.

But the revolution happening soon after served to wash away the memory of the rebellion; upon which the run against popery was no doubt as just and reasonable as that of fanaticism after the restoration; and the dread of popery being then our latest danger, and consequently the most fresh upon our spirits, all months were open against that; the dissenters were rewarded with an indulgence by law; the rebellion and king's murder were now no longer a reproach; the former was only a civil war, and whoever durst call it a rebellion was a Jacobite and friend to France. This was the more unexpected, because, the revolution being wholly brought about by church-of-England hands, they hoped our good consequence of it would be the relieving us from the encroachments of dissenters as well as those of papists; since both had equally confederated toward our ruin: and therefore when the crown was new settled, it was hoped at least that the rest of the constitution would be restored. But this affair took a very different turn: the dissenters had just made a shift to save a tide and join with the prince of Orange, when they found all was desperate with their protector king James; and observing a party then forming against the old principles in church and state under the name of Whigs and low churchmen, they listed themselves of it, where they have ever since continued. It is therefore upon the foot they now are that I would apply myself to them and desire they would consider the different circumstances at present from what they were under when they began their designs against the church and monarchy about seventy years ago. At that juncture they made up the body of the party; and whosoever joined with them from principles of revenge, discontent, ambition, or love of change, were all forced to shelter under their denomination; united heartily in the pretences of a further and purer reformation in religion and of advancing the great work (as the cant was then) that God was about to do in these nations; received the systems of doctrine and discipline prescribed by the Scots, and readily took the covenant; so that there appeared no division among them till after the common enemy was subdued.

But now their case is quite otherwise: and I can hardly think it worth being of a party upon the terms they have been received of late years. For suppose the whole faction should at length succeed in their design of destroying the church; are they so weak as to imagine that the new modelling of religion would be put into their hands? would their brethren, the low churchmen and freethinkers, submit to their discipline, their synods, and their classes; and divide the lands of bishops, or deans and chapters, among them? How can they help observing that their allies, instead of pretending more sanctity than other men, are some of them for levelling all religion, and the rest for abolishing it? Is it not manifest that they have been treated by their confederates exactly after the same manner as they were by king James the Second; made instruments to ruin the church; not for their own sakes, but under a pretended project of universal freedom in opinion to advance the dark designs of those who employ them? For excepting the antinomian principle and a few

false notions about liberty, I see but little agreement between them; and even in these I believe it would be impossible to contrive a frame of government that would please them all if they had it now in their power to try. But however, to be sure, the presbyterian institution would never obtain. For suppose they should, in imitation of their predecessors, propose to have no king but our Saviour Christ; the whole clan of freethinkers would immediately object and refuse his authority. Neither would their low church brethren use them better, as well knowing what enemies they are to that doctrine of unlimited toleration wherever they are suffered to preside. So that upon the whole I do not see, as their present circumstances stand, where the dissenters can find better quarter than from the church of England.

Besides, I leave it to their consideration whether, with all their zeal against the church, they ought not to show a little decency; and how far it consists with their reputation to act in concert with such confederates. It was reckoned a very infamous proceeding in the present most christian king to assist the Turk against the emperor: policy and reasons of state were not allowed sufficient excuses for taking part with an infidel against a believer. It is one of the dissenters' quarrels against the church that she is not enough reformed from popery; yet they boldly entered into a league with papists and a popish prince to destroy her. They profess much sanctity, and object against the wicked lives of some of our members; yet they have been long and still continue in strict combination with libertines and atheists to contrive our ruin. What if the Jews should multiply and become a formidable party among us? Would the dissenters join in alliance with them likewise because they agree already in some general principles, and because the Jews are allowed to be a stiffnecked and rebellious people?

It is the part of wise men to conceal their passions when they are not in circumstances of exerting them to purpose: the arts of getting power and preserving indulgence are very different. For the former the reasonable hopes of the dissenters seem to be at an end; their comrades, the Whigs and freethinkers, are just in a condition proper to be forsaken; and the parliament, as well as the body of the people, will be deluded no longer. Besides, it sometimes happens for a cause to be exhausted and worn out, as that of the Whigs in general seems at present to be; the nation had felt enough of it. It is as vain to hope restoring that decayed interest as for a man of sixty to talk of entering on a new scene of life, that is only proper for youth and vigour. New circumstances and new men must arise, as well as new occasions, which are not likely to happen in our time. So that the dissenters have no game left at present but to secure their indulgence; in order to which I will be so bold as to offer them some advice.

First, That until some late proceedings are a little forgot, they would take care not to provoke, by any violence of tongue or pen, so great a majority as there is now against them; nor keep up any longer that combination with their broken allies; but disperse themselves, and lie dormant against some better opportunity. I have shown they could have got no advantage if the late party had prevailed; and they will certainly lose none by its fall unless through their own fault. They pretend a mighty veneration for the queen; let them give proof of it by quitting the ruined interest of those who have used her so ill; and by a due respect to the persons she is pleased to trust at present with her affairs. When they can no longer hope to govern, when struggling can do

them no good, and may possibly hurt them, what is left but to be silent and passive?

Secondly, Although there be no law (beside that of God Almighty) against occasional conformity, it would be prudence in the dissenters to use it as tenderly as they can: for beside the infamous hypocrisy of the thing itself, too frequent practice would perhaps make a remedy necessary. And after all they have said to justify themselves in this point, it still continues hard to conceive how those consciences can pretend to be scrupulous upon which an employment has more power than the love of unity.

In the last place, I am humbly of opinion that the dissenters would do well to drop that lesson they have learned from their directors, of affecting to be under horrible apprehensions that the Tories are in the interest of the pretender, and would be ready to embrace the first opportunity of inviting him over. It is with the worst grace in the world that they offer to join in the cry upon this article; as if those who alone stood in the gap against all the encroachments of popery and arbitrary power are not more likely to keep out both than a set of schismatics; who, to gratify their ambition and revenge, did, by the meanest compliances, encourage and spirit up that unfortunate prince to fall upon such measures as must at last have ended in the ruin of our liberty and religion.

P. S.—I wish those who give themselves the trouble to write to the Examiner would consider whether what they send would be proper for such a paper to take notice of. I had one letter last week, written as I suppose by a divine, to desire I would offer some reasons against a bill now before the parliament for ascertaining the tithes of hops; from which the writer apprehends great damage to the clergy, especially the poorer vicars. If it be as he says (and he seems to argue very reasonably upon it), the convocation now sitting will, no doubt, upon due application, represent the matter to the house of commons; and he may expect all justice and favour from that great body, who have already appeared so tender of their rights.

A gentleman likewise who has sent me several letters relating to personal hardships he received from some of the late ministry, is advised to publish a narrative of them, they being too large and not proper for this paper.

No. 38.

THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1711.

Semper cause eventorum magis movetur quam ipsa evadunt.

We are always more moved at the causes of events than at the events themselves.

I AM glad to observe that several among the Whigs have begun very much to change their language of late. The style is now among the reasonable part of them, when they meet a man in business, or a member of parliament, Well, gentlemen, if you go on as you have hitherto done, we shall no longer have any pretence to complain: they find it seems that there have been yet no overtures made to bring in the pretender, nor any preparatory steps toward it. They read no enslaving votes, nor bills brought in to endanger the subject. The indulgence to scrupulous consciences is again confirmed from the throne, inviolably preserved, and not the least whisper offered that may affect it. All care is taken to support the war; supplies cheerfully granted, and funds readily subscribed to, in spite of the little arts made use of to discredit them. The just resentments of some, which are laudable in themselves, and to which at another juncture it might be proper to give way,

have been softened or diverted by the calmness of others; so that, upon the article of present management, I do not see how any objection of weight can well be raised.

However, our adversaries still allege that this great success was wholly unexpected, and out of all probable view; that in public affairs we ought least of all others to judge by events; that the attempt of changing a ministry during the difficulties of a long war was rash and inconsiderate; that if the queen were disposed, by her inclinations, or from any personal dislike, for such a change, it might have been done with more safety in a time of peace; that if it had miscarried by any of those incidents which in all appearance might have intervened, the consequences would perhaps have ruined the whole confederacy; and therefore, however it has now succeeded, the experiment was too dangerous to try.

But this is what we can by no means allow them. We never will admit rashness or chance to have produced all this harmony and order. It is visible to the world that the several steps toward this change were slowly taken, and with the utmost caution. The movers observed, as they went on, how matters would bear; and advanced no further at first than so as they might be able to stop or go back if circumstances were not mature. Things were grown to such a height that it was no longer the question whether a person who aimed at an employment were a Whig or Tory; much less whether he had merit or proper abilities for what he pretended to: he must owe his preferment only to the favourites; and the crown was so far from nominating, that they would not allow it a negative. This the queen was resolved no longer to endure; and began to break into their prescription, by bestowing one or two places of consequence, without consulting her ephori, after they had fixed them for others, and concluded as usual that all their business was to signify their pleasure to her majesty. But although the persons the queen had chosen were such as no objection could well be raised against upon the score of party, yet the oligarchy took the alarm; their sovereign authority was it seems called in question; they grew into anger and discontent, as if their undoubted rights were violated. All former obligations to their sovereign now became cancelled; and they put themselves upon the foot of the people who are hardly used after the most eminent services.

I believe all men who know anything in politics will agree that a prince thus treated by those he has most confided in, and perpetually loaded with his favours, ought to extricate himself as soon as possible, and is then only blamable in his choice of time when he defers one minute after it is in his power; because, from the monstrous encroachments of exorbitant avarice and ambition, he cannot tell how long it may continue to be so. And it will be found upon inquiring into history that most of those princes who have been ruined by favourites have owed their misfortune to the neglect of earlier remedies; deferring to struggle until they were quite sunk.

The Whigs are every day cursing the ungovernable rage, the haughty pride, and insatiable covetousness of a certain person, as the cause of their fall; and are apt to tell their thoughts, that one single removal might have set all things right. But the interests of that single person were found, upon experience, so complicated and woven with the rest, by love, by awe, by marriage, by alliance, that they would rather confound heaven and earth than dissolve such an union.

I have always heard and understood that a king of

England, possessed of his people's hearts, at the head of a free parliament, and in full agreement with a great majority, made the true figure in the world that such a monarch ought to do, and pursued the real interest of himself and his kingdom. Will they allow her majesty to be in those circumstances at present! And was it not plain, by the addresses sent from all parts of the island, and by the visible disposition of the people, that such a parliament would undoubtedly be chosen! and so it proved, without the court's using any arts to influence elections.

What people then are these in a corner to whom the constitution must truckle! If the whole nation's credit cannot supply funds for the war without humble applications from the entire legislature to a few retailers of money, it is high time we should sue for a peace. What new maxims are these, which neither we nor our forefathers ever heard of before, and which no wise institution would ever allow! must our laws from henceforward pass the Bank and East India Company, or have their royal assent before they are in force!

To bear some of those worthy reasoners talking of credit, that she is so nice, so squeamish, so capricious, you would think they were describing a lady troubled with vapours or the ebolic, to be removed only by a course of steel, or swallowing a bullet. By the narrowness of their thoughts, one would imagine they conceived the world to be no wider than Exchange-alley. It is probable they may have such a sickly dame among them; and it is well if she has no worse diseases, considering what humors she passes through. But the national credit is of another complexion; of sound health and an even temper; her life and existence being a quintessence drawn from the vitals of the whole kingdom; and we find these money politicians, after all their noise, to be of the same opinion, by the court they paid her when she lately appeared to them in the form of a lottery.

As to that mighty error in politics they charge upon the queen for changing her ministry in the height of war, I suppose it is only looked upon as an error under a Whiggish administration: otherwise the late king had much to answer for, who did it pretty frequently. And it is well known that the late ministry, of famous memory, was brought in during the present war: only with this circumstance, that two or three of the chief did first change their own principles, and then took in suitable companions.

But, however, I see no reason why the Tories should not value their wisdom by events as well as the Whigs. Nothing was ever thought a more precipitate, rash counsel, than that of altering the coin at the juncture it was done; yet the prudence of the undertaking was sufficiently justified by the success. Perhaps it will be said that the attempt was necessary, because the whole species of money was so grievously clipped and counterfeited: and is not her majesty's authority as sacred as her coin! And has not that been most scandalously clipped and mangled, and often counterfeited too!

It is another grievous complaint of the Whigs, that their late friends and the whole party are treated with abundance of severity in print, and in particular by the Examiner. They think it hard that, when they are wholly deprived of power, hated by the people, and out of all hope of establishing themselves; their infirmities should be so often displayed, in order to render them yet more odious to mankind. This is what they employ their writers to set forth in their papers of the week; and it is humorous enough to observe one page taken up in railing at

the Examiner for his invectives against a discarded ministry; and the other side filled with the falsest and vilest abuses against those who are now in the highest power and credit with their sovereign, and whose least breath would scatter them in silence and obscurity. However, although I have indeed often wondered to see so much licentiousness taken and connived at, and am sure it would not be suffered in any other country of Christendom, yet I never once invoked the assistance of the gaol or pillory, which, upon the least provocation, was the usual style during their tyranny. There has not passed a week these twenty years without some malicious paper scattered in every coffeehouse by the emissaries of that party, whether it were down or up. I believe they will not pretend to object the same thing to us: nor do I remember any constant weekly paper with reflections on the late ministry or junto. They have many weak defenceless parts; they have not been used to a regular attack, and therefore it is that they are so ill able to endure one when it comes to be their turn; so that they complain more of a few months' truths from us than we did of all their scandal and malice for twice as many years.

I cannot forbear observing upon this occasion that those worthy authors I am speaking of seem to me not fairly to represent the sentiments of their party; who, in disputing with us, do generally give up several of the late ministry, and freely own many of their failings. They confess the monstrous debt upon the navy to have been caused by most scandalous mismanagement; they allow the insolence of some, the avarice of others, to have been insupportable; but these gentlemen are most liberal in their praises to those persons and upon those very articles where their wisest friends give up the point. They gravely tell us that such a one was the most faithful servant that ever any prince had; another the most dutiful; a third, the most generous; a fourth, of the greatest integrity; so that I look upon these champions rather as retained by a cabal than a party; which I desire the reasonable men among them would please to consider.

No. 39.

THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1711.

Indignum est in civitate, quæ legibus continetur, diacredi a legibus.

It is shameful and unworthy in a state, whose support and preservation is founded on laws, that the laws should be rendered useless and evaded.

I HAVE been often considering how it comes to pass that the dexterity of mankind in evil should always outgrow, not only the prudence and caution of private persons, but the continual expedience of the wisest laws contrived to prevent it. I cannot imagine a knave to possess a greater share of natural wit or genius than an honest man. I have known very notable sharpers at play, who upon other occasions were as great duces as human shape can well allow; and I believe the same might be observed among the other knots of thieves and pickpockets about this town. The proposition however is certainly true, and to be confirmed by a hundred instances. A scrivener, an attorney, a stock-jobber, and many other retailers of fraud, shall not only be able to overreach others much wiser than themselves, but find out new inventions to elude the force of any law made against them. I suppose the reason of this may be, that, as the aggressor is said to have generally the advantage of the defender, so the makers of the law, which is to defend our rights, have usually not so much industry or vigour as those

whose interest leads them to attack it. Besides, it rarely happens that men are rewarded by the public for their justice and virtue; neither do those who act upon such principles expect any recompence until the next world; whereas fraud, where it succeeds, gives present pay; and this is allowed the greatest spur imaginable both to labour and invention. When a law is made to stop some growing evil, the wits of those whose interest it is to break it with secrecy or impunity are immediately at work; and even among those who pretend to fairer characters, many would gladly find means to avoid what they would not be thought to violate. They desire to reap the advantage, if possible, without the shame, or at least without the danger. This art is what I take that dexterous race of men, sprung up soon after the Revolution, to have studied with great application ever since, and to have arrived at great perfection in. According to the doctrine of some Romish exauists, they have found out *quæ propè ad peccatum sine peccato possunt accedere*; they can tell how to go within an inch of an impeachment, and yet come back untouched. They know what degree of corruption will just forfeit an employment, and whether the bribe you receive be sufficient to set you right, and put something in your pocket besides; how much to a penny you may safely cheat the queen, whether forty, fifty, or sixty per cent., according to the station you are in, and the dispositions of the persons in office below and above you. They have computed the price you may securely take or give for a place, or what part of the salary you ought to reserve; they can discreetly distribute five hundred pounds in a small borough, without any danger from the statutes against bribing at elections. They can manage a bargain for an office by a third, fourth, or fifth hand, so that you shall not know whom to accuse; they can win a thousand guineas at play in spite of the dice, and send away the loser satisfied. They can pass the most exorbitant accounts, overpay the creditor with half his demands and sink the rest.

It would be endless to relate, or rather indeed impossible to discover, the several arts which curious men have found out to enrich themselves by defrauding the public, in defiance of the law. The military men, both by sea and land, have equally cultivated this most useful science; neither has it been altogether neglected by the other sex; of which, on the contrary, I could produce an instance that would make ours blush to be so far outdone.

Besides, to confess the truth, our laws themselves are extremely defective in many articles, which I take to be one ill effect of our best possession, liberty. Some years ago the ambassador of a great prince^a was arrested, and outrages committed on his person in our streets, without any possibility of redress from Westminster-hall or the prerogative of the sovereign; and the legislature was forced to provide a remedy against the like evils in time to come. A commissioner of the stamped paper was lately discovered to have notoriously cheated the public of great sums for many years, by counterfeiting the stamps, which the law has made capital; but the aggravation of his crime proved to be the cause that saved his life, and that additional heightening circumstance of betraying his trust was found to be a legal defence. I am assured that the notorious cheat of the brewers at Portsmouth, detected about two months ago in parliament, cannot by any law now in force be punished in any degree equal to the guilt and infamy of it. Nay, what is almost in-

credible, had Guiscard survived his detestable attempt upon Mr. Harley's person, all the inflaming circumstances of the fact would not have sufficed, in the opinion of many lawyers, to have punished him with death; and the public must have lain under this dilemma, either to condemn him by a law *ex post facto* (which would have been of dangerous consequence, and form an ignominious precedent), or undergo the mortification to see the greatest villain upon earth escape unpunished, to the infinite triumph and delight of popery and faction. But even this is not to be wondered at when we consider that, of all the insolencies offered to the queen since the act of indemnity (at least that ever came to my ears), I can hardly instance above two or three which by the letter of the law could amount to high treason.

From these defects in our laws, and the want of some discretionary power, safely lodged, to exert upon emergencies, as well as from the great acquisitions of able men to elude the penalties of those laws they break, it is no wonder that the injuries done to the public are so seldom redressed. But, besides, no individual suffers by any wrong he does to the commonwealth in proportion to the advantage he gains by doing it. There are seven or eight millions who contribute to the loss, while the whole gain is sunk among a few. The damage suffered by the public is not so immediately or heavily felt by particular persons; and the zeal of prosecutions is apt to drop and be lost among numbers.

But imagine a set of politicians for many years at the head of affairs, the game visibly their own, and by consequence acting with great security; may not these be sometimes tempted to forget their caution by length of time, by excess of avarice and ambition, by the insolence or violence of their nature, or, perhaps, by a mere contempt for their adversaries? May not such motives as these put them often upon notions directly against the law, such as no evasions can be found for, and which will lay them fully open to the vengeance of a prevailing interest whenever they are out of power? It is answered in the affirmative. And here we cannot refuse the late ministry their due praises, who, foreseeing a storm, provided for their own safety by two admirable expedients, by which, with great prudence, they have escaped the punishments due to pernicious counsels and corrupt management. The first was to procure, under pretences hardly specious, a general act of indemnity, which cuts off all impeachments. The second was yet more refined: suppose, for instance, a counsel is to be pursued which is necessary to carry on the dangerous designs of a prevailing party, to preserve them in power, to gratify the unmeasurable appetites of a few leaders, civil and military, although by hazzarding the ruin of the whole nation; this counsel, desperate in itself, unprecedented in its nature, they procure a majority to form into an address, which makes it look like the sense of the nation. Under that shelter they carry on their work, and lie secure against after-reckonings.

I must be so free to tell my meaning in this, that, among other things, I understand it of the address made to the queen about three years ago, to desire that her majesty would not consent to a peace without the entire restitution of Spain; a proceeding which, to people abroad, must look like the highest strain of temerity, folly, and gaseonade. But we at home, who allow the promoters of that advice to be no fools, can easily comprehend the depth and mystery of it. They were assured by this means to pin down the war upon us; consequently, to increase their own power and wealth, and multiply difficulties on the queen and kingdom, until they had fixed their

^a To Peter the Great, czar of Muscovy, who was arrested for debt by a merchant of London in the open street, and detained in a lodging-house.

party too firmly to be shaken whenever they should find themselves disposed to reverse their address, and give us leave to wish for a peace.

If any man entertains a more favourable opinion of this monstrous step in politics, I would ask him what we must do in case we find it impossible to recover Spain? Those among the Whigs who believe a God will confess that the events of war lie in his hands; and the rest of them, who acknowledge no such power, will allow that fortune has too great a share in the good or ill success of military actions to let a wise man reason upon them as if they were entirely in his power. If Providence should think fit to refuse success to our arms, with how ill a grace, with what shame and confusion, shall we be obliged to recant that precipitate address, unless the world will be so charitable to consider that parliaments among us differ as much as princes; and that, by the fatal conjunction of many unhappy circumstances, it is very possible for our island to be represented sometimes by those who have the least pretensions. So little truth or justice there is in what some pretend to advance, that the actions of former senates ought always to be treated with respect by the latter; that those assemblies are all equally venerable, and no one to be preferred before another; by which argument the parliament that began the rebellion against king Charles I., voted his trial, and appointed his murderers, ought to be remembered with respect.

But to return from this digression; it is very plain that, considering the defectiveness of our laws, the variety of cases, the weakness of the prerogative, the power or cunning of ill-designing men, it is possible that many great abuses may be visibly committed which cannot be legally punished; especially if we add to this that some inquiries might probably involve those whom upon other accounts it is not thought convenient to disturb. Therefore it is very false reasoning, especially in the management of public affairs, to argue that men are innocent because the law has not pronounced them guilty.

I am apt to think it was to supply such defects as these that satire was first introduced into the world; whereby those whom neither religion, nor natural virtue, nor fear of punishment, were able to keep within the bounds of their duty, might be withheld by the shame of having their crimes exposed to open view in the strongest colours, and themselves rendered odious to mankind. Perhaps all this may be little regarded by such hardened and abandoned natures as I have to deal with; but, next to taming or binding a savage animal, the best service you can do the neighbourhood is to give them warning either to arm themselves or not come in its way.

Could I have hoped for any signs of remorse from the leaders of that faction, I should very gladly have changed my style, and forgot, or passed by, their million of enormities. But they are every day more fond of discovering their impotent zeal and malice; witness their conduct in the city about a fortnight ago, which had no other end imaginable beside that of perplexing our affairs, and endeavouring to make things desperate, that themselves may be thought necessary. While they continue in this frantic mood I shall not forbear to treat them as they deserve; that is to say, as the inveterate irreconcilable enemies to our country and its constitution.

No. 40.

THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1711.

Quis talis Græchus de seditione querentes?

— in vobis

The Græch of sedition will complain.

THERE have been certain topics of reproach liberally

bestowed, for some years past, by the Whigs and Tories upon each other. We charge the former with a design of destroying the established church, and introducing fanaticism and freethinking in its stead. We accuse them as enemies to monarchy; as endeavouring to undermine the present form of government, and to build a commonwealth, or some new scheme of their own, upon its ruins. On the other side, their clamours against us may be summed up in those three formidable words, popery, arbitrary power, and the pretender. Our accusations against them we endeavour to make good by certain overt acts; such as their perpetually abusing the whole body of the clergy; their declared contempt for the very order of priesthood; their aversion against episcopacy; the public encouragement and patronage they give to Tindal, Toland, and other atheistical writers; their appearing as professed advocates retained by the dissenters, excusing their separation, and laying the guilt of it to the obstinacy of the church; their frequent endeavours to repeal the test, and their setting up the indulgence to scrupulous consciences as a point of greater importance than the established worship. The regard they bear to our monarchy has appeared by their openly ridiculing the martyrdom of king Charles I. in their calves'-head clubs, their common discourses, and their pamphlets; their denying the unnatural war raised against that prince to have been a rebellion; their justifying his murder in the allowed papers of the week; their industry in publishing and spreading seditious and republican tracts, such as Ludlow's Memoirs, Sidney on Government, and many others; their endless lopping of the prerogative, and mining into nothing her majesty's titles to the crown.

What proofs they bring for our endeavouring to introduce popery, arbitrary power, and the pretender, I cannot readily tell, and would be glad to hear; however, these important words having, by dexterous management, been found of mighty service to their cause, although applied with little colour either of reason or justice, I have been considering whether they may not be adapted to more proper objects.

As to popery, which is the first of these; to deal plainly, I can hardly think there is any set of men among us, except the professors of it, who have any direct intention to introduce it here; but the question is, whether the principles and practices of us or the Whigs be most likely to make way for it? It is allowed on all hands that, among the methods concerted at Rome for bringing over England into the bosom of the catholic church, one of the chief was to send Jesuits and other emissaries, in lay habits, who, personating tradesmen and mechanics, should mix with the people, and, under the pretence of a further and purer reformation, endeavour to divide us into as many sects as possible; which would either put us under the necessity of returning to our old errors to preserve peace at home, or, by our divisions, make way for some powerful neighbour, with the assistance of the pope's permission and a consecrated banner, to convert and enslave us at once. If this has been reckoned good politics (and it was the best the Jesuit schools could invent), I appeal to any man whether the Whigs, for many years past, have not been employed in the very same work? They professed on all occasions that they knew no reason why any one system of speculative opinions (as they term the doctrines of the church) should be established by law more than another; or why employments should be confined to the religion of the magistrats and that called the church established. The grand maxim they laid down was, that no man, for the sake of a

few notions and ceremonies, under the names of doctrine and discipline, should be denied the liberty of serving his country: as if places would go a-begging unless Brownists, familists, sweet-singers, quakers, anabaptists, and Maggletonians, would take them off our hands.

I have been sometimes imagining this scheme brought to perfection, and how diverting it would be to see half a dozen sweet-singers on the heneb in their crimes, and two or three quakers with their white staves at court. I can only say this project is the very counterpart of the late king James's design, which he took up as the best method for introducing his own religion, under the pretext of a universal liberty of conscience, and that no difference in religion should make any in his favour. Accordingly, to save appearances, he dealt some employments among dissenters of most denominations; and what he did was, no doubt, in pursuance of the best advice he could get at home or abroad; but the church thought it the most dangerous step he could take for her destruction. It is true king James admitted papists among the rest, which the Whigs would not; but this is sufficiently made up by a material circumstance, wherein they seem to have much outdone that prince, and to have carried their liberty of conscience to a higher point, having granted it to all the classes of freethinkers (which the nice conscience of a popish prince would not give him leave to do), and were therein mightily overseen; because it is agreed by the learned that there is but a very narrow step from atheism to the other extreme, superstition. So that, upon the whole, whether the Whigs had any real design of bringing in popery or not, it is very plain that they took the most effectual step toward it; and if the Jesuits had been their immediate directors, they could not have taught them better, nor have found apter scholars.

Their second accusation is, that we encourage and maintain arbitrary power in princes; and promote enslaving doctrines among the people. This they go about to prove by instances; producing the particular opinions of certain divines in king Charles II.'s reign, a decree of Oxford university, and some few writers since the revolution. What they mean is the principle of passive obedience and non-resistance, which those who affirm did, I believe, never intend should include arbitrary power. However, although I am sensible that it is not reckoned prudent to dispute to make any concessions without the last necessity, yet I do agree that, in my own private opinion, some writers did carry that tenet of passive obedience to a height which seemed hardly consistent with the liberties of a country whose laws can neither be enacted nor repealed without the consent of the whole people; I mean not those who affirm it due in general, as it certainly is, to the legislature; but such as fix it entirely in the prince's person. This last has, I believe, been done by a very few; but when the Whigs quote authors to prove it upon us, they bring in all who mention it as a duty in general, without applying it to princes abstracted from their senate.

By thus freely declaring my own sentiments of passive obedience, it will at least appear that I do not write for a party; neither do I upon any occasion pretend to speak their sentiments, but my own. The majority of the two houses and the present ministry (if those be a party) seem to me in all their proceedings to pursue the real interest of church and state; and if I should happen to differ from particular persons among them in a single notion about government, I suppose they will not, upon that account, explode me and my paper. However, as an answer, once for all, to the tedious scurrilities of

those idle people who affirm I am hired and directed what to write, I must here inform them that their censure is an effect of their principles. The present ministry are under no necessity of employing prostitute pens; they have no dark designs to promote by advancing heterodox opinions.

But (to return), suppose two or three private divines under king Charles the Second did a little overstrain the doctrine of passive obedience to princes; some allowance might be given to the memory of that unnatural rebellion against his father, and the dismal consequences of resistance. It is plain, by the proceedings of the churchmen before and at the revolution, that this doctrine was never designed to introduce arbitrary power.

I look upon the Whigs and dissenters to be exactly of the same political faith; let us therefore see what share each of them had in advancing arbitrary power. It is manifest that the fanatics made Cromwell the most absolute tyrant in Christendom. The Rump abolished the house of lords, the army abolished the Rump, and by this army of saints he governed. The dissenters took liberty of conscience and employments from the late king James, as an acknowledgment of his dispensing power; which makes a king of England as absolute as the Turk. The Whigs under the late king perpetually declared for keeping up a standing army in times of peace; which has, in all ages, been the first and greatest step to the ruin of liberty. They were besides discovering every day their inclinations to destroy the rights of the church, and declared their opinion in all companies against the bishops sitting in the house of peers; which was exactly copying after their predecessors of 1641. I need not say their real intentions were to make the king absolute; but, whatever be the designs of innovating men, they usually end in a tyranny; as we may see by a hundred examples in Greece, and in the later commonwealths of Italy mentioned by Machiavel.

In the third place, the Whigs accuse us of a design to bring in the pretender; and to give it a greater air of probability, they suppose the queen to be a party in this design; which, however, is no very extraordinary supposition in those who have advanced such singular paradoxes concerning Greg and Guiscard. Upon this article their charge is general, without ever offering to produce an instance. But I verily think and believe it will appear no paradox, that, if ever he be brought in, the Whigs are his men. For, first, it is an undoubted truth that, a year or two after the revolution, several leaders of that party had their pardons sent them by the late king James, and had entered upon measures to restore him, on account of some disobligation they received from king William. Besides, I would ask whether those who were under the greatest ties of gratitude to king James are not at this day become the most zealous Whigs? And of what party those are now who kept a long correspondence with St. Germain?

It is likewise very observable of late that the Whigs upon all occasions profess their belief of the pretender's being no impostor, but a real prince, born of the late queen's body; which, whether it be true or false, is very unseasonably advanced, considering the weight such an opinion must have with the vulgar, if they once thoroughly believe it. Neither is it at all improbable that the pretender himself puts his chief hopes in the friendship he expects from the dissenters and Whigs, by his choice to invade the kingdom when the latter were most in credit; and he had reason to count upon the former, from the gracious treatment they received from his supposed father, and their joyful acceptance of it. But further, what could be more consistent with

the Whiggish notion of a revolution principle than to bring in the pretender? A revolution principle, as their writings and discourses have taught us to define it, is a principle perpetually disposing men to revolutions; and this is suitable to the famous saying of a great Whig, that the more revolutions the better; which, how odd a maxim soever in appearance, I take to be the true characteristic of the party.

A dog loves to turn round often; yet after certain revolutions he lies down to rest; but heads under the dominion of the moon are for perpetual changes and perpetual revolutions; besides, the Whigs owe all their wealth to wars and revolutions; like the girl at Bartholomew fair, who gets a penny by turning round a hundred times with swords in her hands.

To conclude: the Whigs have a natural faculty of bringing in pretenders, and will therefore probably endeavour to bring in the great one at last. How many pretenders to wit, honour, nobility, politics, have they brought in these last twenty years! In short, they have been sometimes able to procure a majority of pretenders in parliament, and wanted nothing to render the work complete except a pretender at their head.

No. 41.

THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1711.

Doe est magna parentum virtus.

The virtue of parents is a large dowry to their children.

I took up a paper^a some days ago in a coffee-house; and if the correctness of the style, and a superior spirit in it, had not immediately undeceived me, I should have been apt to imagine I had been reading an Examiner. In this paper there were several important propositions advanced. For instance, "that Providence had raised up Mr. Harley to be an instrument of great good, in a very critical juncture, when it was much wanted; that his very enemies acknowledge his eminent abilities and distinguished merit, by their unwearied and restless endeavours against his person and reputation; that they have had an inveterate malice against both; that he has been wonderfully preserved from some unparalleled attempts;" with more to the same purpose. I immediately computed, by rules of arithmetic, that in the last-cited words there was something more intended than the attempt of Guiscard, which, I think, can properly pass but for one of the same. And although I dare not pretend to guess the author's meaning, yet the expression allows such a latitude that I would venture to hold a wager, most readers, both Whig and Tory, have agreed with me that this plural number must, in all probability, among other facts, take in the business of Greg.

See now the difference of styles. Had I been to have told my thoughts on this occasion, instead of saying how Mr. Harley "was treated by some persons, and preserved from some unparalleled attempts," I should, with intolerable bluntness and ill manners, have told a formal story of a committee sent to a condemned criminal in Newgate, to bribe him with pardon on condition he would swear high treason against his master, who discovered his correspondence and secured his person, when a certain grave politician had given him warning to make his escape; and by this means I should have drawn a whole swarm of hedge-writers to exhaust their catalogue of scurrilities against me as a liar and slan-

derer. But, with submission to the author of that forementioned paper, I think he has carried that expression to the utmost it will bear; for after all this notice I know of but two attempts against Mr. Harley that can really be called unparalleled, which are those aforesaid of Greg and Guiscard; and as to the rest, I will engage to parallel them from the story of Catiline and others I could produce.

However, I cannot but observe with infinite pleasure that a great part of what I have charged upon the late prevailing faction, and for affirming which I have been adorned with so many decent epithets, has been sufficiently confirmed at several times by the resolutions of one or the other house of parliament. I may therefore now say, I hope with good authority, that there have been some unparalleled attempts against Mr. Harley; that the late ministry were justly to blame in some managements, which occasioned the unfortunate battle of Almanza and the disappointment at Toulon; that the public has been grievously wronged by most notorious frauds during the Whig administration; that those who advised the bringing in the Palatines were enemies to the kingdom; that the late managers of the revenue have not duly paid their accounts for a great part of thirty-five millions, and ought not to be trusted in such employments any more. Perhaps in a little time I may venture to affirm some other paradoxes of this kind, and produce the same vouchers. And perhaps also, if it had not been so busy a period, instead of one Examiner the late ministry might have had above four hundred, each of whose little fingers would be heavier than my loins. It makes me think of Neptune's threat to the winds:—

Quos ego—sed motus praestat componere fluctus.

Thus, when the sons of Æolus had almost sunk the ship with the tempests they raised, it was necessary to smooth the ocean and secure the vessel, instead of pursuing the offenders.

But I observe the general expectation at present, instead of dwelling any longer upon conjectures who is to be punished for past miscarriages, seems bent upon the rewards intended to those who have been so highly instrumental in rescuing our constitution from its late dangers. It is the observation of Tacitus, in the life of Agricola, that his eminent services had raised a general opinion of his being designed by the emperor for prætor of Britain: *Nullus in hoc suis sermonibus, sed quia par videbatur*; and then he adds, *Non semper errat fama, aliquando et eligit*. The judgment of a wise prince, and a general disposition of the people, do often point at the same person; and sometimes the popular wishes do often foretell the reward intended for some superior merit. Thus among several deserving persons there are two whom the public vogue has in a peculiar manner singled out, as designed very soon to receive the choicest marks of the royal favour; one of them to be placed in a very high station, and both to increase the number of our nobility (Harley and St. John). This, I say, is the general conjecture; for I pretend to none, nor will be chargeable if it be not fulfilled; since it is enough for their honour that the nation thinks them worthy of the greatest rewards.

Upon this occasion I cannot but take notice that, of all the heresies in politics profusely scattered by the partisans of the late administration, none ever displeased me more, or seemed to have more dangerous consequences to monarchy, than that pernicious talent so much affected of discovering a contempt for birth, family, and ancient nobility. All the threadbare topics of poets and orators were dis-

^a The speaker's congratulation of Mr. Harley in the name of the house on his escape and recovery.

played to discover to us that merit and virtue were the only nobility; and that the advantages of blood could not make a knave or a fool either honest or wise. Most popular commotions we read of in the histories of Greece and Rome took their rise from unjust quarrels to the nobles; and, in the latter, the plebeians' encroachments on the patricians were the first cause of their ruin.

Suppose then he nothing but opinion in the difference of blood, everybody knows that authority is very much founded on opinion. But surely that difference is not wholly imaginary. The advantages of a liberal education, of choosing the best companions to converse with, not being under the necessity of practising little mean tricks by a scanty allowance, the enlarging of thought and acquiring the knowledge of men and things by travel, the example of ancestors inclining to great and good actions; these are usually some of the opportunities that fall in the way of those who are born of what we call the better families; and, allowing genius to be equal in them and the vulgar, the odds are clearly on their side. Nay, we may observe in some, who, by the appearance of merit or favour of fortune, have risen to great stations from an obscure birth, that they have still retained some wretched vices of their parentage or education; either insatiable avarice or ignominious falsehood and corruption.

To say the truth, the great neglect of education in several noble families, whose sons are suffered to pass the most improvable seasons of their youth in vice and idleness, have too much lessened their reputation; but even this misfortune we owe, among all the rest, to that Whiggish practice of reviling the universities, under the pretence of their instilling pedantry, narrow principles, and high-church doctrines.

I would not be thought to undervalue merit and virtue, wherever they are to be found, but will allow them capable of the highest dignities in a state when they are in a very great degree of eminence. A pearl holds its value, though it be found in a dunghill; but, however, that is not the most probable place to search for it. Nay, I will go further, and admit that a man of quality, without merit, is just so much the worse for his quality; which at once sets his vices in a more public view, and reproaches him for them. But on the other side, I doubt those who are always undervaluing the advantages of birth, and celebrating personal merit, have principally an eye to their own, which they are fully satisfied with, and which nobody will dispute with them about; whereas they cannot, without impudence and folly, pretend to be nobly born: because this is a secret too easily discovered: for no men's parentage is so nicely inquired into as that of assuming upstarts, especially when they affect to make it better than it is (as they often do), or behave themselves with insolence.

But whatever may be the opinion of others upon this subject, whose philosophical scorn for blood and families reaches even to those that are royal, or perhaps took its rise from a Whiggish contempt of the latter, I am pleased to find two such instances of extraordinary merit as I have mentioned joined with ancient and honourable birth; which, whether it be of real or imaginary value, has been held in veneration by all wise polite states, both ancient and modern. And as much a foppery as men pretend to think it, nothing is more observable in those who rise to great place or wealth from mean originals than their mighty solicitude to convince the world that they are not so low as is commonly believed. They are glad to find it made out, by some strained

genealogy, that they have a remote alliance with better families. Cromwell himself was pleased with the impudence of a flatterer who undertook to prove him descended from a branch of the royal stem. I know a citizen who adds or alters a letter in his name with every plum he acquires; he now wants only the change of a vowel to be allied to a sovereign prince in Italy; and that perhaps he may contrive to be done by a mistake of the graver upon his tombstone.

When I am upon this subject of nobility I am sorry for the occasion given me to mention the loss of a person who is so great an ornament to it as the late lord-president [earl of Rochester], who began early to distinguish himself in the public service, and passed through the highest employments of state, in the most difficult times, with great abilities and untainted honour. As he was of a good old age, his principles of religion and loyalty had received no mixture from late infusions, but were instilled into him by his illustrious father and other noble spirits, who had exposed their lives and fortunes for the royal martyr;—

— Pulcherrima proles,

Magnanimi heredes non melioribus annis.

His first great action was like Scipio, to defend his father when oppressed by numbers; and his filial piety was not only rewarded with long life, but with a son who, upon the like occasion, would have shown the same resolution. No man ever preserved his dignity better when he was out of power, nor showed more affability while he was in. To conclude, his character (which I do not here pretend to draw) is such as his nearest friends may safely trust to the most impartial pen; nor wants the least of that allowance which, they say, is required for those who are dead.

No. 42.

THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1711.

— Quem cur distringere curat,
Tutus ab infestis latronibus?

— Safe it lies

Within the sheath, till thieves and villains rise.

I NEVER let slip an opportunity of endeavouring to convince the world that I am not partial, and to confound the idle reproach of my being biased or directed what to write in defence of the present ministry, or for detecting the practices of the former. When I first undertook this paper I firmly resolved that if ever I observed any gross neglect, abuse, or corruption in the public management, which might give any just offence to reasonable people, I would take notice of it with that innocent boldness which becomes an honest man and a true lover of his country; at the same time preserving the respect due to persons so highly intrusted by so wise and excellent a queen. I know not how such a liberty might have been resented; but I thank God there has been no occasion given me to exercise it: for I can safely affirm that I have with the utmost rigour examined all the actions of the present ministry, as far as they fall under general cognisance, without being able to accuse them of one ill or mistaken step. Observing, indeed, some time ago, that seeds of dissension had been plentifully scattered from a certain corner, and fearing they began to rise and spread, I immediately wrote a paper on the subject, which I treated with that warmth I thought it required; but the prudence of those at the helm soon prevented this growing evil, and at present it seems likely to have no consequences.

* Sir Henry Furness.

† Furness.

I have had indeed for some time a small occasion of quarrelling, which I thought too inconsiderable for a formal subject of complaint, although I have hinted at it more than once. But it is grown at present to as great a height as a matter of that nature can possibly bear; and therefore I conceive it high time that an effectual stop should be put to it. I have been amazed at the flaming licentiousness of several weekly papers, which, for some months past, have been chiefly employed in barefaced scurrilities against those who are in the greatest trust and favour with the queen, with the first and last letters of their names frequently printed, or some periphrasis describing their station, or other innuendoes contrived too plain to be mistaken. The consequence of which is (and it is natural it should be so) that their long impunity has rendered them still more audacious.

At this time I particularly intend a paper called the *Medley*,* whose indefatigable incessant railings against me I never thought convenient to take notice of, because it would have diverted my design, which I intended to be of public use. Besides, I never yet observed that writer, or those writers (for it is every way a *Medley*), to argue against any one material point or fact that I had advanced, or make one fair quotation. And after all, I knew very well how soon the world grow weary of controversy. It is plain to me that three or four hands at least have been joined at times in that worthy composition; but the outlines, as well as the finishing, seem to have been always the work of the same pen, as it is visible from half a score beauties of style inseparable from it. But who these meddlers are, or where the judicious leaders have picked them up, I shall never go about to conjecture: factious rancour, false wit, abandoned scurrility, impudent falsehood, and servile pedantry, having so many fathers and so few to own them, that curiosity herself would not be at the pains to guess. It is the first time I ever did myself the honour to mention that admirable paper; nor could I imagine any occasion likely to happen that would make it necessary for me to engage with such an adversary. This paper is weekly published, and, as appears by the number, has been so for several months; and is, next to the *Observer*, allowed to be the best production of the party. Last week my printer brought me that of May 7, No. 32, where there are two paragraphs relating to the speaker of the house of commons, and to Mr. Harley, which, as little as I am inclined to engage with such an antagonist, I cannot let pass without falling in my duty to the public; and if those in power will suffer such infamous insinuations to pass with impunity, they act without precedent from any age or country of the world.

I desire to open this matter, and leave the Whigs themselves to determine upon it. The house of commons resolved, *nemine contradicente*, that the speaker should congratulate Mr. Harley's escape and recovery, in the name of the house, upon his first attendance on their service. This is accordingly done; and this speech, together with the chancellor of the exchequer's, are printed by order of the house. The author of the *Medley* takes this speech to task this very next week after it is published; telling us in the aforesaid paper that the speaker's commending Mr. Harley for being an instrument of great good to the nation was ill-chosen flattery; because Mr. Harley had brought the nation under great difficulties, to say no more. He says that, when the speaker tells Mr. Harley that Providence has wonderfully preserved him from some

unparalleled attempts (for that the *Medley* alludes to), he only revives a false and groundless calumny upon other men, which is an instance of impotent but inveterate malice, that makes him (the speaker) still appear more vile and contemptible. This is an extract from his first paragraph. In the next, this writer says that the speaker's praying to God for the continuance of Mr. Harley's life, as an invaluable blessing, was a fulsome piece of insincerity, which exposes him to shame and derision: because he is known to bear ill will to Mr. Harley, to have an extreme bad opinion of him, and to think him an obstructor of those fine measures he would bring about.

I now appeal to the Whigs themselves whether a great minister of state, in high favour with the queen, and a speaker of the house of commons, were ever publicly treated after so extraordinary a manner in the most licentious times! For this is not a clandestine libel stolen into the world, but openly printed and sold with the bookseller's name and place of abode at the bottom: and the juncture is admirable, when Mr. Harley is generally believed upon the very point to be made an earl, and promoted to the most important station of the kingdom; nay, the very marks of esteem he has so lately received from the whole representative body of the people are called ill-chosen flattery, and a fulsome piece of insincerity, exposing the donors to shame and derision.

Does this intrepid writer think he has sufficiently disguised the matter by that stale artifice of altering the story, and putting it as a supposed case? Did any man who ever saw the congratulatory speech read either of those paragraphs in the *Medley* without interpreting them just as I have done? Will the author declare upon his great sincerity that he never had any such meaning? Is it enough that a jury at Westminster-hall would perhaps not find him guilty of defaming the speaker and Mr. Harley in that paper? which, however, I am much in doubt of too; and must think the law very defective if the reputation of such persons must lie at the mercy of such pens. I do not remember to have seen any libel, supposed to be writ with caution and double meaning in order to prevent prosecution, delivered under so thin a cover, or so unartificially made up, as this; whether it were from an apprehension of his readers' dulness, or an effect of his own. He has transcribed the very phrases of the speaker, and put them in a different character, for fear they might pass unobserved, and prevent all possibility of being mistaken. I shall be pleased to see him have recourse to the old evasion, and say that I who make the application am chargeable with the abuse; let any reader of either party be judge. But I cannot forbear asserting as my opinion, that for a ministry to endure such open calumny, without calling the author to account, is next to deserving it. And this is an omission I venture to charge upon the present ministry, who are too apt to despise little things, which, however, have not always little consequences.

When this paper was first undertaken, one design among others was, to examine some of those writings so frequently published with an evil tendency either to religion or government; but I was long diverted by other inquiries, which I thought more immediately necessary; to animadvert upon men's actions, rather than their speculations; to show the necessity there was of changing the ministry, that our constitution in church and state might be preserved; to expose some dangerous principles and practices under the former administration, and prove

* Published in answer to the *Examiner*.

by many instances that those who are now at the helm are entirely in the true interest of prince and people. This I may modestly hope has in some measure been already done, sufficient to answer the end proposed, which was to inform the ignorant and those at a distance, and to convince such as are engaged in party from no other motive than that of conscience. I know not whether I shall have any appetite to continue this work much longer; if I do, perhaps some time may be spent in exposing and overturning the false reasonings of those who engage their pens on the other side, without losing time in vindicating myself against their scurrilities, much less in retorting them. Of this sort there is a certain humble companion, a French *maître des langues* (Abel Boyer), who every month publishes an extract from votes, newspapers, speeches, and proclamations, larded with some insipid remarks of his own, which he calls "The Political State of Great Britain." This ingenious piece, he tells us himself, is constantly translated into French, and printed in Holland, where the Dutch, no doubt, conceive most noble sentiments of us, conveyed through such a vehicle. It is observable in his account for April that the vanity so predominant in many of his nation has made him more concerned for the honour of Guiscard than the safety of Mr. Harley. And for fear we should think the worse of his country upon that assassin's account, he tells us there have been more murders, parricides, and villainies committed in England than in any other part of the world. I cannot imagine how an illiterate foreigner, who is neither master of our language, nor, indeed, of common sense, and who is devoted to a faction I suppose for no other reason but his having more Whig customers than Tories, should take it into his head to write politic tracts of our affairs. But I presume he builds upon the foundation of having been called to an account for his insolence in one of his monthly former productions, which is a method that seldom fails of giving some vogue to the foolishlest composition. If such a work must be done, I wish some tolerable hand would undertake it; and that we would not suffer a little whiffling Frenchman to neglect his trade of teaching his language to our children, and presume to instruct foreigners in our politics.

No. 43.

THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1711.

*Delicta majorum immeritis luce,
Romane, domus templa referre,
Æthereque labentes decuram.*

You of your father's crimes the guilt shall bear,
Unless the sacred temples you repair.

SEVERAL letters have been lately sent me, desiring I would make honourable mention of the pious design of building fifty churches in several parts of London and Westminster, where they are most wanted, occasioned by an address of the convocation to the queen, and recommended by her majesty to the house of commons, who immediately promised they would enable her to accomplish so excellent a design, and are now preparing a bill accordingly. I thought to have deferred any notice of this important affair until the end of the session; at which time I proposed to deliver a particular account of the great and useful things already performed by this present parliament. But, in compliance to those who give themselves the trouble of advising me, and partly convinced by the reasons they offer, I am content to bestow a paper upon a subject that, indeed, so well deserves it.

The clergy, and whoever else have a true concern for the constitution of the church, cannot but be highly pleased with one prospect in this new scene of public affairs. They may very well remember the time when every session of parliament was like a cloud hanging over their heads; and if it happened to pass without bursting into some storm upon the church, we thanked God, and thought it a happy escape until the next meeting; upon which we resumed our secret apprehensions, although we were not allowed to believe any danger. Things are now altered; the parliament takes the necessities of the church into consideration, receives the proposals of the clergy met in convocation, and amid all the exigencies of a long expensive war, and under the pressure of heavy debts, finds a supply for erecting fifty edifices for the service of God. And it appears by the address of the commons to her majesty upon this occasion (wherein they discovered a true spirit of religion), that applying the money granted to accomplish so excellent a design would, in their opinion, be the most effectual way of carrying on the war; that it would (to use their own words) be a means of drawing down blessings on her majesty's undertakings, as it adds to the number of those places where the prayers of her devout and faithful subjects will be daily offered up to God for the prosperity of her government at home and the success of her arms abroad.

I am sometimes hoping that we are not naturally so bad a people as we have appeared for some years past. Faction, in order to support itself, is generally forced to make use of such abominable instruments, that, as long as it prevails, the genius of a nation is overpressed, and cannot appear to exert itself; but, when that is broken and suppressed, when things return to the old course, mankind will naturally fall to act from principles of reason and religion. The Romans, upon a great victory or escape from public danger, frequently built a temple in honour of some god, to whose peculiar favour they imputed their success or delivery; and sometimes the general did the like, at his own expense, to acquit himself of some pious vow he had made. How little of anything resembling this has been done by us after all our victories! And perhaps for that reason, among others, they have turned to so little account. But what could we expect? We acted all along as if we believed nothing of a God, or his providence; and, therefore, it was consistent to offer up our edifices only to those whom we looked upon as givers of all victory in his stead.

I have computed that fifty churches may be built, by a medium, at six thousand pounds for a church, which is somewhat under the price of a subject's palace; yet, perhaps, the care of above two hundred thousand souls, with the benefit of their prayers for the prosperity of their queen and country, may be almost put in the balance with the domestic convenience, or even magnificence, of any subject whatsoever.

Sir William Petty, who, under the name of capt. Graunt, published some observations upon the bills of mortality above five years after the restoration, tells us the parishes in London were even then so unequally divided, that some were two hundred times larger than others. Since that time the increase of trade, the frequency of parliaments, the desire of living in the metropolis, together with that genius for building which began after the fire, and has ever since continued, have prodigiously enlarged this town on all sides where it was capable of increase; and those tracts of land built into streets have generally continued of the same parish they

belonged to while they lay in fields; so that the care of about thirty thousand souls has been sometimes committed to one minister, whose church would hardly contain the twentieth part of his flock; neither, I think, was any family in those parishes obliged to pay above a gross a-year to their spiritual pastor. Some few of those parishes have been since divided; in others were erected chapels of ease, where a preacher is maintained by general contribution. Such poor shifts and expedients, to the infinite shame and scandal of so vast and flourishing a city, have been thought sufficient for the service of God and religion, as if they were circumstances wholly indifferent.

This defect, among other consequences of it, has made schism a sort of necessary evil; there being at least three hundred thousand inhabitants in this town whom the churches would not be able to contain if the people were ever so well disposed; and in a city not overstocked with zeal, the only way to preserve any degree of religion is to make all attendance upon the duties of it as easy and cheap as possible; whereas, on the contrary, in the larger parishes, the press is so great, and the pew-keepers' tax so exorbitant, that those who love to save trouble and money either stay at home or retire to the conventicles. I believe there are few examples in any christian country of so great a neglect of religion; and the dissenting teachers have made their advantage largely by it, sowing tares among the wheat while men slept, being much more expert at procuring contributions, which is a trade they are bred up in, than men of a liberal education.

And, to say truth, the way practised by several parishes in and about this town of maintaining their clergy by voluntary subscriptions is not only an indignity to the character, but has many pernicious consequences attending it; such a precarious dependence subjecting a clergyman who has not more than ordinary spirit and resolution to many inconveniences which are obvious to imagine; but this defect will, no doubt, be remedied by the wisdom and piety of the present parliament, and a tax laid upon every house in a parish for the support of their pastor. Neither, indeed, can it be conceived why a house, whose purchase is not reckoned above one-third less than land of the same yearly rent, should not pay a twentieth part annually (which is half tithe) to the support of the minister. One thing I could wish, that, in fixing the maintenance to the several ministers in these new intended parishes, no determinate sum of money may be named; which, in all perpetuities, ought by any means to be avoided; but rather a tax in proportion to the rent of each house, although it be but a twentieth or even a thirtieth part. The contrary of this, I am told, was done in several parishes of the city after the fire, where the incumbent and his successors were to receive for ever a certain sum: for example, one or two hundred pounds a-year. But the lawgivers did not consider that what we call at present one hundred pounds will not, in process of time, have the intrinsic value of twenty; as twenty pounds now are hardly equal to forty shillings three hundred years ago. There are a thousand instances of this all over England, in reserved rents applied to hospitals, in old chiefries, and even among the clergy themselves, in those payments which I think they call a *modus*.

As no prince had ever better dispositions than her present majesty for the advancement of true religion, so there never was any age that produced greater occasions to employ them on. It is an unspeakable misfortune, that any design of so excellent a queen

should be checked by the necessities of a long and ruinous war, which the folly or corruption of modern politicians have involved us in, against all the maxims whereby our country flourished so many hundred years; else her majesty's care of religion would certainly have reached even to her American plantations. Those noble countries, stocked by numbers from hence, whereof too many are in no very great reputation for faith or morals, will be a perpetual reproach to us until some better care be taken for cultivating christianity among them. If the governors of those several colonies were obliged, at certain times, to transmit an exact representation of the state of religion in their several districts, and the legislature here would, in a time of leisure, take that affair under their consideration, it might be perfected with little difficulty, and be a great addition to the glories of her majesty's reign.

But, to wave further speculations upon so remote a scene, while we have subjects enough to employ them on at home; it is to be hoped the clergy will not let slip any proper opportunity of improving the pious dispositions of the queen and kingdom for the advantage of the church; when, by the example of times past, they consider how rarely such conjunctures are likely to happen. What if some method were thought on toward the repairing of churches; for which there is likely to be too frequent occasion, those ancient Gothic structures throughout this kingdom going every year to decay? That expedient of repairing or rebuilding them by charitable collections seems in my opinion not very suitable either to the dignity and usefulness of the work, or to the honour of our country; since it might be so easily done, with very little charge to the public, in a much more decent and honourable manner, while parliaments are so frequently called. But these and other regulations must be left to a time of peace, which I shall humbly presume to wish may soon be our share, however offensive it may be to any, either abroad or at home, who are gainers by the war.

No. 44.

THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1711.

Scilicet, ad possumus et ideo dignoscere rectum.

That hence you may distinguish right from wrong.

HAVING been forced in my papers to use the cant words of Whig and Tory, which have so often varied their significations for twenty years past, I think it necessary to say something of the several changes those two terms have undergone since that period; and then to tell the reader what I have always understood by each of them since I undertook this work. I reckon that these sorts of cancelled appellations are usually invented by the vulgar; who, not troubling themselves to examine thoroughly the merits of a cause, are consequently the most violent partisans of what they espouse, and in their quarrels usually proceed to their beloved argument of calling names, until at length they light upon one which is sure to stick; and in time each party grows proud of that appellation, which their adversaries at first intended for a reproach. Of this kind were the Frasinis and Veneti, the Guelphs and Gibelines, huguenots and papists, Roundheads and Cavaliers, with many others of ancient and modern date. Among us of late there seems to have been a barrenness of invention in this point; the words Whig and Tory, although they be not much above thirty years old, having been pressed to the service of many successions of parties, with very different ideas fastened to them. This distinction, I think, began toward the latter part of king Charles II.'s

reign, was dropped during that of his successor, and then revived at the revolution; since which it has perpetually flourished, although applied to very different kinds of principles and persons. In that convention of lords and commons, some of both houses were for a regency to the prince of Orange, with a reservation of style and title to the absent king, which should be made use of in all public acts; others, when they were brought to allow the throne vacant, thought the succession should immediately go to the next heir, according to the fundamental laws of the kingdom, as if the last king were actually dead. And although the dissenting lords (in whose house the chief opposition was) did at last yield both those points, took the oaths to the new king, and many of them employments, yet they were looked upon with an evil eye by the warm zealots of the other side; neither did the court ever heartily favour any of them, although some of them were of the most eminent for abilities and virtue, and served that prince both in his councils and his army with untainted faith. It was apprehended at the same time, and perhaps it might have been true, that many of the clergy would have been better pleased with the scheme of a regency, or at least an uninterrupted lineal succession, for the sake of those whose consciences were truly scrupulous; and they thought there were some circumstances in the case of the deprived bishops that looked a little hard, or at least deserved commiseration.

These and other the like reflections did, as I conceive, revive the denominations of Whig and Tory.

Some time after the revolution the distinction of high and low church came in, which was raised by the dissenters in order to break the church party by dividing the members into high and low; and the opinions raised, that the high joined with the papists, inclined the low to fall in with the dissenters.

And here I shall take leave to produce some principles which, in the several periods of the late reign, served to denote a man of one or the other party. To be against a standing army in time of peace was all high-church, Tory, and Tantiy; to differ from a majority of bishops was the same. To raise the prerogative above law for serving a turn was low-church and Whig. The opinion of the majority in the house of commons, especially of the country party or landed interest, was high-flying and rank Tory. To exalt the king's supremacy beyond all precedent was low-church, Whiggish, and moderate. To make the least doubt of the pretended prince's being supposititious, and a tiler's son, was in their phrase top and topgallant, and perfect Jacobitism. To resume the most exorbitant grants that were ever given to a set of profligate favourites, and apply them to the public, was the very quintessence of Toryism; notwithstanding those grants were known to be acquired by sacrificing the honour and the wealth of England.

In most of these principles the two parties seem to have shifted opinions since their institution under king Charles II., and, indeed, to have gone very different from what was expected from each, even at the time of the revolution. But as to that concerning the pretender, the Whigs have so far renounced it, that they are grown the great advocates for his legitimacy; which gives me the opportunity of vindicating a noble duke, who was accused of a blunder in the house, when, upon a certain lord's mentioning the pretended prince, his grace told the lords he must be plain with them, and call that person not the pretended prince, but the pretended impostor; which was so far from a blunder in that polite lord, as his ill-willers give out, that it

was only a refined way of delivering the avowed sentiments of his whole party.

But to return; this was the state of principles when the queen came to the crown; some time after which, it pleased certain great persons, who had been all their lives in the attitude of Tory profession, to enter into a treaty with the Whigs, from whom they could get better terms than from their old friends, who began to be resty, and would not allow monopolies of power and favour, nor consent to carry on the war entirely at the expense of this nation, that they might have pensions from abroad; while another people, more immediately concerned in the war, traded with the enemy as in times of peace; whereas the other party, whose case appeared then as desperate, was ready to yield to any conditions that would bring them into play. And I cannot help affirming that this nation was made a sacrifice to the unmeasurable appetite of power and wealth in a very few that shall be nameless, who, in every step they made, acted directly against what they had always professed. And if his royal highness [prince George of Denmark] had died some years sooner (who was a perpetual check in their career), it is dreadful to think how far they might have proceeded.

Since that time the bulk of the Whigs appears rather to be linked to a certain set of persons than any certain set of principles; so that, if I were to define a member of that party, I should say he was one who believed in the late ministry. And therefore whatever I have affirmed of Whigs in any of these papers, or objected against them, ought to be understood, either of those who were partisans of the late men in power, and privy to their designs; or such who joined with them from a hatred to our monarchy and church, as unbelievers and dissenters of all sizes; or men in office, who had been guilty of much corruption, and decreed a change which would not only put a stop to further abuses for the future, but might perhaps introduce examinations of what was past; or those who had been too highly obliged to quit their supporters with any common decency; or lastly, the money-traders, who could never hope to make their markets so well of premiums, and exorbitant interest, and high remittances, under any other administration.

Under these heads may be reduced the whole body of those whom I have all along understood for Whigs; for I do not include within this number any of those who have been misled by ignorance, or seduced by plausible pretences, to think better of that sort of men than they deserve, and to apprehend mighty danger from their disgrace; because I believe the greatest part of such well-meaning people are now thoroughly converted.

And, indeed, it must be allowed that the two fantastic names of Whig and Tory have at present very little relation to those opinions which were at first thought to distinguish them. Whoever formerly professed himself to approve the revolution, to be against the pretender, to justify the succession in the house of Hanover, to think the British monarchy not absolute, but limited by laws which the executive power could not dispense with, and to allow an indulgence to scrupulous consciences; such man was content to be called a Whig. On the other side, whoever asserted the queen's hereditary right, that the persons of princes were sacred, their lawful authority not to be resisted on any pretence, nor even their usurpations without the most extreme necessity, that breaches in the succession were highly dangerous, that schism was a great evil, both in itself and its consequences, that the ruin of the church

would probably be attended with that of the state, that no power should be trusted with those who are not of the established religion; such a man was usually called a Tory. Now, although the opinions of both these are very consistent, and, I really think, are maintained at present by a great majority of the kingdom, yet, according as men apprehend the danger greater, either from the pretender and his party, or from the violence and cunning of other enemies to the constitution, so their common discourses and reasonings turn either to the first or second set of these opinions I have mentioned; and they are consequently styled either Whigs or Tories. Which is as if two brothers apprehended their house would be set upon, but disagreed about the place whence they thought the robbers would come, and therefore would go on different sides to defend it; they must needs weaken and expose themselves by such a separation; and so did we, only our ease was worse, for in order to keep off a weak remote enemy, from whom we could not suddenly apprehend any danger, we took a nearer and a stronger one into the house. I make no comparison at all between the two enemies; popery and slavery are, without doubt, the greatest and most dreadful of any; but I may venture to affirm that the fears of these have not, at least since the revolution, been so close and pressing upon us as that from another faction, excepting only one short period, when the leaders of that very faction invited the abdicating king to return, of which I have formerly taken notice.

Having thus declared what sort of persons I have always meant under the denomination of Whigs, it will be easy to show whom I understand by Tories. Such whose principles in church and state are what I have above related; whose actions are derived thence, and who have no attachment to any set of ministers further than as they are friends to the constitution in all its parts; but who will do their utmost to save their prince and country, whoever be at the helm.

By these descriptions of Whig and Tory, I am sensible those names are given to several persons very undeservedly; and that many a man is called by one or the other who has not the least title to the blame or praise I have bestowed on each of them throughout my papers.

No. 45.

THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1711.

Magna vis et, magnum nomen, domum et locum vultuque senatus.
Great is the name and authority of a senate in which unanimity prevails.

Whoever calls to mind the clamour and the calumny, the artificial fears and jealousies, the shameful misrepresentation of persons and of things, that were raised and spread by the leaders and instruments of a certain party upon the change of the last ministry and dissolution of the parliament, if he be a true lover of his country, must feel a mighty pleasure, although mixed with some indignation, to see the wishes, the conjectures, the endeavours of an inveterate faction entirely disappointed, and this important period wholly spent in restoring the prerogative of the prince, and liberty to the subject; in reforming past abuses, and preventing future; supplying old deficiencies, providing for debts, restoring the clergy to their rights, and taking care of the necessities of the church; and all this unattended with any of those misfortunes which some men hoped for, while they pretended to fear.

For my own part, I must confess the difficulties

appeared so great to me, from such a noise and show of opposition, that I thought nothing but the absolute necessity of affairs could ever justify so daring an attempt. But a wise and good prince, at the head of an able ministry and of a senate freely chosen, all united to pursue the true interest of their country, is a power against which the little inferior politics of any faction will be able to make no long resistance. To this we may add one additional strength, which, in the opinion of our adversaries, is the greatest and justest of any; I mean the *vox populi*, so indisputably declarative on the same side. I am apt to believe, when these discarded politicians begin seriously to consider all this, they will think it proper to give out, and reserve their wisdom for some more convenient juncture.

It is pleasant enough to observe that those who were the chief instruments of raising the noise, who started fears, bespoke dangers, and formed ominous prognostics, in order to scare the allies, to spirit the French, and fright ignorant people at home, made use of those very opinions themselves had broached for arguments to prove that the change of ministers was dangerous and unreasonable. But if a house be swept, the more occasion there is for such a work, the more dust it will raise; if it be going to ruin, the repairs, however necessary, will make a noise and disturb the neighbourhood a while. And as to the rejoicings made in France, if it be true that they had any, upon the news of those alterations among us, their joy was grounded upon the same hopes with that of the Whigs, who comforted themselves that the change of ministry and parliament would infallibly put us all into confusion, increase our divisions, and destroy our credit, wherein I suppose by this time they are equally undeceived.

But this long session being in a manner ended, which several circumstances, and one accident altogether unforeseen, have drawn out beyond the usual time, it may be some small piece of justice to so excellent an assembly barely to mention a few of those great things they have done for the service of their queen and country, which I shall take notice of just as they come to my memory.

The credit of the nation began mightily to suffer by a discount upon exchequer-bills, which have been generally reckoned the surest and most sacred of all securities. The present lord-treasurer, then a member of the house of commons, proposed a method, which was immediately complied with, of raising them to a par with species; and so they have ever since continued.

The British colonies of Nevis and St. Christopher's had been miserably plundered by the French, their houses burnt, their plantations destroyed, and many of the inhabitants carried away prisoners; they had often, for some years past, applied in vain for relief from hence, until the present parliament, considering their condition as a case of justice and mercy, voted them one hundred thousand pounds by way of recompence in some manner for their sufferings.

Some persons whom the voice of the nation authorises me to call her enemies, taking advantage of the general naturalization act, had invited over a great number of foreigners of all religions, under the name of Palatines, who understood no trade or handicraft, yet rather chose to beg than labour, who, beside infesting our streets, bred contagious diseases, by which we lost in natives thrice the number of what we gained in foreigners. The house of commons, as a remedy against this evil, brought in a bill for repealing that act of general naturalization, which, to the surprise of most people, was rejected by the lords. And upon this occasion I must allow myself

to have been justly rebuked by one of my weekly monitors, for pretending in a former paper to hope that law would be repealed, wherein the commons being disappointed, took care however to send many of the Palatines away, and to represent their being invited over as a pernicious counsel.

The qualification-bill, incapacitating all men to serve in parliament who have not some estate in land either in possession or certain reversion, is perhaps the greatest security that ever was contrived for preserving the constitution, which otherwise might in a little time lie wholly at the mercy of the moneyed interest. And since much the greatest part of the taxes is paid either immediately from land or from its productions, it is but common justice that those who are the proprietors should appoint what portion of it ought to go to the support of the public; otherwise the engrossers of money would be apt to lay heavy loads on others, which themselves never touch with one of their fingers.

The public debts were so prodigiously increased by the negligence and corruption of those who had been managers of the revenue, that the late ministers, like careless men who run out their fortunes, were so far from any thoughts of payment that they had not the courage to state or compute them. The parliament found that thirty-five millions had never been accounted for; and that the debt on the navy, wholly unprovided for, amounted to nine millions. The late chancellor of the exchequer [earl of Oxford], suitable to his transcendent genius for public affairs, proposed a fund to be security for that immense debt, which is now confirmed by a law, and is likely to prove the greatest restoration and establishment of the kingdom's credit. Not content with this, the legislature has appointed commissioners of accounts to inspect into past mismanagements of the public money, and prevent them for the future.

I have in a former paper mentioned the act for building fifty new churches in London and Westminster, with a fund appropriated for that pious and noble work. But while I am mentioning acts of piety, it would be unjust to conceal my lord high-treasurer's concern for religion, which has extended even to another kingdom; his lordship having some months ago obtained of her majesty the first-fruits and tenths to the clergy of Ireland, as he is known to have before done to that reverend body here.

The act for carrying on a trade to the South Sea, proposed by the same great person, whose thoughts are perpetually employed, and ever with success, on the good of his country, will, in all probability, if duly executed, be of mighty advantage to the kingdom, and an everlasting honour to the present parliament.

I might go on further and mention that seasonable law against excessive gaming, and putting a stop to that scandalous fraud of false musters in the guards; the diligent and effectual inquiry made by the commons into several gross abuses. I might produce many instances of their impartial justice in deciding controverted elections, against former example and great provocations to retaliate. I might show their cheerful readiness in granting such vast supplies; their great unanimity, not to be broken by all the arts of a sordid and cunning faction; their unfeigned duty to the queen; and lastly, that representation made to her majesty from the house of commons, discovering such a spirit and disposition in that noble assembly to redress all those evils which a long maladministration had brought upon us.

It is probable that, trusting only to my memory, I may have omitted many things of great import-

ance; neither do I pretend farther in the compass of this paper than to give the world some general, however imperfect, idea, how worthily this great assembly has discharged the trust of those who so freely chose them; and what we may reasonably hope and expect from the piety, courage, wisdom, and loyalty of such excellent patriots, in a time so fruitful of occasions to exert the greatest abilities.

And now I conceive the main design I had in writing these papers is fully executed. A great majority of the nation is at length thoroughly convinced that the queen proceeded with the highest wisdom in changing her ministry and parliament; that under a former administration the greatest abuses of all kinds were committed, and the most dangerous attempts against the constitution for some time intended. The whole kingdom finds the present persons in power directly and openly pursuing the true service of their queen and country; and to be such whom their most bitter enemies cannot tax with bribery, covetousness, ambition, pride, insolence, or any pernicious principles in religion or government.

For my own particular, those little barking ears which have so constantly pursued me, I take to be of no further consequence to what I have written than the scoffing slaves of old, placed behind the chariot to put the general in mind of his mortality; which was but a thing of form, and made no stop or disturbance in the show. However, if those perpetual snarlers against me had the same design, I must own they have effectually compassed it; since nothing can well be more mortifying than to reflect that I am of the same species with creatures capable of uttering so much scurrility, dulness, falsehood, and impertinence, to the scandal and disgrace of human nature.

No. 46.

THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1711.

Mellius nos tangere clamo.

WHEN a general has conquered an army, and reduced a country to obedience, he often finds it necessary to send out small bodies, in order to take in petty castles and forts, and beat little straggling parties which are otherwise apt to make head and infest the neighbourhood. This case exactly resembles mine. I count the main body of the Whigs entirely subdued; at least, till they appear with new reinforcements I shall reckon them as such; and therefore do now find myself at leisure to examine inferior abuses. The business I have left is, to fall on those wretches that will be still keeping the war on foot, when they have no country to defend, no forces to bring into the field, nor anything remaining but their bare good will toward faction and mischief: I mean the present set of writers, whom I have suffered, without molestation, so long to infest the town. Were there not a concurrence from prejudice, party, weak understanding, and misrepresentation, I should think them too inconsiderable in themselves to deserve correction. But as my endeavour has been to expose the gross impositions of the fallen party, I will give a taste in the following petition of the sincerity of these their factors, to show how little those writers for the Whigs were guided by conscience or honour, their business being only to gratify a prevailing interest.

"To the Right Honourable the present Ministry: the humble Petition of the Party-writers to the late Ministry—

"HUMBLY SHEWETH,

"That your petitioners have served their time to the trade of writing pamphlets and weekly papers in defence of the Whigs, against the church of England, and the christian religion, and her majesty's prerogative, and her title to the crown: That, since the late change of ministry and meeting of this parliament, the said trade is mightily fallen off, and the call for the said pamphlets and papers much less than formerly; and it is feared to our further prejudice that the Examiner may discontinue writing, whereby some of your petitioners will be brought to utter distress, forasmuch as, through false quotations, noted absurdities, and other legal abuses, many of your petitioners, to their great comfort and support, were enabled to pick up a weekly subsistence out of the said Examiner.

"That your said poor petitioners did humbly offer

your honours to write in defence of the late change of ministry and parliament, much cheaper than they did for your predecessors; which your honours were pleased to refuse.

"Notwithstanding which offer, your petitioners are under daily apprehension that your honours will forbid them to follow the said trade any longer, by which your petitioners, to the number of fourscore, with their wives and families, will inevitably starve, having been bound to no other calling.

"Your petitioners desire your honours will tenderly consider the premises, and suffer your said petitioners to continue their trade (those who set them at work being still willing to employ them, though at lower rates), and your said petitioners will give security to make use of the same stuff, and dress in the same manner, as they always did, and no other. And your petitioners," &c.

TRACTS POLITICAL AND HISTORICAL.

A SHORT CHARACTER OF HIS EXCELLENCY
THOMAS EARL OF WHARTON,
LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND,

With an account of some smaller facts during his government, which will not be put into the articles of impeachment.

In a confidential letter to Stella, dated Nov. 25, 1710, Dr. Swift says, "Here is a damned libellous pamphlet come out against lord Wharton, giving the character first, and then telling some of his actions: the character is very well, but the facts indifferent. It has been sent by dozens to several gentlemen's lodgings, and I had one or two of them; but nobody knows the author or printer." This is a proof how cautious the dean was in acknowledging his political productions even to his nearest friends. In a subsequent letter, dated Dec. 23, he adds, "The character is here reckoned admirable, but most of the facts are trifles. It was first printed privately here; and then some bold cur ventured to do it publicly, and sold two thousand in two days; who the author is must remain uncertain. Do you pretend to know, impudence! how dost you think so?" See archbishop King's remarks on this character, in a letter to Dr. Swift, dated Jan. 3, 1710. It would be no profitable employment to compare this character of the earl with the deservedly celebrated delineation of Pope.

A SHORT CHARACTER, &c.

London, Aug. 30, 1710.

THE kingdom of Ireland being governed by deputation from hence, its annals, since the English establishment, are usually digested under the heads of the several governors: but the affairs and events of that island, for some years past, have been either so insignificant, or so annexed to those of England, that they have not furnished matter of any great importance to history. The share of honour which gentlemen from thence have had by their conduct and employments in the army turns all to the article of this kingdom; the rest, which relates to politics or the art of government, is inconsiderable to the last degree, however it may be represented at court by those who preside there, and would value themselves upon every step they make towards finishing the slavery of that people, as if it were gaining a mighty point to the advantage of England.

Generally speaking, the times which afford most plentiful matter for story are those wherein a man would least choose to live; such as, the various events and revolutions of war, the intrigues of a ruined faction, or the violence of a prevailing one; and lastly, the arbitrary and unlawful acts of oppressing governors. In the war Ireland has no share but

in subordination to us; the same may be said of their factions, which at present are but imperfect transcripts of ours; but the third subject for history, which is arbitrary power and oppression, as it is that by which the people of Ireland have for some time been distinguished from all her majesty's subjects, so, being now at its greatest height under his excellency Thomas earl of Wharton, a short account of his government may be of some use or entertainment to the present age, though I hope it will be incredible to the next.

And because the relation I am going to make may be judged rather a history of his excellency than of his government, I must here declare that I have not the least view to his person in any part of it. I have had the honour of much conversation with his lordship, and am thoroughly convinced how indifferent he is to applause, and how insensible of reproach; which is not an humour put on to serve a turn, or keep a countenance, nor arising from the consciousness of innocence or any grandeur of mind, but the mere unaffected bent of his nature. He is without the sense of shame or glory, as some men are without the sense of smelling; and therefore a good name to him is no more than a precious ointment would be to these. Whoever, for the sake of others, were to describe the nature of a serpent, a wolf, a crocodile, or a fox, must be understood to do it without any personal love or hatred for the animals themselves.

In the same manner his excellency is one whom I neither personally love nor hate. I see him at court, at his own house, and sometimes at mine, for I have the honour of his visits: and when these papers are public, it is odds but he will tell me, as he once did upon a like occasion, "that he is damnable maul'd;" and then, with the easiest transition in the world, ask about the weather or time of the day; so that I enter on the work with more cheerfulness, because I am sure neither to make him angry nor any way hurt his reputation; a pitch of happiness and security to which his excellency has arrived, and which no philosopher before him could reach.

I intend to execute this performance by first giving a character of his excellency, and then relating some facts during his government in Ireland which will serve to confirm it.

I know very well that men's characters are best

learned from their actions, but these being confined to his administration in that kingdom, his character may perhaps take in something more, which the narrowness of the time or the scene has not given him opportunity to exert.

Thomas earl of Wharton, lord-lieutenant of Ireland, by the force of a wonderful constitution has some years passed his grand climacteric without any visible effects of old age either on his body or his mind, and in spite of a continual prostitution to those vices which usually wear out both. His behaviour is in all the forms of a young man at five-and-twenty. Whether he walks, or whistles, or swears, or talks bawdy, or calls names, he acquits himself in each beyond a temple of three years' standing. With the same grace, and in the same style, he will rattle his coachman in the midst of the street, where he is governor of the kingdom; and all this is without consequence, because it is in his character and what everybody expects. He seems to be but an ill dissembler and an ill liar, although they are the two talents he most practises and most values himself upon. The ends he has gained by lying appear to be more owing to the frequency than the art of them; his lies being sometimes detected in an hour, often in a day, and always in a week. He tells them freely in mixed companies, although he knows half of those that hear him to be his enemies, and is sure they will discover them the moment they leave him. He swears solemnly he loves and will serve you; and your back is no sooner turned but he tells those about him you are a dog and a rascal. He goes constantly to prayers in the forms of his place, and will talk bawdy and blasphemy at the chapel door. He is a presbyterian in politics, and an atheist in religion; but he chooses at present to whore with a papist. In his commerce with mankind, his general rule is to endeavour to impose on their understandings, for which he has but one receipt—a composition of lies and oaths; and this he applies indifferently to a freeholder of forty shillings, and a privy-councillor; by which the easy and the honest are often either deceived or amused, and either way he gains his point. He will openly take away your employment to-day, because you are not of his party; to-morrow he will meet or send for you, as if nothing at all had passed, lay his hands with much friendliness on your shoulders, and, with the greatest ease and familiarity, tell you that the faction are driving at something in the house; that you must be sure to attend, and to speak to all your friends to be there, although he knows at the same time that you and your friends are against him in the very point he mentions; and however absurd, ridiculous, and gross this may appear, he has often found it successful; some men having such an awkward bashfulness, they know not how to refuse on a sudden; and every man having something to fear, which often hinders them from driving things to extremes with persons of power, whatever provocations they may have received. He has sunk his fortune by endeavouring to ruin one kingdom [England], and has raised it by going far in the ruin of another [Ireland]. With a good natural understanding, a great fluency in speaking, and no ill taste of wit, he is generally the worst companion in the world; his thoughts being wholly taken up between vice and politics, so that bawdy, profaneness, and business, fill up his whole conversation. To gratify himself in the two first he makes use of suitable favourites, whose talents reach no higher than to entertain him with all the lewdness that passes in town. As for business, he is said to be very dexterous at that part of it which turns upon intrigue;

and he seems to have transferred those talents of his youth for intriguing with women into public affairs. For, as some vain young fellows, to make a gallant's appear of consequence, will choose to venture their necks by climbing up a wall or window at mid night to a common wench, where they might as freely have gone in at the door, and at noonday; so his excellency, either to keep himself in practice or advance the fame of his politics, affects the most obscure, troublesome, and winding paths, even in the most common affairs, those which would be brought about as well in the ordinary forms, or would follow of course whether he intervened or not.

He bears the gallantries of his lady with the indifference of a Stoic; and thinks them well recompensed by a return of children to support his family without the fatigues of being a father.

He has three predominant passions which you will seldom find united in the same man, as arising from different dispositions of mind, and naturally thwarting each other: these are, love of power, love of money, and love of pleasure; they ride him sometimes by turns, sometimes all together. Since he went into Ireland he seems most disposed to the second, and has met with great success; having gained by his government, of under two years, five-and-forty thousand pounds by the most favourable computation, half in the regular way and half in the prudential.

He was never yet known to refuse or keep a promise, as I remember he told a lady, but with an exception to the promise he then made (which was to get her a pension); yet he broke even that, and, I confess, deceived us both. But here I desire to distinguish between a promise and a bargain; for he will be sure to keep the latter when he has the fairest offer.

Thus much for his excellency's character: I shall now proceed to his actions, only during the time he was governor of Ireland, which were transmitted to me by an eminent person in business there, who had all opportunities of being well informed, and whose employment did not lie at his excellency's mercy.

This intelligence being made up of several facts independent of each other, I shall hardly be able to relate them in due order of time, my correspondent omitting that circumstance, and transmitting them to me as they came into his memory; so that the gentlemen of that kingdom now in town, I hope, will pardon me any slips I shall make in that or any other kind, while I keep exactly to the truth.

Thomas Proby, esq., chirurgion-general of Ireland, a person universally esteemed, and whom I have formerly seen here, had built a country-house half a mile from Dublin, adjoining to the park. In a corner of the park, just under his house, he was much annoyed with a dog-kennel, which belonged to the government; upon which he applied to Thomas earl of Pembroke, then lord-lieutenant, and to the commissioners of the revenue, for a lease of about five acres of that part of the park. His petition was referred to the lord-treasurer here, and sent back for a report, which was in his favour, and the bargain so hard that the lord-treasurer struck off some part of the rent. He had a lease granted him, for which he was to build another kennel, provide lee yearly for the government, and pay a certain rent: the land might be worth about thirty shillings an acre. His excellency, soon after his arrival in Ireland, was told of this lease, and by his absolute authority commanded Mr. Proby to surrender up the land, which he was forced to do, after all the

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